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IN THE FOREST.—Act II., Scene IV.

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THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

OF that Old-World play, *As You Like It*, I sit and write, under the green-wood tree, in a scene of the old English land. It is the park of a great house; all around is the deep-bosomed verdure of oaks and beeches. The deer,

"poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,"

are browsing on the slopes or watching their new-born fawns; the cuckoo calls, the wood-dove moans, the blackbird tunes his note. It is an Arden in this vexed age of England. Outside is the bad news of the distracted time, and how happy would we be if this Arden were as remote from the envious court and the wild people as the forest of Shakespeare's dream! But we live in the last days of these lordly Ardens—Ardens not forbidden to the people, who, none the less, come rarely here. Nowhere, soon, will the time be fledted carelessly, as in the golden world. These secular oaks must fall; these ferns give place to corn and turnips, no doubt; and what is to become of the lords of our wildernesses, who shall say?

Such thoughts bring a sadness even into our reading of Shakespeare's happiest play; a piece which, if acted at all, should be acted—as it was two or three years ago in the open air, with forest boughs for decoration. Like Campbell, I may say, with a slight difference in reckoning of time, "I have been in love with the comedy these forty years"—with the comedy and with Rosalind—"and love is blind." It is a pity to have to read this drama with critical eyes, to ask for dates and sources, and hunt for traces of an older piece, and dwell on improb-

abilities, or, rather, impossibilities, and discuss "dramatic time." Read the piece for itself, and it is all pure magic. Shakespeare shows you Rosalind as Cornelius Agrippa showed to Surrey Geraldine, in an enchanted mirror. She is like no Rosalind of the stage, this nut-brown maid—tall, strong, rustically clad in rough forest garment, with all of the real Rosalind hidden but the heart, the speech, the lips, and the eyes. Thus Shakespeare beheld her, not as the pretty epicene young woman of the modern drama. As we follow her at the court or in Arden it is we who fleet the time carelessly, among the kindest of all Shakespeare's societies of men, with the wisest of his fools, the most musical of his singers, Amiens; the least bitter and the most disenchanted of all his questioning and brooding spirits, Jaques; with his most diverting rustic, Audrey; and with all his heroes and heroines falling handsomely in love at first sight. It is the comedy of happy love—happy, and but little tried—as Romeo and Juliet is the tragedy of love stricken by fate. Then what makes the comedy most delightful and full of rest is the shade and silence and murmur of Arden: that fairy forest, with its brooks, lions, and palm-trees—a parcel of paradise yet unspoiled by labor. "In respect it is in the fields, it pleases me well." Shakespeare takes us into that ideal commonwealth for which all men in all times have sighed: the land of an easeful liberty; the life natural which has never existed in nature, where there is neither war nor toil, but endless security and peace beneath the sky and the trees. Of this world all poetry is full; and so are the earliest

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myths and dreams of men, yearning for "Saturnian realms"—*Saturnia regna*—and the years when Cronos was king, when earth unasked gave all things abundantly. It was for Arden, though he called it Tempe or Mænalus, that Virgil sighed, among the din and smoke and wealth of Rome. It was here that Nicolette wandered, and built her bower of grasses and leaves green.

Our popular tradition, too, has this ideal of Sherwood Forest—"there they live like the old Robin Hood of England." This is the exile whither all the weary would fain be banished.

"Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?"

There is not, there never has been, such a retreat. The mild brown islanders of Southern seas, crowned with flowers, busy only with love and the dance, came nearer than any other peoples to winning the ideal paradise; but they were subject to the extremes of cruel war, cruel customs, cruel religion; they never knew the blessed security of Arden. This is a realm that mortals have not entered, save when Shakespeare guides them, or Theocritus, as the Sibyl led Æneas into

the happy company of souls at rest. With the mystic bough in his hand—a bough not golden, but of mistletoe from the oak—Shakespeare, *psychagogos*, "the leader of souls," guides our fancy into this restful world, which is real for us as we read.

Real, too, are the persons whom we encounter on the enchanted ground. Every one, it may be supposed, has his favorite lady in Shakespeare; among his women every man meets that soul kindred to his own, and immortally longed for, whom we do not generally find in this little life, though perhaps she may welcome us in another. It is to Rosalind that I myself, to make frank confession, have ever been hopelessly devoted, much as if Jaques had loved her in the play—the melancholy Jaques. I wonder he did not, and fancy can vaguely please herself with a new writing of the drama, in which the disenchanted philosopher, the scorner of love, should succumb to the gay charm of the happy and humorous girl, whose face is youth itself, whose voice is the answer to all scorns and doubts of life, whose love is so true and passionate and mirthful, so easily won, so loyal, so incapable of change. Is it not plain that Rosalind's eyes would



OLIVER. "Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?"—Act I., Scene I.



ROSALIND. "He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes."—*Act I, Scene II.*

have scorched up all Jaques' philosophy? Is this not the very woman in whom the weary find their rest, and the doubting their answer, and the sad that gayety which is so dear to them, and which can never be their own? Of course, in this fantastic new rendering, which for a moment seduces one, Rosalind would have nothing to say to Jaques. Youth and crabbed age—whatever the years of crabbed age—cannot live together. But one is convinced that Jaques would have lost to Rosalind all the heart he had to lose, and would not have died thereof. "The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not one man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. . . . Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." This fancy that Jaques not only would, but in the nature of things must have loved Rosalind, is so obvious that it seems strange George Sand should have missed it in her courageous attempt to improve *As You Like It*—*Comme il vous plaira*. In that work Jaques loses his heart to Celia.

Jaques. Celia! mock me not; I am no longer young.

Celia. Do you love?

Jaques. I am poor, sad, at odds with everything.

Celia. Then you do not love.

Jaques (*in a transport*). Ah yes. You speak sooth. I am young, rich, happy, gay! With love I breathe a new life, and my eyes open on the truth. I melancholy? I am not so impious. Heaven is good; men are gentle; the world is a garden of de-

lights, and woman an angel of forgiveness: (*he falls at her feet*) if I am not dreaming when I think you love me!

Celia. Still he doubts! Jaques, by the roses of spring, by the maidenhood of lilies, by youth, by faith, by honor, I love you!

That is how George Sand arranges it, and how wrongly! Men like Jaques do not love thus, nor in this manner woo; nor is it a woman like the sweet, loyal, kindly Celia that attracts them. It is in Rosalind that they find all which is not their own, all that they have let go by them: the youth that they would not enjoy, the heart, the spring, the mirth, the courage of existence. These they find in Rosalind, and hopelessly desire, and know that they can never possess.

All this is a dream, and one that Shakespeare never dreamt, and that would not have matched with his play. But, meeting Jaques and Rosalind in Arden, we may think of them for ourselves, and give Jaques a new reason for going into the life eremite.

Among her many critics, Lady Martin seems to have best understood Rosalind, or best expressed what she understood. A distinguished actress, dwelling fondly and wistfully on the almost impossible rendering of so beautiful and difficult a part, a woman of intellect and refinement, Lady Martin has been best qualified to interpret the Duke's daughter. "These forest scenes between Orlando and herself are not, as a comedy actress

would be apt to make them, merely pleasant fooling." She is in love in earnest, and feeling the true passion while she feigns the false, in these exquisite and original passages. "At the core of all that Rosalind says and does lies a passionate love, as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. . . . None but Shakespeare could so have carried out this daring design, that the woman, thus rarely placed for gratifying the impulses of her own heart and testing the sincerity of her lover's, should come triumphantly out of the ordeal, charming us during the time of probation by wit, by fancy, by her pretty womanly waywardness playing like summer lightning over her throbbing tenderness of heart" (where the metaphors, as ladies' metaphors will be, are mixed), "and never, in the gayest sallies of her happiest moods, losing one grain of our respect." Yes, it is in these scenes of double masquerade that Rosalind's noble purity is felt. In earlier passages she ventures on an Elizabethan pleasantry or two, rather broad than diverting, and these have offended our pure age and the critical countrymen of M. Zola. We could be content without them, but they are lost in the light of the love of Rosalind.

That is a charming revelation of the true Rosalind (Act iii., Scene ii.) where she asks Celia about the "concealed man."

Celia. It is young Orlando; that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Rosalind. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Celia. I faith, coz, 'tis he.

Rosalind. Orlando?

Celia. Orlando.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Here Lady Martin writes:

"Celia answers, and this time gravely, for Rosalind's emotion shows her this is no jesting matter. O happiness beyond belief! O rapture inexpressible!"

The "tears at this point always welled up to my eyes, and my whole body trembled."

This is most interesting as a woman's interpretation of the character and the scene, and also as it concerns that old discussion, whether an actor should feel

the passion which he has to display. Here Monsieur Coquelin is at variance with Lady Martin. But it is curious to reflect that, on Shakespeare's stage, a boy was acting Rosalind. We may be fairly certain that the boy was on M. Coquelin's side, and that his body did not tremble, nor his eyes fill with tears, like Lady Martin's, nor his heart feel aught of happiness beyond belief nor of rapture inexpressible. Unluckily none of the young gentlemen who took the parts of Cordelia, Beatrice, Rosalind, or Lady Macbeth have left us their memoirs. Nor can we tell how far Shakespeare was satisfied with their rendering of his women: perhaps about as much as he would be by most of the fair heroines of the modern stage.

The author of these papers has been rebuked ("the rebukes of a friend") for expressing his own taste, and saying that he prefers to read Shakespeare, not to see him acted. Yet we must be sincere, however mistaken our ideas or erroneous our tastes, and I confess that, on the stage, I have seen but one Rosalind, that I have forgotten her name, and am not sorry to have forgotten her appearance in the part. Why should we not admit that no art does satisfy us when it struggles with Shakespeare's poetry? Sir John Millais painted a pretty melancholy Rosalind long ago, and Mr. Swinburne, in a criticism of the Academy, fell upon the painter with all the horse, foot, artillery, and camp-followers of his numerous rhetoric.

"These women," said Mr. Swinburne, "are none of Shakespeare's. Think but in passing of the fresh grace, the laughers as of April, the light delicate daring, the tender and brilliant sweetness of the true Ganymede. What is left of all this? She figures here as a fair-faced ballet girl, with a soul absorbed by the calf of her leg. And this dull, sickly, stolid woman huddling close by her is Celia. This is the purest and rarest type that Shakespeare could give of heroic and sweet devotion; this is she who alone among even his women could not live but in another's life." Nor does the painted Touchstone fare better with Mr. Swinburne.*

"We have a vision of our own," and almost all players, all painters, only undo it. This is, very probably, an unlucky accident of taste.

* "Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1868."



DUKE FREDERICK. 'Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste.'—*Act I, Scene III.*



AUDREY.

Shakespeare wrote to be acted; he, we may be sure, did not agree with us. There are dramatic and there are undramatic minds. Thank Heaven! both can find all they desire in Shakespeare. But the naturally undramatic mind, which has never been stage-stricken, will inevitably prefer to have its Shakespeare to itself, will hardly dare to hope to find a Rosalind on the boards, nor colored on canvas. Yet we meet in real life, now and then, girls with Rosalind's qualities of gayety, tenderness, mockery, and courage—girls who might have been Rosalinds. They are nature's most exquisite adaptations from art, and if neither painter nor actress can show us Rosalind, we may see her image in our memories, and, like Harry Esmond, "remember a paragon."

After Rosalind, Jaques is the most attractive person in the play—the "melancholy Jaques,"—a Hamlet without an Ophelia, without a remorse, a revenge, or any enemy but "the first-born of Egypt." He "can suck melancholy out of a song," and in his sullen moods is

"full of matter." Jaques is certainly one of the characters in poetry about whose past we want to know more than we do. Shakespeare is fond of melancholy men, but in the case of Hamlet we know, and in that of Antonio we can guess, the cause of their sadness. Jaques, on the other hand, is sad as night, and yet not "for very wantonness." The Duke says he has been a libertine, and commentators, like the Shakespearean who wrote on the Nurse's husband (in *Nicholas Nickleby*), have many questions to ask. Is Jaques melancholy because he has been a libertine, or was he a libertine of old because he was melancholy? Did he revel, in time past, as Becky Sharp played roulette, "to forget"? For my own part I think the latter opinion is correct. Jaques was melancholy by humor and complexion, as they used to say, and his debauches were an attempt to drown the dark fiend of thought in a red sea of wine,

and stifle his whispers by the music of women's laughter. Jaques has no particular grudge against fortune or society; he loves the wild woods better than the court, and does not pine in exile. He is merely a looker-on. Like Molière, he might be called *Le Contemplateur*; he has Molière's *tristesse* in double measure, with less than a due share of his humor. It is not the times that are out of joint in his eyes, but time itself,—and eternity. He loves sad cheer "better than laughing," and with the pride of ownership, like Touchstone with Audrey, he declares "it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness." His melancholy is the child of idleness and fulness of thought, as love is the child of idleness and fulness of bread. Of what age is Jaques? Mr. Abbey, in his drawing of a Jaques who is not my ideal, makes him a dark, gloomy, powerful man of



“‘It is ten o’clock: Thus we may see,’ quoth he, ‘how the world wags.’”

—Act II., Scene VII

some two-and-thirty. To my poor fancy Jaques was nearer forty, and I am convinced that he was early gray. Audrey calls him "the old gentleman." He was white prematurely, as Shelley was beginning to be—"a youth with hoary hair." "Yes, I have gained my experience," he says; and perhaps it was bitter enough, but it has scarcely imbibited him. His tartness with the amorous Orlando may have a touch of envy as well as of contempt; he scorns the folly of the lusty lover, soon to be prosperous; perhaps he remembers an unhappy passion of his own; perhaps he regrets that he was wise when he was young, and repines that he had not been as foolish as Orlando. "I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks," he says. The woods are more beautiful now, and more dear to him, than any woman. He is of Andrew Marvell's mind:

"Sweet trees, whene'er your bark I wound,
No name shall but your own be found."

Jaques cannot always, surely, have had no other love but nature, or if he has been so wise, he is bitter in his repentance. Yet Orlando can win him over by a smart quip or two. He spies entertainment in Orlando. "Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery." "The worst fault you have," he adds, "is to be in love." But Orlando is not to be so lightly converted, and "good Monsieur Melancholy" goes off by himself, to seek comedy in Audrey and the clown, while Orlando stays, and finds Rosalind. "Journeys end in lovers' meeting." It is very characteristic of Jaques, the pleasure which he has in the humorous vanities of Touchstone. Jaques is merely the looker-on at the drama of life. He does not exactly hoot the divine masterpiece, as Dumas says men have been doing for all these many thousand years. Jaques merely sits and smiles, or yawns, in his stall, as he watches the world. In his lips the famous speech "All the world's a stage" is absolutely appropriate. The idea is old, is Greek, and was worked out by Lucian. What Jaques notes in life is its fated futility. One man plays many parts, but they are all parts created long ago; we all do our best in them, persuaded that they are new, whereas they are preordained, stale, and flat. Life is a mere series

of imitations, of rôles prearranged. It is not that Jaques chooses them as unhappy parts; they are not those of the sick, the poor, the powerless. Unlike the Buddha, his melancholy is not awakened by seeing want, disease, distress. His typical human actor, as Maginn well observed, is well-to-do, educated, amorous, martial, rich, respected, sage; he enjoys what is called "a full life," and thinks he takes his pleasure in it. But all is inevitable, all has been played over a million times, there is nothing in it new that the man can call his own. He is less than an actor, he is a marionette, with all his sonnets, his strange oaths, his wise saws, and so he drifts to second childishness and mere oblivion. It is a sadder sadness than Hamlet's, but a man must live, and Jaques gets what melancholy fun he can out of the spectacle of existence. Alone at night, in a strange foreign town, solitary, pensive, do we not go to any kind of theatre the place may have; not expecting much amusement or emotion, but merely to look on at whatever show may be seen, and to forget ourselves for an hour? It is in this mood that Jaques wanders in the forest, contemplating the wounded hart, moralizing.

"Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place."

Jaques goes back further than even Rousseau, who might have been content with "the state of nature" in the forest of Arden. The real quarrel of Jaques is with consciousness, with our knowledge of ourselves and the world. He finds the beasts happier than we; yet even they share in our iniquities, and have injustices of their own. Jaques, in his invective, reminds one of Molière's Alceste, in *The Misanthrope*; but had Alceste won Celimène, who can be sure that he would have kept his melancholy? The man in green ribbons might have become gay enough, tolerant, and a ruffler. Alceste had life and heart enough to be in love. Jaques has not. He meets Rosalind, and misses, to our regret, his chance of discovering in himself a touch of old human nature. He must compensate himself as he may, by listening to his own grotesque counterfeit in Touchstone, and by laughing at Audrey. "I would fain see this meeting,"



ROSALIND. " * * * * Give me your hand, Orlando."—*Act IV., Scene I.*



ORLANDO AND ADAM.—*Act II., Scene VI.*

he murmurs, when Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, is to marry them in the forest. He speeds on the merry marriage: "Proceed, proceed; I'll give her." He is delighted with the clown's argument on the lie, and the point of honor. At last he flies from all the marriages and rejoicings. "The Duke hath put on a religious life. . . . To him will I: out of these convertites there is much matter to be heard and learn'd." He bids every one farewell.

"So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures."

Probably Jaques does not himself go into religion, but views it from outside, as rather a new scene to him in a scenic

world. His philosophy seeks tranquillity, the "passionless bride"; he chooses what ease may come from indifference.

"Vacant heart and hand and eye,
Easy live and quiet die."

We leave Jaques with liking, with sympathy, with regret. He has tried all things, has endeavored to fill no stock part in the drama of life; yet such a part he fills in his own despite, and the path he treads has long been worn by loitering and solitary pilgrims. "How comes it that the primeval commonwealth, revived in the forest of Arden, does not disarm him? Why does the golden world return and bring no peace to his complaining? The melancholy of Jaques has reasons far

too deep. It is not against society that he has a grievance; it is against life itself. It is not at humanity that he tilts, but at nature. . . . He criticises even the elementary needs of life, he attacks the very constitution, physical and moral, of our being; passion and desire revolt his haughty soul. His melancholy pride is the disdainful reproach which spirit flings at matter, the mind at the body, the creature at the creation."*

Jaques might, in other years and lands, have been a Buddhist; but he lacks the folly of its superstition, and, vegetarian as he inclines to be, he lacks its universal

foil and contrast to the relish of life in Rosalind and Orlando, to their gallant delight in that old worn part, the lover's. Good-by to him, who "has had his experience," who has thought too deep, and seen too clear, and travelled too far; who has reached the point where two roads divide, and only two, the paths of Religion and Despair.

Is it to consider too curiously to consider thus? Perhaps; but thus Shakespeare must have considered, introducing the constant element of mortal discontent and foiled aspirations after the unknown even into the glades of Arden. For to



TOUCHSTONE. "You do love this maid?"—*Act V., Scene I.*

charity. For a modern pessimist, he wants the vanity and the industry: the pessimist thinks it worth while to write long books of his lamentations. Perhaps the life religious is the best for him, if he can bear it, and he may seek the spectacle of a fugitive and cloistered virtue, to learn if it also be vanity. Farewell to Jaques, who, even in Arden, "brings the eternal note of sadness in." He is the proper

* François Victor Hugo.

his mind the whole of human things was ever present, each mood of man was there, and to none was given more than its own place, while to none was place refused.

Orlando is another foil to Jaques; Orlando, the eternal figure of youth—amorous, brave, beautiful, gentle; "never schooled, yet learned; full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved." He is "much in the heart of the world," yet we may doubt if he is much in our

hearts. Orlando has to bear the misfortune of the young hero in fiction and poetry. Scott used to complain that he could not make his *jeune premier* interesting, and perhaps even Shakespeare has hardly succeeded. With Troilus or Romeo he can succeed, for fortune is their foe; but one may question whether Scott was not at least as happy with Quentin Durward or Roland Graham as Shakespeare with Orlando. There is a sort of blameless dutifulness in Orlando and his peers in romance, a kind of inevitable and well-deserved good-luck and final triumph, which seem to leave us cold and unconcerned. Or is this merely the envy and jealousy of Jaques? At all events, though all Paris, as we know, saw the Cid with the eyes of Chimène, we find it difficult to see Orlando with the eyes of Rosalind. He comes, he looks, he conquers, as in "Cæsar's thrasonical brag," "more than his enemies," and we acquiesce rather than sympathize. Like Scott's young heroes, as described by Thackeray, Orlando is decidedly "not too clever." Our hearts are more open to the rustic wooer Silvius, into whose lips Shakespeare has chosen to put some of the most delicate and beautiful things he ever wrote on love.

"It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance."

This is the type of the *amoureux transi*, of the lover doomed to love too well for triumph, fated never to have his passion returned in full. This, too, is the way of the world. The long suit, in love, never wins. True is the dead shepherd's "saw of might," Marlowe's saying,

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

It is not clear why Shakespeare chose a rustic, damned in never having been at court, for the mouth-piece of these refinements on love. Nor is the character of Touchstone quite clear: at court he is so much of the rustic; so much of the courtier in the woods. This may be but his humor, but it is not impossible that two different clowns, one of them from an older play, have been mixed. Once in Arden, Touchstone is Shakespeare's wisest and most entertaining fool, with his high contempt, like that of Jaques exaggerated and burlesqued. "It is meat and drink

to me to see a clown. We that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting, we cannot hold." Nothing more diverting than Touchstone's consciousness of his gifts, and of their failure to be comprehended by his lady, Audrey. "When a man's verses cannot be understood, . . . it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical." Many a poet in love, or after marriage rather, must have quoted this saying to himself with a smile and a sigh.

If there be inconsistencies here and there, the chief is in the character and conversion of Oliver, the elder brother, and in the hasty winding up of the play. As Rosalind says, "There was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams." Oliver's hatred of Orlando reminds one of Claudio's reflections on his evil passion for Isabella, in *Measure for Measure*. There seems no hope for Oliver, and lo! he falls into disgrace at court, he seeks the forest, a lioness comes in as *dea ex machina*, just as if we were in an African novel, and Oliver is a new man.

"I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am."

"There never was anything so sudden," except that other conversion of the usurping Duke, or the loves of Celia and Oliver. This winding up has been much blamed. Mr. Swinburne calls it "that one unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear on a corner of the canvas." He cannot care to see the kind, good, charming Celia, the pattern of a love closer than that of sisters, handed suddenly over to the miscreant of the piece, converted or not converted. Mr. Swinburne says, in a sentence rather difficult, "The actual or hypothetical necessity of pairing off all the couples after such a fashion as to secure a nominally happy and undeniably matrimonial ending is the theatrical idol whose tyranny exacts this holocaust of higher and better feelings than the mere lickerish desire to leave the board of fancy with a palatable morsel of cheap sugar on the tongue." Shakespeare, in this conclusion, shows a good-humored contempt for his groundlings. "Take your sugar," he seems to say, "as you like it, and are accustomed to it." And he finishes the play according to the rules of the game as common-



JAQUES.

ly observed in his time, for he is, by profession, a playwright first of all, and a poet only on sufferance.

The sources of this play are well known. It is not likely, as Dr. Furness says in his excellent edition, that Shakespeare made any use of *The Tale of Gamelyn*, wrongly attributed to Chaucer. *Gamelyn* is a mediæval novel without a heroine. Lodge provided a heroine, Rosalynde, in *Rosalynde; Euphuus' Golden Legacie* (London, 1590). The novel is extremely long, extremely euphuistic, and deplorably pedantic. The heart-stricken Rosalynde soliloquizes in vast and wandering speeches, and quotes Latin like a lady Senior Classic. The romance has been diversely judged. Some of the verses in it are pretty, and perhaps the conversion of Saladyne (Oliver), and his love for Alinda (Celia), are less hasty and unpleasing in the story than in the play. But it is only a skeleton of an idea that Shakespeare borrows; the poetry, the wit, the melancholy, the charm, are all his own. The play is for the whole world; the novel is a mere curiosity for students. The date of the piece must be after the publication of the "dead shepherd's" "saw of might," the line in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which is of 1598.

We may safely believe that Rosalind first trod Shakespeare's stage in 1598-1601. This is Dr. Furness's conclusion, and minds to whom "the date of composition has charms" may consider more curiously if they please. That the play, or a play of the same name, was entered on the Stationers' Register in 1600, though probably it never was published in the quarto form, appears to confirm the approximate date. The earliest text is that of the first folio, 1623. It is "an unusually pure text," though there are three or four difficult passages.

It is pleasant to find a play in which that learning which leans toward pedantry has so little to make. *As You Like It* is Shakespeare's happiest comedy, most equable, least boisterous, richest in the music of Amiens' bird-like songs, heard in the enchanted forest of Arden. This makes amends for *Measure for Measure*; here we have the gentle poet in his kindest humor; here we meet the dearest and most woman-like of all his women, the merry maiden "so many fathoms deep in love." Parting from her and her company, we part from the friends whom we can never miss, whom we can always rejoin, loves that can never be lost, and the joys of the golden world.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY PAUL HEYSE.

"WELL done, Herr Wachmeister! let it be as 'tis. It's a beautiful little tree; fine enough for a princess. If the dear creature could only look down on't from above—"

"Don't you think she can, Webern?"

"To be sure she can, an' does, an', what's more, on this very Christmas Eve, Herr Wachmeister. Of course we can't see her; but it's all a 'humbug' about keepin' away the spirits. Nobody that's a Christian would go an' believe that. An' why should they? The Scriptures say that we're not goin' to be raised from the dead till the day of judgment, an' are goin' to sleep on till then. But you may be certain that the poor souls are dreamin', for God loves 'em, an' lets 'em know things by dreams. An' you may be sure He lets Rosel see the little Christmas tree that her husband has trimmed for her, at this very moment, too. That's what I

believe, Herr Wachmeister. But come now an' drink your coffee up. I put it on the stove there; but the old stove's like an old man, for the little heat that's in it is soon used up if you're not forever puttin' on wood. It's cold enough to freeze a chicken out-doors, an' you've a long way to go, Herr Hartlaub."

"It only lacks the gingerbread heart yet, Weberken; 'twouldn't be complete without that. I tied one for her just like this on our first Christmas tree, and have done so for ten years. 'Twouldn't be a Christmas Eve without the heart. And I always used to hide something else in it—once a silver thimble, once a breastpin, and the last time the little watch. It was always something new—new and expensive, for times were getting better with us. I always bought the heart at the same store. The almonds and sugar-ed lemons I always put in the same place.

I haven't slipped anything in it to-day. The poor old soul can't find any more pleasure in it. It doesn't need any more breastpins, nor does it hear the watch tick, tick, tick on to eternity. The money might better be given to some poor person. Don't you think so, Webern?"

"Yes, to be sure. You do just what's right. But come now, drink up your coffee. It's seven already, an' the church-yard 'll soon be closed if you don't hurry."

"Oh, there's no hurry about that, Frau Nachbarin. The sexton's a very good friend of mine. He's had many a good bottle of *Gilka* from me. When I used to ring his door-bell at midnight, and say, 'I want to put a flower-pot on my Rosel's grave to-night, Herr Liborius,' he wouldn't even look sour at me. But if you mean, Webern— Well, my spirits are a little down. I haven't had a mouthful since noon, nor a pipe either, for I've had to put my wits together, and my seven clumsy fingers too, so as to trim a little tree like that. It used to be Rosel's job. She could do everything. There will never be any more like her."

The above conversation took place in a roomy but low garret chamber, in which a dingy stove of Dutch tiles, towering to a man's height, was emitting just heat enough to prevent one from detecting his own breath, while the frost flowers, in turn, were putting forth their daintiest, silveriest petals on the panes of the only window opening into the room. As far as the little lamp, with its green japanned globe, made it visible, Wachmeister Fritz Hartlaub's home seemed, notwithstanding, very comfortable, not so much through his own care as the good buxom woman's who, with arms akimbo, was now sitting on the woollen coverlet of the military bed. It was she who was wont to keep the little furniture he possessed in a neat condition, and to industriously sponge off the chromos hanging on the wall, which represented the Kaiser, Prince Bismarck, Moltke, Werder, and a few other distinguished generals. In the deep dormer-window that jutted out from the sloping roof stood an old brown sewing table, with a small work-basket resting on it. Near by, in a brightly polished brass frame, was the photograph of a young woman arrayed in a wedding dress, with white gloves on her hands. It was a full-length, full-face picture, revealing a countenance of plain but good-

natured outlines. A withered branch of myrtle was wound about the little frame, while in front of it a silver thimble stood up like a dwarf sentinel. In the window above, moreover, hung a bird-cage, in which a song-bird was silently perched, with its head buried under its left wing.

The tenant of this modest quarter was standing in the middle of the room, in front of a square table covered with a faded spread. The Christmas tree, decorated with small variegated wax candles encircled with festoons of gold paper, its branches glittering here and there with hanging gilded nuts, was mounted upon this table. The green needle-tufted apex of the tree came so near the ceiling of the low room that he was obliged to bend it downward. The master of this apartment himself could not have stood on tiptoe without rubbing off the loose plaster with the crown of his head. His own upright form was enveloped in a cleanly brushed military coat. On his left breast was fastened the iron cross, together with several war medals. His broad shoulders supported a massive head; his hair was dressed in military fashion; his mustache and side whiskers, cut exactly like old Kaiser Wilhelm's, were already somewhat touched with gray; but the brown hair and ruddy complexion showed as yet no trace of premature age. He was drawing his heavy flaxen eyebrows closely together, like one devoting himself to a difficult task with heart-whole energy. But it was far from being such. It was merely the task of tying a gingerbread heart as big as a man's hand to the bottom of the tree. The natural clumsiness of his large hands was increased by the loss of the three middle fingers on the left hand. A broad strip of black leather concealed this defect, rather it instantly attracted the eye to it. The busy workman held a short pipe in the left corner of his mouth; there it had been unlighted for several hours. He had just said: "Webern, the pipe mustn't be going while I'm trimming the tree, for it would be as if I wanted to smoke in church. There's a time and place for everything."

At last the knot was tied. The artist stepped back, and viewed his work with a sad look of satisfaction.

"But come, there's the coffee now," said the Frau, rising to her feet. "Now let me put a chair beside the stand for you, an' do drink some; an' afterward,



"SEE FILLED BOTH OF HER POCKETS AS FULL AS SHE COULD CRAM THEM."—[See page 25.]

too, when you come back. You know I'm to be alone this evenin'. My son Wilhelm's at his sweetheart's. Well, she's a real good girl. Her folks sent her a purpose to invite me to come an' spend Christmas Eve with 'em. She said they had such nice carp an' poppy sauce. Dear me! old Webern's no fool if she is sixty years old, an' she's not goin' to make the owner of a brickkiln unhappy because the mother of his future son-in-law, the engineer, is goin' to celebrate with them, an' be introduced as 'Madam Weber, experienced midwife'—eh, Herr Wachmeister? To know that, you needn't be born a lawyer. But, there, you're not eatin' a mouthful. I baked the Christmas cake myself, an' it's raised so finely. Do try it once."

"Frau Nachbarin," replied the man, still sitting before the stand and meditating while he stirred the dark liquid with his spoon, "I haven't any taste for the cake. This time a year ago—I am always thinking—"

"Nobody'll get warm by thinkin', Herr Wachmeister. Only by eatin' an' drinkin' body an' soul are kept together."

"Well, well, Webern, you remember how I sat here last Christmas Eve—I had moved in just two weeks before, and my head hadn't cleared itself yet—how I, after thirty years' service, was dismissed from the army, and that was more than I could swallow? To be sure, it was an honorable dismissal, for the rogue—and he's pardoned now—shot off my three fingers while showing me his new revolver. Our Kaiser has no use for crippled soldiers. But after that mishap, to be degraded from a royal Wachmeister of the Kaiser's to a simple cash messenger of the bank—that was a blow for a disabled soldier, Webern! It was still fresh in my mind that first Christmas Eve without Rosel. She had been buried only three months. I didn't know how to get along without her any more than a three-months child without its mother. And then you came, Weberken. You brought me the package you found in her linen closet. Though sick abed, she had rolled it up, sealed it, and written on it with her own hand: 'For my dear husband, Christmas, if I should not be well again at that time.—Rosalie Hartlaub.' Do you remember it yet, Webern?"

"How could I help, Herr Wachmeister? But you mustn't think too much on

it; it excites you. An' there's your coffee gettin' colder."

"Cold coffee makes red cheeks," Rosel used to say, when I talked to her as you're now doing to me. But she always had something more urgent than her breakfast or supper. Ah me! precious little did it help her! 'She'd never be killed for her beauty,' the Rittmeister said, when she and I moved into the barracks; 'but she seems to be a clever woman, genteel and reputable, and that's the best quality for a soldier's wife. Only see to it that she passes muster, then you are to be congratulated.' He was right, the Herr Rittmeister was. I was to be congratulated, for she was never missing at the muster. I'd nothing to blame her for, except when the two little girls were born. They were too feeble for this life; and when the third came, and took a French leave, without saying even 'Good-night,' to me—But you know best, Webern, how it went with her; how she suddenly turned her face to the wall and never came to again, just like a soldier with a bullet in his heart. Such a one never comes back again, Nachbarin—never again, never!"

He shut his eyes tightly, in order to press back the tears welling up under the light brown eyelashes, at the same time hastily stirring his coffee with his awkward hand. A deep silence reigned in the room. The bird alone began suddenly to flutter about, as if startled by the very stillness.

"Ah, yes, to be sure," interrupted the buxom Frau, folding her arms under her apron with a slight shiver, and with a motherly air of authority gazing down on the strong man so utterly dejected. "No, nothin' comes back again, Herr Wachmeister. My departed husband has never come back, nor my Rieckchen; but somethin' new is always comin', as I've noticed in my profession. You shake your head, Herr Nachbar? Well, the little human bein's I've helped into the world can't make up for your Rosel, of course. But we must live, for all that, an' whoever's in his best years like you has only to let the Lord's will be done, an' who knows what He may yet have in store for him?"

The disabled soldier did not answer at once. He only drank his coffee with one long gulp, wiped his mustache, and drew a deep sigh.

"He may send me what He will," was

his half-mumbled reply, "but He can't send me a Christmas present from my Rosel any more. Many thanks for your good coffee, Webern; but take the cake with you, for I don't care for sweets."

He turned to the door, where his military cap and old cloak were hanging on a hook. This was not his uniform as a cash messenger. The firm had ordered a special uniform for this service.

"All right," answered the Frau; "only peek in by-an'-by at me—eh? You won't find a great feast, but some good punch an' somethin' cold, so that a body needn't feel so forsaken an' friendless on a Christmas Eve."

"You must excuse me, my good friend," he replied, slowly, without looking up; "but when I've ended these Christmas affairs I'll find a glass of something warm necessary; but as for much talk—No, Webern; that's against my principle. I'll betake myself to some quiet nook, where I can smoke my pipe of by-gone days in silence till my eyes fall to. It's no use, Webern, though you mean well by it. You know if I don't do so, the old wound would begin to hurt again; and I'd rather not be left alone when I notice that my mind is dwelling too much on my lost one. Now don't feel hurt by it, my dear friend."

"Well, do as you like," replied the midwife, in a low tone, and shrugging her shoulders at the same time. "Every man in his own humor, as old Fritz used to quote. But wait a minute, now, I've somethin' to give you."

She passed him, with a heavy, plodding step, while he was in the act of throwing his cloak about him. He heard her descending the stairs and muttering to herself. He did not trouble himself to question her intentions. He stepped again in front of the little hemlock-tree, and gazed upon its dark green branches, straightening here and there some chance toy or heart that had been turned askew.

When the door again opened he looked up in an absent-minded way. His portly friend entered, panting, and carrying something in the fold of her apron, which she presently drew forth.

"It's nothin' much, but it'll make you think that it's Christmas Eve. You'll find it by the punch, if I'm to have the honor of seein' you again to-night. Here"—and she held up two small packages—"a little Varinas, your favorite

kind; an' here's a new pipe too; that old one of yours is all smoked up, an' isn't decent for a royal officer like you any longer. Come, now, don't make any words about it; 'tisn't worth the thanks. But there's nothin' else to give you, for you're so attached to your old stuff because it's always remindin' you on her. But here's somethin' else, not from me, but, for all that, you can make good use of them. The old ones which I washed for you the other day had, my dear sir, one patch on top of the other. If a body was to look at 'em sharply they'd come apart, like so much cobweb." With these words she took a bundle from her apron and handed it to him, with noticeable embarrassment. On opening the parcel he beheld a half-dozen beautiful silver-gray socks, neatly tied together with red ribbons.

First having laid the tobacco and pipe on the chair, with a mumble of pleasure and a silent nod, he took the parcel in his hand, and shaking his head, said: "They're not from you, are they, Webern? Where do they come from?"

Smoothing her apron a second time, while a faint blush stole over her round, sallow cheeks, for plump they were, despite her years, she replied: "Oh dear, it's not very hard to guess. Who could have sent 'em, if not my good friend Hannerl Hinkel, who has the shop for hosiery an' woollen goods in Lilien Street, near by? Of course you know, Herr Wachmeister, that she thinks a good bit on you, because of your iron cross, an' your 'bein' such a kind husband to Rosel—so respectful, proper, an' the likes. When I said to her you'd soon need some new socks, she said: 'There, I've just got some new goods, dear Webern, made of an altogether new kind of wool. Please ask Herr Wachmeister to try 'em once, as a little Christmas gift, with the season's compliments from me. An', if he'll do me the honor, ask him to come with you to-morrow an' take dinner with me. I've only a goose left, but it'll give me great pleasure—'" She stopped suddenly, and began to blush still more. It seemed as if she had felt the look which he fastened upon her, for she turned her face away and drew a deep sigh, at the same time drawing her shawl closer about her shoulders.

The bird in the cage set up a loud chirping, which seemed to arouse the

man in the military cloak out of his dreamy mood.

"Take the socks back to her, Webern," he said, emphatically, though not unkindly, "and return also my best thanks to Madam Hinkel. Say that I never accept presents, except from near friends, like yourself, for example, Frau Nachbarin, and that I only eat roast goose where I feel at home, unless I pay for it at the restaurant. But tell her, as if on your own part, that she had better spare herself the trouble. To be sure, she would make a real good wife; but I— Well, you know I've no intention of making a change. I'm too old for that. A disabled soldier daren't play the young fool again. Tell that to your good friend, though I mean no ill by it. As for the Varinas and the pretty pipe, I am many, many times obliged to you. I must now be off."

He advanced to the table, and laid the bundle of silver-gray socks, which she had not taken from him, upon one corner of it as hastily as if it burned his fingers. He then drew on his heavy mittens.

The woman, however, instantly dispelled her embarrassment, and stepped up close to him. "You're a real old bear," she sputtered out, hastily. "Of course no one need be a prophet to foretell what Frau Hanne's object was; but, Heaven knows! it's no disgrace if a decent woman, thirty-nine years of age, who has buried her husband an' has no children, looks about a bit to find somebody to help her, to assist her in her business, an' to keep her company in her loneliness. An' it's not good for a body to be alone. If I hadn't my Wilhelm with me I wouldn't have given the mitten to the post clerk, nor to the manufacturer of surgical instruments, for they both wanted to marry me. But you make a face as if you'd been drinkin' wormwood instead of coffee. Don't be angry, Herr Nachbar. It's wicked to treat the good woman so. At first you went to her shop, bought goods of her, chatted with her many a time, so that she noticed that you're a well-preserved man, even if you are forty-seven years old, an' that you're fit to care for a woman. Now you act as if it was a downright sin for an honest, nice widow, who lives alone, to invite you to eat a goose dinner with her, an' to present you with socks for your toes, which

were frozen on your way to Paris. Do you mean to say that a body in your condition shouldn't be most glad to set himself in such a tub, an' in his old age, which will surely come some time, to find such a pretty an' genteel partner for life? I'll tell you, when my Wilhelm marries he wants me to give up my nursin' an' go to live with him, an' only assist my own grandchildren into the world. What are you goin' to do then, if you can't even sew a button on your clothes, an' nobody bothers herself lookin' after your old socks all full of holes? Isn't your Madam Hannechen young an' pretty enough for that?"

"True; I'd be blind if I'd said that," he answered, half audibly. "Certainly the Rittmeister couldn't have said of this Madam Hinkel, 'She wouldn't be killed for her beauty,' as he said of Rosel. And I was going to praise her even further. But, as I said, Webern, it won't do. I'm a crippled soldier now forever."

"Bah! three paltry fingers gone. You're joking, Nachbar. You may not do for the army. An' if you were goin' to wed a princess by the left hand, there might be a hitch there too. But a good, civil dealer in hosiery an' woollen goods, she sees other attractions, an' if you're not totally blind, you too might see—"

"Frau Nachbarin," he said, interrupting her, "excuse me if I seem to return poor thanks for your good wishes, but you can't take it to heart this very evening, when I'm on the point of carrying this little tree to Rosel's grave. Well, I'll say no more, Webern; but even you yourself, who used to know her, said that not one in ten behaved so bravely at that trying hour. And now you come to me with socks made of a new kind of wool, and a Christmas goose—no harm intended—like the tempter incarnate, who showed our Saviour the principalities of this world from the mount; all this, my dear friend, I shouldn't have expected from you, knowing your modesty. And if I wasn't sure of your good intentions— But good-by for to-day! To-morrow we shall meet as of old. Good-night, Webern!"

Grasping the little hemlock-tree with his right hand, and with his left awkwardly pulling on his cap, he passed out at the door, bestowing a final good-natured nod on the puzzled and crestfallen woman.

He had hardly reached the landing of

the third-story stairs, where the name of his old friend, now indeed illegible in the darkness, "Karoline Weber, experienced midwife," was fastened on a low door, when, his foot stumbling, he recollected what had passed, and wondered whether he ought not to mount the stairs again, and attempt to reconcile the good soul, so lately offended, with a few tender words. "She meant well enough in her own way," he argued, silently. "How could she help it if it wasn't mine?" And her coffee *was* good, and the cake too, no doubt. Nor was she to blame if he didn't care for her sweets. And if she really moved away, would he not be left entirely alone and forlorn, and have nobody to mend his socks? She was right. He did need some one to look after him and keep him in order, as Rosel had done. He needed new socks too. But must it be only Frau Haunchen Hinkel? and would she be called Frau Wachmeisterin, or Frau Kassenbötin? Why can't the women, yes, even the best of them, let match-making alone? Many a time she had enticed him into her shop in Lilien Street, but he had played deaf and dumb, and never taken further notice of it. But such a hint—emphasized by six pairs of woollen socks—and on this very Christmas Eve too, that was a little too manifest! And just now she had called him an "old bear"—that was once too often! But he was willing to be a bear, at least as far as the quarrelling went, provided it didn't come to scratching and biting; and, further, he wished her to realize it. Peace was what he desired. The poor creature in the cold grave should not be made to turn over, when she learned the intentions which people had upon her Fritz Hartlaub, without allowing him the right to interfere with a word in his own behalf, or to escape from that net which they had entangled him in—a net woven, as it were, from fine threads of a new kind of silver-gray wool.

Such thoughts made him grasp the Christmas tree more firmly with his "bear's" paw. He felt his way along the wall with his right hand. He cautiously descended the dark stairs. The rickety wooden steps groaned under his soldierly tread.

A sharp east wind whistled about him as he entered the street. He took little notice of it. He did attempt, however, to shield the tree from it, lest some of the

little hearts be broken off. The clocks of the city towers were striking eight. Notwithstanding the frosty weather, which caused the solidly packed snow to creak under the foot, the city street was still lively, even more so than at noontide. All the shop windows were aglow with lights. Houses right and left gleamed and glittered with the reflection of the brilliantly lighted Christmas trees, for this was the very hour when gifts were being presented everywhere. Fritz Hartlaub did not suffer this to delay him, nor did he stop to examine the attractions in the show-windows, nor even to peek through the street windows at the secrets of happy family circles. Carrying his tree steadily before him, like a soldier on guard, he moved on with measured strides, buried in his own thoughts. He kept his left hand wrapped in the folds of his thick cloak, for the frosty air made him feel as if the tips of the three fingers which had been shot away were perishing with cold. Although everybody was more than usually absorbed in his own business to-day, yet many a passer-by turned to look after the soldierly figure which towered above the heads of most men, and seemed so intent upon that gay Christmas tree covered with glittering chains of gold paper and toy hearts.

It was not his plan to turn at the next corner into Lilien Street. He could have taken the street on his right, which was quite as short a route to the cemetery. But by Lilien Street he avoided the east wind, which was penetrating his thick mittens. But why should he shun Lilien Street? It had done him no harm. It was a quiet, respectable street, although its residents were modest in means. From a certain house a song greeted him; children were gathered around a Christmas tree, and were singing a carol which they had learned at school. "My little girls might have been doing that too if the little toads had only lived to get their first teeth," thought he, meanwhile moving on without looking up. He had always had a warm heart for children. Now he began to wonder why those which Rosel had presented him had been such miserable little creatures, and why they had been immediately snatched away again. Yet their mother was such a clever woman, and he such a vigorous man. Ah! but what is the use of his racking his brains or breaking his heart over the mat-

ter? Perhaps they were making up for it in heaven now, and their mother was caring for them there, and when he himself should arrive three school-girl angels would come springing to meet him and call him "Papa."

"Foolish thoughts," said he, censuring himself. "They wouldn't know him, of course, and it's questionable whether affairs are so human over there." Suddenly he came to a stand-still. The light from a shop window across the street caught his eye. It was a shop of moderate dimensions, not one of those with brilliantly lighted, elegant plate-glass fronts, but with a modest, old-fashioned show-window, behind which, however, all kinds of white and delicate-tinted fabrics were displaying their attractions. They were neatly arranged, with their prices marked on little cards. Not only the light from two gas jets inside revealed that to him, but also a street lamp burning before the neat one-story house. Above the door hung a light blue sign, on which was printed, in golden letters, "*Hosiery and Woollen Goods Shop of Johanna Hinkel.*"

These letters seemed to possess a charm in spite of the modest reflection with which they shone into the winter night. The man in the cloak on the opposite side of the street was obliged to stand and gaze upon them—nay, even to repeat them aloud once or twice, as if reading them for the first time and discovering to-day some profound truth in the half-dozen words. Without knowing what he did or purposed, he plodded through the piles of snow along the edge of the sidewalk, passed under the street lamp, and took his stand close by the show-window. There was no one else in front of it as before the other more attractive shops. Customers for hosiery or woollen goods had certainly purchased them before this hour. Though the knit jackets, crocheted hoods, spreads, socks, gloves, and wristlets, which were piled up and spread out in every conceivable manner, were very pretty, yet one sauntering along on Christmas Eve would hardly have been attracted by this display. The man with the tree also seemed to have no special interest in them. He pressed his face closely against the square window, and was obliged every now and then with his left hand to wipe away the mist which his warm breath produced upon

the glass. Thus he could only peek between two little jackets, which held the place of honor as the most attractive objects of the show-window, into the interior of the shop.

Certainly the discovery now made by him repaid all the discomfort of tarrying here in the open street despite the icy night air, even though he had frozen his toes in the trenches before the city of Paris.

Indeed it was not the assortment of hosiery and woollen goods orderly arranged in piles along the three walls of the deep room, nor the counter of brightly polished wood, nor the scales of shining brass, nor the iron stove in the corner there, with its grated door all aglow, that could have produced an aspect so cheerful on this frosty Christmas Eve, but behind the counter, seated in a high-back cane chair, just under the single gas jet, was a woman with a face like pink and white roses. Her low brow was framed in a setting of soft golden hair, over which was thrown a rose-tinted Capuchin hood, made of light and flaky zephyr. the hood's point hanging loosely down upon her round shoulders. The plump, mature form, enveloped in a loose jacket bordered with gray fur, sufficed to betray the wearer's having passed the prime of life. The face, however, especially now in the soft golden flare of the gas-light, would have passed for that of a rosy-complexioned maiden, one whose summer-time had not been traversed by autumnal storms of anxiety. It was not possible to recognize the color of the eyes, for they were fixed upon a little book lying on the counter. Oh, what a pretty picture it was! How quickly the delicate little nostrils vibrated; how the bosom swelled when she happened upon some exciting passage in the old novel from the circulating library; and how, loveliest of all, the full lips seemed to move, as if reading over some particularly fine passage half aloud! One arm was leaning upon the counter. A graceful lock of hair had fallen over the little round hand. At times the dark brows seemed to gather in a frown, which in turn passed into a smile, causing two little dimples to play over the round cheeks, and disclosing two rows of shining pearly teeth. She had evidently finished the story she was reading, for she impatiently turned over the last few leaves, finally clapped

the book together, and leaned back in her chair with an expression of perfect satisfaction. She then lifted her eyes to the gas-light for a moment, and allowed her soft red lips to lose their control and separate in an undisguised yawn, like one who believes himself unseen. Yet this very act, though not considered the most graceful, was not unattractive in her case, notably because the rosy lips and the squirrel-like teeth and the white round neck were most daintily set off against the little collar of gray fur.

Had all this been a well-studied part in a comedy in order to attract the spectator in the street outside, it could not have been arranged more effectively. Of course it was impossible through the rows of valuable hosiery and woollen goods to detect any person outside before the show-window, shrouded in the dark night, not to speak of the sorrowing widower, who had never entered her shop at such a late hour. Her present actions were prompted only by her unconscious, natural feelings of comfort, nor did they suffer themselves at any unsuspected moment to be surprised in any demonstration more unpleasing.

At this moment such an impression, certainly shadowy and undefined enough, took possession of the honest Wachmeister's mind. The longer he stood gazing into the cheery, warm little shop, the more marvellously confused became the ideas surging backward and forward in his brain. Involuntarily the honest soul compared the living present with the tenderest recollections of the past. If one were to be candid, he must confess that the lost wife would have appeared an awkward creature beside this little body in the cane chair, blameless from head to foot. What was Rosel's nightcap to be compared with this Capuchin hood, her coarse hand with this dainty one? Ah! the Grand Turk himself would have counted it a special favor to have felt such a one stroking his beard. When Rosel yawned, as she frequently did, she used to open her mouth in a frightful manner, disclosing a set of teeth not particularly well-brushed, and stretch her brawny arms high above her head. Nor had she ever showed the slightest inclination to take a book into her hand. She did now and then on some monotonous holiday spread out before her a couple of illustrated papers, found among her husband's

things, and look over the pictures without the slightest curiosity as to their meaning. Her husband, the Wachmeister, was the son of a school-teacher, and valued education, at least in military affairs. He never wearied of reading a couple of manuals upon war tactics, and a popular account of the Franco-Prussian war. He would have been pleased if Rosel had manifested any interest in them. Once upon a time, at least, she used to read in an old cook-book, and, indeed, she was a perfect cook. It was in this capacity that he had made her acquaintance at the general's house, and there he had learned to like her. His service had kept him too busy to bestow any further instruction upon his wife. But now that he had become disabled, he had found time for this after banking hours, and had been pleased to be able to enjoy a sensible conversation with Webern. If this should cease, how would he pass the lonely evenings? In the company of a woman, to be sure, who was a subscriber to the circulating library, and who, of course, knew a quantity of entertaining stories.

But what a sin it was to stand gazing, like one enchanted, into the face of a strange woman on this very evening, to be imagining a thing like that while the poor soul yonder was waiting for her Christmas tree! No, Webern shall not have reason to think so. It would be better to live alone and die with loneliness rather than to be untrue to his Rosel, who, as long as she had lived, had never done him an unkind act. When on her death-bed she had extended toward him her cold, trembling hand, and almost inaudibly whispered: "Good-by, Fritz; do not forget me. There's one sugar pill yet in the table drawer. When you go out nights, don't forget to wear the woollen shawl. Oh, my Father in heaven, into thy hands—" These were the last words.

And now Fritz was standing and ogling a strange dealer in hosiery and woollen goods because she had pink and white cheeks with two dimples in them. "It was a shame," he acknowledged to himself. "And what would passers-by think of his standing and gazing in here for the past half-hour? What if some one had really recognized him?"

He pulled down his cap, which had been pushed aside while he was pressing against the window. He drew his cloak

closer about his shoulders at the same time. A deep sigh escaped his lips, partly because of his reluctance to abandon the face exhibition before him, partly because of his consciousness of having done wrong. He was about to resume his way when the tempting figure within the shop suddenly rose from her chair and began rubbing her eyes with her dainty white fists, for she had fallen into a momentary doze while Fritz had been taking this silent examination of his conscience. The rose-tinted zephyr hood had slipped back over her neck. Her graceful head, encircled with golden locks, was thus brought to full view.

Half past eight chimed from the neighboring church tower. She listened, and seemed vexed at the tardy approach of the closing hour. She then rose, took a dish from a corner table behind her, placed it on the counter where she stood, and regarded it with a half-disdainful look. On it was built an artistic pyramid of fruits and sweetmeats, encircled with a garland of figs, dates, and raisins. Three little blood-red oranges formed its apex, the middle of which was tufted with a tiny bouquet of flowers. The rim of the dish was covered with macaroons, Christmas cakes, and sugared almonds. Under all these delicious things was a card embellished with gilt scroll-work and several words, which our spy was unable to decipher from his post outside, in spite of his earnest endeavors.

There was no doubt about it. This fruit was the gift of some admirer, some one who had sought to express his regard in this tempting form. From her manner one could not discover whether the donor had been successful or not. She continued contemplating the artistic dish of sweetmeats, only venturing to push some dislodged macaroon or date back into its place, and thus restore the plan of the structure. But she did not seem inclined to taste of any of the dainties, excepting that she picked a single wee raisin from its stem, and sportingly, as it were, bit it between her teeth.

Rosel would have wrought noticeable devastation upon such a tempting gift in less time than that. Not that she was a devourer of sweetmeats, but such presents did not remain long in her cupboard. Even the gingerbread heart disappeared from the Christmas tree on the following day.

Well, well, tastes differ. How was it Rosel's fault that she—

Suddenly the bell of the shop door rang without being heard by the sentinel outside, and a little girl, having unlatched the door and noiselessly entered, was now standing in her thin black mantle, with a cloud bound over her frost-bitten ears, before the proprietress of the hosiery and woollen goods shop.

The purchase was soon made. It could not be that she had come for a belated Christmas present. The two skeins of dark wool which the child bought were certainly intended for nothing else than a new piece of work, something that had to be begun this very Christmas Eve. While rolling up the little parcel the seller cast a silent, sympathetic look at her late customer, whose little thin red hand laid the couple of pennies on the counter half tremblingly. At the same time the child's eyes, deeply sunken in her peaked face, wandered toward the beautiful dish of fruits. With a gentle "Good-night," she had already turned to go from the shop, when the saleswoman called her back again. The little girl came back to the counter hesitatingly, as if not crediting her ears. The good-hearted woman smiled an inexpressibly sweet smile. She seized at the same time the biggest of the three oranges, thus causing the artificial mound of fruit to totter, and held it toward the astonished child. Instantly she filled her other hand with figs and macaroons. At first the poor little thing stood motionless with surprise. She seemed incapable of conceiving that all this was for her. With evident delight she filled both her pockets as full as she could cram them. Her benefactress next shoved a plump, glossy fig into the little mouth already open with unexpressed surprise and joy. The poor urchin was dismissed with a nod and good-night. The little one was aglow with rejoicing. The kind woman now returned with an indifferent air to her chair, while the child hastened away as quickly as if it had stolen this unexpected gift.

An audible murmur of satisfaction passed the lips of the rough warrior outside, who had not suffered a single feature of this pleasant scene to escape his notice. Notwithstanding the fact that this new spectacle had warmed and quickened his heart toward his temptress, yet nothing could keep him here longer. Rosel had

already waited too long. He involuntarily nodded a farewell through the window, which was, of course, unseen by the unsuspecting one within. Seizing his little tree again, he advanced with bowed head along the street.

He was determined to give his present attention wholly to the project now before him. But what was to be gained by taking longer strides and keeping his eyes fixed upon the gingerbread heart? Beside him tripped along the dearest little spectre in a hood of rose-tinted zephyr and a loose jacket bordered with gray fur. He did not trust himself to look aside, for he was certain that he saw the pretty round face, nay, even heard himself addressed. In spite of the severe cold, great drops of sweat stood on his brow, and his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Once or twice he cast a beseeching glance toward the heavens, where the moon was shining in its full splendor, so splendidly bright that the stars hardly dared to venture forth. Two light blue spots seemed to be smiling down upon him which bore a perfect resemblance to a certain pair of eyes. With the half-smothered oath of a soldier, he firmly closed his eyes to avoid seeing more of such witchery. That, however, only increased the evil, for it now presented itself directly before his mental vision in full life size, with the same pleasant smile upon the lips, and the hands holding the orange and sweetmeats which had been, afterward crammed into the pockets of the little customer's cloak. He cursed his recklessness in having passed through Lilien Street. Now turning to the left again, he felt with pleasure the cutting wind which again mercilessly beat against his heated face. His beard was soon a mass of hard icicles. Who could have told him while trimming the Christmas tree that he would carry it to its destination in such a frame of mind? All passers-by, he thought, must be looking at him and laughing in their sleeves. His own Rosel had passed muster, but now his own heart-beats were like awkward, uncontrollable recruits, unwilling to obey the word of command or to be brought under subordination.

At last the long, barren lanes of the suburb had been traversed. The high, dusky walls of the cemetery began to reveal themselves across the silent fields. He hastened toward them as toward a consecrated place, where no witchcraft holds

sway. The iron street door was reached. Between its bars the graves, now white with fallen snow, marked with crosses and monuments, were seen stretching along in solemn rows. He drew a long breath, rested the tree for a moment on the ground, wiped his perspiring face and neck, like some weary traveller who has climbed a steep mountain path on a summer's day. He delayed a moment after the hasty journey, till the beating of his heart should cease. He then rang the well-known bell of the porter's door.

A long time elapsed before any movement was perceptible in the little house. There was no light shining through the chinks of the window-frame, although the clock had not yet struck nine. The belated visitor was obliged to ring the melancholy bell a second time before he heard some one unbolting the door. He then saw the old man, tightly wrapped in a dark cloak, his scanty gray hair half covered with an embroidered nightcap, emerge from the narrow doorway, with a lantern in his hand. He snarled angrily, like a house-dog that has been suddenly aroused from its sleep. Upon holding the lantern aloft, however, so that its light fell upon the figure standing before the street door, he appeared startled for a moment, and then asked, in a somewhat less surly tone, "what on earth the Herr Wachmeister wanted here at this time of night."

"Let me in, Herr Liborius," replied the other, with an unsteady voice. "I have something yet to put on the grave. You won't lose anything by it, either, Herr Kirhhofsverwalter."

"Are yer in yer right mind, Wachmeister?" he inquired, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Are yer reelly goin' to put that concern on yer wife's grave, as if yer could give her a merry Christmas in that way? Do yer suppose that a poor soul keeps on carin' yet for Christmas Eve, or likes the smell of pine needles, wax candles, an' spiced gingerbread? Of course there were plenty of people here this afternoon with wreaths and bouquets to decorate the graves. But that's all very well. Bah! that's all for the pleasure of sayin' to themselves that they've thought on the poor souls too, who can't have a swallow of their punch. Do tell, now, a reel Christmas tree like that! Dear me, Herr Wachmeister, how'd yer happen on such an idee? But to rout me out of my first sleep, which is my only Christmas present!"



HERR WACHMEISTER FRITZ HARTLAUB DECORATING THE CHRISTMAS TREE.—[See page 16.]
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"It sha'n't be to your loss, Herr Liborius," again answered the man outside the grated door, simultaneously pushing his hand, with a hard thaler piece in it, through the bars. "There, my old friend, take it, and with welcome. Now let me in, and I'll take care of the rest."

"Well, as yer like," muttered the porter, quietly taking the silver piece. "Tastes differ, and ye're otherways a good man." Upon saying this, he opened the little door. "But see here, Herr Wachmeister, yer haven't helped to bury so many as I've done, else yer wouldn't have such funny ideas about a dead person. Ye're—now don't yer get put out with me—like a child as has got its first doll. It uses it like a livin' creeter, washes it, dresses it, an' nurses it, as if she was its mother. Then the child finds out that's all imagination, an' begins itself to devour all the eatin' that used to go to the china doll. Don't think I mean to insult yer, Herr Wachmeister, but yer see, when a body sees a grave day after day settlin' down, an' knows there's nothin' in it but a little dust and mouldy bones—while the 'mournin' relatives' visit a grave like that as if it was a *chambre garnie* or a summer villa, which some poor mortal has taken a likin' to an' rented because he's tired of the rattle of wagons an' the din of the city streets, an' act as if they're havin' a fine time with him yet, an' as if he could smell the flowers they brought him—well, well, if any one believes all that, then yer oughtn't to take the fun out of it no more'n to tell the little child its doll's only a leather bag stuffed with sawdust. But I'd always thought, Herr Wachmeister, that yer—"

"D—you, it makes no difference what you think of me, Herr Liborius," growled the other, now that he stood safely inside the consecrated ground, which made him regardless of the man who had the big key of the door. "Let me go my own way. I don't need your lantern to find my path, either."

"It's all the same to me," mumbled the little door-keeper. "We've a moon to-night. Good luck to yer, Herr Wachmeister."

He bowed to him with the air of a sage who is wont to be lenient, and to allow harmless fools to do as they please. Fritz Hartlaub had already turned his back upon him, and was now moving on with

his heavy tread, his head buried deep in the collar of his cloak.

Had any one with a heart free from sadness, and conscious only of the presence of the silent glistening graves, wandered hither at this hour, he would have felt the mysterious influence of that angelic message, *Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*, amid the storm of the wintry night. So beautifully did the weeping-willows and the funereal box-trees spread their shining branches among the snowy gravestones! so gently did the silvery moonlight play down upon the marble forms of kneeling and soaring angels mounted upon the grander monuments, illuminating their gracefully uplifted arms and bathing their hands, triumphantly bearing palms, in a flood of glory! Fresh green wreaths of palm, laurel, or hemlock were lying here and there upon the mounds thickly covered with snow. The light from eternal-lamps of blue or red glass reflected from an occasional cross. All this failed to attract the attention of the man who plodded silently along in his military cloak. Presently leaving the main avenue, he turned down a side path toward a retired quarter of the cemetery, where a row of simple graves along the outer wall revealed the fact that here the poorer children of men, those of the second and third class, were assigned their resting-places. Nor did he pause to think of this either, that in the presence of death all men are equal. His modest nature was wont to respect distinctions in rank. Would not thirty more years of service have made an officer of him also?

Finally he arrived at his destination. Rosel's grave was near the wall. He felt thankful for that now, for he was thus protected from the cutting wind. A pair of tall arbor-vitæ trees likewise offered their protection. Over this grave, as well as the neighboring mounds, was deeply laid a spotless shroud of snow, out of which rose the little black cross of cast-iron mounted on a small stone base. He had had this modelled after his own iron cross. The bereaved widower had cared for the place himself, for it was his intention to be laid to rest some time beside his good wife. This well-deserved token of honor would indicate that an erect soldierly form was reposing here, the hardships of military service having all been nobly passed. The arms of the cross bore

the following inscription in golden letters: "Here rests in God Rosalia Hartlaub"—the date of her birth and death placed beneath—"and"—No one knew when the second name would be added below. When ordering the cross the widower had imagined that the time was not far distant. At present, reading the inscription in the pride of his strength and vigor, it seemed to him to be almost miraculous that he should have use for it some time. Again he drew a deep sigh as he brushed the snow from the middle of the mound with his gloved hand, thus uncovering a thin web of dark ivy leaves. He pressed the little block into which the Christmas tree had been wedged firmly between the shoots of the ivy vine. The green tree now stood as high as the cross, and made a very pretty appearance. If Rosel could have seen it, it would have delighted her. But could she not see it? Where was she at this moment? The bit of "dust and mouldy bones" below there—the cold-blooded gate-keeper, who must know about such things, was right after all. Rosel was not under there. Wasn't she, then, in some place where she herself did not perceive what was happening to her poor remains, and what route her poor bereaved life partner had taken when thinking of her so indifferently? Wasn't she, perhaps, occupying a *chambre garnie*, or a summer and winter resort on some one of the countless stars, an abode more beautiful and balmy than their lodgings in the barracks, not to mention the narrow house under the mound?

Such doubtful thoughts flashed across the twilight, so to speak, of the man's sorrowful mind, until at last all thinking seemed to cease. To his own amazement, moreover, he became conscious that the sad feelings which had overwhelmed him on previous visits did not intrude upon him to-day, in spite of his good intentions. He pondered upon Rosel's excellent qualities, and thus sought, in vain, to recall the image of the one resting there. It remained indistinct in outline, without actual life-likeness, almost merely a name and a shadow. The more he strove to recall it, the more misty the forms it assumed. In its place, on the contrary—he was startled, for he could no longer deny it—the dangerous spectre from Lilien Street stealthily moved up close to him, and, to his bitter sorrow, he was forced to feel that the name of the other person was

continually sounding in his ears in soft, soothing tones, while he read off the inscription on the cross in order to arm himself against such bewitchery.

No, this must be stopped! Should he, a soldier of thirty years' service, allow himself to be defeated by a treacherous foe in his heart, as if not only the three fingers of his left hand, but also a very well known centre of life under his left rib, had been shot away? Must he allow himself to be wound up in zephyr wool, like a child in swathing-clothes, and at last end his days wearily behind the stove of the hosiery-goods establishment, doing nothing more than to count over the cash evenings and scribble down the day's income in a little book? By heavens and earth, that would be a glorious end for a royal Prussian Wachmeister, who wore the iron cross and the war medal of '66, who had marched by the handsomest French women as unconcernedly as if by the most cursed offspring of the arch-fiend! And all this in order not to drain the cup of life to its dregs—that is, pass life in solitude, certainly a wretched kind of pleasure! But no matter. Would it be better to have it filled anew by a cup-bearer who would look daggers at him if he should call her Rosel instead of Hannchen in a moment of absent-mindedness? And certainly such would happen. And then hadn't his dear wife said, with her dying breath, "Fritz, don't forget me!" And had he ever been able to refuse her anything? No—a thousand times no! The all-wise Liborius might jeer and shrug his shoulders, but Rosel *did* know about him, *did* see him right through his military cloak, straight into his heart, just as when she was alive. It was sinful and shameful for him to let her see all this at this very moment. Away with the blue-eyed, red-cheeked woman that had crept into his heart, where no one dared dwell except one single soul! This one had, alas, become immortal too soon—she who, though not the most beautiful of her sex, was, nevertheless, the right Wachmeister-in, true to him till her dying day, as he had been to his general; she who, had he died first, would never have given a moment's thought to taking a successor to him, even if the Rittmeister himself had cast shy glances at the clever creature!

Suddenly his heart became as light as that of an exorcist who has had driven a

legion of unholy spirits back into hell by some powerful incantation. He took off his cap, folded his hands, and audibly repeated the Lord's Prayer. He doubted not but that some spirits were hovering about the place. His next act was to take a match from his little box and carefully light the wax tapers on the tree, one after the other. They burned successfully enough, for the wall and the cross shielded them from the wind. This being finished, he stood meditating before the brightly illuminated Christmas tree. It shed its light upon the inscription of the cross, making it appear as if newly overlaid with gold. A sense of satisfaction crept over him. He did not even feel the sharp frost biting his frozen toes while he was standing motionless in the snow. A profound stillness reigned about him. One could have heard the angels far, far on high, amid the ethereal stars, singing the old, everlasting strain, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Hark! What was that? What was that noise suddenly interrupting the celestial melody—a noise only too expressive of terrestrial woe? What whining and whimpering was that proceeding from one of the neighboring graves? Till now there had been no sign of life. It was quiet again, only to be renewed, however, with a smothered groan and gasp. Little by little it seemed to approach, till at last it sounded so near that it aroused the lonely man standing before the lighted tree from his deep and sorrowful meditations. Looking aside from the brightly burning variegated tapers, he was surprised to see a shaggy little dog, scarcely able to drag itself along on its four frozen paws, trembling from head to tail, its mouth wide open, like one fainting away, its dull eyes almost hidden under an overgrowth of white hair, gazing fixedly on the Christmas tree. The poor creature began at once a sad whining, until reaching the grave of the immortal Wachmeisterin, where it sank down close by the hemlock-tree. Its fall shook the lowest tapers, which probably would have set fire to the dog's hair had this not been frozen stiff with ice, and thus rendered proof against the sparks. The poor starved animal had evidently been attracted by the light of the tapers, and almost before its last death groan had sought the warmth of the fire, to meet its death at the feet of the unknown man.

For a moment only the dreaming widower passively beheld this dying creature before him. Bending down over the silent comrade, whose shaggy white breast shook with violent convulsions, he patted its trembling head and stroked its scrawny legs. "Heavens!" said he, mumbling a curse in his beard. "There sits that old crow, Liborius, roosting on his perch. He comes so seldom out o' doors as not to see that a poor thing like this has got in here. When the door is shut before the creature's nose, then it must be cruelly starved and frozen to death. But take courage, my little fellow. I'll see to it that you haven't sought this grave in vain for your last resting-place. Is it so soon over with you? God forbid! As long as there's life there's hope. But nobody can stand it, dancing about in the snow here, like a Russian. Come, little one, let's get some place where it's dry and warm. Softly, now, for I was always well calculated to take care of children, only my own didn't feel disposed to profit by it. Come, now; only don't howl. Gently. Hush! hush!"

While muttering thus to himself he lifted up the unresisting dog, and began to quickly brush away with his handkerchief the crust of ice frozen on its hair, at the same time breathing his warm breath into its pinched face. It was not long before he detected signs of returning life, for the legs, hitherto stretched out in its death-throes, began to grow laxer, and its heart to beat more regularly. He threw his cloak about the unprotected creature. It began whining by spells, like a sobbing child when it has fallen asleep after a fit of crying. He continued rubbing the meagre body with his right hand. He now felt for the first time that the dog in his arms was a mere skeleton. Suddenly rising from the ground, he said to himself: "Here is work for a man. If he isn't really frozen, then he's starving to death. I must see to getting him home with me."

He immediately turned to go, but after a few steps had been taken he remembered that it was not the proper thing to leave his Christmas gift without further ceremonies. "But no," he reflected, after a moment. "I know her ways, to be sure; and she'll not be angry if I first see that this little one gets something warm to eat. She'd have done the same thing herself; and if she could see me now—eh, Rosel, we



"LET ME GO MY OWN WAY."—[See page 28.]

needn't have any words about it? Well, now, good-night! Pleasant dreams to you, wherever you may be! You may be sure Fritz 'll not forget you. He would be a brute if ever again a hosiery and woollen goods—"

This monologue was left unfinished, for the dog, which seemed fully restored to life, became so unruly and restless under the cloak that its preserver had trouble in quieting it. Nor was he successful until he had allowed the dog to stick its snout through an aperture in the cloak, in order now and then to take a survey of its surroundings. Soon surrendering its fate to the warm, strong arms of its bearer, and feeling the heart of the man beating against its own bony legs, it fell into a faint-like slumber, while being thus borne along with the gentle, soothing motion of the man's steady gait.

The bearer, however, stopped once again to look back toward the grave by the wall-side. A column of fire was just beginning to mount aloft. The tapers beneath had ignited the chains of gold paper, which, in turn, had set fire to the pine needles, the flames not being driven aside by the wind. The whole tree was soon aflame, roaring heavenward, like an immense torch, the most graceful offering borne by loving hands to any cemetery that evening the world over.

Beautiful as it must have looked, the one who made this offering could not tarry to see it cease glowing and fall into ashes. He hurried toward the entrance with the burden under his cloak. On approaching the porter's lodge his step became slower. It suddenly occurred to him, what if this poor trembling animal which has fled to you belongs to this man, who holds nothing sacred, and who has probably been beating it, so that the starving little thing had rather freeze to death than return to its cruel master? What will a man who hasn't any respect for the dead do to man or beast? And yet, if he claims his dog, you can't keep his property from him. He'll be glad anyhow to be rid of it at last. Be still, little one! He gave the trembling black nose a gentle tap, so that the little shaggy head darted back in under the cloak again. He then knocked gently on the porter's window.

"Yer've got a bit sane at last, have yer, Herr Wachmeister?" inquired the little

old man, immediately appearing in the doorway, lighting his way before him with his lantern. "The weather's changed about. In my weather-house the woman's out again, so look out for some wet holidays yet. But what's that bundle yer've got there under yer cloak? Yer've not taken a clod o' earth with yer to remember the cemet'ry by, have yer?"

In a joking way he gently slapped the bundle under the man's left arm, which act was followed by a feeble whine from under the hiding-place in the cloak, at the same time a black snout protruded from between its folds.

"Lord o' my life!" cried the aged gatekeeper, throwing his lantern upward, "if that isn't—yes, upon my soul! Where'd yer scrape up these bones?"

"Does he belong to you, Herr Liborius?" inquired Fritz Hartlaub, in a most polite tone, ready at once to make a bargain for the find, for he saw that the grated door was still locked, and knew that he was still in the hands of this surly old man.

"God forbid!" snarled the other, in reply. "I don't own one, for it's not allowed to bring dogs into the cemet'ry. That one there—for I know him again—stole in here three days ago. A young man, who'd committed suicide on account of some love affair, was buried here then; not a first-class funeral, you may be sure. Well, there bein' only five or six people comin' in with him, I sort o' shut my eyes, an' let the cur trot along after them. After everybody'd gone away—do yer believe it?—I couldn't make that dumb brute go home too, for good or bad! He wouldn't budge an inch from the grave, but snarled at me and showed his teeth when I tried to get him by the collar. At last I got a stick, but he dodged it, and so we chased about there between the graves for half an hour, till I'd nearly lost my breath. After a bit I sort o' pitied the brute. 'Such 'n unreasonable creature's often got more feelin' than a man,' said I to myself, 'an' his carcass of bones 'll go well together with his master's, for they've both wished themselves out o' the world on account of a love affair. I'm willin' he should have his way about it, for he can't stand it long with thirty degrees below zero.' Dear me, an' yer goin' to burden yerself with him, Herr Wachmeister? He'll die on yer hands before yer get home, for he hasn't had anything to eat



"THE WHOLE TREE WAS SOON AFLAME."

for three days. Do yer hear him?—he rattles already."

"I was going to ask you to bring me out something for him as quickly as possible. I'll take care of the rest."

"Well, just as yer like. A man's will's his kingdom of heaven. But yer'll find that ye're tuggin' that fellow along with yer for nothin'. Good-night, Herr Wachmeister, an' a merry Christmas to yer!"

"Good-night," returned the good Samaritan, passing out of the little cemetery gate and hurrying away with mighty strides, as if a fiend was close on his heels, ready to snatch from him the precious burden hidden under his cloak.

In the interim the good buxom woman was sitting at home in her lonely room, close up to the stove, which was emitting a pleasant warmth. This Christmas Eve she had to celebrate without her son and her neighbor from the fourth floor above. But upon her smooth white brow there was no trace of an ill-tempered frown perceptible. On the contrary, she seemed to be enjoying the invigorating vapor

issuing from the porcelain punch-bowl, to have good-naturedly reconciled herself to her task of drinking alone what she had brewed for two. Her plate, with its simple supper, had been set aside. A large honey cake, from which she slowly broke one piece after another, lay near her steaming glass. An old worn Bible was lying on her knees, but her horn spectacles, which she had sought for the purpose of reading the Christmas tidings, were shoved back upon her forehead, and her thoughts had wandered far away from the book, who knows whither?

At least, it might be supposed, to her Wilhelm and his happiness in his engagement, which had robbed her of him to-day. But she was a practical person, a "matter-of-fact woman," and she relinquished all hold upon her son as soon as he had become engaged. The friend of the fourth floor, on the other hand, she had not given up as yet. "He is still a bit indifferent," she said to herself, in a low tone. "Oh, well, Rosel was really an excellent woman, an' took great care of him. He's not to



"PROST MAHLZEIT!"

be blamed if he won't hear a word about another one yet. Now'days the men are seldom so devoted, an' they even cast sly glances among the mourners at the very funeral itself, to see which of their lady friends or cousins would look best in the crape of the departed one. But the idea of his mopin' away all of his days for that reason—such a man, too, in his best years—when he might be livin' in Lilien Street like a pig in clover! That's altogether pure

nonsense! Well, well, it takes more'n one blow to fell a tree like that. Maybe this very night he's catchin' his death o' cold out there at Rosel's grave, an' he won't be gettin' about again so soon, either."

She stopped to take a long swallow from the glass, smacked her lips, and set the glass down on the table empty.

"I've never tasted any better," she muttered, loosening her cap strings under her flushed chin. "He'd enjoy it too, after

bein' out on this frosty business. But if he's crotchety, it's his own loss."

Just as she was on the point of filling her glass again, she heard a well-known step mount the stairs and stop for a moment at her door. She had not expected him to return so soon. He certainly was intending to while away the rest of the evening in a quiet corner in some old tavern. Could it be that he longed for a taste of her punch, which he had always declared was superior in quality? No; he had passed her door and ascended the stairs to his own room in the mansard-roof above. Maybe he was a little ashamed of his not being able to endure the solitude, and it would be only a neighborly act for her to meet him half-way. But she would first let him have time to survey the gray solitude above, and then he would become conscious of his neighbor's good intentions toward him.

She was about to raise her glass to her lips a second time, when she heard the door above open again and the man actually descending the stair. It was all enacted in less time than she could have hoped. He knocked at her door, hardly waited for her "Come in" ere he stood before her, his cloak removed, but his cap still on his head, a most unusual thing for his courteous manner.

What a strange look there was in his eyes! They generally had the appearance of searching for something on the floor. And no "Good-evening" from him, only a silent nod of the head; and for a long time he couldn't catch his breath.

"What's the matter with you, Herr Wachmeister?" she inquired, eying him from head to foot. "Aren't you well? Have you seen a ghost?"

He hurriedly shook his head. "You can do me a favor, Webern. Come upstairs with me. I've brought some one with me."

"Brought some one with you? But I didn't hear any one come up stairs with you."

"I had to carry him. He couldn't walk because he had frozen his feet. You must help me bring him to. You know better what to do for such a one."

He looked at her beseechingly. The good soul was so frightened that she was on her feet in a second, and grasped him by the arm.

"What d'ye say, Wachmeister? You had to carry him up? No?—he's not

alive, then? Who is it? How'd you find him?"

"You'll soon see, Webern. But come; bring something with you, for he's half starved."

"There's the punch terrine; that'll be good to bring him back to himself. And there's a bit of my supper left there. I haven't any more meat in the house."

"But milk, Webern. If you've a couple of swallows of milk left in your cupboard. Punch's not good for him; and as to his eating fish, I don't know. Only come quickly with the milk. The rest'll take care of itself."

Without waiting for her answer, he ran out of the room and up the stairs again.

The good woman pressed her hand against her head. Was her friend beside himself that he wanted to bring a man to with cold milk instead of hot punch? But, after all, if it was a child—some poor creature which some heartless mother had laid at his feet—of course his good-nature would have forced him to take it up rather than go to a police station with it. Well, even then he would have kept it at last. And as for her, it was far better. She had a warm heart too for little helpless children, and he certainly knew that, for that goes with her business.

Thus pondering and muttering to herself, she ran to her cupboard and got her little milk pitcher. Before a minute of time had elapsed she had a spirit-lamp lighted and placed under a little tin pan. The bluish liquid soon began to get warm. She caught up all kinds of things which might be of use for a hungry and frozen child in swathing-clothes, took the pan of hot milk, hastened up the stairs, not even waiting to tie her cap strings.

On entering her neighbor's room she found him kneeling before the little stove of Holland tiles vigorously blowing into the kindlings, which soon started into a flame. It was still dark in the room; he had not yet lighted the lamp. Something dark was lying on the bed, covered with the woollen blanket, on top of which was piled the window cushion. A certain restlessness alone betrayed that the object was alive.

"Here I am," she whispered, panting, and leaning against the table, on which she placed the things she had brought with her. "Where did you find it? First of all, light the lamp. Lord! you're trem-

blin' all over; I feel it in the dark. Come, don't be so nervous. A little creature like that is tough. There, the old wick's made out to burn at last. Now let me have a peep at the Christmas present once. The Lord bless me! that's not a baby at all! that's a—a—a dog!"

She was so overcome with surprise and chagrin that she sank down into the chair near the bed, and let her hands fall lifelessly on her broad knees.

"Of course it's a dog," she heard Fritz Hartlaub now saying, with a tone of voice that sounded like one playing the part of helplessness and misunderstanding. "If you've no pity for such a creature—for it was created by God—then excuse me if I've made you the trouble of coming up here. Let the milk be here; you may go back again to your punch. That won't hinder me from giving my help to the poor fellow till he gets on his legs again. For, you see, this is *my* Christmas present, one which Rosel intended for me. When I was lighting the Christmas tree this dog came to her grave to me. If an animal like this could have spoken, it would have said: 'Your lost one is sorry that you're alone, and she sends her best love to you, and wishes me to bear you a little company. I haven't such smooth skin as a certain woman in the hosiery and woollen goods business, but one can have a good and faithful heart under a shaggy fur coat. Amen!' So it would have spoken. But I understood what it meant without its telling it. Now hand me the milk-pan, if you please. I'll pour it into the saucer, and see if the dog has the strength to stick its tongue into it."

All this was said so emphatically from under the martial mustache that the listener was struck dumb, and failed to find the shortest word by which to express her doubt or scorn in response. She bestirred herself, however, as if ready to lend a helping hand to the labor of love, holding the saucer herself under the snout of the patient lying in his warm bed, while his rescuer carefully poured the milk into it. They had to wait awhile until the sense of smell, which had been frozen up, as it were, returned to the cold, black little nose. His little red tongue was then visible, and began to tremblingly lap the milk from the edge of the dish. It was not long before the little heap under the woollen coverlet began to move itself, with some difficulty;

at last, rising to its feet, and stretching out its shaggy head, the tongue became so active that the last drop of milk was quickly drained from the saucer.

"Pros't Mahlzeit!" growled the rough soldier, gently stroking the brave little drinker upon the head with his big hand. "Now I think we are saved. The dog that laps milk is a live dog. I breathed new life into my Rittmeister like that (he had then already been made second lieutenant), after the battle of Le Mans. He was lying, with a ball in his shoulder, as pale as a ghost, by the side of his dead Gaul. The only difference is, 'twasn't with milk, but with cognac out of his own canteen. You see, that's the only difference between man and beast; we're superior to them in mind. But don't you think, Weberken"—this tender form of expression evinced the sudden return of good feeling toward his old friend—"that the meat should follow the soup? Didn't you have something left from dinner?"

"Not a thimbleful, Herr Wachmeister, I'm sorry to say. A couple of poor children came begging, and I gave them what Wilhelm had left. But maybe a couple of rolls 'll do. Its stomach must be weak yet."

"Excuse me, my esteemed friend, but a genuine dog's stomach won't be itself again till it has had some meat to digest. And I should be ashamed to feed him bread on Christmas Eve. If he would only like gingerbread; but that won't help him out. Stay with him awhile, for I'll be back in a minute."

He hurried out of the door, without waiting to throw his cloak about him. Ten minutes later he reappeared, all of a perspiration from his over-haste, carrying in his hand a large package, from which he produced all kinds of cold bits of meat. "They gave me that at the restaurant across the way," he explained. "I brought some salt with me too. Come, now, let's try the treatment."

For a while, however, love's labor was unavailing. The black, raw little mouth snapped after the bits held before it, but soon let them fall again. The mouth relaxed, with a long, deep yawn; the head fell back upon the cushion.

"He's too weak yet," said the nurse, drawing the coverlet over the dog's neck again. "He needs a little sleep in his warm nest. When he's been heated up a bit, his appetite 'll return."

"Do you think so, Webern? Well, then, we'll let him sleep. How old do you suppose he is?"

"How old? I'm not so well informed about your young dogs as I am about infants; but he can't be much over a year, or a year and a half. Whether he's old enough yet to be tidy in the house—"

"I didn't inquire for that reason," answered Fritz Hartlaub, somewhat irritatedly. "Meanwhile, the chief thing is that he lives. Look, Webern, he's actually sleeping already."

"Yes, an' snores like an old porpoise. You'll have a sweet time with your roommate."

"Rosel used to snore too, but she never disturbed me."

"Oh, well, you can stand it one night, at least."

"One night! What do you mean?"

"Why, you're not goin' to keep it, are you?"

"If he'll keep by me. He has no master, Webern, and that's why Rosel presented him to me. You must know that—"

He then related to her the story about the young suicide from whose grave the little fellow was unwilling to budge. Although the woman had good reasons for wishing that no other companion should settle here above, for any length of time, without her having arranged it so, yet she was somewhat touched by the story. She herself, in turn, stroked the animal's head, and said: "Let it be as God wills. The dog seems to be good-natured, for, as Schiller says, 'Fidelity is by no means a vain delusion.' Do you know what its name is?"

"How should I? Liborius didn't know, and the dog's first master's as silent as his grave. But I know already what I shall call him if he doesn't run away so soon as he gets his strength again."

"What will you name him, then?"

"Strubbs. My Rittmeister once had a poodle by that name. Rosel was very fond of it. It was a very decent and clever animal. Don't you think that name will fit him well, Nachbar?"

"Of course," replied the woman, earnestly, and rose to go. "An' now I must say good-night to you and your Strubbs. If you want anything more, just wake me up. It's much easier comin' up stairs to you than bein' called out by one of my patients."

She gave another friendly nod to the Wachmeister, but she had no more than put her hand on the door-knob when she heard him calling to her once again.

"Do you think, Webern, that it'll agree with him if I smoke a little here? I'm not sleepy yet, and would like to christen the pretty new pipe you gave me."

"But, Wachmeister," she answered, shaking her head, "you puffed like a chimney when the cradle once stood near Rosel's bed. Are you goin' to put yourself out so much for that four-legged child in swathing-clothes? Don't be angry with me, but you seem to be a bit weak in your head because you've nothin' in your stomach. I'll bring you up a glass of punch now."

Nor did he "put himself out," but smoked his pipe, drank his punch, stealthily paced up and down his room in his slippers for an hour's time, cast glances of satisfaction and fatherly pride upon the little sleeper each time he passed the bed. The pipe was smoked out. His eyes became heavy with strong punch. He quickly undressed, blew out the lamp, cautiously shoved his pillow closer to the wall, and then slipped himself under the coverlets. The warmth from the shaggy-coated dog produced an agreeable sensation, as well as the little heart beating audibly, gently, regularly. Every five minutes the old room in the mansard-roof echoed with the peaceful duet of the two sleepers, whose breathing produced the sweet harmony of a third tone.

On the following day, the first of the Christmas holidays, none of the neighbors caught a glimpse of the new resident. In the afternoon, however, the Wachmeister appeared at his table at the restaurant. He hurried more than customarily, although the holiday bill of fare invited one to a longer sojourn. After his own dinner he had a dish which he had brought with him filled with soup and scraps of meat. It was "for a sick dog," he said. This same dog, moreover, made rapid progress toward recovery, for in the afternoon Frau Weber, on returning from her Christmas goose in Lilien Street, rapped at his door to inquire after the health of the patient. The dog himself answered her inquiry by springing about her and barking. It was somewhat lame yet in its frozen feet; but the hippocratic face of yesterday had disappeared.

His wool had been neatly combed; his head slickly dressed. It began to express its gratitude for the kindness showed it the day before by licking the hand of its patroness, who had not yet ceased to feel a little vexed with it. She offered to keep Strubbs with her for a time, so that the Herr Wachmeister could go out for a walk. But no, he would not listen to such an idea. He was quite comfortable in his own room, was not feeling at all lonely.

With a suppressed sigh the stout little woman finally made her departure, after having elicited from her friend the promise of his company to drink afternoon coffee with her the next day. The betrothed couple were coming; and Strubbs could join the Wachmeister, of course. Punctually at three o'clock. She had been presented with an immense round cake by her future daughter-in-law, she said.

When the afternoon of the second day arrived, the invited guest made himself and his little comrade "proper." He took the puppy under his arm to spare it the trouble of getting down stairs. He left his own room, which had now for the first time become cozy and habitable. Just as his foot had touched the lowest step of the stairs, close by the door of his friend, there appeared at the same moment on the landing of the third flight an only too well known female figure. She was middling tall, prettily dressed in a warm, fashionably cut winter mantle; her hat, trimmed with blue velvet flowers, neatly set upon her flaxen hair; her little hands were enveloped in a brown muff. Quickly ascending the stairs and reaching the landing, she threw back her silver-gray veil and extended her hand to the man coming toward her. He, in turn, did not advance, but stood fixed, like a pillar of salt.

"Good-evening, Herr Wachmeister," uttered a gentle voice from under the little round hat. "I am delighted to see you once again, and, as it seems, in the best of health. I think we're going the same way?"

"You are mistaken, madam," was the answer, proceeding from the martial mustache. "I was only—I was intending to take a turn."

"So? Oh, you are right there, for it's

very gay in the street now. You will enjoy the last glow of the Christmas sunshine, and bring back a better appetite for Frau Weber's coffee. It's too bad that I was deprived of the pleasure of your company yesterday, but I have already learned that you found a foster-child, which could not be left alone. Oh, well, some other time, eh? But now, let me see it at once. Oh, what a charming little creature! And it seems to be so good, too!"

Upon saying this she put forth her hand—it had a woollen glove on it—with the intention of giving the dog a gentle pat on the back. Strubbs began to bark at once violently, and the little tuft of hair on his forehead bristled threateningly.

"No, don't," said his master, seeking to pacify the dog by stroking its neck. "Spare yourself the trouble, madam. He can't endure petting and flattery; he quickly scents such intentions, and it makes him wild if he sees cat's-paws. Nor is he exactly 'charming,' as you had the kindness to call him. He certainly won't be killed for his beauty, but he's a clever dog, as true as gold, and that, madam, is the noblest virtue for man or beast. My late wife sent him to me for a Christmas present on Christmas Eve. We shall live our days together as happily as possible, though we may not get a roast goose very often for dinner. To-day we're taking our promenade together. I shall carry him to the bottom of the stairs only, for he's a bit weak yet in legs; but hereafter he must run by himself. I can't tell when he'll be satisfied, so may I beg you to give our kindest regards to Madam Weber? Say to her that she must excuse us if we are absent from the coffee. I knew well enough that her intentions were kind, but, Heaven avenge me! they weren't possible. Old duties come first. She must not trouble herself any further; she knows already what I mean. And now, madam, I must bid you adieu. Happy holidays to you!"

He touched his cap with a military salute. Clasping his right hand over the dog's snout, for it kept up its growling, he passed by the pretty woman. Her eyes sought the floor with angry looks. He descended the stairs.

Since that memorable day he has never again put his foot in Lilien Street.

THE WINTER OF OUR CONTENT.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CALIFORNIA is the land of the Pine and the Palm. The tree of the Sierras, native, vigorous, gigantic, and the tree of the Desert, exotic, supple, poetic, both flourish within the nine degrees of latitude. These two, the widely separated lovers of Heine's song, symbolize the capacities of the State, and although the sugar-pine is indigenous, and the date-palm, which will never be more than an ornament in this hospitable soil, was planted by the Franciscan fathers, who established a chain of missions from San Diego to Monterey over a century ago, they should both be the distinction of one commonwealth, which, in its seven hundred miles of indented sea-coast, can boast the climates of all countries and the products of all zones.

If this State of mountains and valleys were divided by an east and west line, following the general course of the Sierra Madre range, and cutting off the eight lower counties, I suppose there would be conceit enough in either section to maintain that it only is the Paradise of the earth, but both are necessary to make the unique and contradictory California which fascinates and bewilders the traveler. He is told that the inhabitants of San Francisco go away from the draught of the Golden Gate in the summer to get warm, and yet the earliest luscious cherries and apricots which he finds in the far south market of San Diego come from the northern Santa Clara Valley. The truth would seem to be that in an hour's ride in any part of the State one can change his climate totally at any time of the year, and this not merely by changing his elevation, but by getting in or out of the range of the sea or the desert currents of air which follow the valleys.

To recommend to any one a winter climate is far from the writer's thought. No two persons agree on what is desirable for a winter residence, and the inclination of the same person varies with his state of health. I can only attempt to give some idea of what is called the winter months in southern California, to which my observations mainly apply. The individual who comes here under the mistaken notion that climate ever does anything more than give nature a better

chance, may speedily or more tardily need the service of an undertaker; and the invalid whose powers are responsive to kindly influences may live so long, being unable to get away, that life will be a burden to him. The person in ordinary health will find very little that is hostile to the orderly organic processes. In order to appreciate the winter climate of southern California one should stay here the year through, and select the days that suit his idea of winter from any of the months. From the fact that the greatest humidity is in the summer and the least in the winter months, he may wear an overcoat in July in a temperature, according to the thermometer, which in January would render the overcoat unnecessary. It is dampness that causes both cold and heat to be most felt. The lowest temperatures, in southern California generally, are caused only by the extreme dryness of the air; in the long nights of December and January there is a more rapid and longer continued radiation of heat. It must be a dry and clear night that will send the temperature down to thirty-four degrees. But the effect of the sun upon this air is instantaneous, and the cold morning is followed at once by a warm forenoon; the difference between the average heat of July and the average cold of January, measured by the thermometer, is not great in the valleys, foot-hills, and on the coast. Five points give this result of average for January and July respectively: Santa Barbara, 52°, 66°; San Bernardino, 51°, 70°; Pomona, 52°, 68°; Los Angeles, 52°, 67°; San Diego, 53°, 66°. The day in the winter months is warmer in the interior and the nights are cooler than on the coast, as shown by the following figures for January: 7 A.M., Los Angeles, 46.5°; San Diego, 47.5°; 3 P.M., Los Angeles, 65.2°; San Diego, 60.9°. In the summer the difference is greater. In June I saw the thermometer reach 103° in Los Angeles when it was only 79° in San Diego. But I have seen the weather unendurable in New York with a temperature of 85°, while this dry heat of 103° was not oppressive. The extraordinary equanimity of the coast climate (certainly the driest marine climate in my experience) will be evident from the average

mean for each month, from records of sixteen years, ending in 1877, taken at San Diego, giving each month in order, beginning with January: 53.5°, 54.7°, 56.0°, 58.2°, 60.2°, 64.6°, 67.1°, 69.0°, 66.7°, 62.9°, 58.1°, 56.0°. In the year 1877 the mean temperature at 3 P.M. at San Diego was as follows, beginning with January: 60.9°, 57.7°, 62.4°, 63.3°, 66.3°, 68.5°, 69.6°, 69.6°, 69.5°, 69.6°, 64.4°, 60.5°. For the four months of July, August, September, and October there was hardly a shade of difference at 3 P.M. The striking fact in all the records I have seen is that the difference of temperature in the daytime between summer and winter is very small, the great difference being from midnight to just before sunrise, and this latter difference is greater inland than on the coast. There are, of course, frost and ice in the mountains, but the frost that comes occasionally in the low inland valleys is of very brief duration in the morning hour, and rarely continues long enough to have a serious effect upon vegetation.

In considering the matter of temperature, the rule for vegetation and for invalids will not be the same. A spot in which delicate flowers in southern California bloom the year round may be too cool for many invalids. It must not be forgotten that the general temperature here is lower than that to which most Eastern people are accustomed. They are used to living all winter in overheated houses, and to protracted heated terms rendered worse by humidity in the summer. The dry, low temperature of the California winter, notwithstanding its perpetual sunshine, may seem, therefore, wanting to them in direct warmth. It may take a year or two to acclimate them to this more equable and more refreshing temperature.

Neither on the coast nor in the foothills will the invalid find the climate of the Riviera or of Tangier—not the tramontana wind of the former, nor the absolutely genial but somewhat enervating climate of the latter. But it must be borne in mind that in this, our Mediterranean, the seeker for health or pleasure can find almost any climate (except the very cold or the very hot), down to the minutest subdivision. He may try the dry marine climate of the coast, or the temperature of the fruit lands and gardens from San Bernardino to Los Angeles, or he may climb to any altitude that suits

him in the Sierra Madre or the San Jacinto ranges. The difference may be all-important to him between a valley and a mesa which is not a hundred feet higher; nay, between a valley and the slope of a foot-hill, with a shifting of not more than fifty feet elevation, the change may be as marked for him as it is for the most sensitive young fruit tree. It is undeniable, notwithstanding these encouraging "averages," that cold snaps, though rare, do come occasionally, just as in summer there will occur one or two or three continued days of intense heat. And in the summer in some localities—it happened in June, 1890, in the Santiago hills in Orange County—the desert sirocco, blowing over the Colorado furnace, makes life just about unendurable for days at a time. Yet with this dry heat sunstroke is never experienced, and the diseases of the bowels usually accompanying hot weather elsewhere are unknown. The experienced traveller who encounters unpleasant weather, heat that he does not expect, cold that he did not provide for, or dust that deprives him of his last atom of good-humor, and is told that it is "exceptional," knows exactly what that word means. He is familiar with the "exceptional" the world over, and he feels a sort of compassion for the inhabitants who have not yet learned the adage, "Good wine needs no bush." Even those who have bought more land than they can pay for can afford to tell the truth.

The rainy season in southern California, which may open with a shower or two in October, but does not set in till late in November, or till December, and is over in April, is not at all a period of cloudy weather or continuous rainfall. On the contrary, bright warm days and brilliant sunshine are the rule. The rain is most likely to fall in the night. There may be a day of rain, or several days that are overcast with distributed rain, but the showers are soon over, and the sky clears. Yet winters vary greatly in this respect, the rainfall being much greater in some than in others. In 1890 there was rain beyond the average, and even on the equable beach of Coronado there were some weeks of weather that from the California point of view were very unpleasant. It was unpleasant by local comparison, but it was not damp and chilly, like a protracted period of falling weather on the Atlantic. The rain comes with a

southerly wind, caused by a disturbance far north, and with the resumption of the prevailing westerly winds it suddenly ceases, the air clears, and neither before nor after it is the atmosphere "steamy" or enervating. The average annual rainfall of the Pacific coast diminishes by regular gradation from point to point all the way from Puget Sound to the Mexican boundary. At Neah Bay it is 111 inches, and it steadily lessens down to Santa Cruz, 25.24; Monterey, 14.42; Point Conception, 12.21; San Diego, 11.01. There is fog on the coast in every month, but this diminishes, like the rainfall, from north to south. I have encountered it in both February and June. In the south it is apt to be most persistent in April and May, when for three or four days together there will be a fine mist, which any one but a Scotchman would call rain. Usually, however, the fog-bank will roll in during the night, and disappear by ten o'clock in the morning. There is no wet season properly so called, and consequently few days in the winter months when it is not agreeable to be out-of-doors, perhaps no day when one may not walk or drive during some part of it. Yet as to precipitation or temperature it is impossible to strike any general average for southern California. In 1883-4 San Diego had 25.77 inches of rain, and Los Angeles (fifteen miles inland) had 38.22. The annual average at Los Angeles is 17.64. But in 1876-7 the total at San Diego was only 3.75, and at Los Angeles only 5.28. Yet elevation and distance from the coast do not always determine the rainfall. The yearly mean rainfall at Julian, in the San Jacinto range, at an elevation of 4500 feet, is 37.74; observations at Riverside, 1050 feet above the sea, give an average of 9.37.

It is probably impossible to give an Eastern man a just idea of the winter of southern California. Accustomed to extremes, he may expect too much. He wants a violent change. If he quits the snow, the slush, the leaden skies, the alternate sleet and cold rain of New England, he would like the tropical heat, the languor, the color of Martinique. He will not find them here. He comes instead into a strictly temperate region; and even when he arrives, his eyes deceive him. He sees the orange ripening in its dark foliage, the long lines of the eucalyptus, the feathery pepper-tree, the

magnolia, the English walnut, the black live-oak, the fan-palm, in all the vigor of June: everywhere beds of flowers of every hue and of every country blazing in the bright sunlight—the heliotrope, the geranium, the rare hot-house roses over-running the hedges of cypress, and the scarlet passion-vine climbing to the roof-tree of the cottages; in the vineyard or the orchard the horticulturist is following the cultivator in his shirt sleeves; he hears running water, the song of birds, the scent of flowers is in the air, and he cannot understand why he needs winter clothing, why he is always seeking the sun, why he wants a fire at night. It is a fraud, he says, all this visible display of summer, and of an almost tropical summer at that; it is really a cold country. It is incongruous that he should be looking at a date-palm in his overcoat, and he is puzzled that a thermometrical heat that should enervate him elsewhere, stimulates him here. The green, brilliant, vigorous vegetation, the perpetual sunshine, deceive him; he is careless about the difference of shade and sun, he gets into a draught, and takes cold. Accustomed to extremes of temperature and artificial heat, I think for most people the first winter here is a disappointment. I was told by a physician who had eighteen years' experience of the climate that in his first winter he thought he had never seen a people so insensitive to cold as the San Diegans, who seemed not to require warmth. And all this time the trees are growing like asparagus, the most delicate flowers are in perpetual bloom, the annual crops are most luscious. I fancy that the soil is always warm. The temperature is truly moderate. The records for a number of years show that the mid-day temperature of clear days in winter is from 60° to 70° on the coast, from 65° to 80° in the interior, while that of rainy days is about 60° by the sea and inland. Mr. Van Dyke says that the lowest mid-day temperature recorded at the United States signal station at San Diego during eight years is 51°. This occurred but once. In those eight years there were but twenty-one days when the mid-day temperature was not above 55°. In all that time there were but six days when the mercury fell below 36° at any time in the night; and but two when it fell to 32°, the lowest point ever reached there. On one of these two last-named days it went to 51°

at noon, and on the other to 56°. This was the great "cold snap" of December, 1879.

It goes without saying that this sort of climate would suit any one in ordinary health, inviting and stimulating to constant out-of-door exercise, and that it would be equally favorable to that general break-down of the system which has the name of nervous prostration. The effect upon diseases of the respiratory organs can only be determined by individual experience. The government has lately been sending soldiers who have consumption from various stations in the United States to San Diego for treatment. This experiment will furnish interesting data. Within a period covering a little over two years, Dr. Huntington, the post surgeon, has had fifteen cases sent to him. Three of these patients had tubercular consumption; twelve had consumption induced by attacks of pneumonia. One of the tubercular patients died within a month after his arrival; the second lived eight months; the third was discharged cured, left the army, and contracted malaria elsewhere, of which he died. The remaining twelve were discharged practically cured of consumption, but two of them subsequently died. It is exceedingly common to meet persons of all ages and both sexes in southern California who came invalided by disease of the lungs or throat, who have every promise of fair health here, but who dare not leave this climate. The testimony is convincing of the good effect of the climate upon all children, upon women generally, and of its rejuvenating effect upon men and women of advanced years.

In regard to the effect of climate upon health and longevity, Dr. Remondino quotes old Hufeland that "uniformity in the state of the atmosphere, particularly in regard to heat, cold, gravity, and lightness, contributes in a very considerable degree to the duration of life. Countries, therefore, where great and sudden varieties in the barometer and the thermometer are usual cannot be favorable to longevity. Such countries may be healthy, and many men may become old in them, but they will not attain to a great age, for all rapid variations are so many internal mutations, and these occasion an astonishing consumption both of the forces and the organs." Hufeland thought a marine climate most favorable to longevity. He describes, and perhaps we may say proph-

esied, a region he had never known, where the conditions and combinations were most favorable to old age, which is epitomized by Dr. Remondino: "where the latitude gives warmth and the sea or ocean tempering winds, where the soil is warm and dry and the sun is also bright and warm, where uninterrupted bright clear weather and a moderate temperature are the rule, where extremes neither of heat nor cold are to be found, where nothing may interfere with the exercise of the aged, and where the actual results and cases of longevity will bear testimony as to the efficacy of all its climatic conditions being favorable to a long and comfortable existence."

In an unpublished paper Dr. Remondino comments on the extraordinary endurance of animals and men in the California climate, and cites many cases of uncommon longevity in natives. In reading the accounts of early days in California I am struck with the endurance of hardship, exposure, and wounds by the natives and the adventurers, the rancheros, horsemen, herdsmen, the descendants of soldiers, and the Indians, their insensibility to fatigue, and their agility and strength. This is ascribed to the climate; and what is true of man is true of the native horse. His only rival in strength, endurance, speed, and intelligence is the Arabian. It was long supposed that this was racial, and that but for the smallness of the size of the native horse, crossing with it would improve the breed of the Eastern and Kentucky racers. But there was reluctance to cross the finely proportioned Eastern horse with his diminutive Western brother. The importation and breeding of thorough-breds on this coast has led to the discovery that the desirable qualities of the California horse were not racial but climatic. The Eastern horse has been found to improve in size, compactness of muscle, in strength of limb, in wind, with a marked increase in power of endurance. The traveller here notices the fine horses and their excellent condition, and the power and endurance of those that have considerable age. The records made on Eastern race-courses by horses from California breeding farms have already attracted attention. It is also remarked that the Eastern horse is usually improved greatly by a sojourn of a season or two on this coast, and the plan of bringing Eastern race-horses here for the winter is already adopted.



MIDWINTER, PASADENA.

Man, it is asserted by our authority, is as much benefited as the horse by a change to this climate. The new-comer may have certain unpleasant sensations in coming here from different altitudes and conditions, but he will soon be conscious of better being, of increased power in all the functions of life, more natural and recuperative sleep, and an accession of vitality and endurance. Dr. Remondino also testifies that it occasionally happens in this rejuvenation that families which have seemed to have reached their limit at the East are increased after residence here.

The early inhabitants of southern California, according to the statement of Mr. H. H. Bancroft and other reports, were found to be living in Spartan conditions as to temperance and training, and in a highly moral condition, in consequence of which they had uncommon physical endurance and contempt for luxury. This training in abstinence and hardship, with temperance in diet, combined with the climate to produce the astonishing longevity to be found here. Contrary to the customs of most other tribes of Indians, their aged were the care of the community. Dr. W. A. Winder, of San Diego, is quoted as saying that in a visit to El Cajon Valley some thirty years ago he was taken to a house in which the aged persons were cared for. There were half a dozen who had reached an extreme age. Some were unable to move, their bony frame being seemingly anchylosed. They were old, wrinkled, and bleary-eyed; their skin was hanging in leathery folds about their withered limbs; some had hair as white as snow, and had seen some seven score of years; others, still able to crawl, but so aged as to be unable to stand, went slowly about on their hands and knees, their limbs being attenuated and withered. The organs of special sense had in many nearly lost all activity some generations back. Some had lost the use of their limbs for more than a decade or a generation; but the organs of life and the "great sympathetic" still kept up their automatic functions, not recognizing the fact, and surprisingly indifferent to it, that the rest of the body had ceased to be of any use a generation or more in the past. And it is remarked that "these thoracic and abdominal organs and their physiological action being kept alive and active, as it were, against time, and the silent and un-

conscious functional activity of the great sympathetic and its ganglia, show a tenacity of the animal tissues to hold on to life that is phenomenal."

I have no space to enter upon the nature of the testimony upon which the age of certain Indians hereafter referred to is based. It is such as to satisfy Dr. Remondino, Dr. Edward Palmer, long connected with the Agricultural Department of the Smithsonian Institution, and Father A. D. Ubach, who has religious charge of the Indians in this region. These Indians were not migratory; they lived within certain limits, and were known to each other. The missions established by the Franciscan friars were built with the assistance of the Indians. The friars have handed down by word of mouth many details in regard to their early missions; others are found in the mission records, such as carefully kept records of family events—births, marriages, and deaths. And there is the testimony of the Indians regarding each other. Father Ubach has known a number who were employed at the building of the mission of San Diego (1769-71), a century before he took charge of this mission. These men had been engaged in carrying timber from the mountains or in making brick, and many of them were living within the last twenty years. There are persons still living at the Indian village of Capitán Grande whose ages he estimates at over one hundred and thirty years. Since the advent of civilization the abstemious habits and Spartan virtues of these Indians have been impaired, and their care for the aged has relaxed.

Dr. Palmer has a photograph (which I have seen) of a squaw whom he estimates to be one hundred and twenty-six years old. When he visited her he saw her put six watermelons in a blanket, tie it up, and carry it on her back for two miles. He is familiar with Indian customs and history, and a careful cross-examination convinced him that her information of old customs was not obtained by tradition. She was conversant with tribal habits she had seen practised, such as the cremation of the dead, which the mission fathers had compelled the Indians to relinquish. She had seen the Indians punished by the fathers with floggings for persisting in the practice of cremation.

At the mission of San Tomas, in Lower



A TYPICAL GARDEN, NEAR SANTA ANA.

California, is still living an Indian (a photograph of whom Dr. Remondino shows), bent and wrinkled, whose age is computed at one hundred and forty years. Although blind and naked, he is still active, and daily goes down the beach and along the beds of the creeks in search of drift-wood, making it his daily task to gather and carry to camp a fagot of wood.

Another instance I give in Dr. Remondino's words: "Philip Crossthwaite, who

remember him as the most skilful horseman in the neighborhood of San Diego. And yet, as fabulous as it may seem, the man who danced this Don Antonio on his knee when he was an infant is not only still alive, but is active enough to mount his horse and canter about the country. Some years ago I attended an elderly gentleman, since dead, who knew this man as a full-grown man when he and Don Serrano were play-children together. From



OLD ADOBE HOUSE, POMONA.

has lived here since 1843, has an old man on his ranch who mounts his horse and rides about daily, who was a grown man breaking horses for the mission fathers when Don Antonio Serrano was an infant. Don Antonio I know quite well, having attended him through a serious illness some sixteen years ago. Although now at the advanced age of ninety-three, he is as erect as a pine, and he rides his horse with his usual vigor and grace. He is thin and spare and very tall, and those who knew him fifty years or more

a conversation with Father Ubach I learned that the man's age is perfectly authenticated to be beyond one hundred and eighteen years."

In the many instances given of extreme old age in this region the habits of these Indians have been those of strict temperance and abstemiousness, and their long life in an equable climate is due to extreme simplicity of diet. In many cases of extreme age the diet has consisted simply of acorns, flour, and water. It is asserted that the climate itself induces temperance

in drink and abstemiousness in diet. In his estimate of the climate as a factor of longevity, Dr. Remondino says that it is only necessary to look at the causes of death, and the ages most subject to attack, to understand that the less of these causes that are present the greater are the chances of man to reach great age. "Add to these reflections that you run no gauntlet of diseases to undermine or deteriorate the organism; that in this climate childhood finds an escape from those diseases which are the terror of mothers, and against which physicians are helpless, as we have here none of those affections of the first three years of life so prevalent during the summer months in the East and the rest of the United States. Then, again, the chance of gastric or intestinal disease is almost incredibly small. This immunity extends through every age of life.

Hepatic and kindred diseases are unknown; of lung affections there is no land that can boast of like exemption. Be it the equability of the temperature or the aseptic condition of the atmosphere, the free sweep of winds or the absence of disease germs, or what else it may be ascribed to, one thing is certain, that there is no pneumonia, bronchitis, or pleurisy lying in wait for either the infant or the aged."

The importance of this subject must excuse the space I have given to it. It is evident from this testimony that here are climatic conditions novel and worthy of the most patient scientific investigation. Their effect upon hereditary tendencies and upon persons coming here with hereditary diseases will be studied. Three years ago there was in some localities a visitation of small-pox imported from Mexico. At that time there were cases of pneumonia. Whether these were incident to care-

lessness in vaccination, or were caused by local unsanitary conditions, I do not know. It is not to be expected that unsanitary conditions will not produce disease here as elsewhere. It cannot be too strongly insisted that this is a climate that the newcomer must get used to, and that he cannot safely neglect the ordinary precautions. The difference between shade and sun is strikingly marked, and he must not be deceived into imprudence by the prevailing sunshine or the general equability.

After all these averages and statistics, and not considering now the chances of the speculator, the farmer, the fruit-raiser, or the invalid, is southern California a particularly agreeable winter residence? The question deserves a candid answer, for it is of the last importance to the people of the United States to know the truth—to know whether they have



FAN-PALM, FERNANDO ST. LOS ANGELES.

accessible by rail a region free from winter rigor and vicissitudes, and yet with few of the disadvantages of most winter resorts. One would have more pleasure in answering the question if he were not irritated by the perpetual note of brag and exaggeration in every locality that each is the paradise of the earth, and absolutely free from any physical discomfort. I hope that this note of exaggeration is not the effect of the climate, for if it is, the region will never be socially agreeable.

There are no sudden changes of season here. Spring comes gradually day by day, a perceptible hourly waking to life and color; and this glides into a summer which never ceases, but only becomes tired and fades into the repose of a short autumn, when the sere and brown and red and yellow hills and the purple mountains are waiting for the rain clouds. This is according to the process of nature; but wherever irrigation brings moisture to the fertile soil, the green and bloom are perpetual the year round, only the green is powdered with dust, and the cultivated flowers have their periods of exhaustion.

I should think it well worth while to watch the procession of nature here from late November or December to April. It is a land of delicate and brilliant wild flowers, of blooming shrubs, strange in form and wonderful in color. Before the annual rains the land lies in a sort of swoon in a golden haze; the slopes and plains are bare, the hills yellow with ripe wild-oats or ashy gray with sage, the sea-breeze is weak, the air grows drier, the sun hot, the shade cool. Then one day light clouds stream up from the southwest, and there is a gentle rain. When the sun comes out again its rays are milder, the land is refreshed and brightened, and almost immediately a greenish tinge appears on plain and hill-side. At intervals the rain continues, daily the landscape is greener in infinite variety of shades, which seem to sweep over the hills in waves of color. Upon this carpet of green by February nature begins to weave an embroidery of wild flowers, white, lavender, golden, pink, indigo, scarlet, changing day by day and every day more brilliant, and spreading from patches into great fields, until dale and hill and table-land are overspread with a refinement and glory of color that would be the despair of the carpet-weavers of Daghestan.

This, with the scent of orange groves

and tea-roses, with cool nights, snow in sight on the high mountains, an occasional day of rain, days of bright sunshine, when an overcoat is needed in driving, must suffice the sojourner for winter. He will be humiliated that he is more sensitive to cold than the heliotrope or the violet, but he must bear it. If he is looking for malaria, he must go to some other winter resort. If he wants a "norther" continuing for days, he must move on. If he is accustomed to various insect pests, he will miss them here. If there comes a day warmer than usual, it will not be damp or soggy. So far as nature is concerned there is very little to grumble at, and one resource of the traveller is therefore taken away.

But is it interesting? What is there to do? It must be confessed that there is a sort of monotony in the scenery as there is in the climate. There is, to be sure, great variety in a way between coast and mountain, as, for instance, between Santa Barbara and Pasadena, and if the tourist will make a business of exploring the valleys and uplands and cañons little visited, he will not complain of monotony; but the artist and the photographer find the same elements repeated in little varying combinations. There is undeniable repetition in the succession of flower-gardens, fruit orchards, alleys of palms and peppers, vineyards, and the cultivation about the villas is repeated in all directions. The Americans have not the art of making houses or a land picturesque. The traveller is enthusiastic about the exquisite drives through these groves of fruit, with the ashy or the snow-covered hills for background and contrast, and he exclaims at the pretty cottages, vine and rose clad, in their semi-tropical setting, but if by chance he comes upon an old adobe or a Mexican ranch house in the country, he has emotions of a different sort. There is little left of the old Spanish occupation, but the remains of it make the romance of the country, and appeal to our sense of fitness and beauty. It is to be hoped that all such historical associations will be preserved, for they give to the traveller that which our country generally lacks, and which is so largely the attraction of Italy and Spain. Instead of adapting and modifying the houses and homes that the climate suggests, the new American comers have brought here from the East the smartness and prettiness

of our modern nondescript architecture. The low house, with recesses and galleries, built round an inner court, or *patio*, which, however small, would fill the whole interior with sunshine and the scent of flowers, is the sort of dwelling that would suit the climate and the habit of life here. But the present occupiers have taken no hints from the natives. In vil-

but the associations of art and history are wanting, and the tourist knows how largely his enjoyment of a vacation in southern Italy or Sicily or northern Africa depends upon these—upon these and upon the aspects of human nature foreign to his experience.

It goes without saying that this is not Europe, either in its human interest or in



SCARLET PASSION-VINE.

lage and country they have done all they can, in spite of the maguey and the cactus and the palm and the umbrella-tree and the live-oak and the riotous flowers and the thousand novel forms of vegetation, to give everything a prosaic look. But why should the tourist find fault with this? The American likes it, and he would not like the picturesqueness of the Spanish or the Latin races.

So far as climate and natural beauty go to make one contented in a winter resort, southern California has unsurpassed attractions, and both seem to me to fit very well the American temperament;

a certain refinement of landscape that comes only by long cultivation and the occupancy of ages. One advantage of foreign travel to the restless American is that he carries with him no responsibility for the government or the progress of the country he is in, and that he leaves business behind him. Whereas in this new country, which is his own, the development of which is so interesting, and in which the opportunities of fortune seem so inviting, he is constantly tempted "to take a hand in." If, however, he is superior to this fever, and is willing simply to rest, to drift along with the equable

days, I know of no other place where he can be more truly contented. Year by year the country becomes more agreeable for the traveller, in the first place, through the improvement in the hotels, and in the second, by better roads. In the large villages and cities there are miles of excellent drives, well sprinkled, through delightful avenues, in a park-like country, where the eye is enchanted with color and luxurious vegetation, and captivated by the remarkable beauty of the hills, the wildness and picturesqueness of which enhance the charming cultivation of the orchards and gardens. And no country is more agreeable for riding and driving, for even at mid-day, in the direct sun rays, there is almost everywhere a refreshing breeze, and one rides or drives or walks with little sense of fatigue. The horses are uniformly excellent, either in the carriage or under the saddle. I am sure they are remarkable in speed, endurance, and ease of motion. If the visiting season had no other attraction, the horses would make it distinguished.

A great many people like to spend months in a comfortable hotel, lounging on the piazzas, playing lawn-tennis, taking a morning ride or afternoon drive, making an occasional picnic excursion up some mountain cañon, getting up charades, playing at private theatricals, dancing, flirting, floating along with more or less sentiment and only the weariness that comes when there are no duties. There are plenty of places where all these things can be done, and with no sort of anxiety about the weather from week to week, and with the added advantage that the women and children can take care of themselves. But for those who find such a life monotonous there are other resources. There is very good fishing in the clear streams in the foot-hills, hunting in the mountains for large game still worthy of the steadiest nerves, and good bird-shooting everywhere. There are mountains to climb, cañons to explore, lovely valleys in the recesses of the hills to be discovered—in short, one disposed to activity and not afraid of roughing it could occupy himself most agreeably and healthfully in the wild parts of San Bernardino and San Diego counties; he may even still start a grizzly in the Sierra Madre range in Los Angeles County. Hunting and exploring in the mountains, riding over the mesas, which are green from

the winter rains and gay with a thousand delicate grasses and flowering plants, is mainly occupation to suit the most robust and adventurous. Those who saunter in the trim gardens, or fly from one hotel parlor to the other, do not see the best of southern California in the winter.

But the distinction of this coast, and that which will forever make it attractive at the season when the North Atlantic is forbidding, is that the ocean-side is as equable, as delightful, in winter as in summer. Its sea-side places are truly all-the-year-round resorts. In subsequent papers I shall speak in detail of different places as to climate and development and peculiarities of production. I will now only give a general idea of southern California as a wintering place. Even as far north as Monterey, in the central part of the State, the famous Hotel del Monte, with its magnificent park of pines and live-oaks, and exquisite flower-gardens underneath the trees, is remarkable for its steadiness of temperature. I could see little difference between the temperature of June and of February. The difference is of course greatest at night. The maximum the year through ranges from about 65° to about 80°, and the minimum from about 35° to about 58°, though there are days when the thermometer goes above 90°, and nights when it falls below 30°.

To those who prefer the immediate ocean air to that air as modified by such valleys as the San Gabriel and the Santa Ana, the coast offers a variety of choice in different combinations of sea and mountain climate all along the southern sunny exposure from Santa Barbara to San Diego. In Santa Barbara County the Santa Inez range of mountains runs westward to meet the Pacific at Point Conception. South of this noble range are a number of little valleys opening to the sea, and in one of these, with a harbor and sloping upland and cañon of its own, lies Santa Barbara, looking southward toward the sunny islands of Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz. Above it is the Mission Cañon, at the entrance of which is the best-preserved of the old Franciscan missions. There is a superb drive eastward along the long and curving sea-beach of four miles to the cañon of Monticito, which is rather a series of nooks and terraces, of lovely places and gardens, of plantations of oranges and figs, rising up to the base of the



ROSE BUSH, SANTA BARBARA.

gray mountains. The long line of the Santa Inez suggests the promontory of Sorrento, and a view from the opposite rocky point, which encloses the harbor on the west, by the help of cypresses which look like stone-pines, recalls many an Italian coast scene, and in situation the Bay of Naples. The whole aspect is foreign, enchanting, and the semi-tropical fruits and vines and flowers, with a golden atmosphere poured over all, irresistibly take the mind to scenes of Italian romance. There is still a little Spanish flavor left in the town, in a few old houses, in names and families historic, and in the life without hurry or apprehension. There is a delightful commingling here of sea and mountain air, and in a hundred fertile nooks in the hills one in the most delicate health may be sheltered from every harsh wind. I think no one ever leaves Santa Barbara without a desire to return to it.

Further down the coast, only eighteen miles from Los Angeles, and a sort of Coney Island resort of that thriving city, is Santa Monica. Its hotel stands on a high bluff in a lovely bend of the coast. It is popular in summer as well as winter, as the number of cottages attest, and it was chosen by the directors of the National Soldiers' Home as the site of the Home on the Pacific coast. There the veterans, in a commodious building, dream away their lives most contentedly, and can fancy that they hear the distant thunder of guns in the pounding of the surf.

At about the same distance from Los Angeles, southward, above Point Vincent, is Redondo Beach, a new resort, which, from its natural beauty and extensive improvements, promises to be a delightful place of sojourn at any time of the year. The mountainous, embracing arms of the bay are exquisite in contour and color, and the beach is very fine. The hotel is perfectly comfortable—indeed, uncommonly attractive—and the extensive planting of trees, palms, and shrubs, and the cultivation of flowers, will change the place in a year or two into a scene of green and floral loveliness; in this region two years, such is the rapid growth, suffices to transform a desert into a park or garden. On the hills, at a little distance from the beach and pier, are the buildings of the Chautauqua, which holds a local summer session here. The Chautauqua people, the country over, seem to have, in selecting

slightly and agreeable sites for their temples of education and amusement, as good judgment as the old monks had in planting their monasteries and missions.

If one desires a thoroughly insular climate, he may cross to the picturesque island of Santa Catalina. All along the coast flowers bloom in the winter months, and the ornamental semi-tropical plants thrive; and there are many striking headlands and pretty bays and gentle seaward slopes which are already occupied by villages, and attract visitors who would practise economy. The hills frequently come close to the shore, forming those valleys in which the Californians of the pastoral period placed their ranch houses. At San Juan Capistrano the fathers had one of their most flourishing missions, the ruins of which are the most picturesque the traveller will find. It is altogether a genial, attractive coast, and if the tourist does not prefer an inland situation, like the Hotel Raymond (which scarcely has a rival anywhere in its lovely surroundings), he will keep on down the coast to San Diego.

The transition from the well-planted counties of Los Angeles and Orange is not altogether agreeable to the eye. One misses the trees. The general aspect of the coast about San Diego is bare in comparison. This simply means that the southern county is behind the others in development. Nestled among the hills there are live-oaks and sycamores; and of course at National City and below, in El Cajon and the valley of the Sweetwater, there are extensive plantations of oranges, lemons, olives, and vines, but the San Diego region generally lies in the sun shadeless. I have a personal theory that much vegetation is inconsistent with the best atmosphere for the human being. The air is nowhere else so agreeable to me as it is in a barren New-Mexican or Arizona desert at the proper elevation. I do not know whether the San Diego climate would be injured if the hills were covered with forests and the valleys were all in the highest and most luxuriant vegetation. The theory is that the interaction of the desert and ocean winds will always keep it as it is, whatever man may do. I can only say that, as it is, I doubt if it has its equal the year round for agreeableness and healthfulness in our Union; and it is the testimony of those whose experience of the best Medi-



AT AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

terranean climate is more extended and much longer continued than mine, that it is superior to any on that enclosed sea. About this great harbor, whose outer beach has an extent of twenty-five miles, whose inland circuit of mountains must be over fifty miles, there are great varieties of temperature, of shelter and exposure, minute subdivisions of climate, whose personal fitness can only be attested by experience. There is a great difference, for instance, between the quality of the climate at the elevation of the Florence Hotel, San Diego, and the University Heights on the mesa above the town, and that on the long Coronado Beach which protects the inner harbor from the ocean surf. The latter, practically surrounded by water, has a true marine climate, but a peculiar and dry marine climate, as tonic in its effect as that of Capri, and, I believe, with fewer harsh days in the winter season. I wish to speak with entire frankness about this situation, for I am sure that what so much pleases me will suit a great number of people, who will thank me for not being reserved. Doubtless it will not suit hundreds of people as well as some other localities in southern California, but I found no other place where I had the feeling of absolute content and willingness to stay on indefinitely. There is a geniality about it for which the thermometer does not account, a charm which it is difficult to explain. Much of the agreeability is due to artificial conditions, but the climate man has not made nor marred.

The Coronado Beach is about twelve miles long. A narrow sand promontory, running northward from the main-land, rises to the Heights, then broadens into a table-land, which seems to be an island, and measures about a mile and a half each way; this is called South Beach, and is connected by another spit of sand with a like area called North Beach, which forms, with Point Loma, the entrance to the harbor. The North Beach, covered partly with chaparral and broad fields of barley, is alive with quail, and is a favorite coursing-ground for rabbits. The soil, which appears uninviting, is with water uncommonly fertile, being a mixture of loam, disintegrated granite, and decomposed shells, and especially adapted to flowers, rare tropical trees, fruits, and flowering shrubs of all countries.

The development is on the South Beach,

which was in January, 1887, nothing but a waste of sand and chaparral. I doubt if the world can show a like transformation in so short a time. I saw it in February of that year, when all the beauty, except that of ocean, sky, and atmosphere, was still to be imagined. It is now as if the wand of the magician had touched it. In the first place, abundance of water was brought over by a submarine conduit, and later from the extraordinary Coronado Springs (excellent soft water for drinking and bathing, and with a recognized medicinal value), and with these streams the beach began to bloom like a tropical garden. Tens of thousands of trees have attained a remarkable growth in three years. The nursery is one of the most interesting botanical and flower gardens in the country; palms and hedges of Monterey cypress and marguerites line the avenues. There are parks and gardens of rarest flowers and shrubs, whose brilliant color produces the same excitement in the mind as strains of martial music. A railway traverses the beach for a mile from the ferry to the hotel. There are hundreds of cottages with their gardens scattered over the surface; there is a race-track, a museum, an ostrich farm, a labyrinth, good roads for driving, and a dozen other attractions for the idle or the inquisitive.

The hotel stands upon the south front of the beach and near the sea, above which it is sufficiently elevated to give a fine prospect. The sound of the beating surf is perpetual there. At low tide there is a splendid driving beach miles in extent, and though the slope is abrupt, the opportunity for bathing is good, with a little care in regard to the undertow. But there is a safe natatorium on the harbor side close to the hotel. The stranger, when he first comes upon this novel hotel and this marvellous scene of natural and created beauty, is apt to exhaust his superlatives. I hesitate to attempt to describe this hotel—this airy and picturesque and half-bizarre wooden creation of the architect. Taking it and its situation together, I know nothing else in the world with which to compare it, and I have never seen any other which so surprised at first, that so improved on a two weeks' acquaintance, and that has left in the mind an impression so entirely agreeable. It covers about four and a half acres of ground, including an inner court of about



HOTEL DEL CORONADO.



OSTRICH YARD, CORONADO BEACH.

an acre, the rich made soil of which is raised to the level of the main floor. The house surrounds this, in the Spanish mode of building, with a series of galleries, so that most of the suites of rooms have a double outlook—one upon this lovely garden, the other upon the ocean or the harbor. The effect of this interior court or *patio* is to give gayety and an air of friendliness to the place, brilliant as it is with flowers and climbing vines; and when the royal and date palms that are vigorously thriving in it attain their growth, it will be magnificent. Big hotels and caravansaries are usually tiresome, unfriendly places; and if I should lay too much stress upon the vast dining-room (which has a floor area of ten thousand feet without post or pillar), or the beautiful breakfast-room, or the circular ballroom (which has an area of eleven thousand feet, with its timber roof open to the lofty observatory), or the music-room, billiard-rooms for ladies, the reading-rooms and parlors, the pretty gallery overlooking the spacious office rotunda, and then say that the whole is illuminated with electric lights, and capable of being heated to any temperature desired—I might convey a false impression as to the actual comfort and home-likeness of

this charming place. On the sea side the broad galleries of each story are shut in by glass, which can be opened to admit or shut to exclude the fresh ocean breeze. Whatever the temperature outside, those great galleries are always agreeable for lounging or promenading. For me, I never tire of the sea and its changing color and movement. If this great house were filled with guests, so spacious are its lounging places I should think it would never appear to be crowded; and if it were nearly empty, so admirably are the rooms contrived for family life it will not seem lonesome. I shall add that the management is of the sort that makes the guest feel at home and at ease. Flowers, brought in from the gardens and nurseries, are everywhere in profusion—on the dining tables, in the rooms, all about the house. So abundantly are they produced that no amount of culling seems to make an impression upon their mass.

But any description would fail to give the secret of the charm of existence here. Restlessness disappears, for one thing, but there is no languor or depression. I cannot tell why, when the thermometer is at 60° or 63°, the air seems genial and has no sense of chilliness, or why it is not oppressive at 80° or 85°. I am sure

the place will not suit those whose highest idea of winter enjoyment is tobogganing and an ice palace, nor those who revel in the steam and languor of a tropical island. But for a person whose desires are moderate, whose tastes are temperate, who is willing for once to be good-humored and content in equable conditions, I should commend Coronado Beach and the Hotel del Coronado, if I had not long ago learned that it is unsafe to commend to any human being a climate or a doctor.

But you can take your choice. It lies there, our Mediterranean region, on a blue ocean, protected by barriers of granite from the Northern influences, an infinite variety of plain, cañon, hills, valleys, sea-coast; our New Italy without malaria, and with every sort of fruit which we desire (except the tropical), which will be grown in perfection when our knowledge equals our ambition; and if you cannot find a winter home there or pass some contented weeks in the months of Northern inclemency, you are weighing social advantages against those of the least objectionable climate within the Union. It is not yet proved that this equability and the daily out-door life possible there will change character, but they are likely to improve the disposition and soften the asperities of common life. At any rate, there is a land where from November to April one has not to make a continual fight with the elements to keep alive.

It has been said that this land of the sun and of the equable climate will have the effect that other lands of a southern aspect have upon temperament and habits. It is feared that Northern-bred people, who are guided by the necessity of making hay while the sun shines, will not make hay at all in a land where the sun always shines. It is thought that unless people are spurred on incessantly by the exigencies of the changing seasons they will lose energy, and fall into an idle floating along with gracious nature. Will not one sink into a comfortable and easy procrastination if he has a whole year in which to perform the labor of three months? Will southern California be an exception to those lands of equable climate and extraordinary fertility where every effort is postponed till "to-morrow"?

I wish there might be something solid in this expectation; that this may be a region where the restless American will lose something of his hurry and petty,

feverish ambition. Partially it may be so. He will take, he is already taking, something of the tone of the climate and of the old Spanish occupation. But the race instinct of thrift and of "getting on" will not wear out in many generations. Besides, the condition of living at all in southern California in comfort, and with the social life indispensable to our people, demands labor, not exhausting and killing, but still incessant—demands industry. A land that will not yield satisfactorily without irrigation, and whose best-paying produce requires intelligent as well as careful husbandry, will never be an idle land. Egypt, with all its *dolce far niente*, was never an idle land for the laborer.

It may be expected, however, that no more energy will be developed or encouraged than is needed for the daily tasks, and these tasks being lighter than elsewhere, and capable of being postponed, that there will be less stress and strain in the daily life. Although the climate of southern California is not enervating, in fact is stimulating to the new-comer, it is doubtless true that the monotony of good weather, of the sight of perpetual bloom and color in orchards and gardens, will take away nervousness and produce a certain placidity, which might be taken for laziness by a Northern observer. It may be that engagements will not be kept with desired punctuality, under the impression that the enjoyment of life does not depend upon exact response to the second-hand of a watch; and it is not unpleasant to think that there is a corner of the Union where there will be a little more leisure, a little more of serene waiting on Providence, an abatement of the restless rush and haste of our usual life. The waves of population have been rolling westward for a long time, and now, breaking over the mountains, they flow over Pacific slopes and along the warm and inviting seas. Is it altogether an unpleasant thought that the conditions of life will be somewhat easier there, that there will be some physical repose, the race having reached the sunset of the continent, comparable to the desirable placidity of life called the sunset of old age? This may be altogether fanciful, but I have sometimes felt, in the sunny moderation of nature there, that this land might offer for thousands at least a winter of content.

FLUTE AND VIOLIN.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

I.

THE PARSON'S MAGIC FLUTE.

ON one of the dim walls of Christ Church, in Lexington, Kentucky, there hangs, framed in thin black wood, an old rectangular slab of marble. A legend sets forth that the tablet is in memory of the Reverend James Moore, first minister of Christ Church and President of Transylvania University, who departed this life in the year 1814, at the age of forty-nine. Just beneath runs the brief record that he was learned, liberal, amiable, and pious.

Save this concise but not unsatisfactory summary, little is now known touching the reverend gentleman. A search through other sources of information does, indeed, result in reclaiming certain facts. Thus it appears that he was a Virginian, and that he came to Lexington in the year 1792—when Kentucky ceased to be a county of Virginia and became a State.

Virginia Episcopalians there were in and around the little wooden town; but so rampant was the spirit of the French Revolution and the influence of French infidelity that a celebrated local historian, who knew thoroughly the society of the place, though writing of it long afterward, declared that about the last thing it would have been thought possible to establish there was an Episcopal church.

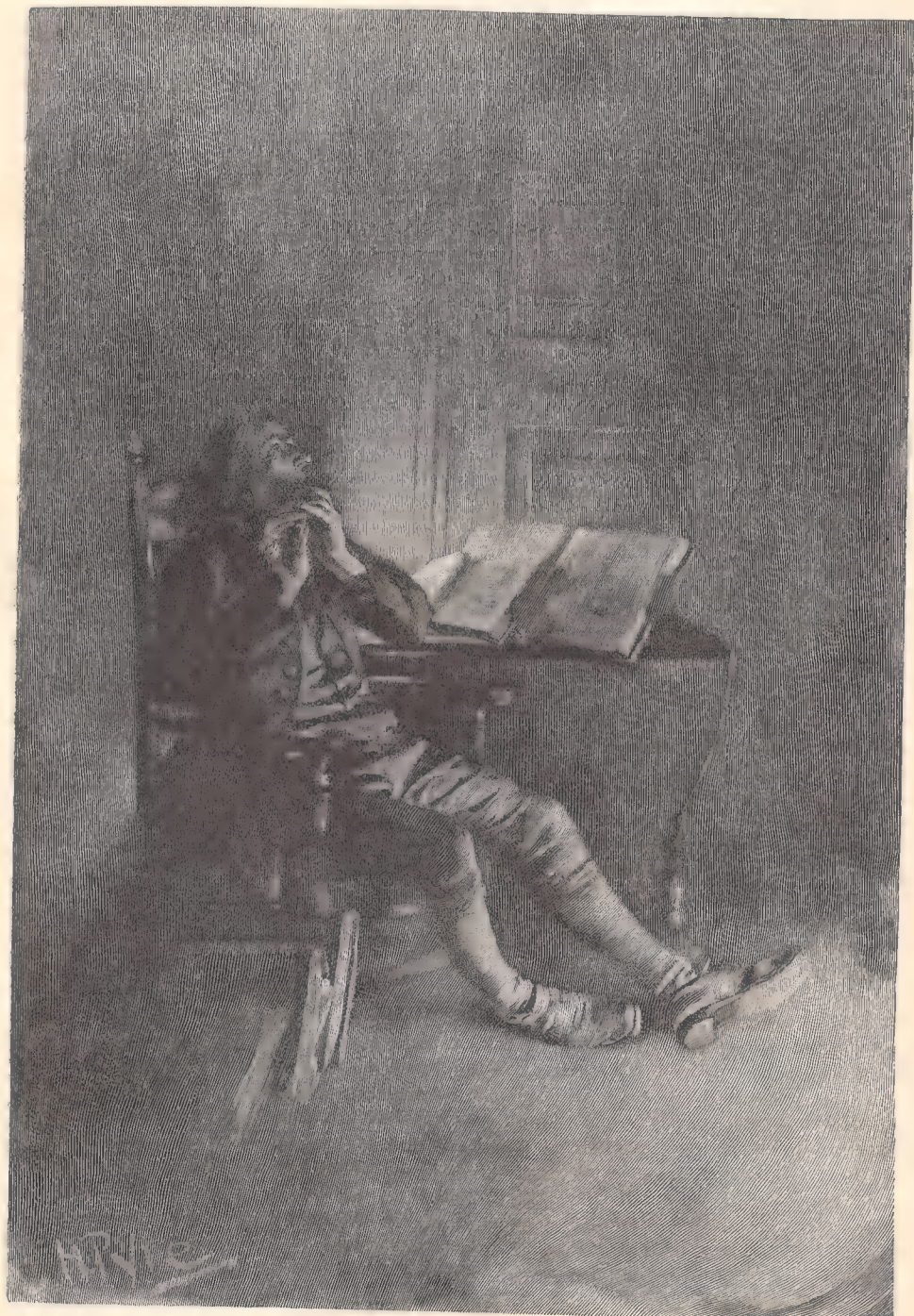
Not so thought James. He beat the canebrakes and scoured the buffalo trails for his Virginia Episcopalians, huddled them into a dilapidated little frame house on the site of the present building, and there fired so deadly a volley of sermons at them free of charge that they all became living Christians. Indeed, he fired so long and so well that, several years later—under favor of Heaven and through the success of a lottery with a one-thousand-dollar prize and nine hundred and seventy-four blanks—there was built and furnished a small brick church, over which he was regularly called to officiate twice a month, at a salary of two hundred dollars a year.

Here authentic history ends, except for the additional fact that in the university he sat in the chair of logic, metaphysics,

moral philosophy, and *belles-lettres*. It is said of him that he had beautiful manners.

And yet the best that may be related of him is not told in the books; and it is only when we have allowed the dust to settle once more upon the dead authentic histories, and have peered deep into the mists of oral tradition, that the parson is discovered standing there as he may have been in spirit and the flesh, but muffled and ghost-like, as a figure seen through a dense fog.

A tall, thinnish man, with silky pale brown hair, worn long and put back behind his ears, the high tops of which bent forward a little under the weight, and thus took on the most remarkable air of paying incessant attention to everybody and everything; set far out in front of these ears, as though it did not wish to be disturbed by what was heard, a white, wind-splitting face, calm, beardless, and seeming never to have been cold, or to have dropped the kindly dew of perspiration; under the serene peak of this forehead a pair of large gray eyes, patient and dreamy, being habitually turned inward upon a mind toiling with hard abstractions; having within him a conscience burning always like a planet; a bachelor—being a logician; therefore sweet-tempered, never having sipped the sour cup of experience; gazing covertly at woman-kind from behind the delicate veil of unfamiliarity that lends enchantment; being a bachelor and a bookworm, therefore already old at forty, and a little run down in his toilets, a little frayed out at the elbows and the knees, a little seamy along the back, a little deficient at the heels; in pocket poor always, and always the poorer because of a spendthrift habit in the matter of secret charities; kneeling down by his small hard bed every morning and praying that during the day his logical faculty might discharge its function morally, and that his moral faculty might discharge its function logically, and that over all the operations of all his other faculties he might find heavenly grace to exercise both a logical and a moral control; at night kneeling down again to ask forgiveness that, despite his prayer of the morning, one or more of



THE MAGIC FLUTE.



"HE HAD BEAUTIFUL MANNERS."

these same faculties—he knew and called them all familiarly by name, being a metaphysician—had gone wrong in a manner the most abnormal, shameless, and unforeseen; thus, on the whole, a man shy and dry, gentle, lovable, timid, resolute, forgetful, remorseful, eccentric, impulsive, thinking too well of every human creature but himself; an illogical logician, an erring moralist, a wool-gathering philosopher, but, humanly speaking, almost a perfect man.

But the magic flute? Ah, yes! The magic flute!

Well, the parson had a flute—a little one—and the older he grew, and the more patient and dreamy his gray eyes, always the more and more devotedly he loved this little friend.

And yet, for all the love he bore it, the parson was never known to blow his flute between the hours of sunrise and sunset—that is, never but once. Alas, that memorable day! But when the night fell and he came home—home to the two-story log house of the widow Spurlock; when the widow had given him his supper of coffee sweetened with brown sugar, hot johnny-cake, with perhaps a cold joint of venison and cabbage pickle; when he had taken from the supper table, by her permission, the solitary tallow dip in

its little brass candlestick, and climbed the rude steep stairs to his room above; when he had pulled the leathern string that lifted the latch, entered, shut the door behind him on the world, placed the candle on a little deal table covered with text-books and sermons, and seated himself beside it in a rush-bottomed chair—then—He began to play? No; then there was dead silence.

For about half an hour this silence continued. The widow Spurlock used to say that the parson was giving his supper time to settle; but, alas! it must have settled almost immediately, so heavy was the johnny-cake. Howbeit, at the close of such an interval, any one standing at the foot of the steps below, or listening beneath the window on the street outside, would have heard the silence broken.

At first the parson blew low, peculiar notes, such as a kind and faithful shepherd might blow at nightfall as an invitation for his scattered wandering sheep to gather home about him. Perhaps it was a way he had of calling in the disordered flock of his faculties—some weary, some wounded, some torn by thorns, some with their fleeces, which had been washed white in the morning prayer, now bearing many a stain. But when they had all answered, as it were, to this musical

roll-call, and had taken their due places within the fold of his brain, obedient, attentive, however weary, however suffering, then the flute was laid aside, and once more there fell upon the room intense stillness; the poor student had entered upon his long nightly labors.

Hours passed. Not a sound was to be heard but the rustle of book leaves, now rapidly, now slowly turned, or the stewing of sap in the end of a log on the hearth, or the faint drumming of fingers on the table—those long fingers, the tips of which seemed not so full of particles of blood as of notes of music, circulating impatiently back and forth from his heart. At length, as midnight drew near, and the candle began to sputter in the socket, the parson closed the last book with a decisive snap, drew a deep breath, buried his face in his hands for a moment, as if asking a silent blessing on the day's work, and then, reaching for his flute, squared himself before the dying embers, and began in truth to play. This was the one brief, pure pleasure he allowed himself.

It was not a musical roll-call that he blew, but a dismissal for the night. One might say that he was playing the cradle song of his mind. And what a cradle song it was! A succession of undertone, silver-clear, simple melodies; apparently one for each faculty, as though he was having something kind to say to them all; thanking some for the manner in which they had served him during the day, the music here being brave and spirited; sympathizing with others that had been unjustly or too rudely put upon, the music here being plaintive and soothing; and finally granting his pardon to any such as had not used him quite fairly, the music here having a searching, troubled quality, though ending in the faintest breath of love and peace.

Such having been the parson's fixed habit as long as any one had known him, such being the one selfish passion and foible of his life, it is hard to believe that five years before his death he abruptly ceased to play his flute, and he never touched it again. But from this point the narrative

becomes so mysterious that it were better to have the direct testimony of witnesses.

II.

Every bachelor in this world is secretly watched by some woman. The parson was watched by several, but most closely by two. One of these was the widow Spurlock, a personage of savory countenance and wholesome figure—who was accused by the widow Babcock, living at the other end of the town, of having robust intentions toward her lodger. This piece of slander had no connection with the fact that she had used the point of her carving knife to enlarge in the door of



"HIS LONG NIGHTLY LABORS."

his room the hole through which the latch-string passed, in order that she might increase the ventilation. The aperture for ventilation thus formed was exactly the size of one of her innocent black eyes.

The other woman was an infirm, ill-favored beldam by the name of Arsena Furnace, who lived alone just across the street, and whose bedroom was on the second floor, on a level with the parson's. Being on terms of great intimacy with the widow Spurlock, she persuaded the latter that the parson's room was poorly lighted for one who used his eyes so much, and that the window-curtain of red calico should be taken down.



THE WIDOW SPURLOCK.

and light. On Friday night, then, of August 31, 1809—for this was the exact date—the parson played his flute as usual, because the two women were sitting together below and distinctly heard him. It was unusual for them to be up at such an hour, but on that day the drawing of the lottery had come off, and they had held tickets, and were discussing their disappointment in having drawn blanks. Toward midnight the exquisite notes of the flute floated down to them from the parson's room.

"I suppose he'll keep on playing those same old tunes as long as there is a thimbleful of wind in him. I wish he'd learn some new ones," said the hag, taking her cold pipe from her cold lips, and turning her eyes toward her companion with a look of some impatience.

"He might be better employed at such an hour than playing on the flute," replied the widow, sighing audibly and smoothing a crease out of her apron.

As by-and-by the notes of the flute became intermittent, showing that the parson was beginning to fall asleep, Arsena said good-night, and crossing the street to her house, mounted to the front window. Yes, there he was; the long legs stretched out toward the hearth, head sunk sidewise on his shoulder, flute still at his lips, the sputtering candle throwing its shadowy light over his white weary face, now wearing a smile. Without doubt he played his flute that night as usual; and Arsena, tired of the sight, turned away and went to bed.

A few minutes later the widow Spurlock placed an eye at the aperture of ventilation, wishing to see whether the logs on the fire were in danger of rolling out and setting fire to the parson's bed;

but suddenly remembering that it was August, and that there was no fire, she glanced around to see whether his candle needed snuffing. Happening, however, to discover the parson in the act of shedding his coat, she withdrew her eye, and hastened precipitately down stairs, but sighing so loud that he surely must have heard her had not his faculty of external perception been already fast asleep.

At about three o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, as Arsena was sweeping the floor of her kitchen, there reached her ears a sound which caused her to listen for a moment, broom in air. It was the parson playing—playing at three o'clock in the afternoon!—and playing—she strained her ears again and again to make sure—playing a Virginia reel. Still, not believing her ears, she hastened aloft to the front window and looked across the street. At the same instant the widow Spurlock, in a state of equal excitement, hurried to the front door of her house, and threw a quick glance up at Arsena's window. The hag thrust a skinny hand through a slit in the curtain and beckoned energetically, and a moment later the two women stood with their heads close together watching the strange performance.

Some mysterious change had come over the parson and over the spirit of his musical faculty. He sat upright in his chair, looking ten years younger, his whole figure animated, his foot beating time so audibly that it could be heard across the street, a vivid bloom on his lifeless cheeks, his head rocking to and fro



OLD ARSENA.

like a ship in a storm, and his usually dreamy, patient gray eyes now rolled up toward the ceiling in sentimental perturbation. And how he played that Virginia reel! Not once, but over and over, and faster and faster, until the notes seemed to get into the particles of his blood and set them to dancing. And when he had finished that, he snatched his handkerchief from his pocket, dashed it across his lips, blew his nose with a resounding snort, and settling his figure into a more determined attitude, began another. And the way he went at that! And when he finished that, the way he went at another! Two negro boys, passing along the street with a spinning-wheel, put it down and paused to listen; then, catching the infection of the music, they began to dance. And then the widow Spurlock, catching the infection also, began to dance, and bouncing into the middle of the room, there actually did dance until her tucking-comb rolled out, and—ahem!—one of her stockings slipped down. Then the parson struck up the "Fisher's Hornpipe," and the widow, still in sympathy, against her will, sang the words:

"Did you ever see the Devil
With his wooden iron shovel,
A-hoeing up coal
For to burn your soul?"

"He's bewitched," said old Arsena, trembling and sick with terror.

"By whom?" cried the widow Spurlock, indignantly, laying a heavy hand on Arsena's shoulder.

"By his flute," replied Arsena, more fearfully.

At length the parson, as if in for it, and possessed to go all lengths, jumped from his chair, laid the flute on the table, and disappeared in a hidden corner of the room. Here he kept closely locked a large brass-nailed hair trunk, over which hung a looking-glass. For ten minutes the two women waited for him to reappear, and then he did reappear, not in the same clothes, but wearing the ball dress of a Virginia gentleman of an older time, perhaps his grandfather's—knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver buckles, low shoes, laces at his wrists, laces at his throat and down his bosom. And to make the dress complete he had actually tied a blue ribbon around his long silky hair. Stepping airily and gallantly to the table, he seized the flute, and with a



"WITH THEIR HEADS CLOSE TOGETHER."

little wave of it through the air he began to play, and to tread the mazes of the minuet, about the room, this way and that, winding and bowing, turning and gliding, but all the time fingering and blowing for dear life.

"Who would have thought it was in him?" said Arsena, her fear changed to admiration.

"I would!" said the widow.

While he was in the midst of this performance the two women had their attention withdrawn from him in a rather singular way. A poor lad hobbling on a crutch made his appearance in the street below, and rapidly but timidly swung himself along to the widow Spurlock's door. There he paused a moment, as if overcome by mortification, but finally knocked. His summons not being answered, he presently knocked more loudly.

"Hist!" said the widow to him, in a half-tone, opening a narrow slit in the curtain. "What do you want, David?"

The boy wheeled and looked up, his face at once crimson with shame. "I want to see the parson," he said, in a voice scarcely audible.

"The parson's not at home," replied the widow, sharply. "He's out; studying up a sermon." And she closed the curtain.

An expression of despair came into the

boy's face, and for a moment, in physical weakness, he sat down on the door-step, but presently got up and moved away.

The women did not glance after his re-treating figure, being reabsorbed by the movements of the parson. Whence had he that air of grace and high-born courtesy? that vivacity of youth?



"HE BEGAN TO PLAY."

"He must be in love," said Arsena. "He must be in love with the widow Babcock."

"He's no more in love with her than I am," replied her companion, with a toss of her head.

A few moments later the parson, whose motions had been gradually growing less animated, ceased dancing, and disappeared once more in the corner of the room, soon emerging therefrom dressed in his own clothes, but still wearing on his hair the blue ribbon, which he had forgotten to untie. Seating himself in his chair by the table, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and with his eyes on the floor seemed to pass into a trance of rather demure and dissatisfying reflections.

When he came down to supper that

night he still wore his hair in the forgotten queue, and it may have been this fact that gave him such an air of lamb-like meekness. The widow durst ask him no questions, for there was that in him which held familiarity at a distance; but although he ate with unusual heartiness, perhaps on account of such unusual exercise, he did not lift his eyes from his plate, and thanked her for all her civilities with a gratitude that was singularly plaintive.

That night he did not play his flute. The next day being Sunday, and the new church not yet being opened, he kept his room. Early in the afternoon a messenger

handed to the widow a note for him, which, being sealed, she promptly delivered. On reading it he uttered a quick, smothered cry of grief and alarm, seized his hat, and hurried from the house. The afternoon passed and he did not return. Darkness fell, supper hour came and went, the widow put a candle in his room, and then went across to commune with Arsena on these unusual proceedings.

Not long afterward they saw him enter his room carrying under his arm a violin case. This he deposited on the table, and sitting down beside it, lifted out a boy's violin.

"A *boy's* violin!" muttered Arsena.

"A *boy's* violin!" muttered the widow; and the two women looked significantly into each other's eyes.

"Humph!"

"Humph!"

By-and-by the parson replaced the violin in the box and sat motionless beside it, one of his arms hanging listlessly at his side, the other lying on the table. The candle shone full in his face, and a storm of emotions passed over it. At length they saw him take up the violin again, go to the opposite wall of the room, mount a chair, knot the loose strings together, and hang the violin on a nail above his meagre shelf of books. Upon it he hung the bow. Then they saw him drive a nail in the wall close to the other, take his flute from the table, tie around it a piece

of blue ribbon he had picked up off the floor, and hang it also on the wall. After this he went back to the table, threw himself in his chair, buried his head in his arms, and remained motionless until the candle burned out.

"What's the meaning of all this?" said one of the two women, as they separated below.

"I'll find out if it's the last act of my life," said the other.

But find out she never did. For question the parson directly she dared not; and neither to her nor any one else did he ever vouchsafe an explanation. Whenever, in the thousand ways a woman can, she would hint her desire to fathom the mystery, he would baffle her by assuming an air of complete unconsciousness, or repel her by a look of warning so cold, that she hurriedly changed the subject.

As time passed on it became evident that some grave occurrence indeed had befallen him. Thenceforth, and during the five remaining years of his life, he was never quite the same. For months his faculties, long used to being soothed at midnight by the music of the flute, were like children put to bed hungry and refused to be quieted, so that sleep came to him only after hours of waiting and tossing, and his health suffered in consequence. And then in all things he lived like one who was watching himself closely as a person not to be trusted.

Certainly he was a sadder man. Often the two women would see him lift his eyes from his books at night, and turn them long and wistfully toward the wall of the room where, gathering cobwebs and dust, hung the flute and the violin.

If any one should care to learn why—if any one should feel interested in having this whole mystery cleared up, and in knowing more idle hearsay of the parson, he may read the following tale of a boy's violin.

III.

A BOY'S VIOLIN.

On Friday, the 31st of August, 1809—that being the day of the drawing of the lottery for finishing and furnishing the new Episcopal church—at about ten o'clock in the morning, there might have been seen hobbling slowly along the streets, in the direction of the public square, a little lad by the name of David. He was idle and lonesome, not wholly



HANGING THE VIOLIN.

through his fault. If there had been white bootblacks in those days, he might now have been busy around a tavern door polishing the noble toes of some old Revolutionary soldier; or if there had been newsboys, he might have been selling the *Gazette* or the *Reporter*—the two papers which the town afforded at that time. But there were enough negro slaves to polish all the boots in the town for nothing when the boots got polished at all, as was often not the case; and if people wanted to buy a newspaper, they went to the office of the editor and publisher, laid the silver down on the counter, and received a copy from the hands of that great man himself.

The lad was not even out on a joyous summer vacation, for as yet there was not a public school in the town, and his mother was too poor to send him to a private one, teaching him as best she could at home. This home was one of the rudest of the log cabins of the town, built by his father, who had been killed a few years before in a tavern brawl. His mother

earned a scant livelihood, sometimes by taking in coarse sewing for the hands of the hemp factory, sometimes by her loom, on which with rare skill she wove the finest fabrics of the time.

As he hobbled on toward the public square, he came to an elm-tree which cast a thick cooling shade on the sidewalk, and sitting down, he laid his rickety crutch beside him, and drew out of the pocket of his home-made tow breeches a tangled mass of articles—pieces of violin strings, all of which had plainly seen service under the bow at many a dance; three old screws, belonging in their times to different violin heads; two lumps of rosin, one a rather large lump of dark color and common quality, the other a small lump of transparent amber wrapped sacredly to itself in a little brown paper bag labelled "Cucumber Seed"; a pair of epaulets, the brass fringes of which were tarnished and torn; and further miscellany.

These treasures he laid out one by one, first brushing the dirt off the sidewalk with the palm of one dirty hand, and then putting his mouth close down to blow away any loose particles that might remain to soil them; and when they were all displayed, he propped himself on one elbow, and stretched his figure caressingly beside them.

A pretty picture the lad made as he lay there dreaming over his earthly possessions—a pretty picture in the shade of the great elm, that sultry morning of August, three-quarters of a century ago! The presence of the crutch showed there was something sad about it; and so there was; for if you had glanced at the little bare brown foot, set toes upward on the curbstone, you would have discovered that the fellow to it was missing—cut off about two inches above the ankle. And if this had caused you to throw a look of sympathy at his face, something yet sadder must long have held your attention. Set jauntily on the back of his head was a weather-beaten dark blue cloth cap, the

patent-leather frontlet of which was gone, and beneath the ragged edge of this there fell down over his forehead and temples and ears a tangled mass of soft yellow hair, slightly curling. His eyes were large, and of a blue to match the depths of the calm sky above the tree-tops; the long lashes which curtained them were brown; his lips were red, his nose delicate and fine, and his cheeks tanned to the color of ripe peaches. It was a singularly winning face, intelligent, frank, not describable. On it now rested a smile, half joyous, half sad, as though his mind was for the moment full of bright hopes, the realization of which was far away.

From his neck fell the wide collar of a white cotton shirt, clean but frayed at the elbows, and open and buttonless down his bosom. Over this he wore an old-fashioned satin waistcoat of a man, also frayed and buttonless. His dress was completed by a pair of baggy tow breeches, held up by a single tow suspender fastened to big brown horn buttons.

After a while he sat up, letting his foot hang down over the curb-stone, and un-

coiling the longest of the treble strings, he put one end between his shining teeth, and stretched it tight by holding the other end off between his thumb and forefinger. Then, waving in the air in his other hand an imaginary bow, with his head resting a little on one side, his eyelids drooping, his mind in a state of dreamy delight, the little musician began to play—began to play the violin that he had long been working for, and hoped would some day become his own.

It was nothing to him now that his whole performance consisted of one broken string. It was nothing to him, as his body rocked gently to and fro, that he could not hear the music which ravished his soul. So real was that music to him that at intervals, with a little frown of vexation as though things were not going perfectly, he would stop, take up the small lump of costly rosin, and pre-



DAVID.

tend to rub it vigorously on the hair of the fancied bow. Then he would awake that delicious music again, playing more ecstatically, more passionately than before.

At that moment there appeared in the street, about a hundred yards off, the Reverend James Moore, who was also moving in the direction of the public square, his face more cool and white than usual, although the morning was never more sultry.

He had arisen with an all but overwhelm-

tions perfectly, and that the drawing of the lottery might come off decently and in good order; and that—yes, this too was in the parson's prayer—that if it were the will of Heaven and just to the other holders of tickets, the right one of the vestrymen might draw the thousand-dollar

prize; for he felt very sure that otherwise there would be little peace in the church for many a day to come, and that for him personally the pathway of life would be more slippery and thorny.

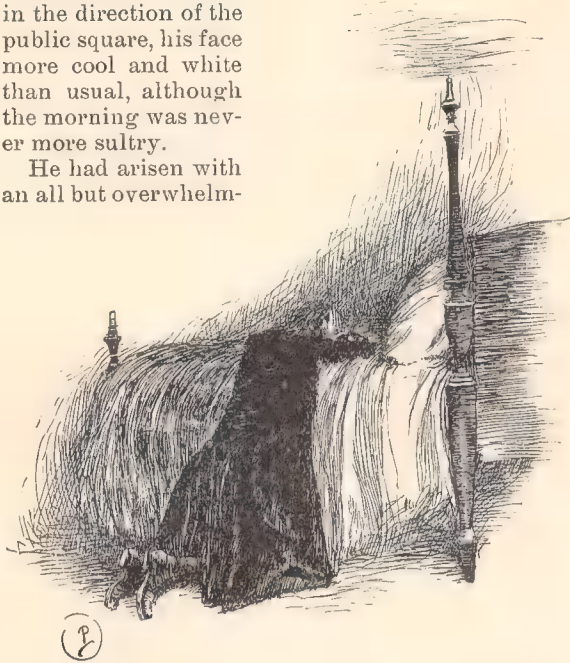
So that now as he hurried down the street he was happy; but he was anxious; and being excited for both reasons, the way was already prepared for him to lose in some degree that many-handed self-control which he had prayed so hard to retain.

He passed within the shade of the great elm, and then suddenly came to a full stop. A few yards in front of him the boy was performing his imaginary violin solo on a broken string, and the sight went straight to the heart of that musical faculty whose shy divinity was the flute. For a few moments he stood looking on in silence, with all the sympathy of a musician for a comrade in poverty and distress.

Other ties also bound him to the boy. If the divine voice had said to the Reverend James Moore: "Among all the people of this town, it will be allowed you to save but one soul. Choose you which that shall be," he would have replied: "Lord, this is a hard saying, for I wish to save them all. But if I must choose, let it be the soul of this lad."

The boy's father and he had been boyhood friends in Virginia, room-mates and classmates in college, and together they had come to Kentucky. Summoned to the tavern on the night of the fatal brawl, he had reached the scene only in time to lay his old playfellow's head on his bosom, and hear his last words:

"Be kind to my boy! . . . Be a better father to him than I have been! . . . Watch over him and help him! . . . Guard him from temptation! . . . Be kind to him in



"HE HAD PRAYED WITH UNUSUAL FERVOR."

ing sense of the importance of that day. Fifteen years are an immense period in a brief human life, especially fifteen years of spiritual toil, hardships, and discouragements, rebuffs, weaknesses, and burdens, and for fifteen such years he had spent himself for his Episcopalians, some of whom read too freely Tom Paine and Rousseau, some loved too well the taverns of the town, some wrangled too fiercely over their land suits. What wonder if this day, which despite all drawbacks was to witness the raising of money for equipping the first brick church, was a proud and happy one to his meek but victorious spirit! What wonder if, as he had gotten out of bed that morning, he had prayed with unusual fervor that for this day in especial all of his faculties, from the least to the greatest, and from the weakest to the strongest, might discharge their func-

his little weaknesses!... Win his heart, and you can do everything with him!... Promise me this!"

"So help me Heaven, all that I can do for him I will do!"

From that moment he had taken upon his conscience, already toiling beneath its load of cares, the burden of this sacred responsibility. During the three years of his guardianship that had elapsed, this burden had not grown lighter; for apparently he had failed to acquire any influence over the lad, or to establish the least friendship with him. It was a difficult nature that had been bequeathed him to master—sensitive, emotional, delicate, wayward, gay, rebellious of restraint, loving freedom like the poet and the artist. The Reverend James Moore, sitting in the chair of logic, moral philosophy, metaphysics, and belles-lettres; lecturing daily to young men on all the powers and operations of the human mind, taking it to pieces and putting it together and understanding it all so perfectly, knowing by name every possible form of fallacy and root of evil—the Reverend James Moore, when he came to study the living mind of this boy, confessed to himself that he was as great a dunce as the greatest in his classes. But he loved the boy, nevertheless, with all the lonely resources of his nature, and he never lost hope that he would turn to him in the end.

How long he might have stood now looking on and absorbed with the pathos of the scene, it is impossible to say; for the lad, happening to look up and see him, instantly, with a sidelong scoop of his hand, all the treasures on the sidewalk disappeared in a cavernous pocket, and

the next moment he had seized his rickety crutch, and was busily fumbling at a loosened nail.

"Why, good-morning, David," cried the parson, cheerily, but with some embarrassment, stepping briskly forward, and looking down upon the little figure now hanging its head with guilt. "You've got the coolest seat in town," he continued, "and I wish I had time to sit down and enjoy it with you; but the drawing comes off at the lottery this morning, and I must hurry down to see who gets the capital prize." A shade of anxiety settled on his face as he said this. "But here's the morning paper," he added, drawing out of his coat pocket the coveted sheet of the weekly *Reporter*, which he was in the habit of sending to the lad's mother, knowing that her silver was picked up with the point of her needle. "Take it to your mother, and tell her she must be sure to go to see the wax figures." What a persuasive smile overspread his face as he said this! "And *you* must be certain to go too! They'll be fine. Good-by."

He let one hand rest gently on the lad's blue cloth cap, and looked down into the upturned face with an expression that could scarcely have been more tender.

"He looks feverish," he said to himself as he walked away, and then his thoughts turned to the lottery.

"Good-by," replied the boy, in a low voice, lifting his dark blue eyes slowly to the patient gray ones. "I'm glad he's gone!" he added to himself; but he nevertheless gazed after the disappearing figure with shy fondness. Then he also began to think of the lottery.

If Mr. Leuba should draw the prize, he might give Tom Leuba a new violin; and if he gave Tom a new violin, then he had promised to give him Tom's old one. It had been nearly a year since Mr. Leuba had said to him, laughing, in his dry hard little fashion:

"Now, David, you must be smart and run my errands while Tom's at school of mornings; and some of these days, when I get rich enough, I'll give Tom a new violin, and I'll give you his old one."

"Oh, Mr. Leuba!" David had cried, his voice quivering with excitement, and his whole countenance beaming with delight, "I'll wait on you forever, if you'll give me Tom's old violin."

Yes, nearly a whole year had passed since then—a lifetime of waiting and dis-



MR. LEUBA.



"EXECUTING AN INTRICATE PASSAGE."

appointment. Many an errand he had run for Mr. Leuba. Many a bit of a thing Mr. Leuba had given him: pieces of violin strings, odd worn-out screws, bits of rosin, old epaulets, and a few dimes; but the day had never come when he had given him Tom's violin.

Now if Mr. Leuba would only draw the prize! As he lay on his back on the sidewalk, with the footless stump of a leg crossed over the other, he held the newspaper between his eyes and the green limbs of the elm overhead, and eagerly read for the last time the advertisement of the lottery. Then, as he finished reading it, his eyes were suddenly riveted upon a remarkable notice printed just beneath.

This notice stated that Messrs. Ollendorf and Mason respectfully acquainted the ladies and gentlemen of Lexington that they had opened at the Kentucky Hotel a new and elegant collection of wax figures, judged by connoisseurs to be equal, if not superior, to any exhibited in America. Among which are the following characters: An excellent representation of General George Washington giving orders to the Marquis de la Fayette, his aid. In another scene the General is represented as a fallen victim to death, and the tears of America, represented

by a beautiful female weeping over him—which makes it a most interesting scene. His Excellency Thomas Jefferson. General Buonaparte in marshal action. General Hamilton and Colonel Burr. In this interesting scene the Colonel is represented in the attitude of firing, while the General stands at his distance waiting the result of the first fire: both accurate likenesses. The death of General Braddock, who fell in Braddock's Defeat. An Indian is represented as scalping the General, while one of his

men, in an attempt to rescue him out of the hands of the Indians, was overtaken by another Indian, who is ready to split him with his tomahawk. Mrs. Jerome Buonaparte, formerly Miss Patterson. The Sleeping Beauty. Eliza Wharton, or the American coquette, with her favorite gallant and her intimate friend Miss Julia Granby. The Museum will be open from ten o'clock in the morning 'til nine in the evening. Admittance fifty cents for grown persons; children half price. Profiles taken with accuracy at the Museum.

The greatest attraction of the whole Museum will be a large magnificent painting of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane.

All this for a quarter! The newspaper suddenly dropped from his hands into the dirt of the street—he had no quarter! For a moment he sat as immovable as if the thought had turned him into stone; but the next moment he had sprung from the sidewalk and was speeding home to his mother in the log cabin on the outskirts of the town. Never before had the stub of the little crutch been plied so nimbly among the stones of the rough sidewalk. Never before had he made a prettier picture, with the blue cap pushed far back from his forehead, his yellow hair blowing about his face, the old black satin

waistcoat flopping like a pair of disjointed wings against his sides, the open newspaper streaming backward from his hand, and his face alive with hope.

IV.

It was perhaps two hours later when he issued from the house, and set his face in the direction of the museum. It was a face full of excitement still, but full also of pain, because he had no money, and saw no chance of getting any. It was a dull time of the year for his mother's work. Only the day before she had been paid a month's earnings, and already the money had been laid out for the frugal expenses of the household. It would be a long time before any more would come in, and in the mean time the exhibition of wax figures would have been moved to some other town. When he had told her that the parson had said that she must go to see them, she had smiled fondly at him from beside her loom, and quietly shaken her head with inward resignation; but when he told her the parson had said *he* must be sure to go too, the smile had faded into an expression of fixed sadness.

On his way down town he passed the little music store of Mr. Leuba, which was one block this side of the Kentucky Hotel. He was all eagerness to reach the museum, but his ear caught the sounds of the violin, and he forgot everything else in his desire to go in and speak with Tom, for Tom was his lord and master.

"Tom, are you going to see the wax figures?" he cried, with trembling haste, curling himself on top of the keg of nails in his accustomed corner of the little lumber-room. But Tom paid no attention to the question or the questioner, being absorbed in executing an intricate passage of "O Thou Fount of every Blessing!" For the moment David forgot his question himself, absorbed likewise in witnessing this envied performance.

When Tom had finished, he laid the violin across his knees and wiped his brow with his shirt sleeves. "Don't you know that you oughtn't to talk to me when I'm performing?" he said, loftily, still not deigning to look at his offending auditor. "Don't you know that it disturbs a fiddler to be spoken to when he's performing?"

Tom was an overgrown, rawboned lad of some fifteen years, with stubby red hair, no eyebrows, large watery blue eyes,

and a long neck with a big Adam's apple.

"I didn't mean to interrupt you, Tom," said David, in a tone of the deepest penitence. "You know that I'd rather hear you play than anything."

"Father got the thousand-dollar prize," said Tom, coldly, accepting the apology for the sake of the compliment.

"Oh, *Tom!* I'm so glad! Hurrah!" shouted David, waving his old blue cap around his head, his face transfigured with joy, his heart leaping with a sudden hope, and now at last he would get the violin.

"What are *you* glad for?" said Tom, with dreadful severity. "He's *my* father; he's not *your* father;" and for the first time he bestowed a glance upon the little figure curled up on the nail keg, and bending eagerly toward him with clasped hands.

"I *know* he's *your* father, Tom, but—"

"Well, then, what are you *glad* for?" insisted Tom. "You're not going to get any of the money."

"I know *that*, Tom," said David, coloring deeply, "but—"

"Well, then, what *are* you glad for?"

"I don't think I'm so *very* glad, Tom," replied David, sorrowfully.

But Tom had taken up the bow and was rubbing the rosin on it. He used a great deal of rosin in his playing, and would often proudly call David's attention to how much of it would settle as a white dust under the bridge. David was too well used to Tom's rebuffs to mind them long, and as he now looked on at this rosining process, the sunlight came back into his face.

"Please let me try it once, Tom—just *once*." Experience had long ago taught him that this was asking too much of Tom; but with the new hope that the violin might now soon become his, his desire to handle it was ungovernable.

"Now look here, David," replied Tom, with a great show of kindness in his manner, "I'd let you try it once, but you'd spoil the tone. It's taken me a long time to get a good tone into this fiddle, and you'd take it all out of it the very first whack. As soon as you learn to get a good tone out of it, I'll let you play on it. Don't you *know* you'd spoil it, if I was to let you try it now?" he added, suddenly wheeling with tremendous energy upon his timid petitioner.

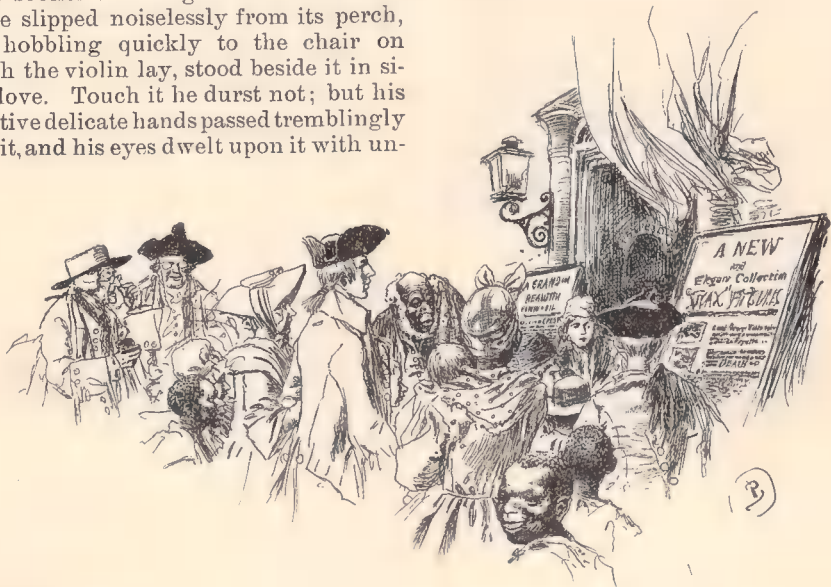
"I'm afraid I would, Tom," replied David, with a voice full of anguish.

"But just listen to me," said Tom; and taking up the violin, he rendered the opening passage of "O Thou Fount of every Blessing!" Scarcely had he finished when a customer entered the shop, and he hurried to the front, leaving the violin and the bow on the chair that he had quitted.

No sooner was he gone than the little figure slipped noiselessly from its perch, and hobbling quickly to the chair on which the violin lay, stood beside it in silent love. Touch it he durst not; but his sensitive delicate hands passed tremblingly over it, and his eyes dwelt upon it with un-

without its effect on Tom, although a suggestion from such a source was not to be respected. He merely threw his eyes up toward the heavens and said, sturdily: "You ninny! they'll not melt. Don't you see it's going to rain and turn cooler?"

"I'll bet you *I'd* not wait for it to turn



"A SMALL CROWD HAD COLLECTED AROUND THE ENTRANCE OF THE MUSEUM."

speaking longing. Then, with a sigh, he turned away, and hastened to the front of the shop. Tom had already dismissed his customer, and was standing in the door, looking down the street in the direction of the Kentucky Hotel, where a small crowd had collected around the entrance of the museum.

As David stepped out upon the sidewalk, it was the sight of this crowd that recalled him to a new sorrow.

"Tom," he cried, with longing, "are you going to see the wax figures?"

"Of course I'm going," he replied, carelessly. "We're all going."

"When, Tom?" asked David, with breathless interest.

"Whenever we want to, of course," replied Tom. "I'm not just going once; I'm going as often as I like."

"Why don't you go now, Tom? It's so hot—they might melt."

This startling view of the case was not

cooler. I'll bet you *I'd* be in there before you could say Jack Roberson, if *I* had a quarter," said David, with tremendous resolution.

V.

All that long afternoon he hung in feverish excitement around the door of the museum. There was scarce a traveling show in Kentucky in those days. It was not strange if to this idler of the streets, in whom imagination was all-powerful, and in whose heart quivered ungovernable yearnings for the heroic, the poetic, and the beautiful, this day of the first exhibition of wax figures was the most memorable of his life.

It was so easy for everybody to go in who wished; so impossible for him. Groups of gay ladies slipped their silver half-dollars through the variegated meshes of their silken purses. The men came in jolly twos and threes, and would sometimes draw out great rolls of bills. Now



"THE WIDOW DROPPED HER EYES."

a kind-faced farmer passed in, dropping into the hands of the door-keeper a half-dollar for himself, and three quarters for three sleek negroes that followed at his heels; and now a manufacturer with a couple of apprentices—lads of David's age and friends of his. Poor little fellow! at many a shop of the town he had begged to be taken as an apprentice himself, but no one would have him because he was lame.

And now the people were beginning to pour out, and he hovered about them, hoping in this way to get some idea of what was going on inside. Once, with the courage of despair, he seized the arm of a lad as he came out.

"Oh, Bobby, tell me all about it!"

But Bobby shook him off, and skipped away to tell somebody else who didn't want to hear.

After a while two sweet-faced ladies dressed in mourning appeared. As they passed down the street he was standing

on the sidewalk, and there must have been something in his face to attract the attention of one of them, for she paused, and in the gentlest manner said:

"My little man, how did you like the wax figures and the picture?"

"Oh, madam," he replied, his eyes filling, "I have not seen them!"

"But you will see them, I hope," she said, moving away, but bestowing on him the lingering smile of bereft motherhood.

The twilight fell, and still he lingered, until, with a sudden remorseful thought of his mother, he turned away and passed up the dark street. His tongue was parched, there was a lump in his throat, and a numb pain about his heart. Far up the street he paused and looked back. A lantern had been swung out over the entrance of the museum, and the people were still passing in.

VI.

A happy man was the Reverend James Moore the next morning. The lottery had been a complete success, and he would henceforth have a comfortable church, in which the better to save the souls of his fellow-creatures. The leading vestry-man had drawn the capital prize, and while the other members who had drawn blanks were not exactly satisfied, on the whole the result seemed as good as providential. As he walked down town at an early hour, he was conscious of suffering from a dangerous elation of spirit; and more than once his silent prayer had been: "Lord, let me not be puffed up this day! Let me not be blinded with happiness! Keep the eyes of my soul clear, that I overlook no duty! What have I, unworthy servant, done that I should be so fortunate?"

Now and then, as he passed along, a church member would wring his hand and offer congratulations. After about fifteen years of a more or less stranded condition a magnificent incoming tide of prosperity now seemed to lift him off his very feet.

From wandering rather blindly about the streets for a while, he started for the new church, remembering that he had an engagement with a committee of ladies, who had taken in charge the furnishing of it. But when he reached there, no one had arrived but the widow Babcock. She was very beautiful; and looking at wo-



"IT WAS A VERY GAY DINNER."

mankind from behind his veil of unfamiliarity, the parson, despite his logic, had always felt a desire to lift that veil when standing in her presence. The intoxication of his mood was not now lessened by coming upon her so unexpectedly alone.

"My dear Mrs. Babcock," he said, offering her his hand in his beautiful manner, "it seems peculiarly fitting that you should be the first of the ladies to reach the spot; for it would have pained me to think you less zealous than the others. The vestry needs not only your taste in furniture, but the influence of your presence."

The widow dropped her eyes, the gallantry of the speech being so unusual. "I came early on purpose," she replied, in a voice singularly low and tremulous. "I wanted to see you alone. Oh, Mr. Moore, the ladies of this town owe you such a debt of gratitude! You have been such a comfort to those who are sad, such a support to those who needed strengthening! And who has needed these things as much as I?"

As she spoke, the parson, with a slight look of apprehension, had put his back against the wall, as was apt to be his way when talking with ladies.

"Who has needed these things as I have?" continued the widow, taking a step forward, and with increasing agitation. "Oh, Mr. Moore, I should be an ungrateful woman if I did not mingle my congratulations with the others. And I want to do this now with my whole soul. May God bless you, and crown the labors of your life with every desire of your

heart!" And saying this, the widow laid the soft tips of one hand on one of the parson's shoulders, and raising herself slightly on tiptoe, kissed him.

"Oh, Mrs. Babcock!" cried the dismayed logician, "what have you done?" But the next moment, the logician giving place to the man, he grasped one of her hands, and murmuring, "May God bless *you* for *that*!" seized his hat, and hurried out into the street.

The most careless observer might have been interested in watching his movements as he walked away.

He carried his hat in his hand, forgetting to put it on. Several persons spoke to him on the street, but he did not hear them. He strode a block or two in one direction, and then a block or two in another.

"If she does it again," he muttered to himself—"if she does it again, I'll marry her!... Old?... I could run a mile in a minute!"

As he was passing the music store, the dealer called out to him:

"Come in, parson. I've got a present for you."

"A—present—for—me?" repeated the parson, blank with amazement. In his life the little music dealer had never made him a present.

"Yes, a present," repeated the fortunate vestry-man, whose dry heart, like a small seed-pod, the wind of good fortune

had opened, so that a few rattling germs of generosity dropped out. Opening a drawer behind his counter, he now took out a roll of music. "Here's some new music for your flute," he said. "Accept it with my compliments."

New music for his flute! The parson turned it over dreamily, and it seemed that the last element of disorder had come to derange his faculties.

"And Mrs. Leuba sends her compliments, and would like to have you to dinner," added the shop-keeper, looking across the counter with some amusement at the expression of the parson, who now appeared as much shocked as though his whole nervous system had been suddenly put in connection with a galvanic battery of politeness.

It was a very gay dinner, having been gotten up to celebrate the drawing of the prize. The entire company were to go in the afternoon to see the waxworks, and some of the ladies wore especial toilets, with a view to having their profiles taken.

"Have you been to see the waxworks, Mr. Moore?" inquired a spinster, roguishly, wiping a drop of soup from her underlip.

The unusual dinner, the merriment, the sense of many ladies present, mellowed the parson like old wine.

"No, madam," he replied, giddily; "but I shall go this very afternoon. I find it impossible any longer to deny myself the pleasure of beholding the great American Coquette and Sleeping Beauty. I must take my black sheep," he continued, with expanding warmth. "I must drive my entire flock of soiled lambs into the favored and refining presence of Miss Julia Granby."

Keeping to this resolution, as soon as dinner was over he made his excuses to the company, and set off to collect a certain class of boys which he had scraped together by hook and crook from the by-ways of the town, and about an hour later he might have been seen driving them before him toward the entrance of the museum. There he shouldered his way cheerfully up to the door, and shoved each of the lads good-naturedly in, finally passing in himself, with a general glance at the by-standers, as if to say, "Was there ever another man as happy in this world?"

But he soon came out, leaving his wild lambs to browse at will in those fresh pastures, and took his way up street home-

ward. He seemed to be under some necessity of shaking them off in order to enjoy the solitude of his thoughts.

"If she does it again! . . . If she does it again! . . . Whee! whee! whee!—whee! whee! whee!" and he began to whistle for his flute with a nameless longing.

It was soon after this that the two women heard him playing the reel, and watched him perform certain later incredible evolutions. For whether one event, or all events combined, had betrayed him into this outbreak, henceforth he was quite beside himself and hopelessly undone.

Is it possible that on this day the Reverend James Moore had driven the ancient, rusty, creaky chariot of his faculties too near the sun of love?

VII.

A sad day it had been meantime for the poor lad.

He had gotten up in the morning listless and dull and sick at the sight of his breakfast. But he had feigned to be quite well that he might have permission to set off down town. There was no chance of his being able to get into the museum, but he was drawn irresistibly thither for the mere pleasure of standing around and watching the people, and hoping that something—*something* would turn up. He was still there when his dinner hour came, but he never thought of this. Once, when the door-keeper was at leisure, he had hobbled up and said to him, with a desperate effort to smile, "Sir, if I were rich, I'd live in your museum for about five years."

But the door-keeper had pushed him rudely back, telling him to be off and not obstruct the sidewalk.

He was still standing near the entrance when the parson came down the street driving his flock of boys. Ah, if he had only joined that class, as time after time he had been asked to do! All at once his face lit up with a fortunate inspiration, and pushing his way to the very side of the door-keeper, he placed himself there that the parson might see him and take him with the others; for had he not said that *he* must be sure to go? But when the parson came up this purpose had failed him, and he had apparently shrunk to half his size behind the bulk of the door-keeper, fearing most of all things that the parson would discover him and know why he was there.

He was still lingering outside when the parson reappeared and started homeward; and he sat down and watched him out of sight. He seemed cruelly hurt, and his eyes filled with tears.

"I'd have taken *him* in the very first one," he said, choking down a sob; and then, as if he felt this to be unjust, he murmured over and over: "Maybe he forgot me; maybe he didn't mean it; maybe he forgot me."

Perhaps an hour later, slowly and with many pauses, he drew near the door of the parson's home. There he lifted his hand three times before he could knock.

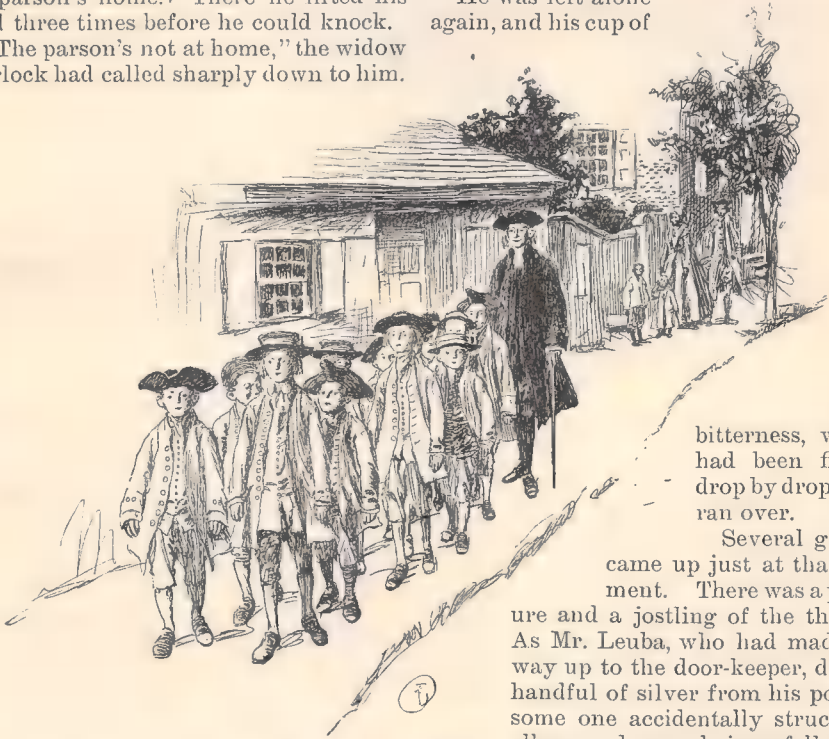
"The parson's not at home," the widow Spurlock had called sharply down to him.

"Why don't you go in?" he said, loudly, walking up to David and jingling the silver in his pockets. "What are you standing out here for? If you want to go in, why don't you go in?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried David, in a whisper of eager confidence, his utterance choked with a sob, "I haven't got any money."

"I'd hate to be as poor as you are," said Tom, contemptuously. "I'm going this evening and to-night, and as often as I want," and he turned gayly away to join the others.

He was left alone again, and his cup of



THE PARSON CAME DOWN THE STREET DRIVING HIS FLOCK OF BOYS.

bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, now ran over.

Several groups came up just at that moment. There was a pressure and a jostling of the throng. As Mr. Leuba, who had made his way up to the door-keeper, drew a handful of silver from his pocket, some one accidentally struck his elbow, and several pieces fell to the pavement. Then there was laughter and a scrambling as these were picked up and returned. But out through the legs of the crowd one bright silver quarter rolled unseen down the sloping sidewalk toward the spot where David was standing.

It was all done in an instant. He saw it coming; the little crutch was set forward a pace, the little body was swung silently forward, and as the quarter fell over on its shining side, the dirty sole of a brown foot covered it.

The next minute, with a sense of triumph and bounding joy, the poverty-tortured, friendless little thief had crossed

With this the last hope had died out of his bosom; for having dwelt long on the parson's kindness to him—upon all the parson's tireless efforts to befriend him—he had summoned the courage at last to go and ask him to lend him a quarter.

With little thought of whither he went, he now turned back down town, but some time later he was still standing at the entrance of the museum.

He looked up the street again. All the Leubas were coming, Tom walking, with a great air, a few feet ahead.



BEFORE THE PICTURE.

the threshold of the museum, and stood face to face with the Redeemer of the world. For the picture was so hung as to catch the eye upon entering, and it arrested his quick roving glance and held it in awe-stricken fascination. Unconscious of his own movements, he drew nearer and nearer, until he stood a few feet in front of the arc of spectators, with his breathing all but suspended, and one hand crushing the old blue cloth cap against his naked bosom.

It was a strange meeting. The large rude painting possessed no claim to art. But to him it was an overwhelming revelation, for he had never seen any pictures, and he was gifted with an untutored love of painting. Over him, therefore, it exercised an enthralling influence, and it was as though he stood in the visible presence of One whom he knew that the parson preached of and his mother worshipped.

Forgetful of all his surroundings, long he stood and gazed. Whether it may have been the thought of the stolen quarter that brought him to himself, at

length he drew a deep breath, and looked quickly around with a frightened air. From across the room he saw Mr. Leuba watching him gravely, as it seemed to his guilty conscience, with fearful sternness. A burning flush dyed his face, and he shrank back, concealing himself among the crowd. The next moment, without ever having seen or so much as thought of anything else in the museum, he slipped out into the street.

There the eyes of everybody seemed turned upon him. Where should he go? Not home. Not to Mr. Leuba's music store. No; he could never look into Mr. Leuba's face again. And Tom? He could hear Tom crying out, wherever he should meet him, "You stole a quarter from father."

In utter terror and shame, he hurried away, and hobbled out to the southern

end of the town, where there was an abandoned rope-walk.

It was a neglected place, damp and unhealthy. In the farthest corner of it he lay down and hid himself in a clump of iron-weeds. Slowly the moments dragged themselves along. Of what was he thinking? Of his mother? Of the parson? Of the violin that would now never be his? Of that wonderful sorrowful face which he had seen in the painting? The few noises of the little town grew very faint, the droning of the bumblebee on the purple tufts of the weed overhead very loud, and louder still the beating of his heart against the green grass as he lay on his side, with his head on his blue cap and his cheek in his hand. And then he fell asleep.

When he awoke he started up bewildered. The sun had set, and the heavy dews of twilight were falling. A chill ran through him; and then the recollection of what had happened came over him with a feeling of desolation. When it was quite dark he left his hiding-place and started back up town.

He could reach home in several ways, but a certain fear drew him into the street which led past the music store. If he could only see Mr. Leuba, he felt sure that he could tell by the expression of his face whether he had missed the quarter. At some distance off he saw by the light of the windows Mr. Leuba standing in front of his shop talking to a group of men. Noiselessly he drew near, noiselessly he was passing without the courage to look up.

"Stop, David. Come in here a moment."

As Mr. Leuba spoke, he apologized to the gentlemen for leaving, and turned back into the rear of the shop. Faint, and trembling so that he could scarcely stand, his face a deadly whiteness, the boy followed.

"David," said Mr. Leuba—in all his life he had never spoken so kindly; perhaps his heart had been touched by some late feeling, as he had studied the boy's face before the picture in the museum, and certainly it had been singularly opened by his good fortune—"David," he said, "I promised when I got rich enough I'd give Tom a new violin, and give you his old one. Well, I gave him a new one to-day; so here's yours," and going to a corner of the room, he took up the box, brought it back, and would have laid it on the boy's arm, only there was no arm extended to receive it.

"Take it! It's yours!"

"Oh, Mr. Leuba!"

It was all he could say. He had expected to be charged with stealing the quarter, and instead there was held out to him the one treasure of all the world—the violin of which he had dreamed so long, for which he had served so faithfully.

"Oh, Mr. Leuba!"

There was a pitiful note in the cry, but the dealer was not the man to hear it, or to notice the look of angelic contrition on the upturned face. He merely took the lad's arm, bent it around the violin, patted the ragged cap, and said, a little impatiently:

"Come, come! they're waiting for me at the door. To-morrow you can come down and run some more errands for me," and he led the way to the front of the shop and resumed his conversation.

Slowly along the dark street the lad toiled homeward with his treasure. At any other time he would have sat down

on the first curb-stone, opened the box, and in ecstatic joy have lifted out that peerless instrument; or he would have sped home with it to his mother, flying along on his one crutch as if on the winds of heaven. But now he could not look at it, and something clogged his gait so that he loitered and faltered and sometimes stood still irresolute.

But at last he approached the log cabin which was his home. A rude fence enclosed the yard, and inside this fence there grew a hedge of lilacs. When he was within a few feet of the gate he paused, and did what he had never done before—he put his face close to the panels of the fence, and with a look of guilt and sorrow peeped through the lilacs at the face of his mother, who was sitting in the light of the open doorway.



"TOILED HOMEWARD WITH HIS TREASURE."

She was thinking of him. He knew that by the patient sweetness of her smile. All the heart went out of him at the sight, and hurrying forward, he put the violin down at her feet, and threw his arms around her neck, and buried his head on her bosom.

VIII.

After he had made his confession, a restless and feverish night he had of it, often springing up from his troubled dreams and calling to her in the darkness. But the next morning he insisted upon getting up for a while.

Toward the afternoon he grew worse again, and took to his bed, the yellow head tossing to and fro, the eyes bright and restless, and his face burning. At length he looked up and said to his mother, in the manner of one who forms



"BURIED HIS HEAD ON HER BOSOM."

a difficult resolution: "Send for the parson. Tell him I am sick and want to see him."

It was this summons that the widow Spurlock had delivered on the Sunday afternoon when the parson had quitted the house with such a cry of distress. He

had not so much as thought of the boy since the Friday morning previous.

"How is it possible," he cried, as he hurried on—"how is it possible that I *could* have forgotten *him*?"

The boy's mother met him outside the house and drew him into an adjoining room, silently, for her tears were falling. He sank into the first chair.

"Is he so ill?" he asked, under his trembling breath.

"I'm afraid he's going to be very ill. And to see him in so much trouble—"

"What is the matter? In God's name, has anything happened to him?"

She turned her face away to hide her grief. "He said he would tell you himself. Oh, if I've been too hard with him! But I did it for the best. I didn't know until the doctor came that he was going to be ill, or I would have waited. Do anything you can to quiet him—anything he asks you," she implored, and pointed to the door of the room in which the boy lay.

Conscience-stricken and speechless, the parson opened it and entered.

The small white bed stood against the wall beneath an open window, and one bright-headed sunflower, growing against the house outside, leaned in and fixed its kind face anxiously upon the sufferer's.

The figure of the boy was stretched along the edge of the bed, his cheek on one hand and his eyes turned steadfastly toward the middle of the room, where, on a table, the violin lay exposed to view.

He looked quickly toward the door as the parson entered, and an expression of relief passed over his face.

"Why, David," said the parson, chidingly, and crossing to the bed with a bright smile. "Sick? This will never do;" and he sat down, imprisoning one of the burning palms in his own.

The boy said nothing, but looked at him searchingly, as though needing to lay aside all masks and disguises and penetrate at once to the bottom truth. Then he asked, "Are you mad at me?"

"My poor boy!" said the parson, his lips trembling a little as he tightened his pressure—"my poor boy! why should I be mad at *you*?"

"You never could do anything with me."

"Never mind that now," said the parson, soothingly, but adding, with bitterness, "it was all my fault—all my fault."

"It wasn't your fault at all," said the boy. "It was mine."

A change had come over him in his treatment of the parson. All shyness had disappeared, as is apt to be the case with the sick.

"I want to ask you something," he added, confidentially.

"Anything—anything! Ask me anything!"

"Do you remember the wax figures?"

"Oh yes, I remember them very well," said the parson, quickly, uneasily.

"I wanted to see 'em, and I didn't have any money, and I stole a quarter from Mr. Leuba."

Despite himself a cry escaped the parson's lips, and dropping the boy's hand, he started from his chair and walked rapidly to and fro across the room, with the fangs of remorse fixed deep in his conscience.

"Why didn't you come to me?" he asked at length, in a tone of helpless entreaty. "Why didn't you come to me? Oh, if you had only come to me!"

"I did come to you," replied the boy.

"When?" asked the parson, coming back to the bedside.

"About three o'clock yesterday."

About three o'clock yesterday! And what was he doing at that time? He bent his head over to his very knees, hiding his face in his hands.

"But why didn't you let me know it? Why didn't you come in?"

"Mrs. Spurlock told me you were at work on a sermon."

"God forgive me!" murmured the parson, with a groan.

"I thought you'd lend me a quarter," said the boy, simply. "I thought you liked *me*, and I like *you*, and you took the other boys, and you told me *I* must be certain to go. I thought you'd lend me a quarter till I could pay you back."

"Oh, David!" cried the parson, getting down on his knees by the bedside, and putting his arms around the boy's neck, "I would have lent you—I would have given you—anything I have in this world!"

The boy threw his arms around the parson's neck and clasped him close.



AT DAVID'S BEDSIDE.

"Can you forgive me for stealing the quarter?" he whispered.

"Oh, boy! boy! can you forgive *me*?" Sobs stifled the parson's utterance, and he went to a window on the opposite side of the room.

When he turned his face inward again, he saw the boy's gaze fixed once more intently upon the violin.

"There's something I want you to do for me," he said. "Mr. Leuba gave me a violin last night, and mamma says I ought to sell it, and pay him back." The words seemed wrung from his heart's core. "I thought I'd ask you to sell it for me. The doctor says I may be sick a long time, and it worries me." He began to grow excited, and tossed from side to side.

"Don't worry," said the parson, "I'll sell it for you."

The boy looked at the violin again. To him it was priceless, and his eyes grew heavy with love for it. Then he said, cautiously: "I thought you'd get a good price for it. I don't think I could take less than a hundred dollars. It's worth more, but if I have to sell it, I don't think I could take less than a hundred dollars," and he fixed his burning eyes on the parson's.

"Don't worry! I'll sell it for you. Oh yes, you can get a hundred dollars for it. I'll bring you a hundred dollars for it by to-morrow morning." Half a year's salary.

It was on this night that he was seen to enter his room with a boy's violin under his arm, and later to hang it, and hang his beloved flute, tied with a blue ribbon, above the meagre top shelf of books—Fuller's *Gospel*, Petrarch, Volney's *Ruins*, Zollicoffer's *Sermons*, and the *Horrors of San Domingo*. After that he remained motionless at his table, with his head bowed on his folded arms, until the candle went out, leaving him in inner and outer darkness. Moralist, logician, philosopher, he studied the boy's transgression, laying it at last solely to his own charge.

At daybreak he stood outside the house with the physician who had been with the boy during the night. "Will he die?" he asked.

The physician tapped his forehead with his forefinger. "The chances are against him. The case has peculiar complications. All night it has been nothing but the wax figures and the stolen quarter and the violin. His mother has tried to persuade him not to sell it. But he won't bear the sight of it now, and is troubled about sacrificing it."

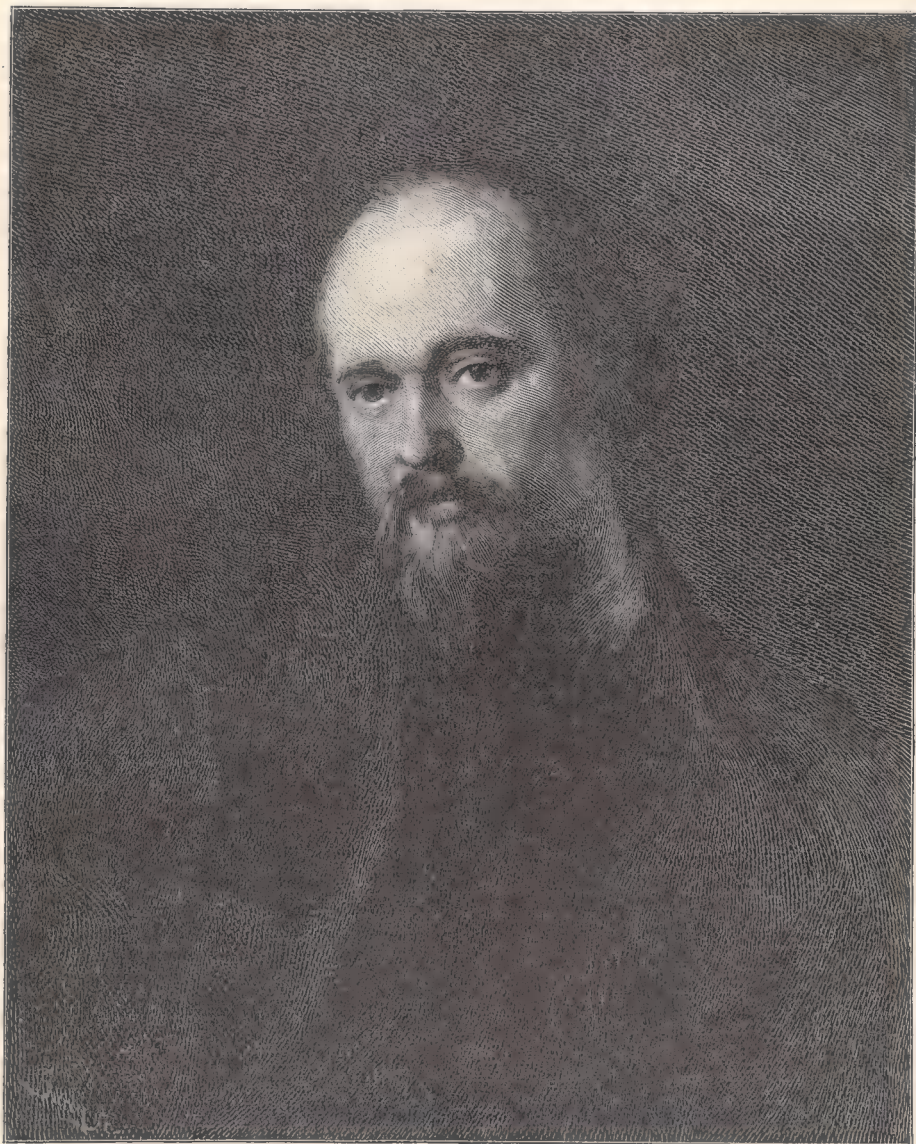
"David," said the parson, kneeling by the bedside, and speaking in a tone pitiful enough to have recalled a soul from the other world—"David, here's the money for the violin; here's the hundred dollars," and he pressed it into one of the boy's palms. The hand closed upon it, but there was no recognition.

The first sermon that the parson preached in the new church was on the Sunday after the boy's death. It was expected that he would rise to the occasion and surpass himself, which, indeed, he did, drawing tears even from the eyes of those who knew not that they could shed them, and all through making the greatest effort to keep back his own. The subject of the sermon was, "The Temptations of the Poor." The next sermon was on the "Besetting Sin," the drift of it going to show that the besetting sin may be the one pure and exquisite pleasure of life, involving only the exercise of the loftiest faculty. And this was followed by a third sermon on "The Kiss that Betrayeth," in which innumerable illustrations were drawn from history, showing how every kind of man had been betrayed in this way. During the delivery of this sermon the parson looked so cold and even severe that it was not understood why the emotions of any one should have been touched, or why the widow Babcock should have lowered her veil and wept bitterly.

And thus being ever the more loved and revered as he grew ever the more lovable and saint-like, he passed onward to the close. But not until the end came did he once stretch forth a hand to touch his flute; and it was only in imagination then that he grasped it, to sound the final roll-call of his wandering faculties, and to blow a last good-night to his tired spirit.



"HIS HEAD BOWED ON HIS FOLDED ARMS."



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.—From a painting by G. F. Watts.

A PRE-RAPHAELITE MANSION.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE house which we propose to visit is not a masterpiece of architecture. It is not one of those red brick mansions in the style of Queen Anne, with ample windows and capricious gables, such as have transformed the appearance of western London within the past twenty years; it

is simply one of the commodious, rectilinear London residences of the pre-aesthetic period, whole rows and streets of which may be seen in the immediate neighborhood of Prince's Gate, where it is situated. The outside of the building offers no interest; the inside has been transformed by

the architects Norman Shaw and Jeckyll, aided by a man of exquisite taste, Mr. Murray Marks, into a dwelling of perfect harmony, where nothing offends the eye and everything charms it, and where, surrounded by a most choice collection of pictures by the primitive Italians, and by the so-called English pre-Raphaelites, the inspirer and owner of the mansion, Mr. F. R. Leyland, realizes his dream of living the life of an old Venetian merchant in modern London.*

The first thing that strikes you when you enter the vast entrance hall, lighted by ample windows in the daytime and by electric lamps, distributed over the ceiling, at night, is the staircase, with its fine balustrade of gilt bronze, which once adorned Northumberland House, before that building was demolished to make room for the avenue that now bears its name. This balustrade, of admirable design, was made at the end of the eighteenth century, at prosaic Birmingham, in the days when taste had not yet utterly abandoned that industrious town. The pillar from which the hand-rail starts is surmounted by two crowned female figures, one of which waves a long oriflamme. This group of gilt wood in all probability adorned originally the prow of a Venetian galley, and Sansavino may have designed it. The tonality of the hall and of the staircase, from the foot to the top of the house, is green. The whole is panelled in shades of willow. The dado of the darker shades is enriched with panels imitating aventurine lacquer, decorated with delicate sprigs of pale rose and white flowers in the Japanese taste. These panels are the work of no less a master than Mr. James McNeill Whistler. On the walls of the staircase are hung Burne-Jones's "Circe," Rossetti's "Loving-Cup," Alphonse Legros's "Rehearsal," while on the walls of the hall itself are placed the "Sea Spell," the "Dis Manibus," and "La Pia," by Rossetti; "Cupid reviving Psyche," by Burne-Jones; and a portrait of Rossetti by G. F. Watts, which give the key-note of Mr. Leyland's tastes. The place of honor in this house we shall find is divided between Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Sandro Botticelli.

The furniture of the hall is effective and

discreetly rich. The mosaic floor is partly covered with Oriental rugs, and dotted here and there with gigantic vases of cloisonné enamel. In the centre is a circular divan, and around the walls gilt Venetian seventeenth-century chairs.

To the right of the entrance hall is the morning-room, and to the left the dining-room. The morning-room is exceedingly cozy and comfortable, and at the same time every object in it is in good taste. The walls and ceiling are panelled with oak, inlaid with black and white woods in a simple geometrical design. The walls above the dado are covered with three large and six smaller pieces of Beauvais tapestry, with Teniers subjects, in perfect preservation and freshness of color. On the floor is a bright Oriental carpet. The cabinets are of Indian, Tyrolese, and Italian work, beautifully inlaid. The bibelots and ornaments are all choice, but discreetly arranged, without that crowding and ostentation which make a room look like a museum. For the wood-work and general arrangement of the walls, ceiling, and chimney-piece, Mr. Norman Shaw is responsible.

The dining-room is famous in the art world under the name of the "Peacock Room." This appellation it owes to the decoration with which Mr. Whistler has enriched the walls. To be appreciated properly this room must be seen by artificial light, with the shutters of the three windows closed, and forming each a splendid decorative panel. The general scheme of the room is turquoise blue and gold, and the only ornaments are pieces of blue and white china, displayed on shelves of carved and gilt wood designed by Jeckyll, who was the architect of the room, with its fine panelled ceiling and pendentives terminating in gas lamps, to which have now been added stars of electric lights. The room, as it was originally conceived by Jeckyll, was hung with Spanish leather, and it was by a mere accident that Mr. Whistler came to decorate it. The story is this: Mr. Leyland having bought a picture by Mr. Whistler, representing a woman in a Japanese robe, hung it over the fireplace, where it still remains. The master, having inspected the arrangement, complained that the red flowers scattered over the gold ground of the Spanish leather hurt the harmony of his picture, and proposed to paint them out. Mr. Leyland had paid a thousand pounds sterling for

* The writer desires to acknowledge the ample and generous courtesy of Mr. Leyland in connection with all the details necessary to the preparation of this paper.



ENTRANCE HALL.

his Spanish leather, but he nevertheless allowed the master to have his way; whereupon Mr. Whistler went on painting and painting until the Spanish leather disappeared entirely, and a new and absolutely unique decorative scheme of blue and gold, in which the chief *motif* was peacocks and their feathers, appeared in its place. Walls, wood-work, and ceiling are entirely covered with these compositions in the Japanese taste. The framework is lacquered and clouded, or treated like aventurine, and the panels are filled in with imbrications of peacocks' feathers of exquisite invention. Over the buffet, at the end of the room opposite the fireplace, is an oblong panel sixteen feet long, where Mr. Whistler has depicted two peacocks in aggressive attitudes, designed in gold on a blue ground. One peacock, of extreme and unruffled elegance, is supposed by some subtle interlinear readers to represent the artist, and the other peacock, with disordered plumage and irate mien, standing on a pile of shekels, is identified with the artist's patron. The background is dotted with flying feathers

and masses of gold, and the whole composition has reference, we are told, to a difference that arose between Mr. Whistler and Mr. Leyland with respect to the price of the work. This cryptic panel was the painter's vengeance, but its hidden meaning is so discreetly concealed that it would remain forever lost in the spirited charm of the whole, had not anecdotic memories treasured up the souvenir of the artist's wrath and of its ingenious manifestation.

The tall panels formed by the closed shutters of the casement windows are exceedingly fine in design. The panels to the right and left represent peacocks with their tails spread fanwise, advancing in perspective toward the spectator, one behind the other, the peacocks in gold and the ground in blue. On the middle panel are perched two peacocks with pendent tails sweeping down to the ground, and presenting an arrangement of lines and masses of blue and gold of singular splendor. The remaining wall space is occupied by the smaller panelling already described, and the shelves and cages in which the blue china is displayed. The

fireplace is panelled with turquoise blue mosaic. The andirons are gilt-bronze sunflowers. The carpet is turquoise blue. Thus the whole room forms a completely harmonious arrangement in turquoise blue and virgin gold. The shelves and cages, designed by Jeckyll, are worthy of notice for the distinction and originality of their construction and the exquisiteness of their decorative carving.

It is a curious fact that besides estranging Mr. Whistler and Mr. Leyland, this "Peacock Room" had a more tragic consequence. Jeckyll, the decorative artist who had designed and completely executed the room when Mr. Whistler entered upon the scene, had already suffered several disappointments, owing to accident having deprived him of the credit of his work, and his hopes were then all centred upon his efforts in Mr. Leyland's house. Alas! when he saw the Spanish leather disappear and the peacock harmony in blue and gold become the talk of the town, he went home and began to paint the floor of his bedroom gold, and in a few weeks he died mad in a private lunatic asylum.

From the entrance hall, down a few steps, we notice *en passant* a fine head by Rembrandt, and then find ourselves in the merchant's sanctum, a long room panelled with American walnut and hung above the dado with old-gold Spanish leather, with a soft floral design interspersed between bold red-brown arabesques. In the centre is a marquetry table in the Louis XIII. style, dating from the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., incrustated with floral designs, and enriched with finely chiselled bronzes. On the end panel will be noticed four white jasmine blossoms, which are supposed by experts to be the signature of the maker, Jasmin. Whether this conjecture be exact or not, the fact remains that this floral signature is found on many of the finest pieces of marquetry work of this style and epoch. The furniture of the room is completed by inlaid cabinets of German and Italian origin, Chippendale chairs, modern easy-chairs, a grand piano, a Louis XVI. bureau, and an Italian *cassone*, or marriage coffer, which was made for some noble Florentine family. The pictures on the walls are of the choicest. Over the *cassone* hangs a fresco by Luca Signorelli (1441-1523), representing an episode in the history of Coriolanus. This fresco has been detached from the

wall on which it was painted, and transferred on a panel. It forms one of a series of four subjects, of which two remain at Siena, while the other is in the National Gallery at London. The original sketch of a part of this fresco, covered with pinholes, is in the British Museum in the collection of drawings. Over the cabinet, to the left of the *cassone*, is a Madonna by the Florentine Pesellino (1422-1457), with, on one side, a boy Bacchus by Giovanni Bellini (1428-1516), and on the other a portrait of a man by Giorgione (1477-1511), which is a masterpiece of character and of color. Over the piano hangs a splendid Madonna, with the infant Christ and Saint John, by Sandro Botticelli (1446-1510), with, on one side, a Saint George and the Dragon, and on the other a Saint Peter and Saint Paul, both by Crivelli (1430-1493). This Madonna ranks with Botticelli's tenderest and most perfect treatments of the subject.

We now go up stairs to the first floor, where the landing is adorned by three delicate figures of ideal women, by Albert Moore. The whole of this floor is occupied by three salons communicating with each other, and capable of being converted into one vast rectangular room, which would be square were it not for the block that is reserved for the staircase and landing. One salon fronts on Prince's Gate, the other on the garden, while the intermediate salon has a glass roof and a large alcove built out over the vestibule. The general scheme of decoration in these three rooms is the same. The ceilings are identical in design, also the wainscoting, the wall hangings, and all the details of the wood-work and fixed drapery. Let us enter first of all the intermediate room. The furniture is composed of divans, chairs, inlaid Indo-Portuguese cabinets, and a harpsichord by Ruckers, with a finely painted and lacquered case. On the walls, as usual, are some notable pictures—Sir John Millais' "Saint Agnes' Eve," Rossetti's "Salutation," Ford Madox Brown's "Burial of Christ," Burne-Jones's six panels representing Day, Night, and the four Seasons, and the same painter's exquisite picture called "Venus's Mirror."

The salon fronting toward Prince's Gate is the shrine of some of the most completely beautiful productions of modern English art. The furniture consists of modern upholstered stairs, a grand piano, incrustated Boule cabinets, an elegant chest



PEACOCK ROOM.

of drawers by Riesener, and a variety of tasteful pieces. On the walls are hung, on the right and left of the fireplace, "Lady Lilith" and "Veronica Veronese," by Rossetti; over the piano the same master's "Blessed Damosel," with, on one side, his "Proserpina," and on the other his "Mnemosyne"; and at the opposite end of the room Burne-Jones's "Merlin and Viviane" and "Phyllis and Demophoon." Our illustration shows a corner of this room, with the screen and curtains of cherry red Genoa velvet on cloth of gold. This screen, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, was suggested by the rood-loft of the cathedral of Bar-le-Duc, which was sold by Mr. Murray Marks to the South Kensington Museum, where it now stands. Mr. Shaw's screen is composed of a frame of panelled and carved walnut, with bars of burnished brass, and it is so arranged that it can be entirely removed when it is desired to open the two salons and the intermediate room and to form

one grand reception salon. The idea of this division is very felicitous; the screen adds greatly to the variety of aspect of the room, and the combination of carved wood, brass grating, and splendid draperies possesses a richness, lightness, and elegance which no door, however ornate and monumental, could ever rival. Below Burne-Jones's "Merlin and Viviane" will be noticed a very handsome Venetian commode of marquetry and bronze, with feet formed by a complete bull's leg, surmounted by the head, which makes the console on which rests the slab of verd-antique. The bronze ornaments on this piece of furniture are apparently the work of the Caffieri family, perhaps of Philip Caffieri, who subsequently went to France to work on the decoration of the royal châteaux under Le Brun.

The second salon is uniform in style and decoration with the first and intermediate drawing-rooms, inasmuch as when the dividing screens are removed, the three

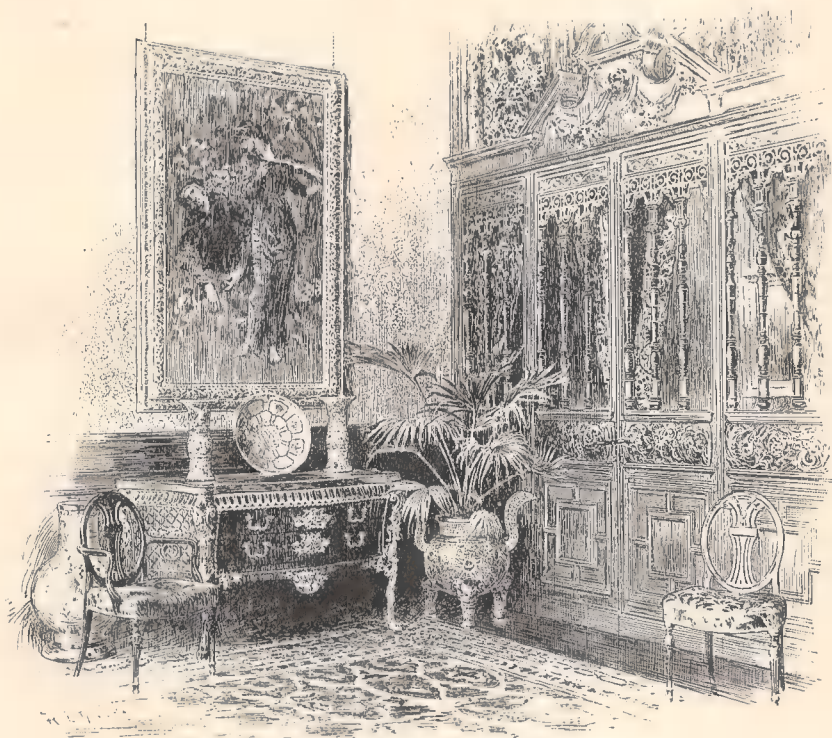
are intended to form one grand room seventy feet long, with a spacious wing at each end. The ceiling is therefore panelled in natural walnut, with caissons of gilt arabesque design. The walls above the dado of American walnut are hung with silk of old-gold tone; on the floor are laid immense Oriental carpets, leaving the waxed boards visible round the edges. The window curtains are cloth of gold, with a rich design in red velvet appliqué-work of Portuguese origin. The smaller undercurtains or blinds are of thin straw-color silk, and the wood-work of the windows is gilt. One side of this salon is taken up by the three casement windows, through which we see a characteristic landscape of aristocratic London, Prince's Gate garden, with its symmetrical lawns of intense green, the severe elliptical curves of yellow gravel-walks, the sturdysilhouettes of trees, whose blackened and intricately gnarled branches bear witness to a long and dismal struggle against uncongenial elements; and, described around this square of verdure and protecting railings, the great parallelogram of rectilinear houses with unimaginative façades and uniform porticos. Without is London, within is Italy, for both the furniture and the pictures which adorn the walls are Italian. On the panels between the windows are Venetian mirrors; the tables and cabinets are Milanese inlaid work of the seventeenth century; the chairs, with the exception of the modern upholstered seats which match the silk wall hangings, are of the same period. The bronzes scattered here and there are dainty specimens of fifteenth century *cire perdue* casting; the chimney-piece is a handsome remnant of an Italian Renaissance house, surmounted by a carved wood over-mantel, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw. The five niches of the over-mantel contain four black enamel Oriental vases of the Ming period, and, in the centre, a tall brown enamel vase of extreme rarity, the companion piece to which belongs to Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore. Between the windows two fine cylindrical Chinese vases of the *famille verte* from the San Donato collection, and a gigantic old cloisonné enamel perfume burner, add a sharp note of Oriental splendor to the discreet richness of the harmony of brown and gold in which the pictures are displayed. All are admirably framed and advantageously hung, so that it is unmixed pleasure to look at them.

These pictures are of the Italian schools of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. All of them are choice, and several of them are pearls of the first quality. Over the chimney-piece is a "Mars and Venus" by the Venetian Palma Vecchio (1480-1528), with, on the left, a round picture of a Madonna by Botticelli, and on the right a round picture by Lippo Lippi (1406-1469) representing the "Adoration of the Magi." On the long wall to the right of the fireplace is a rare and beautiful portrait of a lady by Bernardino Luini (1475-1533?), the tender pupil of Leonardo, who combined the perfect skill of his master with something of that sweetness of temper and human simplicity which characterize the artistic vision of the Primitives. Those who have seen Luini's work at Milan, especially the frescoes in the Brera Gallery, will have realized the directness of presentation and the charming purity of his feminine figures. Next to the Luini portrait hangs a "Madonna and St. Joseph adoring the *Bambino*," by Lorenzo Costa (1460-1535), and then a curious variation of Leonardo's picture of "St. John" in the Louvre, doubtless by some pupil. On this same wall are hung two exquisite pictures by Lippo Lippi, "A Madonna and Child," and another "Madonna and Child" surrounded by cherubs against a background of blossom. On the panel beyond the door is a picture by Memling (1430?-1495), representing the Virgin and two female saints, clad in splendid robes ornamented with pearls and precious stones. Two angels hold a crown above the head of the Virgin, who sits enthroned against a background of architecture, flowers, and trailing vines, with landscape vistas to the right and left, showing a castle on a hill on one side, and on the other a town and port with shipping. On the end wall of the room the pearl is a votive picture by Giorgione, representing, as was the custom in those days, the portraits of the donor and his wife in the act of adoring the Holy Family. By a curious and fortunate coincidence, Mr. Leyland possesses a separate portrait by Giorgione of the donor depicted in the present composition, and both the votive picture and the portrait, so full of character and so admirable in tone, are perfect examples of the great colorist.

To have hanging on the walls of one's drawing-room specimens of the work of Lippo Lippi, Memling, Giorgione, Luini, is no small privilege, the more so when

those specimens are not merely adequate but of rare excellence. As for Botticelli, the idol and inspirer of so many contemporary English painters, but whom the critics and the public alike neglected twenty years ago, Mr. Leyland was one of the first connoisseurs in England to seek his works and to give them places of honor in the intimacy of his æsthetic life. We have left for the last the four compositions

the middle of the present century, when they were bought by the English collector Mr. Barker, at whose sale, some twenty years ago, they passed into the hands of Mr. Leyland, in a state of perfect freshness and absolute authenticity. As we find amongst the accessories depicted in these compositions the united arms of the Pucci and Bini families, we are perhaps justified in the hypothesis that the pictures



SALON FRONTING PRINCE'S GATE, WITH SCREEN AND BURNE-JONES'S "MERLIN AND VIVIANE."

by Botticelli, which are the chief ornament of this drawing-room. The subject is the touching and miraculous story of Nastagio degli Onesti, related by Boccaccio in the eighth tale of the Fifth Day of the *Decameron*. In his biography of the artist, Vasari tells us that Botticelli painted four pictures with small figures from this tale. "*Similmente in casa Pucci fece di figure piccole la novella del Boccaccio di Nastagio degli Onesti in quattro quadri di pittura molto vaga e bella.*" The four pictures were placed in the Pucci Palace at Florence, we may suppose, about the year 1487, and remained there until

were painted on the occasion of a marriage, probably that of Pier Francesco di Giovanni Bini and Lucrezia Pucci, which was celebrated in the year 1487. We may even carry our conjectures still further and reconstitute a whole love romance, in which we may imagine that Lucrezia had at first disdained the suit of Pier Francesco Bini, and that Boccaccio's story of the punishment of heartless and disdainful maidens may have had some peculiar appropriateness to her case. Boccaccio's tale, the reader may be reminded, is that of a very rich gentleman of Ravenna, Nastagio degli Onesti, who fell madly in love with

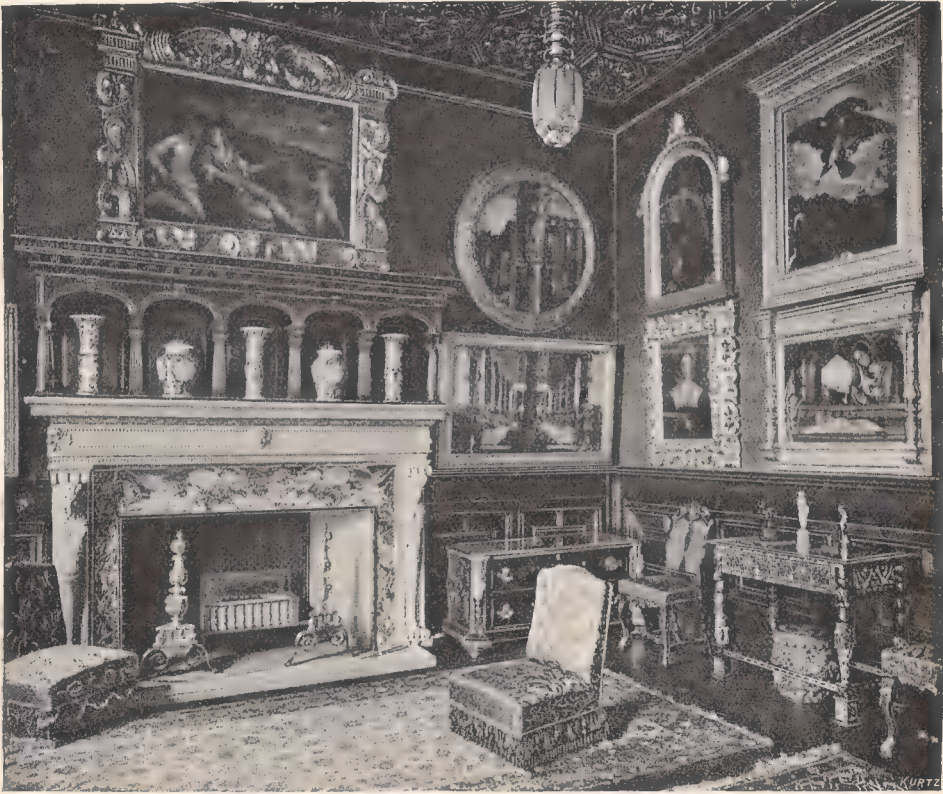
a lady of nobler family than himself, but who was so stupidly proud of her birth that the more assiduously he courted her the more cruelly she disdained him. In despair, Nastagio retired with some friends to a country estate near Ravenna, where he had tents pitched magnificently, and spent the time in feasting and joyous company, seeking to forget his grief. But one Friday, being alone and thinking still of the cruelty of his mistress, Nastagio wandered into the neighboring pine forest. Suddenly he was startled from his reverie by piercing cries, and saw, to his horror, a young and beautiful woman pursued by hounds and followed by a man on horseback. Nastagio attempted to intervene, but in vain. The hounds threw the woman, the horseman dismounted, killed her with his lance, cut out her heart, and flung it to be devoured by the dogs. Meanwhile he explained to Nastagio that he was violently in love with this woman, who treated him so cruelly that he killed himself, and was condemned to hell-fire. The woman did not long survive the pleasure which his death gave her. She died soon after, and, not having repented, she too was damned. The punishment imposed upon the unhappy pair was that she should flee before her disdained lover, and that he should pursue her as if she were his greatest enemy for as many years as she made him suffer months. Each time he caught her he pierced her with his lance, tore out her heart, and threw it to his dogs, who devoured it, whereupon the woman immediately resuscitated, and the terrible chase began anew. Incessantly the pursuit goes on, and in every spot where the cruel mistress had done anything to thwart the knight's love, his hounds throw her, and the knight tears out the heart that was always so hard toward himself. Every Friday, the knight informs Nastagio, the chase ends at this point of the forest, only to begin again immediately.

Nastagio at this spectacle was divided between horror and compassion, but reflecting upon what the knight had told him, he conceived a plan whereby the adventure might prove useful to himself. He sent messengers to his parents at Ravenna, telling them that he was ready to follow their advice and give up all thoughts of changing the cruel heart of his disdainful mistress if they would grant him a last favor, namely, to induce

the lady, her parents, and their friends to go to dine with him in his woodland solitude the following Friday. This request was granted readily; Nastagio had his tents pitched and the table spread in the pine forest at the place where he had witnessed the terrible scene; and the following Friday the guests were horrified by the repetition of the spectacle in the midst of the banquet. The young lady in particular was so struck by the application of the adventure to her own case that she made amends to her disdained lover, whose offer of marriage she accepted, and the pair lived happily together ever afterward.

The first of Botticelli's compositions represents Nastagio in the forest of pine-trees, attempting to save the woman from the hounds. The second shows the same forest, with the knight, clad in gold niello armor, tearing out the heart of the woman. In the foreground, the knight, dismounted, flays open the woman's back, while his horse stands watching the scene; to the right, the dogs devour the heart; to the left, Nastagio turns away in horror; and in the background we see the sea-shore and the chase resumed. The third composition represents the dinner party in the pine forest interrupted by the fearful spectacle of the pursuit of the woman by the knight and his hounds. The above compositions seem to have been painted by pupils from Botticelli's designs, for we do not find in the drawing, in the gestures, or in the painting the skill, the grace, and the delicacy of the master himself. The conception of the pictures is wholly due to Botticelli, but, as was the custom in those days, the execution was evidently intrusted by him to other hands working under his supervision. As regards the fourth composition, however, representing the wedding feast of Nastagio, there can be no doubt; it is entirely by the master's own hand, and one of the daintiest of his works.

The whole picture is a completely beautiful vision of life. In a green meadow, constellated with flowers and bathed in soft and warm gray light, such as Botticelli excels in shedding over his fresh and fragrant landscapes, the feast is taking place under the shelter of a splendid arcade supported by twelve Corinthian pillars of blue marble with gilt capitals, five along each side and one at each end. In the background is a triumphal arch adorn-



SECOND SALON.

ed with statues and bass-reliefs; and beyond the arch, in the distance, water, hills, and the monuments of a town. The three pillars in the foreground are decorated with rings, torch-holders, and branches of laurel, and above the capitals are placed the enwreathed escutcheons of the Bini and Pucci families. Two tables are laid, one on each side, parallel with the columns. In the centre of the composition, and in the immediate foreground, is a dresser laden with rich plate and vessels of gold and silver, such as Benvenuto Cellini wrought; and behind the tables are hung, head high, screens of beautiful brocade, fringed with garlands of verdure, which form a sumptuous background to set off the figures. At the table to the right are seated eleven men, on one side of the table only, and at the table on the left, eight maidens, likewise along one side only, while Nastagio alone sits opposite the bride, in an arm-chair of gilt foliated scroll-work. The ladies are clad in robes

of rose, blue, yellow, green, lilac, purple, rose and green, and other delicate combinations, and their sweet and serious faces are turned toward each other in the act of conversation. The men, too, seem absorbed in talking, but at neither table does laughter distort the features of the guests nor unseemly frivolity mar the reposeful dignity of their attitudes or gestures. But conversation is not the sole joy of the feast; the fringed white cloth is strewn with fruits and sweetmeats, which Nastagio offers to the bride in a shallow, blue, gold-rimmed bowl of fine faience, and which the guests eat with knives and forks; to the left and right, too, the servitors, slender and elegant youths, dressed in bright-colored costumes, advance with rhythmic tread and gracefully undulating movements of the body, each one holding aloft a dish wound round with a long scarf-like napkin that streams over his shoulder and floats in the breeze. How charming and precious

in every detail is this representation of a Florentine feast! How minutely refined must this Florentine civilization have been, we may imagine from the notes that are to be found in contemporary memoirs and documents, and more particularly from certain chapters of Francesco Colonna's *Hypnerotomachia*, where the curious may read a description of a feast given by Queen Eleutherilda—a literary companion piece to Botticelli's picture.

We need not penetrate into the privacy of the bedchambers of the Leyland house, which are furnished in the English style of the eighteenth century, and, it is needless to add, with the same good taste that characterizes the whole dwelling. Mr. Leyland's own chamber and dressing-room are full of original drawings by Rossetti, whose faithful friend and admirer he was. Indeed, it is the work of Rossetti and Burne-Jones which gives to Mr. Leyland's house its peculiar interest. The Italian pictures are of the choicest, and the like can only be found in the great museums of Europe; but nowhere else, whether in museums or private houses, can you see a collection of the work of Rossetti and Burne-Jones such as Mr. Leyland possesses. On the walls of his rooms hang the masterpieces of both these artists, whose fame is so great and whose works are so little known.

The explanation of this phenomenon is simple. With the exception of his first oil-painting, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," executed in 1849, and three water-colors shown at Liverpool in 1852, Rossetti never exhibited his pictures, nor made any attempt to impose himself upon the public, but lived within a chosen circle of friends and admirers, exercising a sort of occult royalty over a considerable part of the intellectual *élite* of his country. Once only did he again enter the lists, in 1870, when he published his *Poems*, which were a signal for the renewal of the whole so-called pre-Raphaelite question, and for the furious polemics of Swinburne, William Morris, and Buchanan about the "Fleshly School of Poetry." In 1881 Rossetti published another volume of *Poems and Ballads*, which were accepted without protestation; and in 1882 he died, at the age of fifty-four. Burne-Jones, in the same way, shrank from exhibiting in promiscuous company, and the public never saw his work until the Grosvenor Gallery was founded and became the

scene of the final triumph of his master Rossetti and of himself.

In speaking of Rossetti and Burne-Jones we are obliged to refer to the word pre-Raphaelite, which has obtained a hold on the public mind in connection with these men. In reality it would be desirable to blot this word out of our memories, and to consider each man as an individuality, without endeavoring to attach him to an artificial group or school of any kind. Pre-Raphaelitism was a literary rather than an artistic movement. It was an echo of the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of the Tractarian movement, and of the Gothic revival. It was a manifestation of certain moral and philosophical preoccupations that have little in common with the permanent acceptance of art. We might even go further and say that Rossetti and Burne-Jones are great artists not because they were pre-Raphaelites, but in spite of pre-Raphaelitism.

In future years, when we walk through the rooms devoted to the English painters in the National Gallery, we shall sum up the history of the art of the century in a few broad sentences. We shall find that the mass of the English painters have relied simply upon nature, and persistently contented themselves with portraiture, the sentimental drama of daily life, and the patient transcription of the phenomena of sea, sky, and landscape. At the beginning of the century we shall notice that some painters named Barry, Fuseli, West, and Haydon were haunted by poetic ambition, and imagined that it was possible to begin where Raphael and Michaelangelo had left off, and so continue to interest mankind by the rearrangement of lifeless formulæ and worn-out conventions. The productions of these men remain, however, mere historical curiosities. Then we shall observe a change in the current ideals of art and the appropriation of new stores of poetry and romance, of national legend and universal myth. But amidst the leading exponents of the new ideals we shall not distinguish common qualities other than evidences of wide literary culture, a tendency to dreaminess, symbolism, and definiteness of sensible imagery, and a *parti pris* of imitative admiration of the works of the intense and complicated artists of the fifteenth century, like Botticelli, Mantegna, and Memling.

Amongst the artists of this category two



THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.



will be found to stand out with all the force of their poetical and ultra-refined personalities, Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones, the former the more original of the two, and the latter the more assimilative, being content in much of his work with variations upon or studies from the masters of the fifteenth century above mentioned.

Rossetti is not a preacher, a symbolist, a moralist, an ascetic, and fervent expounder of abstractions, like Holman Hunt, but he is, nevertheless, equally spiritualist, mystic, and full of personal and recondite meaning. He is the strangest mixture which chance has yet produced of the Latin and the Northern spirit. Of Italian origin, born in England, but having very little English blood in his veins, Rossetti, like the Italian painters of the Renaissance, devoted himself to painting man in preference to nature, but at the same time what attracted him was not the physical man, the human animal, but the inner man.

Therefore he disdains the fine forms of the body, and seeks only expression and that kind of facial beauty which renders expression most manifest. He is mystic in the sense that he seems to have lived in an uninterrupted state of ecstasy, comparable somewhat to that mental attitude of Dante which suppresses the difference between the real and the imaginary, and permits the poet to dwell in "the sphere of the infinite images of the soul." Hence all Rossetti's pictures seem to be dreams full of silence and solemnity. Like his sonnets and ballads, his paintings are visions—visions that are often so personal to himself, so esoteric, that the painting is not completely intelligible without the intervention of the poet's exegesis. Take, for instance, "The Blessed Damozel," with its predella and exquisite frame designed by Rossetti himself. This is, in the first place, a beautiful and impressive object to look upon, suggestive, so far as color is concerned, of the splendor of Giorgione and the Venetian masters, although wholly lacking their technical *maestria*. As to the subject of the picture, whether we have read the poem or not, we seize the idea of a beautiful young woman who has died in the pride of youth, and who awaits in paradise the coming of her lover, who still dwells upon earth, and whom we see in the predella reclining under a tree and yearning for the lost one as she yearns for

him. Nevertheless, we appreciate the picture more fully when we have read the artist's lyric:

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

* * * * *

"And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm,
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm."

In "Veronica Veronese" the mystic intentions are not immediately obvious, nor does any explanation seem necessary. Here is a beautiful blond maiden clad in olive-green velvet, with a white neckerchief and a reddish-purple girdle. She is seated on a dull red chair, and leaning over a table on which are some primroses and a daffodil. As she listens to a canary-bird singing, her fingers stray over the chords of a violin, and before her the paper lies ready to receive the record of the notes. The absolute originality of the composition, which separates the causes in opposite corners of the picture, and unites the effects in the intensely expressive face, at once strikes one. Such an arrangement as this has not been conceived before. No artist has painted hands in such a position. This is something strange, intimate, and at the same time dreamily beautiful, comparable with nothing that ancient or modern art has produced—something so refined, so harmonious in effect, and so complete and direct in expression that the charm is as instantaneous as it is lasting. But even in this case the artist has thought fit to accompany the picture by a few lines of explanation printed on the frame—a quotation from the fictitious letters of Girolama Ridolfi, describing how Veronica wrote the first notes of a composition on a clean sheet of paper; then she grasped her bow in order to realize her dream; but before taking down the instrument she remained an instant motionless, listening to the inspiring bird, while her left hand wandered over the strings seeking the *motif*. It was the marriage of the voices of nature and of the soul, "the dawn of a mystic creation."

We will describe one other picture by Rossetti, which shows him at his best as a

conceiver of beautiful visions, a master of arrangement and composition, a deviser of harmonious and charming completeness. This is a comparatively small work, called the "Loving-Cup," and bearing on the frame the salutation,

"Douce nuit et joyeux jour,
O chevalier de bel amour."

The subject represents a fair young lady advancing toward the spectator, holding in her right hand a golden loving-cup, and in her left the cover. She wears a red robe with long white sleeves. Fixed behind the head, with its brown wavy hair, is a green veil that falls around her neck over the right shoulder. On her neck and bosom are necklaces of coral and pearls. This beautiful blue-eyed maiden is painted against a white background diapered with blue and crossed by a shelf, on which is a row of brass plates, with, on the wall below, some trailing green ivy. This picture is so lovely that even in a simple black and white reproduction it can speak for itself, and dispense with the praise of halting prose.

Other pictures by Rossetti are subjects suggested by Dante, by poems of Keats, Coleridge, Tennyson, Robert Browning, the Arthurian cycle, the Bible, Boccaccio, Shakespeare, or Goethe; and various allegorical works bearing sonorous Latin or Italian titles, such as "La Donna della Finestra," "La bella Mano," "Venus Astarte," "Le Ghirlandata," "Ligeia Siren," "Sibylla Palmifera," "La Bionda del Balcone," "Aspecta Medusa," "Hesterna Rosa," etc., all of them essentially literary in their inspiration, many of them virtually illustrations of some particular text, and unintelligible without the help of the precise words referred to, but at the same time remaining sufficiently instinct with purely pictorial genius to enable the spectator to enjoy and appreciate them without comprehending a tithe of the hermetic significations which instigated the artist in his composition.

Edward Burne-Jones is more erudite though less intense than his master, Rossetti. He attaches higher importance to the material representation of a thought than to the thought itself; he is more pagan than Rossetti; he recurs to the myths of antiquity and the vague symbolism of the Middle Ages rather than to the Christian legend; he is greatly

preoccupied with beauty of form; and, unlike Rossetti, whose technical defects are too evident to need particularizing, Burne-Jones is at once a draughtsman and a colorist. On the other hand, his inspiration remains essentially literary and transcendental rather than picturesque; he never paints merely for the pleasure of painting. Burne-Jones has a palette of his own, composed of soft and tender tones that melt into gray harmonies of infinite delicacy, and contrast markedly with the hot colors *à la* Giorgione in which Rossetti delighted.

Our illustration represents one of Burne-Jones's most exquisite compositions, called "Venus's Mirror," a large picture two yards long, where we see Venus and nine nymphs, blondes or brunettes, grouped around a pool, some standing, some kneeling, and looking at their reflected faces. The scene is laid in an imaginary landscape of hills and mossy lawns, beneath a pale blue, luminous sky, the whole painted with the clearly defined and equal minuteness of Memling. Every cranny in the distant hills is drawn. Every petal of the forget-me-nots that grow around the pool, every vein of the lily leaves that float upon its surface, every sprig of the myrtle bush that Venus fingers as she stands erect in the azure splendor of her divine elegance, is depicted with the most scrupulous exactitude and the most inflexible respect for the minutiae of nature. Each figure is studied in the same patient way. The drapery, of azure, violet, red, purple, lilac, is painted with equal application. Nothing could be more unlike the pictures of the modern realists than this dreamy and highly imaginative rendering of poetic conceptions which seem to float in an atmosphere of beauty that fills the spectator with a sort of religious awe, and carries him away from coarse materialism into a region of tenderly ecstatic reverie.

In the picture of King Cophetua offering his crown to the beggar-maid, in the "Circe," so expressive in the feline attitude of the sorceress, in the "Seven Days of the Creation," "Laus Veneris," "Love in the Ruins," "Day and Night," and "Cupid reviving Psyche," in the Leyland collection, we are struck by the intensity of the artist's imaginative effort, by his marvellous gift of personification, and at the same time by his love of archaism, abstraction, and symbolism. Burne-



ROSSETTI'S "VERONICA VERONESE."

Jones has certainly a personality of his own, but he is as certainly a posthumous disciple of the erudite masters of the fifteenth century.

Were we to attempt to establish any comparison between Burne-Jones and Rossetti, we should note the fact that of all the imaginative painters that England has produced, the former is the only one

whose talents of composition, drawing, and color are sufficient for the adequate rendering of his poetical conceptions, whereas Rossetti's inspiration and intentions are always superior to his treatment. Yet we must not look for fine execution in the work of either of these masters, for they have no conception of painting as Velasquez, Rembrandt, or

Titian understood the art. Fine impasto, *la belle pâte*, the charm of mere material painting, is unknown to them. They have a different conception of art, which in their eyes is something far nobler than a more or less careful representation of nature. Their art is indeed rather literature than painting. Their inspiration, as we have seen, is almost exclusively literary. Rossetti in all his pictures remains a pure poet, a dreamer of visions of profound signification, which he expounds and annotates in poems and sonnets. The qualities of a painter that he has are an impressive and resplendent originality of composition, a delight in rich accessories, and a love of brilliant color in the Venetian taste. His drawing is continually at fault; his technical acquirements are obviously inadequate in all respects, except only in the representation of flowers, the profusion and beauty of which form always so charming a feature in his pictures. But in spite of these faults his pictures have an artistic as well as an incontestable poetical value; they fascinate and move us by the supreme intensity of the expression that he has given to his figures without having recourse to exaggerated gestures or violent movement. Burne-Jones, though more completely equipped than Rossetti as a mere painter, is less vigorous as a poet, and dwells by preference in an atmosphere of slightly monotonous, very delicate, and undoubtedly fascinating tenderness. Of the two, Rossetti is the original genius, and Burne-Jones the accomplished and erudite assimilator of the intellectual attitudes of old masters like Botticelli, Pollajuolo, and Mantegna, of whom he has made himself, so to speak, a spiritual contemporary by dint of a persistent moral and intellectual effort, aided by unerring scholarship and abundant fancy. On the other hand, Rossetti and Burne-Jones are equally admirable in their noble and disinterested conception of the dignity of their art, in their persistent contempt of all that is vulgar and mercantile, and in their faithfulness to an elevating and aristocratic ideal, whose only disadvantage is that it is incomprehensible except to the few.

The moment art rises above the commonplace imitation of reality, the estrangement between the artists and the multitude begins.

The art of Rossetti and Burne-Jones is

not to be judged by the purely material and exterior criticism which would be adequate in the case of a Bastien Lepage or a Dagnan-Bouveret. Any student fresh from the École des Beaux-Arts can scoff at the preternaturally swan-like necks, the enormous hands, and the countless physical deformations of Rossetti's ideal women; he may even lament that Burne-Jones does not base either his drawing or his color on a more strict observation of natural truth. But such criticism is vain. We are here in presence of two personal artists whose works either give us pleasure or do not give us pleasure; the record of our impressions will therefore be either an affirmation of joy or of disgust, and that joy or disgust we shall be able to analyze and account for with reference to our own temperaments or to chosen typical temperaments. This is really all we can say with safety. In presence of the variety of the productions of art and of the certain pleasures that we receive from the most diverse manifestations of artistic genius, we feel less and less inclined to pursue the chimera of criticism based upon principles. Such principles as have hitherto been laid down by authoritative speculators are constantly proving to be inadequate. At one time it is some wholly recalcitrant element, like Japanese art, which at once claims attention and defies judgment upon accepted theories. At another time it is the increasing delicacy of the development of our organs of sight, which requires the entire reformation of all the tenets hitherto applied to the appreciation of landscape painting.

Finally we discover that all our serried battalions of principles are an embarrassment, and our tendency becomes more and more to trust less to dogma than to impressions, for we can be sure of our impressions, but we can never be sure of so-called æsthetic principles. "I know nothing about art, but I know what I like." This remark, so commonly heard, is worthy of respect. It is the obscure cry of the natural man who yearns and craves for sincerity.

To criticise according to given principles is easy. Such is the method of the pedant, of the college essay, and of the docile and malleable citizen who is sincere in a sort of non-personal way, and takes his stand upon a creed, upon authority, and upon that tradition which



ROSSETTI'S "LOVING-CUP."



BURNÉ-JONES'S "CIRCE."

requires a bench to be placed for the accommodation of tourists in front of Paul Potter's bull. But, surely, to assimilate and live by cut and dried principles and conventions is a poor occupation for an intelligent man or woman in this our complex and aspiring age. Criticism, like art and literature itself, must follow the movements of the ever-changing spirit of the times, of that *Zeitgeist* which is continually modifying our manners, our thoughts, and our pleasures. What is really valuable and interesting is the record of a sincere impression, and the analysis and explanation of that impression which will render it intelligible to a sympathetic mind. The fact that the people of the past century pronounced Raphael to be divine, and obtained a sum of pleasure from the contemplation of his work, has a retrospective interest. The sincere impressions of a typical and characteristic modern man in presence of Raphael have an immediate interest. The art of Raphael remains the same, but the eyes and the minds of the men of the nineteenth century are widely different from the eyes and minds of the men of the sixteenth century, or even of the men of twenty years ago. That is the rea-

son why effective, didactic, and dictatorial art criticism is a vain illusion. The aim of the critic should be disinterested; he should not say, "This is good," or, "That is bad," or, "This should be admired and that detested," but rather, "These are the impressions which such and such a work produce in my mind, and these are the concomitant circumstances and more or less complete explanations of the æsthetic phenomena which I experience." To such a record of sincere impressions the reader would attach importance according to the sympathetic emotions which they might provoke in him, and according to the esteem in which he might hold the intellectual personality of the writer who emitted them. As Mr. Walter Pater has admirably said in a recent volume, in all questions of the discrimination of schools, whether of art or of literature, and in all controversies between tradition and innovation, whether we are concerned with production or with criticism, "the legitimate contention is not of one age or school of art against another, but of all successive schools alike against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form."



BURNE-JONES'S "VENUS'S MIRROR."

JIM'S LITTLE WOMAN.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

THERE was laughter in the lanes of St. Augustine when Jim returned from a Northern voyage with a Northern wife. He had sailed on the schooner *Dawn of Day*, one hundred and ninety-two tons burden, with a full cargo of yellow pine and conch-shells. Not that the conch-shells were mentioned in the bill of lading, any more than five handsome tortoise-shells that were securely lashed to the beams in the captain's cabin. These were a private venture of the captain's and Jim's. The *Dawn of Day* did a great deal of trading with the islands, and it was only when the season of Northern tourists was over that her owners found it more profitable to charter her in the lumber business. It was too hot for bringing any more bananas from Jamaica, the last were half spoiled in the hold, and those Northerners who came excitedly after corals and sprouted cocoa-nuts and Jamaica baskets, who would gladly pay thirty cents apiece for the best of the conch-shells, brought primarily by way of ballast—those enthusiastic money-squandering Northerners had all flown homeward at the first hints of unmistakable summer heat, and market was over for that spring. St. Augustine is a city of bright sunshine and of cool sea winds, a different place from the steaming-hot, listless-aired Southern ports which Jim knew well—Kingston and Nassau and the rest. He had sailed between the islands and St. Augustine and Savannah, and made trading voyages round into the Gulf, ever since he ran away to sea on an ancient brigantine bound for Havana, in his early youth. Jim's grandfather was a Northern man by birth, a New-Englander, who had married a Minorcan woman, and settled down in St. Augustine to spend the rest of his days. Their old coquina house near the sea-wall faced one of the narrow lanes that ran up from the water, but it had a wide window in the seaward end, and here Jim remembered that the intemperate old sailor sat and watched the harbor, and criticised the rigging of vessels, and defended his pet orange-tree from the ravages of boys. His wife died long before he did, and the daughter, Jim's mother, was married, and her husband ran away and never was heard from, and Jim himself

was ten years old when he walked at the head of the funeral procession, dimly conscious that the old man had gone up North, and that he was to live again there among the scenes of his youth. There were a few old shipmates walking two by two, who had known the captain in his active life, but they held no definite views about his permanent location in high latitudes. Still, there was a long procession and a handsome funeral; and after a few years Jim's mother died too, a friendly, sad-faced little creature whom everybody lamented. Jim came into port one day after a long absence, expecting to be kissed and cried over and coaxed to church and mended up, to find the old coquina house locked and empty. He shipped again gloomily; there was nothing for him to do ashore; and that year the boys took all the oranges, and people said that the old captain's ghost lived in the house. The bishop stopped Jim one day on the plaza, and told him that he must come to church sometimes for his mother's sake: she was a good little woman, and had said many a prayer for her boy. Did Jim ever say a prayer for himself? It was a hard life, going to sea, and he must not let it be too hard for his soul. "Marry you a good wife soon," said the kind bishop. "Be a good man in your own town; you will be tired of roving and will want a home. God have pity on you, my boy!"

Jim took off his hat reverently, and his frank, bold eyes met the bishop's sad, kind eyes, and fell. He had never really thought what a shocking sort of fellow he was until that moment. He had grown used to his mother's crying, but it was two or three years now since she died. The fellows on board ship were afraid of him when he was surly, and owned him for king when he was pleased to turn life into a joke. He was Northern and Southern by turns, this Southern-born young sailor. He could talk in Yankee fashion like his grandfather until the crew shook the ship's timbers with their laughter. But in all his roving sea-life he had never been to the coast of Maine until this story begins.

The *Dawn of Day* was a slow sailer, and what wind she had was only a light south-westerly breeze. Every other day was a

dead calm, and so they drifted up the Northern coast as if the Gulf Stream alone impelled them, making for the island of Mount Desert with their yellow pine for house-finishings; and somewhere near Boothbay Harbor their provisions got low, and the drinking-water was too bad altogether, and there was nothing else left to drink, so the captain put in for supplies. They could not get up to the inner harbor next the town, but came to anchor near a little village when the wind fell at sundown. There were some houses in sight, dotted along the shore, and a long low building at the water's edge, close to the little bay. Jim and the captain and another man pulled ashore to see what could be done about the water-casks, and the old water-tank, which was leaky and good for nothing when they first put to sea, but the captain, who was a lazy soul, would not believe it.

Jim went ashore, and presently put his head into a window of the long low building; there were a dozen young people there, and two or three men with heaps of lobster shells and long rows of shining cans. It was a lobster-canning establishment, and work was going on after-hours. Somebody screamed when Jim's shaggy head and broad shoulders shut out the little daylight that was left, and a bevy of girls laughed provokingly; but one of them—Jim thought she was a child until she came quite close to him—asked what he wanted, and listened with intelligent patience until he had quite explained his errand. It proved easy to get somebody to solder up the water-tank, and in spite of the other girls this little red-haired, white-faced creature caught her hat from a nail by the door, and went off with Jim to find the solderer, who lived a quarter of a mile down the shore.

Jim thought of the old bishop many times as he walked decently along by the little woman's side. He thought of his mother too, and how she used to cry over him; he never pitied her for it before. He remembered his cross old father and those stories about the North, and by a strange turn of memory he mentally cursed the boys who came to steal the old man's oranges—there in the garden of his own empty little coquina house. What a thing to have a good little warm-hearted wife of his own! Jim felt as if he had been set on fire—as if something hindered him from ever feeling like himself again

—as if he must forever belong to this little bit of a woman, who almost ran, trying to keep up with his great rolling sea strides along the road. She had a clear, pleasant little voice, and kept looking up at him, asking now and then something about the voyage as if she were used to voyages, and seemed pleased with his gruff, shy answers. He heaved a great sigh when they came to the solderer's door.

The solderer came out and walked back with them, saying that his tools were all at the factory. He told Jim that there was the best cold spring on the coast convenient to the schooner, just beyond the factory, and a good grocery store near by. There was no reason for going up to Boothbay Harbor and losing all that time in the morning, and Jim's heart grew light at the news. He sent the solderer off to the schooner, and staid ashore himself. The captain had already heard about the grocery, and had gone there. The grumbling member of the crew, who was left in the boat, looked back with heart-felt astonishment to see Jim sit down on a piece of ship timber beside that strange little woman, and begin to talk with her as if they were old friends. It was a clear June evening, the sky was pale yellow in the west, and on the high land above the shore a small jangling bell rang in its white steeple. A salt breath of sea wind ruffled the smooth water. The lights went out in the canning factory and twinkled with bright reflections from the schooner. The solderer finished his work on board, and was put ashore close to his own house; as for the captain, he remained with some new-made friends at the grocery.

They wondered on the deck of the *Dawn of Day* what had come over Jim; they laughed and joked, and thought that he might have found one of his relations about whom he had told the Yankee stories. As long as there was any light to see, there he sat, an erect, great fellow, with the timid-looking little woman like a child by his side. The captain came off late, and in a state unbefitting the laws of Maine, and Jim came with him, sober, pleasant, but holding his head in that high, proud way which forbade any craven soul from putting an unwelcome question.

The next morning, when the wind rose, the *Dawn of Day* put out to sea again.

Somebody besides Jim may have noticed that a white handkerchief fluttered at one of the canning factory windows, but nobody knew that it meant so much to Jim as this: the little woman was going to marry him, and promised by that signal to come to Mount Desert to meet him. They had no more time for courtship; it was now or never with the quick-tempered fellow. Little Martha did not dare to promise until she had thought it over that night; but she was a lonely orphan, and had no ties to keep her there. Jim had told her about his home and his orange-tree in the South, and when morning came she had thought it over and said yes, and then even cried a little to see the old schooner go out to sea. She said yes because she loved him; besides, she had never thought that anybody would fall in love with her, she was so small and queer, and not like the rest of the girls. Jim had certainly waved his handkerchief in reply; and as Marty remembered that, she felt in her pocket for a queer smooth shell to make herself sure that she was not dreaming. Jim had carried this shell in his pocket for good luck, as his strange old seafaring grandfather had done before him, and by it he plighted his faith and troth. Before they sighted Monhegan, running far out to catch the wind, he told the skipper that he was going to be married, and expected to carry his wife down to St. Augustine in the *Dawn of Day*. The skipper swore roundly, but Jim was the ablest man aboard, and had been shipped that voyage as first mate. They were short-handed, and he was in Jim's power in many ways. There was a wedding before the week was out at a minister's house, and Jim gave the minister's wife a pretty basket of shells besides what Marty considered to be a generous wedding fee. He had bought a suit of ready-made clothes before he went to the cousin's house where the little woman had promised to wait for him. Marty did not explain to this cousin that she had only seen her lover once in the twilight. She wondered if people would think Jim rough and strange, that was all; but Jim for once was in possession of small savings, and when he came, so tall and dark, shaven and shorn and dressed like other people, she fell to crying with joy and excitement, and had much difficulty in explaining to her lover that it was nothing but happiness and love that had brought

such tears. And after the yellow pine was on the wharf, and the conch-shells sold at unexpected rates to a dealer in curiosities at Bar Harbor, who got news of them, and after much dickering gave but a meagre price for the tortoises also, the *Dawn of Day* set forth again southward with dried fish and flour from Portland, where, with his share of the conch-shell gains, Jim had given his wife such a pleasuring as he thought a lord who had an earldom at his back might give his fair lady.

When the crew first caught sight of Jim's small, red-headed, and pale-faced wife, the discrepancy in the size of the happy couple was more than could be silently borne. Jim always spoke of her as his little woman, and Jim's little woman she was to the world in general. She was as proud-spirited as he. She seldom scolded, but she could grow pale in the face and keep silence if things went wrong. The schooner was a different place on that return voyage. They had the captain's cabin, and she made it look pretty with her girlish arts. She mended everybody's clothes, and took care of the schooner's boy when he was sick with a fever turn—a hard-faced little chap who had run about from ship to ship, just as Jim had; and though the wind failed them most of the time going South, they were all sorry when they reached St. Augustine bar. The last Sunday night of all, Jim's little woman got out her Moody and Sankey song-book for the last time, and sang every tune she knew in her sweet, old-fashioned voice. She was rough in her way sometimes, but the crew of the *Dawn of Day* kept to the level of its best manners in her hearing all the time she was on board. As they lay out beyond the bar, waiting for enough water to get in, she strained her eyes to see her future home. There was the queer striped light-house, with its corkscrew pattern of black and white, and far beyond were the tall, slender towers of a town that looked beautiful against the sunset, and a long low shore, white with sand and green here and there with a new greenness which she believed to be orange-trees. She may have had a pang of homesickness for the high ledgy pasture shores at home, but nobody ever guessed it. If ever anybody in this world married for love, it was Jim's little woman.

It was not long before the dismal little, boarded-up, spidery coquina house was

as clean as a whistle, with new glass windows and fresh whitewash inside and yellow wash outside; with curtains and rugs and calico cushions, and a shining cooking stove, on which such meals were concocted as Jim never dreamed of having for his own. The little woman had a small inheritance of house-keeping goods, which had been packed into the schooner's hold; luckily these had been in charge of the Northeast Harbor cousin; as Jim said, they had to get married, for everything came right and there was nothing else to do. He seemed as happy as the day was long, and for once was glad to be ashore. They went together to do their marketing, and he showed her the gray old fort one afternoon and the great hotels with the towers. In narrow St. George Street, under the high flower-lined balconies, everybody seemed to know Jim, and they had to spend much time in doing a trifling errand. Go into St. George Street when she would, the narrow thoroughfare was filled with people, and dark-eyed men and women leaned from the balconies and talked to passers-by in a strange lingo, which Jim seemed to know. People laughed a good deal as they passed, and the little woman feared that they might think she was queer-looking. She hated to be so little when Jim himself was so big; but somehow the laughter all stopped after one day, when a man with an evil face said something in a mocking voice, and Jim, blazing with wrath, caught him by the waist and threw him over the fence into a garden.

"They laugh to think o' me getting so small a wife," said Jim, frankly, one day in one of his best moods. "One o' the boys thought I'd raised me a fambly while we was gone, and said I'd done well for a little gal, but where was the old lady. I promised I'd bring him round to supper some night, too; he's a good fellow," added Jim. "We'll have some o' your clam fritters, and near about stuff him to death."

The summer days flew by, and to everybody's surprise Jim lived the life of a sober man. He went to work on one of the new harbor jetties at his wife's recommendation, and did good service. He gave Marty his pay, and was amused and astonished to see how far she made it go. With plenty of good food he seemed to have lost his craving for drink in great measure; and they had two boarders,

steady men and Jim's mates, for there was plenty of room; and the little woman was endlessly busy and happy. Jim had his dark Spanish days with a black scowl, and Marty had her own hot tempers, that came, as she said, of the color of her hair. Like other people, they had their great and small troubles and trials, but these always ended in Marty's stealing into her husband's lap as he sat by the window in his father's old chair. The months went by, and winter came, and spring and their baby came, and then they were happier than ever. Jim, for his mother's sake, carried him to the old bishop to be christened, and all the neighbors flocked in afterward and were feasted. But there was no mistake about it, Jim drank more than was good for him that day in his pride and joy, and had an out and out spree while the baby's mother was helpless in bed; it was the first great worry and sorrow of their married life. The neighbors came and sat with Marty and told her all about him; and she got well as fast as she could and went out, pale and weak, after him, and found Jim in a horrid den and brought him home. But he was sorry, and said it was all the other fellows' fault, and a fellow must have his fling. The little woman sighed, and cried too when there was nobody to see her. She had never believed, though she had had warnings enough, that there was any need of being anxious about Jim. Men were different from women. Yet anybody so strong and masterful ought surely to master himself. But things grew worse and worse; and at last, when the old schooner, with a rougher-looking crew than usual, came into the harbor, the baby's father drank with them all one night, and shipped with them next morning, and sailed away, in spite of tears and coaxing, on a four months' voyage. Marty had only three cents in her thrifty little purse at the time. It was a purse that her mate at the canning factory gave her the Christmas before she was married. All the simple, fearless old life came up before her as she looked at it. The giver had cried when they parted, and had written once or twice, but the last letter had been long unanswered. Marty had lost all her heart now about writing; she must wait until Jim was at home and steady again. Alas, the months went by, and it seemed as if that time would never come. Jim came home at

last, drunk and scolding, and when he went away again with the schooner it would have been a relief to be rid of him, if it were not for the worry. He did not look so strong and well as he used. Under the tropic skies his habits were murdering him slowly. The only comfort Marty could take in him was when he lay asleep, with the black hair curling about his smooth white forehead, and that pleasant boyish look coming out on his face instead of the Spanish scowl. His little woman lost her patience at last, and began to wear a scowl too. She was a peppery little body, and sometimes Jim felt himself aggrieved and called her sharp names in foreign tongues. He had a way of bringing his cronies home to supper when she was tired, and ordering her about contemptuously before the low-faced men. At last one night they made such a racket that a group of idle negroes clustered about the house, laughing and jeering at the company within. Marty's Northern fury rose like a winter gale; she was vexed by the taunts of a woman who lived up the lane, who used to come out and sit on her high blue balcony and spy all their goings on, and call the baby poor child so that his mother could hear. Jim's little woman drove the ribald company out of doors that night, and they quailed, drunk as they were, before her angry eyes. They chased the negroes in their turn, and went off shouting and swearing down the bay-side. They tried to walk on the sea-wall, and one man fell over and was too drunk to find his way ashore, and lay down on the wet shelly mud. The tide came up and covered Joe Black, and that was the last of him, which was not without its comfort, for Jim staid humbly at home, and tried to make his wife think better of him for days together. He had won an out and out bad name in the last year. Nobody would give him a good job ashore now, so that he had to go to sea. He was apt to lead his companions astray, and go off on a frolic with too many followers. Yet everybody liked Jim and greeted him warmly when he came ashore; and he could walk as proudly as ever through the town when he had had just drink enough to make him think well of himself and everybody else. He dodged round many a corner to avoid meeting the bishop, that good gray-haired man with the kind, straightforward eyes.

Marty made a good bit of money in the season. She liked to work, and was always ready to do anything there was to do—scrubbing or washing and ironing or sewing—and she came to be known in the town for her quickness and power of work. While Jim was away she always got on well and saved something; but when he came in from his voyages things went from bad to worse; and after a while there was news of another baby, and the first one was cross and masterful; and the woman up the lane, in her rickety blue balcony, did nothing but spy discomforts with her mocking eyes.

Jim was more like himself that last week before he went to sea than for a long time before. He seemed sorry to go, and kept astonishingly sober all the last few days, and picked the oranges and planted their little vegetable garden without being asked, and made Marty a new bench for her tubs that she had only complained of needing once or twice. He worked at loading the schooner down at the saw-mill, and came home early in the evening, and Marty began to believe that she had at last teased him and shamed him into being decent. She even thought of writing to her friend in Boothbay after two years' silence, she had such new hopes about being happy and prosperous again. She talked to Jim about that night when they first saw each other, and Jim was not displeased when she got the lucky shell out of a safe hiding-place and showed him that she had kept it. They looked each other in the face as they seldom did now, and each knew that the other thought the shell had brought little luck of late. Jim sat down by the window and pulled Marty into his lap, and she began to cry the minute her head was on his shoulder. Life had been so hard. What had come over Jim?

"That old bishop o' my mother's," faltered Jim. "He's been givin' it to me; he caught me out by the old gates, and he says, 'Jim, you're goin' to break your little woman's heart.' Was that so, Marty?"

Marty said nothing; she only nodded her head against his shoulder and cried like a child. She could feel his warm shoulder through his coat, and in a minute he asked her again, "Was that so, Marty?" And Marty, for answer, only cried a little less. It was night, and Jim was going away in the morning. The crickets

were chirping in the garden. Somebody went along the sea-wall singing, and Jim and his little woman sat there by the window.

"The devil gets me," said Jim at last, in a sober-minded Northern way that he had sometimes. "There's an awful wild streak in me. I ain't goin' to have you cry like mother always done. I'm goin' to settle down an' git a steady job ashore, after this one v'y'ge to the islands. I'm goin' to fetch ye home the handsomest basketful of shells that ever you see, an' then I'm done with shipping, I am so."

"'Tain't me only; 'tis them poor little babies," said Marty, in a tired, hopeful little voice. She had done crying now. She felt somehow as if the reward for all her patience and misery was coming.

"I wouldn't go off an' leave ye now, as things be with ye," said Jim; "but you see we need the money; an' then I've shipped, and the old man's got my word. I'm stout to work aboard ship, an' he knows it, the cap'n does. The old bishop he warned me against the cap'n; he said, if 'twa'n't for him I'd be master o' a better vessel myself. He works me hard an' keeps me under. I do believe the bishop's right about him, and I'd kept clear from drink often if 'twa'n't for the old man."

"You've kep' you under," said honest Marty. "Nobody ain't master over you when it comes to that. You've got to set your mind right against drink an' the cap'n, Jim."

"It's so —— hot in them islands," Jim explained. "You get spent, and have to work right through everything; but I give you my honest word I'll bring you home my pay this trip."

At which promise the little woman gave a pleased sigh, and moved her head as if for sheer comfort. She tried to think whether there was anything else she could have done to the poor clothes in his battered sea-chest; then she fell asleep. When she waked in the morning Jim had laid her on the bed like a child, and spread an old shawl over her, and had gone. At high tide in the early morning the schooner *Dawn of Day* had come up from the saw-mill wharf with a tug, and sent a boat ashore for Jim. Marty had never missed him as she did that morning; she had never felt so sure of his loving her, and had waked thinking to find herself still in his arms as she had fallen asleep.

There stood the empty chair by the window; and through the window, over beyond the marshes, she could see the gray sails of the schooner standing out to sea. Oh, Jim! Jim! and their little child was crying in the crib, like a hungry bird in its nest—the poor little fellow!—and calling his father with pleading confidence. Jim liked the brave little lad. When he was sober he always dressed up on Sundays and took little Jim and his woman for a walk. Sometimes they went to the old Spanish burying-ground, and Jim used to put the baby on his grandfather's great tombstone, built strong over his grave like a little house, and pick the moss from the epitaph with his great sea jack-knife. His mother had paid for the tomb. She was laid at one side of it, but Jim had never built any tomb for her. He meant to do it, some time, and Marty always picked some flowers and green sprigs and laid them on the grave with its bits of crumbling coquina at the head and foot.

In spite of a pain at her heart, and a foreboding that Jim would never come back from this unwilling voyage, the little woman went up the lane boldly that late morning after he sailed; she no longer feared the mocking smile and salutation of the neighbor in the balcony. She went to her work cheerfully, and sang over it one of her Moody and Sankey hymns. She made a pleasure for the other women who were washing too, with her song and her cheerful face. She was such a little woman that she had a box to stand on while she washed, but there never was such a brisk little creature to work.

Somehow everything prospered in the next two months until the new baby came. Some young women hired all her spare rooms, and paid well for their lodging, besides being compassionate and ready to give a little lift with the housework when they had the time. Marty had never laid by so much money before, and often spoke with pride of her handsome husband to the lodgers, who had never seen him: they were girls from the North, and one of them had once worked in a canning factory. One day Marty wrote to her own old friend, and asked her to come down by the steamer to Savannah, and then the rest of the way by rail, to make her a long visit. There was plenty of hotel work in the town; her

lodgers themselves got good wages on George Street. Jim was not skilled with his pen; he never wrote to her when he went away, but ever since they were married Marty always had a dream one of the nights while he was gone, in which she saw the schooner's white sails against a blue sky, and Jim himself walking the deck to and fro, holding his head high, as he did when he was pleased. She always saw the *Dawn of Day* coming safe into harbor in this dream; but one day she thought with a sudden chill that for this voyage the good omen was lacking. Jim had taken the lucky shell along; at any rate, she could not find it after he went away; that was a little thing, to be sure, but it gave some comfort, until one morning, in shaking and brushing the old chair by the seaward window, out dropped the smooth white shell. The luck had staid with her instead of going with poor Jim, and the time was drawing near for his return. The new baby was a dear little girl; she knew that Jim wanted a girl baby, and now, with the girl baby in her arms, she began her weary watch for white sails beyond the marshes. The winter days dawned with blue skies and white clouds sailing over; the town began to fill with strangers. As she got strong enough there was plenty of work waiting for her. The two babies were a great deal too large and heavy for their little mother to tend; they seemed to take after Jim in size, and to grow apace, and Marty took the proud step of hiring help. There was a quiet little colored girl, an efficient midget of a creature, who had minded babies for a white woman in Baya Lane, and was not without sage experience. Marty had bought a perambulator the year before from a woman at one of the boarding-houses, who did not care to carry it North. When she left the hired help in charge that first morning, and hurried away to her own work, the neighbor of the blue balcony stood in her lower doorway and bade her a polite good-morning. But Jim's little woman's eyes glittered with strange light as she hurried on in the shadow of the high wall, where the orange boughs hung over, and beyond these, great branches laden with golden clusters of ripening loquots. She had not looked out of the seaward window, as she always liked to do before she left the house, and she was sorry, but there was no time to go back.

The old city of St. Augustine had never been more picturesque and full of color than it was that morning. Its narrow thoroughfares, with the wide, overhanging upper balconies that shaded them, were busy and gay. Strangers strolled along, stopping in groups before the open fronts of the fruit shops, or were detained by eager venders of flowers and orange-wood walking-sticks. There were shining shop windows full of photographs and trinkets of pink shell-work and palmetto. There were pink feather fans, and birds in cages, and strange shapes and colors of flowers and fruits, and stuffed alligators. The narrow street was full of laughter and the sound of voices. Lumbering carriages clattered along the palmetto pavement, and boys and men rode by on quick, wild little horses as if for dear life, and to the frequent peril of persons on foot. Sometimes these small dun or cream-colored marsh tackeys needed only a cropped mane to prove their suspected descent from the little steeds of the Northmen, or their cousinship to those of the Greek friezes; they were, indeed, a part of the picturesqueness of the city.

The high gray towers of the beautiful Ponce de Leon Hotel, with their pointed red roofs, were crowned with ornaments like the berries of the chinaberry-trees, and Marty looked up at them as she walked along, and at the trees themselves, hung with delicate green leaves like a veil. Spring seemed to come into the middle of summer in that country; it was the middle of February, but the season was very early. There was a mocking-bird trying its voice here and there in the gardens. The wind-tattered bananas, like wrecked windmills, were putting out fresh green leaves among their ragged ones. There were roses and oranges in bloom, and the country carts were bringing in new vegetables from beyond the old city gates; green lettuces and baskets of pease and strawberries, and trails of golden jasmine were everywhere about the gray town. Down at the foot of the narrow lanes the bay looked smooth and blue, and white sails flitted by as you stood and looked. The great bell of the old cathedral had struck twelve, and as Marty entered the plaza, busy little soul that she was and in a hurry as usual, she stopped, full of a never outgrown Northern wonder at the foreign sights and sounds—the tall palmettoes; the

riders with their clinking spurs; the gay strangers; the three Sisters of St. Joseph, in their quaint garb of black and white, who came soberly from their parish school close by. Jim's little woman looked more childlike than ever. She always wore a short dress about her work, and her short crop of red curly hair stood out about her pale face under the round palmetto hat. She had been thinking of Jim, and of her afternoon's affairs, and of a strange little old negro woman who had been looking out of a doorway as she passed. It seemed to Marty as if this old withered creature could see ghosts in the street instead of the live passers-by. She never looked at anybody who passed, but sometimes she stood there for an hour looking down the street and mumbling strange words to herself. Jim's little woman was not without her own superstitions; she had been very miserable of late about Jim, and especially since she found his lucky shell. If she could only see him coming home in her dream; she had always dreamed of him before!

Suddenly she became aware that all the little black boys were running through the streets like ants, with single bananas or limp, over-ripe bunches of a dozen; and she turned quickly, running a few steps in her eagerness to see the bay. Why had she not looked that way before? There at the pier were the tall masts and the black and green hull of the *Dawn of Day*. She had come in that morning. Marty felt dizzy, and had to lean for a minute against the old cathedral doorway. There was a drone of music inside; she heard it and lost it; then it came again as her faintness passed, and she ran like a child down the street. Her hat blew off and she caught it with one hand, but did not stop to put it on again. The long pier was black with people down at the end next the schooner, and they were swarming up over the side and from the deck. There were red and white parasols from the hotel in the middle of the crowd, and a general hurry and excitement. Everybody but Marty seemed to have known hours before that the schooner was in. Perhaps she ought to go home first; Jim might be there. Now she could see the pretty Jamaica baskets heaped on the top of the cabin, and the shining colors of shells, and green plumes of sprouted cocoa-nuts for planting, and the great white branches and heads of coral; she

could smell the ripe fruit in the hold, and caught sight of some of the crew. At last she was on the gangway, and somebody on deck swore a great oath under his breath. "Boys," he said, in a loud whisper, "here's Jim's little woman!" and two or three of them dropped quickly between decks and down into the hold rather than face her. When she came on board there was nobody to be seen but the hard-faced cabin-boy whom she had taken care of in a fever as they came down from Boothbay. He had been driving a brisk trade with some ladies down in the captain's cabin.

"Where's Jim gone?" said Marty, looking at him fiercely with her suspicious gray eyes.

"You'd better go ask the cap'n," said the boy. He was two years older than when she first knew him, but he looked much the same, only a little harder. Then he remembered how good Marty had been to him, and that the "old man" was in a horrid temper. He took hold of Marty's thin, freckled, hard-worked little hand, and got her away aft into the shadow and behind the schooner's large boat. "Look here," he faltered, "I'm awful sorry, Marty; it's too bad, but—Jim's dead."

Jim's little woman looked the young fellow straight in the face, as if she were thinking about something else, and had not heard him.

"Here, sit right down on this box," said the boy. But Marty would not sit down; she had a dull sense that she must not stay any longer, and that the sun was hot, and that she could not walk home along the sea-wall alone.

"I'll go home with you," said the boy, giving her a little push; but she took hold of his hand and did not move.

"Say it over again what you said," she insisted, looking more and more strange, her short red hair was blowing in the wind all about her face, and her eyes had faded and faded until they looked almost white.

"Jim's dead," said the hard-looking boy, who thought he should cry himself, and wished that he were out of such a piece of business. The people who had come to chaffer for shells began to look at them and to whisper. "He's dead. He—well, he was as steady as a gig 'most all the time we was laying off o' Kingston, and the ol' man couldn't master him to go an' drink by night; and Jim he

wouldn't let me go ashore; told me he'd 'bout kill me; an' I sassed him up an' down for bossin', and he never hit me a clip back nor nothin': he was strange this voyage. I never see him drunk but once—when we first put into Nassau—and then he was a-cryin' afterwards; and into Kingston he got dizzy turns, and was took sick and laid in his bunk while we was unloadin'. 'Twas blazin' hot. *You* never see it so hot; an' the ol' man told how 'twas his drinkin' the water that give him a fever; an' when he went off his head, the old man got the hospit'l folks, an' they lugged him ashore a-ravin'; an' he was just breathin' his last the day we sailed. We see his funeral as we come out o' harbor; they was goin' out buryin' of him right off. I ain't seen it myself, but Jim Peet was the last ashore, an' he asked if 'twas our Jim, an' they said 'twas. They'd sent word in the mornin' he was 'bout gone, and we might's well sail 'f we was ready."

"Jim Peet saw his funeril?" gasped the little woman. "He felt sure 'twas *Jim*?"

"Yes, 'm. You come home 'long o' me; folks is lookin'," said the boy. "Come, now; I'll tell you some more goin' along."

Marty came with him through the crowd; she held her hat in her hand, and she went feeling her way, as if she were blind, down the gangway plank. When they reached the shore and had gone a short distance, she turned, and told the lad that he need not come any further; if he would bring his togs over before the schooner sailed, she would mend them all up nice for him. Then she crept slowly along Bay Street bareheaded; the sun on the water at the right blinded her a little. Sometimes she stopped and leaned against the fence or a house front, and so at last got home. It was mid-day, there was not a soul in the house, and Jim was dead.

That night she dreamed of a blue sky and white sails, and Jim, with his head up, walking the deck, as he came into harbor.

All the townsfolk who lived by the water-side and up and down the lanes, and many of the strangers at the hotels, heard of poor Marty's trouble. Her poorest neighbors were the first to send a little purse that they had spared out of their small savings and earnings; then by-and-by some of the hotel people and those who were well to do in the town made her

presents of money and of clothes for the children; and even the spying neighbor of the balcony brought a cake, and some figs, all she had on her tree, the night the news was known, and put them on the table, and was going away without a word, but Marty ran after her and kissed her, for the poor soul's husband had been lost at sea, and so they could weep together. But after the dream everybody said that Marty was hurt in her mind by the shock. She could not cry for her own loss when she was told over and over about her neighbor's man; she only said to every one who came that they were very kind, and she was seeing trouble, but she was sure that Jim would come back; she knew it by her dream. They must wait and see. She could not force them to take their money back, and when she grew too tired and unstrung to plead about it any longer, she put it together in a little box, and hid it on a high cupboard shelf in the chimney. There was a wonderful light of hope in her face in these days; she kept the little black girl to tend the two babies, and kept on with her own work. Everybody said that she was not quite right in the brain. She was often pointed out to strangers in that spring season, a quaint figure, so small, so wan, and battling against the world for her secret certainty and hope.

Never a man's footstep came by the house at night that she did not rouse and start with her heart beating wildly; but one, two, three months went by, and still she was alone. Once she went across the bay to the light-house island—babies, baby-carriage, the small hired help, and all—and took the railway that leads down to the south beach. It was a holiday, and she hoped that from that southern point she might look far seaward, and catch sight of the returning sails of the old schooner. She would not listen to her own warnings that Jim had plenty of ways of getting home besides waiting for the *Dawn of Day*. Those who saw the little company strike out across the sand to the beach laughed at the sight. The hired help pushed the empty perambulator with all the strength she could muster through the deep white sand, and over the huge green, serpent-like vines that wound among the low dunes. Marty carried the baby and tugged the little boy by the other hand, and sat down at the edge of the beach all alone, while the children played

in the sand or were pushed to and fro. She strained her eyes after sails, but only a bark was in sight to the northward beyond the bar, and a brigantine was beating southward, and far beyond that was a schooner going steadily north, and it was not the *Dawn of Day*. All the time Jim's little woman kept saying to herself: "I had the dream; I had the dream. Jim will come home." But as this miserable holiday ended, and they left the great sand desert and the roar of the sea behind them, she felt a new dread make her heart heavier than ever it had been before; perhaps the dream was mocking her, and he was dead indeed.

Then Marty had need of comfort. She believed that as long as she kept faith in her omen it would come true, and yet her faith slowly ebbed in spite of her. It was a cruel test, and she could not work as she used; she felt the summer heat as she never had before. All her old associations with the cool Northern sea-coast began to call her to come home. She wondered if it would not do to go north for a while and wait for Jim there. The old friend had written that next winter she would come down for the visit, and somehow Marty longed to get home for a while, and then they could come south together; but at last she felt too tired and weak, and gave up the thought. If it were not for the children, she could go to Jamaica and find out all about Jim. She had sent him more than one letter to Kingston, but no answer came. Perhaps she would wait now until next summer, and then go north with Lizzie.

In midsummer the streets are often empty at mid-day, and the old city seems deserted. Marty sometimes took the children and sat with them in the plaza, where it was shady. Often in the spring they all wandered up the white pavement of the street by the great hotel to see the gay Spanish flags, and to hear the band play in the gardens of the Ponce de Leon; but the band did not play any more. Marty used to tell the eldest of the children that when his father came home he would take him sailing in the bay, and the little fellow got a touching fashion of asking every morning if his father were coming that day. It was a sad summer—a sad summer. Marty knew that her neighbors thought her a little crazed; at last she wondered if they were not right. She began to be homesick, and at

last she had to give up work altogether. She hated the glare of the sun and the gay laughter of the black people; when she heard the sunset gun from the barracks it startled her terribly. She almost doubted sometimes whether she had really dreamed the dream.

One afternoon when the cars stopped at the St. Augustine station, Marty was sitting in the old chair by the seaward window, looking out and thinking of her sorrow. There was a vine about the window that flickered a pretty shadow over the floor in the morning, and it was dancing and waving in the light breeze that blows like a long soft breath, and then stops at sundown. She saw nothing in the bay but a few small pleasure-boats, and there was nothing beyond the bar. News had come some time before that the *Dawn of Day* had gone north again with yellow pine, and the few other schooners that came now and then to the port were away on the sea, nobody knew where. They came in as if they dropped out of the sky, as far as Marty was concerned. She thought about Jim as she sat there; how good he was before he sailed that last time, and then had tried to keep his promise on board ship, according to the cabin-boy's story. Somehow Jim was like the moon to her at first; his Spanish blood and his Church gave an unknown side to his character that was always turned away; but he shone fair always through his Northern traits, and of late she had known him as she never had before. She used to be too smart-spoken and too quick with him; she saw it all now; a quick man ought to have a wife with head enough to keep her own temper for his sake. "I couldn't help being born red-headed," thought Marty, with a wistful smile, and then she was dreaming and dozing, and fell fast asleep.

The cars had stopped in the station, and among the strangers who got out was a very dark young man, with broad shoulders and uncommon height. He was smartly dressed in a sort of uniform, and looked about him with a familiar smile as he strolled among the idlers on the platform. Suddenly somebody caught him by the hand, with a shout, and there was an eager crowd about him in a minute. "Jim! Here's dead Jim!" cried some one, with a shrill laugh, and there was a great excitement.

"No," said Jim, "I ain't dead. What's the matter with you all? I've been up North with the best yacht you ever see; first we went cruisin' in the Gulf an' over to Martinique. Why, my wife know'd I was goin'. I had a fellow write her from Kingston, an' not to expect me till I come. I give him a quarter to do it."

"She thinks you're dead. No; other folks said so, an' she *won't*. Word come by the schooner that you was dead in hospit'l, of a Jamaica fever," somebody explained in the racket and chatter.

"They always was a pack o' fools on that leaky old *Dawn o' Day*," said Jim, contemptuously, looking down the steep, well-clothed precipice of himself to the platform. "I don't sail with that kind o' horse-marines any more."

Then he thought of Marty with sudden intensity. "She never had got his letter?" He shouldered his great valise and strode away; there was something queer about his behavior, nobody could keep up with his long steps and his quick runs, and away he went toward home.

Jim's steps grew softer and slower as he went down the narrow lane; he saw the little house and its door wide open. The woman in the blue balcony saw him, and gave a little scream as if he were a ghost. The minute his foot touched the deep-worn coquina step, Marty in her sleep heard it and opened her eyes. She had dreamed again at last of the blue sky and white sails; she opened her eyes to see him standing there, with his head up, in the door. Jim not dead! not dead! but Jim looking sober, and dressed like a gentleman, come home at last!

That evening they walked up Bay Street to King Street, and round the plaza and home again through George Street, making a royal progress, and being stopped by everybody. They told the story over and over of its having been another sailor from a schooner, poor fellow! who had died in Kingston that day, alone in hospital. Jim himself had gone down to the gates of death, and turned back. There was a yacht in harbor that had lost a hand, and the owner saw handsome Jim on the pier, looking pale and unfriended, and took a liking to him, and found how well he knew the Gulf and the islands, so they struck a bargain at once. They had cruised far south and then north again, and Jim only had leave to come home for

a few days to bring away his little woman and the children, because he was to keep with the yacht, and spend the summer cruising in Northern waters. Marty had always been wishing to make a visit up in Maine where she came from. Jim fingered his bright buttons and held his head higher than ever, as if he had been told that she felt proud to show him to her friends. He looked down at little Marty affectionately; it was very queer about that dream and other people's saying he was dead. He must buy her a famous new rig before they started to go north; she looked worn out and shabby. It seemed all a miracle to Marty; but her dream was her dream, and she felt as tall as Jim himself as she remembered it. As they went home at sunset they met the bishop, who stopped before them and looked down at the little woman, and then up at Jim.

"So you're doing well now, my boy?" he said, good-humoredly, to the great smiling fellow. "Ah, Jim, many's the prayer your pious mother said for you, and I myself not a few. Come to church and be a Christian man for the sake of her. God bless you, my children!" and the good man went his wise and kindly way, not knowing all their story either, but knowing well and compassionately the sorrows and temptations of poor humanity.

It seemed to Marty as if she had had time to grow old since the night Jim went away and left her sleeping, but the long misery was quickly fading out of her mind, now that he was safe at home again. In a few days more the yellow old coquina house was carefully shut and locked for the summer, and they gave the key to the woman of the blue balcony. The morning that they started northward Marty caught a glimpse of the *Dawn of Day* coming in through the mist over the harbor bar. She wisely said nothing to Jim; she thought with apprehension of the captain's usual revelry the night he came into port. She took a last look at the tall light-house, and remembered how it had companioned her with its clear ray through many a dark and anxious night. Then she thought joyfully how soon she should see the far-away spark on Monhegan, and the bright light of Seguin, and presently the towers of St. Augustine were left out of sight behind the level country and the Southern pines.

P'LASKI'S TUNAMENTS.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

I HAD the good fortune to come from "the old county of Hanover," as that particular division of the State of Virginia is affectionately called by nearly all who are so lucky as to have first seen the light amid its broom-straw fields and ragged forests; and to this happy circumstance I owed the honor of a special visit from one of its most loyal citizens. Indeed, the glories of his native county were so embalmed in his memory and were so generously and continuously imparted to all his acquaintances that he was universally known after an absence of forty years as "Old Hanover." I had not been long in F— when I was informed that I might, in right of the good fortune respecting my birthplace to which I have referred, expect a visit from my distinguished fellow-countyman, and thus I was not surprised when one afternoon a message was brought in that "Ole Hanover was in the yard, and had called to pay his bes' bespecks to de gent'man what hed de honor to come f'om de ole county."

I immediately went out, followed by my host, to find that the visit was attended with a formality which raised it almost to the dignity of a ceremonial. "Old Hanover" was accompanied by his wife, and was attended by quite a number of other negroes, who had followed him either out of curiosity excited by the importance he had attached to the visit, or else in the desire to shine in reflected glory as his friends. "Old Hanover" himself stood well out in front of the rest, like an old African chief in state with his followers behind him about to receive an embassy. He was arrayed with great care, in a style which I thought at first glance was indicative of the clerical calling, but which I soon discovered was intended to be merely symbolical of approximation to the dignity which was supposed to pertain to that profession. He wore a very long and baggy coat which had once been black, but was now tanned by exposure to a reddish brown, a vest which looked as if it had been velvet before the years had eaten the nap from it and changed it into a fabric not unlike leather. His shirt was obviously newly washed for the occasion, and his

high clean collar fell over an ample and somewhat bulging white cloth which partook of the qualities of both stock and necktie. His skin was of that lustrous black which shines as if freshly oiled, and his face was closely shaved except for two tufts of short white hair, one on each side, which shone like snow against his black cheeks. He wore an old and very quaint beaver, and a pair of large, old-fashioned, silver-rimmed spectacles, which gave him an air of portentous dignity.

When I first caught sight of him he was leaning on a long hickory stick, which might have been his staff of state, and his face was set in an expression of superlative importance. As I appeared, however, he at once removed his hat, and taking a long step forward, made me a profound bow. I was so much impressed by him that I failed to catch the whole of the grandiloquent speech with which he greeted me. I had evidently secured his approval; for he boldly declared that he "would 'a' recognizated me for one of de rail quality ef he had foun' me in a cuppen." I was immediately conscious of the effect which his endorsement produced on his companions. They regarded me with new interest, if any expression so bovine deserved to be thus characterized.

"I tell dese folks up heah dee don' know nuthin' 'bout rail quality," he asserted, with a contemptuous wave of his arm, which was manifestly intended to embrace the entire section in its comprehensive sweep. "Dee 'ain' nuver had no 'quaintance wid it," he explained, condescendingly. His friends accepted this criticism with proper submissiveness.

"De Maconses, de Berkeleys, de Carterses, de Wickhames, de Nelsonses, an' dem!"—(the final ending was plainly supposed to give additional dignity)—"now dee is sho 'nough quality. I know all 'bout 'em." He paused long enough to permit this to sink in. "I b'longst to Doc' Macon. You know what he wuz?"

His emphasis compelled me to acknowledge his exalted position or abandon forever all hope of retaining my own; so I immediately assented, and inquired how long he had been in "this country," as he

designated his adopted region. He turned with some severity to one of his companions, a stout and slatternly woman, very black, and many years his junior.

"How long is I been heah, Lucindy?"

The woman addressed, by way of answer, turned half away and gave a little nervous laugh. "I don' know how long you been heah, you been heah so long; mos' forty years, I reckon." This sally called from her companions a little ripple of amusement.

"Dat's my wife, suh," the old gentleman explained, apologetically. "She's de one I got now; she come f'om up heah in dis kentry." His voice expressed all that the words were intended to convey. Lucindy, who appeared accustomed to such contemptuous reference, merely gave another little explosion which shook her fat shoulders.

As I was, however, expected to endorse all his views, I changed the embarrassing subject by inquiring how he had happened to leave the old county.

"Ole marster gi' me to Miss Fanny when she ma'yed Marse William Fitzhugh," he explained. "I wuz ma'yed den to Marth' Ann; she wuz Miss Fanny's maid, an' when she come up heah wid Miss Fanny, I recompany her." He would not admit that his removal was a permanent one. "I al'ays layin' out to go back home, but I 'ain' been yit. Dee's mos' all daid b'fo' dis, suh?"

He spoke as if this were a fact, but there was a faint inquiry in his eyes if not in his tone. I was sorry not to be able to inform him differently, and, to change the subject, I started to ask him a question. "Martha Ann—" I began, and then paused, irresolute.

"She's daid too," he said, simply.

"How many children have you?" I asked.

"I 'ain' got but one now, suh, ef I got dat one," he replied; "dat's P'laski."

"How many have you had?"

"Well, suh, dat's a partie'lar thing to tell," he said, with a whimsical look on his face. "I s'pecks I's had some several mo'n my relowance; dar's Jeems, an' Peter, an' Hezekiah, an' Zekyel, Ananias an' Malachi, Matthew an' Saint Luke, besides de gals. Dee's all gone; an' now I 'ain' got but jes dat P'laski. He's de wuthlisses one o' de whole gang. He teeks after his mammy."

The reference to Pulaski appeared to

occasion some amusement among his friends, and I innocently inquired if he was Martha Ann's son.

"Nor, suh, dat he warn'!" was the vehement and indignant answer. "Ef he hed 'a' been, he nuver would 'a' got me into all dat trouble. Dat wuz de mortification o' my life, suh. He got all dat meanness f'om his mammy. Dat ooman dyah is his mammy." He indicated the plump Lucindy with his long stick, which he poked at her contemptuously. "Dat's what I git for mariyin' one o' dese heah up-kentry niggers!" The "up-kentry" spouse was apparently quite accustomed to this characterization, for she simply looked away, rather in embarrassment at my gaze being directed to her than under any stronger emotion. Her liege continued: "Lucindy warn' quality like me an' Marth' Ann, an' her son taken after her. What's in de myah will come out in de colt; an' he is de meanes' chile I uver had. I name de urrs f'om de Scriptur', but he come o' a diff'ent stock, an' I name him arter Mr. P'laski Greener, whar Lucindy use' to b'longst to, an' I reckon maybe dat's de reason he so natchally evil. I had mo' trouble by recount o' dat boy 'n I hed when I los' Marth' Ann."

The old fellow threw back his head and gave a loud "Whew!" actually removing his large spectacles in his desperation at Pulaski's wickedness. Again there was a suppressed chuckle from his friends; so, seeing that some mystery attached to the matter, I put a question which started him.

"Well, I'll tell you, suh," he began. "Hit all growed out of a tunament, suh. You an' I knows all discerning tunaments, 'cuz we come f'om de ole county o' Han-over whar dee *raise* tunaments"—(he referred to them as if they had been a species of vegetable)—"but we 'ain' nuver hearn de modification of a *nigger* ridin' in a tunament?"

I admitted this, and, after first laying his hat carefully on the ground, he proceeded:

"Well, you know, suh, dat P'laski got de notionment in he laid dat he wuz to ride in a tunament. He got dat f'om dat ooman." He turned and pointed a trembling finger at his uncomplaining spouse; and then slowly declared, "Lord! I wuz outdone dat day."

I suggested that possibly he had not followed Solomon's injunction as rigidly

as Pulaski's peculiar traits of character had demanded; but he said, promptly:

"Yes, suh, I did. I whupped him faithful; but he took whuppin' like a ole steer. Hickory didn' 'pear to have no 'feck on him. He didn' had no memory; he like a ole steer, got a thick skin an' a short memory; he wuz what I call one o' dese disorde'ly boys."

He paused long enough to permit this term, taken from the police court reports, to make a lodgement, and then proceeded:

"He wuz so wuthless at home, I hired him out to ole Mis' Twine for fo' dollars an' a half a mont'—an' mo'n he wuth too!—to see ef white ooman kin git any wuck out'n him. A po' white ooman kin git wuck out a nigger ef anybody kin, an' 'twuz down dyah dat he got had foolishness lodgicated in he haid. You see, ole Mis' Twine warn' so fur f'om Wash'n'n. Nigger think ef he kin git to Wash'n'n, he done got in heaven. Well, I hire him to ole Mis' Twine, 'cuz I think she'll keep P'laski straight, an' ef I don' git but one fo' dollars an' a half f'om him, hit's dat much; but 'pear like he got to runnin' an' consortin' wid some o' dem urr free-issue niggers roun' dyah, an' dee larne him mo' foolishness 'n I think dee able; 'cuz a full hawg cyarn drink no mo'."

The old fellow launched out into diatribes against the "free issues," who, he declared, expected to be "better than white folks, like white folks ain' been free sense de wull begin." He, however, shortly returned to his theme.

"Well, fust thing I knowed, one Sunday I wuz settin' down in my house, an' heah come P'laski all done fixed up wid a high collar on, mos' high as ole master's, an' wid a better breeches on 'n I uver war in my *life*, an' wid a creevat! an' a cane! an' wid a seegar! He come in de do', an' hol' he seegar in he han', sort o' so" (illustrating), "an' he teck off he hat kine o' flourishy 'whurr,' an' say, 'Good-mornin', pa an' ma.' He mammy—*dat* she—monsus pledged wid dem manners; she ain' know no better; but I 'ain' nuver like nobody to gabble roun' *me*, an' I say, 'Look heah, boy, I ain' feelin' well to-day, an' ef you fool wid me, when I git done wid you, you oon feel well you'self.' Den he kine o' let he feathers down; an' presney he say he warn me to len' him three dollars an' a half. I ax him what he warn do wid it, 'cuz I know I ain' gwine len' to him—jes well len' money

to a mus'-rat hole—an' he say he warn it for a tunament. 'Hi!' I say, 'P'laski, what air a tunament?' I mecked out, you see, like I 'ain' recognized what he meck correspondence to; an' he start to say, 'A tunament, pa—' but I retch for a barrel hoop whar layin' by kine o' aimable like, an' he stop, like young mule whar see mud-puddle in de road, an' say, 'a tunament—a tunament is whar you gits 'pon a hoss wid a pole, an' rides hard as you kin, an' pokes de pole at a ring, an'—' When he gits right dyah, I interrupt's him, an' I say, 'P'laski,' says I, 'I's raised wid de fust o' folks, 'cuz I's raised wid de Maconses at Doc' Macon's in Hanover, an' I's spectated fish fries, an' festibals, an' bobbycues; but I 'ain' nuver witness nuttin' like dat—a nigger ridin' 'pon a hoss hard as he kin stave, an' nominatin' it a tunament,' I says. 'You's talkin' 'bout a hoss-race,' I says, 'cuz dat's de on-'yes' thing,' I says, 'a nigger rides in.' You know, suh," he broke in, suddenly, "you an' I's seen many a hoss-race, 'cuz we come f'om hoss-kentry, right down dyah f'om whar Marse Torn Doswell live, an' we done see hoss-races whar wuz hoss-races sho 'nough, at the ole Fyahfiel' race-co'se, whar hosses use' to run could beat buds flyin', an' so I tole him. I tole him I nuver heah nobody but a po' white folks' nigger call a hoss-race a tunament; an' I tole him I reckon de pole he talkin' 'bout wuz de hick'ry dee use to tune de boys' backs wid recasionally when dee didn' ride right. Dat cut him down might'ly, 'cuz dat ermine him o' de hick'ries I done wyah out 'pon him; but he say, 'Nor; 'tis a long pole whar you punch th'oo a ring, an' de one whar punch de moes, he crown de queen.' I tole him dat de on-'yes' queen I uver heah 'bout wuz a cow ole master had, whar teck de fust prize at de State fyah in Richmond one year; but he presist dat dis wuz a tunament queen, and he warn three dollars an' a half to git him a new shut an' to pay he part ov de supper. Den I tole him ef he think I gwine give him three dollars an' a half for dat foolishness he mus' think I big a fool as he wuz. Wid dat he begin to act kine o' aggrivated, which I teck for impidence, 'cuz I nuver could abeah chillern ner women to be sullen roun' me; an' I gi' him de notification dat ef I cotech him foolin' wid any tunament I gwine ride him tell he oon know wherr he ain't a mule; an' I gwine

have hick'ry pole dyah too. Den I tolt him he better go 'long back to ole Mis' Twine, whar I done hire him to; an' when he see me pick up a barrel hoop an' start to roll up my sleeve, he went; an' I heah he jine dat Jim Sinkfiel', an' dat's what git me into all dat tribilation."

"What got you in?" I inquired, in some doubt as to his meaning.

"Dat tunament, suh. P'laski rid it. An', what's mo', suh, he won de queen—one o' ole man Bob Sibly's impident gals—an' when he come to crown her, he crown her wid old Mis' Twine weddin'-ring!"

There was a subdued murmur of amusement in the group behind him, and I could not but inquire how he came to perform so extraordinary a ceremony.

"Dat I don' know, suh; but so 'twair. Fust reformation I had on it wuz when I went down to ole Mis' Twine to git he mont's wegges. I receive de ontelligence on de way dat he had done lef' dyah, an' dat ole Mis' Twine gol' ring had lef' by de same road. Dat correspondence mortify me might'ly, 'cuz I hadn' raise P'laski no sich a ways as dat. He wuz dat ooman son, to be sho, an' I knowed he wuz wuthless, but still I hadn' respect him to steal ole Mis' Twine weddin'-ring, whar she wyah on her finger ev'y day, an' whar wuz gol' too. I want de infimation 'bout de fo' dollars an' a half, so I went 'long; but soon as ole Mis' Twine see me she begin to quail. I tell her I jes come to git de reasonment o' de matter, an' I 'ain' got nuttin' 'tall to say 'bout P'laski. Dat jes like bresh on fire; she wuss 'n befo'. She so savigrous I tolt her I 'ain' nuver had nobody to prevaricate nuttin' 'bout me; dat I b'longst to Doc' Macon, o' Hanover, an' I ax her ef she knowed de Maconses. She say, nor, she 'ain' know 'em, nor she ain' nuver hearn on 'em, an' she wish she hadn' nuver hearn on me an' my thievin' boy—dat's P'laski. Well, tell den I mighty consarned 'bout P'laski; but when she say she 'ain' nuver hearn on de Maconses, I ain' altogether b'lieve P'laski done teck her ring, though I know sence de tunament he mean enough for anything; an' I tolt her so, an' I tolt her I wuz raise wid quality—sence she ain' know de Maconses, I ain' tolt her no mo' 'bout dem, 'cuz de Bible say you is not to cast pearls befo' hawgs—an' dat I had tote de corn-house keys many a time, an' Marth' Ann used to go in ole mistis' trunks same as ole mistis herself. Right

dyah she mought 'a' cotch me ef she had knowed dat P'laski warn' Marth' Ann son; but she ain' know de Maconses, an' she ain' 'quainted wid de servants, so she didn' know it. Well, suh, she rar an' she pitch. Yo' nuver heah a ooman talk so befo' in yo' life; an' fust thing I knew she say she gwine git a gun an' run me off dat lan'. But I ain' wait for dat: don' nobody have to git gun to run me off dee lan'. I jes' teck my foot in my han' an' come 'long 'way by myself, 'cuz I think maybe a ooman 'at could cuss like a man mout shoot like one too."

"Where did you go and what did you do next?" I asked the old fellow as he paused, with a whimsical little nod of satisfaction at his wisdom.

"I went home, suh," he said. "I heah on de way dat P'laski had sho 'nough done crownt Bob Sibly's gal Lizzy Susan wid de ring, an' dat he wuz gwine to Wash'n'n, but wuz done come home to git some things; so I come straight 'long behinst him jes swif' as my foot could teck me. I didn' was'e much time," he said, with some pride, "'cuz he had done mighty nigh come gittin' me shot. I jes stop long enough to cut me a bunch o' right keen hick'ries, an' I jes come 'long shakin' my foot. When I got to my house I ain' fine nobody dyah but Lucindy—dat ve'y ooman dyah"—pointing his long stick at her—"an' I lay my hick'ries on de bed, an' ax her is she see P'laski. Fust she meek out dat she ain' heah me, she so induschus; but when I meck 'quiration agin she 'bleeged to answer me, an' she 'spon' dat she 'ain' see him; 'cuz she see dat my blood up, an' she know dee wuz trouble 'pendin' for P'laski. Dat worry me might'ly, an' I say, 'Lucindy, ef you don' meck dat boy resent hisself f'om heah, you is done act like a po' white folks' nigger,' I say, 'an' you's got to beah de depravity o' his transgression.' When I tolt her dat she nuver got mad, 'cuz she know she air not quality like me an' Marth' Ann; but she 'pear right smartly disturbed, an' she 'clar' she 'ain' lay her eyes on P'laski. She done 'clar' so partic'lar I 'mos' incline' to b'lieve her; but all on a suddent I heah some 'n' sneeze, 'Quechew!' De soun' come f'om onder de bed, an' I jes retch over an' gether in my bunch o' hick'ries, an' I say, 'Come out!' Lucindy say, 'Dat's a cat'; an' I say, 'Yes,' I say, 'hit's a cat I gwine skin, too.' I jes stoop down, an' peep on

der de bed, an', sho 'nough, dyah wuz P'laski squinch up onder dyah, cane an' seegar an' all, jes like a ole hyah in a trap. I ketch him by de leg an' juck him out, an' don' you know, suh, dat ooman had done put *my* slut on dat boy, an' wuz gittin' ready to precipitate him in flight! I tolt her hit wuz p'intedly oudacious for her an' her son, after he had done stolt ole Mis' Twine weddin'-ring, to come in my own house an' rob me jes like I wuz a hen-roos'!"

"What reply did she make to that?" I asked, to facilitate his narrative.

"She 'ain' possessed no reply to dat indictment," he said, pompously. "She glad by dat period to remit me to terminate my excitement on P'laski, an' so I did. He hollered tell dee say you could heah him two miles; he fyahly lumbered." The old fellow gave a chuckle of satisfaction at the reminiscence, and began to draw figures in the sand with his long stick. Suddenly, however, he looked up. "Ef I had a-intimidated how much tribilation dat lumberin' wuz gwine to git me in, he nuver would 'a' hollered. Dat come o' dat chicken-stealin' nigger Jim Sinkfiel'; he cyahed him off."

He again became reflective, so I asked, "Haven't you seen him since?"

"Oh, yes, suh, I seen him since," he answered. "I seen him after I come out o' jail; but 'twuz a right close thing. I thought I wuz gone."

"Gone! for whipping him?"

"Nor, suh; 'bout de murder."

"Murder?"

"Yes, suh; murder o' him—o' P'laski."

"But you didn't murder him?"

"Nor, suh; an' dat wuz whar de trouble presisted. Ef I had a-murdered him I'd 'a' knowed whar he wuz; but, as 'twair, when de time arrove, I wair unable to perduce him; an' I come mighty nigh forfeitin' my life."

My exclamation of astonishment manifestly pleased him, and he proceeded with increased gravity and carefulness of diction:

"You see, suh, 'twair this way." He laid his stick carefully down, and spreading open the yellowish palm of one hand, laid the index finger of the other on it, as if it had been a map. "When I waked up nex' mornin' an' called P'laski, he did not reappear. He had departed; an' so had my shut! Ef 't hadn' been for de garment, I wouldn' 'a' keered so much, for I

knowed I'd git my han's on him some time: hawgs mosly comes up when de acorns all gone, an' I know hick'ries ain' gwine stop growin': but I wuz desiderably tossified decernin' my garment, an' I gin Lucindy a little direction 'bout dat. But I jes went on gittin' my sumac, an' whenever I come 'cross a right straight hick'ry, I gethered dat too, an' laid it by, 'cuz hick'ries grow mighty fine in ole fiel's whar growin' up like. An' one day I wuz down in de bushes, an' Mr. 'Lias Lumpkins, de constable, come ridin' down dyah whar I wuz, an' ax me whar P'laski is. Hit come in my mine torectly dat he warn P'laski 'bout de ring, an' I tell him I air not aware whar P'laski is; an' den he tell me he got warrant for me, an' I mus' come on wid him. I still reposed, in co'se, 'twuz 'bout de ring, an' I say I ain' had nuttin' to do wid it. An' he say, 'Wid what?' An' I say, 'Wid de ring.' Den he say, 'Oh! an' he say, 'Tain' nuttin' 'bout de ring; 'tis for murder.' Well, I know I ain' murder nobody, an' I ax him who dee say I done murder; an' he ax me agin, 'Whar air P'laski?' I tell him I don' know whar P'laski air; I know I ain' murder him! Well, suh, hit subsequently repeared dat dis wuz de wuss thing I could 'a' said, 'cuz when de trial come on, Major Torm Woods made mo' o' dat 'n anything else at all; an' hit 'pears like ef you's skused o' murder er stealin', you mus'n' say you ain' do it, 'cuz dat's dangersomer 'n allowin' you *is* do it. Well, I went 'long wid him. I ax him to le' me go by my house; but he say, nor, he 'ain' got time, dat he done been dyah. An' he teck me 'long to de cote-house, an' *lock me up in de jail!* an' lef' me dyah in de dark on de rock flo'! An' dyah I rejourned all night long. An' I might 'a' been dyah now, ef 't hadn' been dat de co'te come on. Nex' mornin' Mr. Landy Wilde come in dyah an' ax me how I gittin' on, an' ef I warn anything. I tell him I gittin' on toler'ble, an' I ain' warn nuttin' but a little tobacco. I warn git out, but I knew I cyarn do dat, 'cuz 'twuz de ambitiouses smellin' place I ever smelt in my life. I tell you, suh, I is done smell all de smells o' mink an' mus' an' puffume, but I 'ain' nuver smell nuttin' like dat jail. Mr. Landy Wilde had to hole he nose while he in dyah; an' he say he'll git de ole jedge to come an' ac' as my council. I tell him, 'Nor; Gord put me in dyah, an' I reckon He'll git me out, when He ready.'

I tell you, suh, I wair p'intedly ashame for de ole jedge, whar wuz a gent'man, to come in sich a scand'lous smellin' place as dat. But de ole jedge come; an' he say hit wuz a — shame to put a humin in sich place, an' he'd git me bail; which I mus' say—even ef he is a church member—might be excused ef you jes consider dat smell. But when de cote meet, dee wouldn't gi' me no bail, 'cuz dee say I had done commit murder; an' I heah Jim Sinkfiel' an' Mr. Lumpkins an' ole Mis' Twine went in an' tole de gran' jury I sutney had murder P'laski, an' bury him down in de sumac bushes; an' dee had de gre't bundle o' switches dee fine in my house, an' dee redite me, an' say ef I 'ain' murder him, why'n't I go 'long an' preduce him. Dat's a curisome thing, suh; dee tell you to go 'long an' fine anybody, an' den lock you up in jail a gnat couldn't git out."

I agreed with him as to the apparent inconsistency of this, and he proceeded:

"Well, suh, at las' de trial come on; 'twuz April cote, an' dee had me in de cote-house, an' set me down in de cheer, wid de jury right in front o' me, an' de jedge settin' up in he pulpit, lookin' might aggravated. Dat wuz de fus' time I begin to feel like maybe I sort o' forgittin' things, I had done been thinkin' so much lately in jail 'bout de ole doctor—dat's ole master—an' Marth' Ann, an' all de ole times in Hanover, I wuz sort o' misty as I wuz settin' dyah in de cheer, an' I jes heah sort o' buzzin' roun' me, an' I warn' altogether certified dat I warn' back in ole Hanover. Den I heah 'em say dat de ole jedge wuz taken down an' wuz expected to die, an' dee ax me don' I warn a continuance. I don't know what dat mean, 'sep dee say I'd have to go back to jail, an' sense I smell de fresh air I don't warn do dat no mo'; so I tell 'em, 'Nor; I ready to die.' An' den dee made me stan' up; an' dee read dat long paper to me 'bout how I done murder P'laski; dee say I had done whup him to death, an' had done shoot him, an' knock him in de haid, an' kill him mo' ways 'n 'twould 'a' tek to kill him ef he had been a cat. Lucindy wuz dyah. I had done had her gwine 'bout right smart meekin' inquisition for P'laski. At least she say she had," he said, with a sudden reservation, and a glance of some suspicion toward his spouse. "An' dee wuz a whole parecel o' niggers stan'in' roun' dyah, black as buzzards roun' a ole hoss whar

dyin'. An' don' you know, dat Jim Sinkfiel' say he sutney hope dee would hang me, an' all jes 'cuz he owe' me two dollars an' seventy-three cents, whar he ain' warn pay me!"

"Did not you have counsel?" I inquired.

"Council?"

"Yes—a lawyer."

"Oh, nor, suh; dat is, I had council, but not a la'yar, edzactly," he replied, with careful discrimination. "I had a some sort of a la'yer, but not much of a one. I had expected ole Jedge Thomas to git me off; 'cuz he knowed me; he wuz a gent'man, like we is; but when he wuz taken sick so providential I would had no urrs; I lef' it to Gord. De jedge ax me at de trial didn't I had no la'yer, and I tell him nor, not dyah; an' he ax me didn't I had no money to git one; an' I erspon', 'Nor, I didn't had none,' although I had at dat time forty-three dollars an' sixty-eight cents in a ole rag in my waistcoat linin', whar I had wid me down in de sumac bushes, an' whar I thought I better hole on to, an' 'ain' made no mention on. So den de jedge ax me wouldn't I had a young man dyah—a right tall young man; an' I reform him: 'Yes, suh. I didn't reckon twould hu't none.' So den he say he wuz my council."

There was such a suggestion of contempt in his tone that I inquired if he had not done very well.

"Oh, yes, suh," he drawled, slowly, "he done toler'ble well—considerin'." He do de bes' he kin, I reckon. He holler an' mix me up some right smart; but dee wuz too strong for him; he warn' no mo' to 'em 'n wurrn is to woodpecker. Major Torm Woods, de commonwealph's attorney, is a powerful la'yer; he holler so you kin heah him *three* mile. An' ole Mis' Twine wuz dyah, whar tell all 'bout de ring, an' how impident I wuz to her dat day, an' skeer her to death. An' dat Jim Sinkfiel', he wuz dyah, an' tolt 'bout how I beat P'laski, an' how he heah him 'way out in main road, hollerin' 'murder.' An' dee had de gre't bundle o' hick'ries dyah, whar dee done fine in my house, an' dee had so much evidence dat presney I 'mos' begin to think maybe I had done kilt P'laski sho 'nough, an' bad disremembered it. An' I thought 'bout Marth' Ann an' all de urr chil'ern, an' I wondered ef dee wuz to hang me ef I wouldn't fine her; an' I got so I 'mos' hoped dee would



OLD HANOVER.

sen' me. An' den de jury went out, and stay some time, an' come back an' say I wuz guilty, an' sen' me to de Pen'tenti for six years."

I had followed him so closely, and been so satisfied of his innocence, that I was surprised into an exclamation of astonishment, at which he was evidently much pleased.

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"What did your counsel do?" I asked.

He put his head on one side. "He? He jes lean over an' ax did I warn to repeal. I tell him I didn' know. Den he ax me is I got any money at all. I tell him, nor; ef I had I would 'a' got me a la'yer."

"What happened then?" I inquired, laughing at his discomfiting reply.

"Well, den de jedge tole me to stan' up, an' ax me has I got anything to say. Well, I know dat my las' chance, an' I tell him, 'Yes, suh.' An' he reform me to precede wid de relation, an' so I did. I preceded, an' I tolt 'em dyah in de cote-house ev'y wud jes like I have explanifcated it heah. I tolt 'em all 'bout Marth' Ann an' de chillern I hed had; I reformed 'em all decernin' de Maconses; an' I notified 'em how P'laski wuz dat urr ooman's son, not Marth' Ann's, an' 'bout de tunament, an' how I had demonstrated wid him not to ride dyah, an' how he had repudicated my admonition, an' had crown de queen wid ole Mis' Twine weddin'-ring, whar he come nigh gittin' me shot fur; an' how I had presented him de hick'ry, an' 'bout how he had evacuated de premises while I wuz 'sleep, an' had purloined my garment, an' how I wuz waitin' for him, an' getherin' de hick'ry crap an' all. An' dee wuz all laughin', 'cuz dee know I wuz prelatin' de gospel truth, an' jes den I heah some o' de niggers back behine call out, an' I look roun', an', ef you b'lieve me, suh, dyah wuz P'laski, jes repeared, all fixed up, wid he cane an' seegar an' all, jes like I had drawed he resemblance. He had done been to Wash'n'n, an' had done come back to see de hangin'."

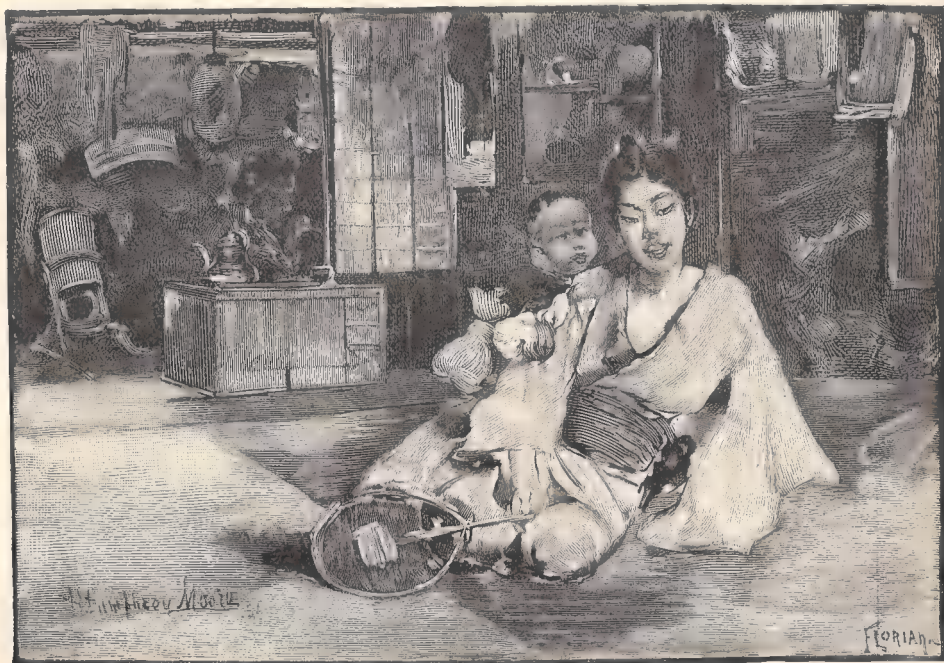
The old fellow broke into such a laugh at the reminiscence that I asked him, "Well, what was the result?"

"De result, suh, wuz, de jury teek back all dee had say, an' ax me to go down to de tavern an' have much whiskey as I could stan' up to, an' dee'd pay for it; an' de jedge distructed 'em to tu'n me loose. P'laski, he wuz sort o' bothered; he ain' know wherr to be disapp'inted 'bout de hangin' or pleased wid bein' set up so as de centre of distraction, tell ole Mis' Twine begin to talk 'bout 'restin' of him. Dat set him back; but I ax 'em, b'fo' dee 'rest him, couldn' I have jurisdictionment on him for a leetle while. Dee grant my beques', 'cuz dee know I gwine to erward him recordin' to his becessities, an' I jes nod my head to him an' went out. When we got roun' 'hine de jail, I revite him to perfect his coat. He nex' garment wuz my own shut, an' I tolt him to remove dat too; dat I had to git nigh to he backbone, an' I couldn' 'ford to weah out dat shut no mor'n he had done already weah it. Somebody had done fetch de bunch o' hick'ries whar dee had done fine in my

house, an' hit look jes like Providence. I lay 'em by me while I put him on de altar. I jes made him wrop he arms roun' a little locus'-tree, an' I fasten he wris'es wid he gallowses, 'cuz I didn' warn was'e dem hick'ries; an' all de time I bindin' him I tellin' him 'bout he sins. Den, when I had him ready, I begin, an' I rehearse de motter wid him f'om de time he had ax me 'bout de tunament tell he come to see me hang, an' wid ev'y wud I gi' him admonition, tell when I got throo wid him he wouldn' 'a' tetch a ring ef he had been in 'em up to he neck; an' as to shuts, he would 'a' gone stark naked b'fo' he'd 'a' put one on. He back gin out b'fo' my hick'ries did; but I didn' wholly lors 'em. I receive' de valyation o' dem too, 'cuz when I let up on P'laski, fust man I see wuz dat Jim Sinkfiel', whar had warn me hanged 'cuz he didn' warn pay me two dollars an' seventy-three cents. I jes walk up to him an' I tolt him dat he could pay it right den, or recommodate me to teck de res' o' de hick'ries. He try to blunder out o' it, but all de folks wuz wid me, an' b'fo' he knowed it some on 'em had he coat off, an' had stretch him roun' de tree, an' tolt me to proceed.

"I hadn' quite wo' out one hick'ry when he holler dat he'd borry de money an' pay it; but I tolt him, nor; hick'ries had riz; dat I had three mo', an' I warn show him a man kin meck a boy holler 'murder' an' yit not kill him. An' dat I did, too; b'fo' I wuz done he hollered 'murder' jes natchel as P'laski. I didn' lef' skin enough on he back to meck a pyah breeches for a grasshopper."

The old fellow's countenance beamed with satisfaction at the recollection of his revenge, and I rewarded his narrative with a donation which he evidently considered liberal; for he not only was profuse in his thanks, but he assured me that the county of Hanover had produced four people of whom he was duly proud—Henry Clay, Doctor Macon, myself, and himself. He summoned his retinue to depart, ordering Lucindy to come with marital authority; but just as he was leaving he gave an evidence of his affection for the old county by saying that he wanted his body to be carried back there when he died, if he did not get there before, as Martha Ann was buried there, and he wanted to be where he could not miss her at the judgment.



JAPANESE MOTHER AND CHILD.

JAPANESE WOMEN.

BY PIERRE LOTI.

I THOUGHT that I had drawn the final pen stroke on all subjects connected with Japan, and here I have allowed myself to promise an article on that mysterious little cabinet curiosity, the Japanese woman. I have therefore surrounded myself once more with all that could vivify, even unto the illusion of presence, my still recent memories of yonder: dresses impregnated with Nippon perfumes, vases, fans, images, and portraits. Portraits especially, innumerable portraits, spread out upon my writing-table; laughing faces of *mousmis*, known or unknown; little eyes drawn to the temples—little eyes as of cats. And toilets and poses! All these archnesses, all these studied and bizarre graces draped in the folds of the long tunics or sheltered beneath the extravagant *bariolage* of the parasols. And the desired illusion is such that a murmur of little voices seems to emanate from those open albums; around me I hear, in the silence, like a sound of gentle laughter.

I do not think that any European, if he wishes to go beyond surfaces and aspects, can write with absolute justice about Japanese women. A Japanese alone could do it; or perhaps, strictly, a Chinaman, for there are incontestable soul affinities between nations yet so different. Moreover, if this study were a little too elaborated, it would become incomprehensible; it would teach us nothing, for certain points would escape us which would be precisely its cardinal points. The yellow race and ours are the two poles of the human species. There are extreme divergences even in our ways of perceiving exterior objects, and our notions on essential matters are often the reverse of theirs. We can never completely penetrate into a Japanese or Chinese intelligence. At a certain moment, with mysterious dread, we feel ourselves arrested by insuperable cerebral barriers.

I will therefore remain very superficial in what I have to say, and I think

it better to confess frankly from the outset that I could not be otherwise.

Very ugly, those poor little Japanese women! I prefer to make this brutal statement at once, to attenuate it later with mincing prettiness, graceful drollery, adorable little hands, and then rice powder, rose and gold on the lips, all manner of artifices.

Hardly any eyes at all, so little as to be almost nothing: two narrow slits, oblique and diverging, where roll wily or cajoling eyeballs, as between the barely opened lids of those cats whom the glare of daylight makes weary.

Above those little updrawn eyes—but very far above, very highly perched—are outlined the eyebrows, as fine as pencil marks, and not at all oblique, not at all parallel with the eyes that they accompany so badly; but straight on the same line, contrary to what it has been the custom to represent in our European pictures whenever the artist has had to portray a Japanese woman.

I believe that the particular strangeness of those little faces of women is entirely due to that disposition of the eye, which is general, and also to the development of the cheek, which is always swollen to roundness like a doll's; moreover, in their pictures, the artists of the country never fail to reproduce, exaggerating them even to improbability, those characteristic signs of their race.

The other features are much more changeable, varying with individuals first, and especially with social conditions. Among the common people the lips remain thick, the nose flat and short; among the nobility the mouth becomes thinner, the nose longer and finer, sometimes even curves in the shape of a slender eagle's beak.

There is no country where the feminine types are so clearly defined between different castes. Brown peasant women, bronzed like Indians, well balanced on their slim waists, plump and muscled beneath their everlasting dresses of blue cottonade; etiolated women of the cities, real diminutives of women, white and wan like sickly Europeans, with I know not what of hollowed, of undermined, beneath the flesh, which is the sign of races that are too old—all these working-women of the great cities seem to have been worn out, hereditarily worn out before

birth, by too long a continuity of labor and of tension of mind over minute trifles; it seems as though upon their frail forms weighed all the weariness of having constantly produced since centuries those millions of baubles, those innumerable little works of exhausting patience, of which Japan is full. And among the princesses the refining influence of aristocracy, so far back does it date, has finished by fashioning extraordinary little artificial persons, with childish hands and busts, whose painted faces, whiter and pinker than a fresh bonbon, indicate no age; their smile is far away, like that of ancient idols; their updrawn eyes have an expression of both youth and death.

At excessive heights above all Japanese women, the invisible Empress, till within recent years, was enthroned like a goddess. But she, the sovereign, has descended little by little from her empyrean; she shows herself at present, she receives, she speaks, and she even lunches—with the tips of her lips, it is true. She has abandoned her magnificent *camails* strewn with strange blazons, her wide head-dress that looked like an idol's, and her enormous fans; she sends, alas! to Paris or London for her corsets, her dresses, and her bonnets.

Five years have passed over the chrysanthemums since, on one of these very rare solemnities, where a few privileged ones are admitted to her presence, I had the honor of seeing her in her gardens. She was ideally charming, passing like a fairy among her parterres, flowered in profusion with the sad flowers of autumn; then coming to sit beneath her canopy of violet *crépon* (the imperial color) in the hieratic stiffness of her robes, tinted like the wings of a humming-bird. All the deliciously quaint pageantry with which she then surrounded herself gave her the charm of an unreal creature. Upon her painted lips hovered a ceremonial smile, disdainful and vague. Beneath the powder her exquisite face preserved an impenetrable expression, and notwithstanding the grace of her greeting, one felt her offended by our presence, which according to the new customs she was forced to tolerate—she, the holy Empress, invisible of yore like a religious myth.

All this is now at an end; they are relegated forever to cases and museums, the astonishing robes of millennial form, and



A SIESTA.

the large fans of dream-land. The leveling spirit of modern times has fallen with one sudden blow upon that court of the Mikado which had remained till our days more securely walled in than a monastery, and that had preserved since the ancient ages immutable rites, customs, and elegancies.

The word has come from above; an edict of the Emperor has prescribed to the ladies of the palace the dress of their European sisters; stuffs, patterns, dress-makers, ready-made bonnets, were feverishly sent for. The first rehearsals in this travesty must have taken place with closed doors, perhaps with regrets and tears—who knows?—but more probably with laughter. And then the strangers were invited to come and see: garden parties, dances, and concerts were organized. The Japanese ladies who had been fortunate enough to travel in Europe with the embassies gave the tone to this wonderful comedy, so quickly learned. The first balls à l'Européenne given in the midst of Tokio were veritable marvels of mimicry; there were seen young girls all in white muslin, gloved to above the elbow, smiling in their chairs and holding their ivory dancing cards with the tips of their fingers; then, to opéra bouffe tunes, polking and waltzing almost in time, notwithstanding the terrible difficulties which our unknown rhythms must have occasioned to their hearing. Wines, chocolates, and ices were handed around, and all these absolutely novel refreshments were transferred from the trays with a thousand graces by very delicate hands. There were discreet flirtations, cotillon figures, and suppers.

Thank God! the new feminine masquerade is yet localized in a very restricted circle at Tokio only, and there only at court and in the official world. All these little persons—princesses, duchesses, or marchionesses (for the old Japanese titles have also been changed for their equivalents in Europe)—who almost succeeded in being charming in their sumptuous apparel of yore, are frankly ugly to-day in those new dresses that accentuate to our eyes the excessive slinness of their waists, the Asiatic flatness of their profile, and the obliquity of their eyes. Distinguished most of them are still; bizarre, badly dressed, ridiculous, I concede it, but common hardly ever. Under the awkwardness of the new manners as yet hardly

learned, under the effort of the new attitudes imposed by corsets and stays, the aristocratic refinement still persists. To be sure, it is all that is left them where-with to charm.

And it is in this period of mad transition that the grand lady of Japan presents herself to us. The world of princesses with imperceptible little dead eyes, with wide head-dresses stuck through by extravagant pins, which had remained till recent years so disdainfully impenetrable to our Western scrutiny, has all of a sudden been opened to us. By I know not what unexplained revolution, that world that seemed to have become mummified in its ancient rites and millennial modes has shaken off in a day its mysterious immobility. But its women appear to us under a disconcerting aspect, dressed like the most modern among ours, and receiving with all manner of graces in drawing-rooms imitated from Europe; and it should not be forgotten that all that is shown to us there is factitious, superficial, arranged for our benefit. Under the set expression of those faces we absolutely ignore what is passing; we should therefore not hasten to smile, and to declare insignificant those singular dolls with flat profiles. After the representation that mystifies us they certainly leave their dreadful gilded arm-chairs, their apartments furnished after the worst Western taste, and—who knows?—resuming perhaps the sumptuous emblazoned robes of the old times, they go and crouch upon their little white mats in one of those little compartments with movable paper frames that make up the traditional Japanese house; and once there, gazing with half-closed eyes on the far-away vistas of artificial gardens composed of dwarfish trees, of basins of water, and of rockery, they become themselves again—and we see nothing more. How are they then, between the panels of their dwellings, and what do they dream of between the yet closer panels of their minds? It is here that the intriguing puzzle confronts us. Within those wan heads covered with long straight hair, within those heads of strange etiolated beings, there are little brains fashioned contrariwise to ours by a long heredity of different culture; there are notions unintelligible to us about the mystery of the world, about religion and death. Do these women compose still,



JAPANESE WATER-CARRIER.

as in the old days, poems of exquisite melancholy on the flowers, on the fresh rivers, and the shadow of the woods? Are they, like their grandmothers, heroines of poems and of chivalric legends, who placed so high the point of honor, so high the ideal of love? I know not. But I think it would be rash to judge them from the everlasting and meaningless smirk which they wear.

The woman *comme il faut*, not yet Europeanized, may still be found away from Tokio, away from the court, in the other cities of the empire. She at least has not abandoned her ancient apparel. She can be met with, carried in her litter or drawn by runners in her little carriage, always very simply dressed for the street. She wears, one above the other, three or four tunics in plain light silk of sombre or neutral colors. In the middle of her back a little white rosace, discreetly embroidered, represents the blazon of her noble family. Her hair, glossed to an extraordinary perfection, is stuck through with shell pins unrelieved by brilliants or gold. If she is aged and strictly observant of the rules of the past, her eyebrows are shaved and her teeth covered with a coat of black lacquer. She is more evasive, more difficult of approach, than the woman of the middle classes, but if the stranger forces his presentation he may obtain from her some little amiable smile, some courtesy, and some polite commonplace—and nothing more.

And really one knows her almost as well after this simple greeting as the belles of the new generation with whom one has danced cotillons or Strauss waltzes at the ministerial balls. The wisest course, therefore, if one wishes to define the Japanese lady, is to declare her enigmatical.

The women of the middle classes—the women of the shop and factory—are seen everywhere so freely, and their intimacy is won so soon, that, without understanding them to their very souls, one can attempt to say a little more about them. Of these thousands of little persons met with everywhere—in the tea-houses, the theatres, the pagodas—the impression that remains is absolutely deficient of seriousness. Whenever I think of them I involuntarily smile.

Astonishing figurines, that I see once more agitated, assiduous, a little simi-

esque, running about with continual courtesies addressed to everybody, among their infinitesimal doll's baubles, in apartments as big as the hand, whose paper walls would fall in at the least blow. Women in miniature, both childish and aged, whose excessive grace, so mannered and mincing is it, turns to grimaces; whose everlasting laughter, contagious without gayety, is as irresistible as a titillation, and brings on at length the same irritating lassitude. They laugh from excess of amiability or from acquired habit; they laugh in the gravest circumstances of life; they laugh in the temples and at funerals.

Very small creatures, living in the midst of trifles as artificial and light as themselves. Their household utensils, in fine porcelain or thin metal, look like children's toys; their cups, their tea-kettles, are Liliputian, and their everlasting pipes are filled to overflowing with half a pinch of very fine tobacco, taken with the tips of their elegant little fingers.

Never seated, but crouching all day on mats of immaculate whiteness, they accomplish in that invariable posture almost all the acts of their life. It is on the floor that they take their doll's dinners, served in microscopic crockery, and eaten delicately with the aid of chopsticks. It is on the floor, behind frail screens that barely conceal them, and surrounded with a confusion of queer little instruments—of little powder-boxes, of little pots—that they proceed to their toilet, before mock mirrors that make one laugh. It is on the floor that they work, sew, embroider, play on their long-handled guitars, dream of imperceptible things, or address to their incomprehensible gods the long prayers of morning and evening.

The houses that they occupy are, it goes without saying, as neat and wondrously fashioned as themselves; almost always full of surprises, with movable panels, with boxes and slides, with compartments of all shapes and astonishing little closets. Everything is minutiously clean, even among the humblest, and of apparent simplicity, especially among the richest. Alone the altar of the ancestors, where sticks of incense burn, is gilded, lacquered, and garnished like a pagoda with vases and lanterns. Everywhere else a purposed bareness—a bareness all the more complete and white if the dwelling pre-



A SWEEPING GIRL.

tends to elegance. No embroidered tapestries; sometimes transparent portières, made of strung beads and bamboos. And never any furniture; it is on the floor or on little lacquer pedestals that necessary objects or vases of flowers are placed. To the mistress of the house luxury consists in the very excess of that cleanliness of which I spoke above, and which is one of the incontestable qualities of the Japanese people. It is everywhere the custom to unshoe before entering a house, and nothing equals the whiteness of those mats, upon which one never walks without fine socks with divided toes. The wood-work itself is white, neither painted nor varnished, keeping as its sole ornamentation, among women of true taste, the imperceptible veins of the young pine.

In our part of the world when we speak of Japanese women we immediately figure to ourselves persons clad in dazzling robes such as they send us—robes of tender shades without name, embroidered with long flowers, great chimeras, and fantastic birds. A mistake! These dresses are reserved for the theatre, or for a certain nameless class of women, who live in a special quarter, and of whom I cannot speak here. The women of Japan dress all in dark colors; they wear, to a great extent, stuffs of cotton or wool, almost always plain, or strewn with dim and misty little designs, whose equally dark colors can hardly be distinguished from the background. Marine blue is the general and dominating tint; so much so that a feminine crowd in gala dress composes itself from afar into a mass of black-blue, a swarming of the same color, relieved only here and there by brilliant reds, or the light shades worn by little girls or babies.

The shape of those dresses is well known; in all the pictures with which Japan overwhelms us they are seen painted or drawn. Their large and floating sleeves allow free play to the arms, that are of a light amber color, generally well turned, and terminating in hands invariably pretty. The toilet is completed by those large sashes called *obi*, which are usually of magnificent silk, and whose regular shells, spreading out like the wings of monstrous butterflies at the bottom of the frail little backs, lend so peculiar and artificial a grace to the silhouettes of the women. Our para-

sols, in silks of neutral colors, are beginning to replace for certain ladies of fashion the charming variegated parasols of yore, upon which, among flowers and birds, were often written suave thoughts, due to ancient poets. As for our shoes, they have only been adopted as yet in Tokio, among the high official world; everywhere else the antique sandal is worn, attached between the toes, and left in the anterooms, as with us the cane and hat, blocking up the entrance of the fashionable tea-houses, or piled up in close layers on the exterior steps of the pagodas on days of solemn prayer. On rainy days, besides the sandals, are worn, for street errands, clogs with high wooden skates, that sound noisily on the pavement when the dresses are tucked up, and that would make any European woman fall after the second step. These ladies walk with the heels outside, as prescribed by fashion, and with the back slightly curved forward, which is doubtless due to hereditary abuse of the courtesy.

Their head-gear is also known of the whole world; with two or three strokes of the brush the Japanese painters know how to reproduce it under all its aspects, or caricature it with rare happiness. But what most people doubtless ignore is that even the most careful and elegant women have their hair dressed only two or three times a week: their chignons and bands are so solidly fixed by specialists that they last at need several days without losing their smooth and lustrous brilliancy. It is true that in order not to disarrange these structures during the nightly slumbers the ladies always sleep on the back, without pillows, the head in the air, supported by a sort of little lacquer bridge that fits into the nape of the neck. I had forgotten to say that it is also on the floor that they sleep, upon wadded mattresses so light that they would be used by us as coverlets. For sleep they always very chastely array themselves in long night-gowns of an invariable blue; and discreet lamps, shaded by paper frames, watch incessantly over their dreams, in order to frighten away the evil spirits of darkness who, all around the little houses of light wood, might be floating in the air.

In Japan the women of the people and of the lower middle classes participate in almost all the labors of the men. They



JAPANESE MOUSMI.



GROUP OF JAPANESE BOYS WITH A BIRD-CAGE.

little dresses, tie up their hair in inimitable knots, give them an air of exquisite comicality!

I do not know whether they are absolutely good, but at least they are neither bad, nor coarse, nor quarrelsome. Their politeness cannot but be unalterable; the Japanese language does not count a single word of insult, and in the world of porters and fish-mongers the most exquisite formulas of the *Régence* are in use. I have seen two poor old hags, who were picking up on the beach the coal thrown away by the steamers, expend themselves in endless ceremonies, disputing as to who should not take such and such a litigated piece, and then address courtesies and wonderful compliments to one another with the air of mar-queses of the old *régime*.

Notwithstanding their very real frivolity and

understand business and bargaining, they cultivate the earth, they sell, they work in the factories, and they even serve as carriers.

In early youth, if they are pretty, they often leave the parental roof to enter, as laughing and attractive little maids, the inns and tea-houses. There, for a while, they increase the number of those innumerable *mousmés*, whose business it is to serve and gladden the passing stranger in all the places where he may seek repose, drink, or amusement.

They are adorable as mothers and grandmothers; it is pleasant to see the tender and touching care they give to their little ones, even among the lowest classes, the loving intelligence with which they know how to amuse them and invent astonishing toys. And with what perfect art, with what comprehension of childish drollery, with what profound knowledge of what becomes very young faces, do they deck them out in deliciously absurd

the silliness of their perpetual laughter, notwithstanding their air of being mere dolls endowed with springs, it would be unjust to refuse them all elevation of ideas; they have the sentiment of the poetry of things, of the great vague soul of nature, of the charm of flowers, of forests, of silences, of moon rays. They tell of those things in verses a little affected, having the grace of those leaves and reeds, both very natural and very improbable, that are painted on their silks and lacquer. In short, they are like the objects of virtue of their own country, trifles of extreme exquisiteness, but which it is prudent to look over before bringing to Europe, for fear that some impropriety may lurk behind a bamboo stem or beneath a sacred stork. They may also be compared to those Japanese fans which, opened from right to left, represent the most delicate sprays of flowers, but which change to indecencies if opened in the contrary direction, from left to right.



JAPANESE CHILDREN ON A PIAZZA.

Their music, of which they are passionately fond, is for us strange and far away like their souls. When the young girls gather in the evening to sing and play on their long guitars, we feel, after the first smile of wonder, the impression of something very unknown and very mysterious, which years of intellectual acclimation would not enable us to completely grasp.

Their religion must appear very complicated and confused to their little giddy brains, when even the most learned priests of their country lose themselves in their cosmogonies, their symbols, their metamorphoses of gods in that millenary chaos upon which the Buddhism of India has so strangely foisted itself without destroying anything. Their most serious cult seems to be that of their defunct ancestors. These shades or familiar gods possess in each household a perfumed altar, before which the living pray long at morning and night, without, however, believing absolutely in the immortality of the soul, and in the persistence of the hu-

man ego as understood by our Occidental religions.

To the religious contradictions which baffle us must be added superstitions as old as the world, the strangest or the gloomiest, and fearful to listen to at night. Beings half gods and half ghosts haunt the black darkness; at crossways in the woods stand ancient idols gifted with singular powers; there are miraculous stones in the depths of forests. And to have an approximate idea of the faith of these women with small oblique eyes, one must reduce to chaos all that I have just said, then try to transpose it into giddy brains that laughter prevents most of the time from thinking, and that seem at moments to have the heedlessness of the brains of birds.

Withal, they are assiduous in their attendance at all the pilgrimages, which are constant, at all the ceremonies and festivals in the temples.

During the fair season they come in smiling troops, two or three times a month,



A JAPANESE GIRL SEWING.

from all corners of the country to pagodas deliciously situated in the country, covering the little roads, the little bridges, with the incessant passing of their marine-blue dresses, and with the wide shells of their black head-dresses.

In the big cities, on almost every summer evening, there is a pilgrimage to some sanctuary or other—sometimes in honor of a god so ancient that nobody remembers exactly his rôle in the world. After business of all kinds, with its bargains and barter, has been suspended, after the innumerable petty trades have stopped their monotonous noise, when the myriads of little houses and shops begin to put up their light shutters, the women dress themselves, ornament their hair with their most extravagant pins, and set out, holding at the end of flexible sticks great painted lanterns. The streets are filled to overflowing with their little persons, ladies or *mousmis*, walking slowly in sandals and exchanging charming courtesies. With an immense murmur of fluttering fans, of rustling silks, and of laughing chatter, at dusk, by the light of the moon, or beneath the starry night, they ascend to the pagoda, where gigantic gods with horrible masks await them, half hidden

behind bars of gold, in the incredible magnificence of the sanctuaries. They throw pieces of money to the priests, they pray prostrated and clapping their hands with sharp blows, *clack, clack*, as though their fingers were of wood. But most of the time they are chattering, turning around, thinking of something else, attempting to escape by laughter from the fear of the supernatural.

The peasant woman, clad summer and winter in the same dress of blue cotton, and hardly distinguishable afar from her husband, who wears his hair in a knot like hers, and is clad in a robe of the same color—the peasant woman who is daily seen bowing over her toil in the tea fields or in the liquid mud of the rice swales, protected by a rough hat on days when the sun burns, and having her head completely enveloped when the north wind blows by a dreadful muffler, always blue, that only leaves the almond eyes to view—the small and funny peasant woman of Japan, wherever she may be sought for, even in most remote districts of the interior, is incontestably much more refined than our peasant woman of the West. She has pretty hands and pretty delicate

feet; a mere touch would suffice to transform her into one of those ladies that are painted on vases or transparent screens, and there would be little left to teach her of mannered graces, of affectations of all sorts. She almost always cultivates a pretty garden around her ancient cottage of wood, whose interior, garnished with white mats, is scrupulously clean. Her household utensils, her little cups, her little pots, her little dishes, instead of being, as with us, of common earthen-ware daubed with brilliant flowers, are of transparent porcelain decorated with those light and fine paintings that bear witness of themselves to a long heredity of art. She arranges with original taste the altar of her humble ancestors. Finally, she knows how to arrange in her vases, with the least spray of verdure, slender bouquets that the most artistic among our women would hardly be capable of composing.

She may possibly be more honest than her sister of the cities, and her life may be more regular—from our European point of view, of course; she is also more reserved with strangers, more timid, with a sort of mistrust and dislike of the intruders, notwithstanding her amiable welcome and her smiles.

In the villages of the interior, far from the recent railroads and from all modern importations, in places where the mille-

nary immobility of the land has not been disturbed, the peasant woman has probably changed but little from what must have been, several centuries ago, her most remote ancestor, whose soul, vanished in time, has even ceased to hover over the family altar. At the barbaric periods of our Western history, when our mothers still preserved something of the grand and wild rudeness of primitive times, there lived doubtless yonder, in those isles at the east of the ancient world, these same little peasant women, so polite and so mincing, and also these same little ladies of the cities, so civilized, with their adorable courtesies.

In short, if the Japanese women of all classes are small of body and mind, artificial, and affected, with I know not what of worn and aged in the soul from the very beginning of life, it is perhaps because their race has remained for too many centuries separated from the rest of humanity, living on itself, and never renovated. It would be as unjust to reproach them for it as it would be to reproach them for their ugliness without eyes; and one should be thankful to them for being amiable, gracious, and gay; for having made of Japan the country of ingenious and droll little things—the country of prettinesses and laughter.

MR. GIBBLE COLT'S DUCKS.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

"Dux femina facti."—ÆNEIS.

I.

"I HAVE come to the conclusions that what I want is a little duck, to call mine."

He had the solemnity not uncommon in very tall, rather slim, and moderately dark gentlemen, old enough to know what they are talking about when the matter is their own individual, special wants. The announcement excited some surprise, even a little fluttering; therefore I shall proceed to tell briefly the conditions of the speaker and his audience that led to it.

Property of the value of about one hundred dollars, his share in his father's estate, by accretions in one way and another during the twenty years since the majority of Mr. Gible Colt, had amount-

ed to five hundred—perhaps a little over. In this while he had lived with an older sister, wife of Mr. Isaac Spillers, his services about the house, the yard, the garden, the horse lot, and the cow pen being taken as equivalent for board. The small farm was situate a couple of miles from the village of Red Oak, and bordered on the public road leading thence to Augusta. The land was not more thin and gravelly than the average in that militia district, which, by a pleasant conceit of one of the early settlers, had been named "Pea Ridge." Notwithstanding his great length and solemnity, Mr. Colt was a man affectionate in his feelings. Therefore, although he shed not many tears, he was much grieved at the death of his sister.



"I AM POSITIVE AND SIMPLE DISGRESSED!"

His sense of bereavement had been quickened by some changes already made in the household, and others contemplated by his brother-in-law. These had put him to thinking that perhaps it might be well for him to make some change in himself. This thought was in his mind on a nice morning when he called at the Sprayberrys'.

These extremely nice people, Miss Prudence and her sister, Charty Ann, two years younger, owned a farm of similar dimension, half a mile nearer town. Their cottage, modest like themselves, was retired quite out of public view. Both parents had deceased some years back, when they had fully reached womanhood. By this time they had managed to get a comfortable, respectable living on the place, and make a satisfactory beginning in the raising of negroes from the man and woman with whom at the death of their father they had started on their own independent, inoffensive line. It was at this house, and in the joint presence of these ladies, that Mr. Colt made the remark above quoted.

As to ages, slimnesses, and complexions, the Misses Sprayberry were not far unlike their visitor. Almost all of their time, especially of late years, they staid at home, taking care of their little property, trying to make little additions to it in honest ways, feeling mild compassion for the moving, restless world outside, and, upon the whole, congratulating themselves on their foresight in not having encumbered themselves with husbands, children, and the other inevitable appurtenances of married life. These very last words, however, were applicable in their entirety only to the elder sister, who never had had a beau, and, if people would believe her, never had wanted one. Miss Charty Ann, despite her suspicions that some of the things in what few novels she had read might not have been precisely as set down therein, admitted an interest that occasionally was tender enough for tears at scenes capable of touching an affectionate, sympathizing heart. Whenever a wedding took place in the neighborhood, if invited, she went to it. If not invited, just for curiosity; nothing else in the world—she liked to hear how the bridal party and everybody else looked and did, and how everything in general went off. Miss Prudence knew well enough how to make allowance for the harmless levity of her

younger sister, it being a foil to her own habitual seriousness. Without ever chiding, she regarded it enough to set for her an example in the matter of books. On week-days she opened never one except the Bible; and on Sundays, this, the hymn-book, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. With the last I suspect that she never did get entirely through; but often was she heard to express her never having a doubt that the poor, dear, good man was bound to get there at last—or, as she expressed it, "safe and sound eventual."

Almost the first words spoke by Mr. Colt on this morning were those announcing his rather singular want. It was the more surprising to these ladies, particularly Miss Prudence, because, as for ducks, not one of that species of fowl was on that place, nor had been since as far back as anybody there could remember. Therefore, when the announcement was made, Miss Prudence simply looked at Mr. Colt, and said not a single word. The visit in itself was not a surprise; for, living so near, his wont had been to fall in there occasionally, the same as if he were an old maid like themselves, and he had been no more suspected of evil intents than if indeed he was in that condition of life. But on this occasion, when he alluded to ducks, and that in a sort of abstracted, distant way, in a voice almost husky, and looking as solemn as if somebody was dead or upon their death-bed, Miss Prudence asked herself if she knew what upon earth the man could be driving at. The answer being in the negative, and Mr. Colt sitting there without adding a word of explanation, after some moments she broke the silence in the following manner:

"Gibble Colt, I thought you knewed it; but if you didn't, they haven't been a duck of no sort on this plantation since here I've been. My father always before he died took up a predigice ag'inst the things; for what reason he never told anybody that I ric'lect of, except it might have been their everlastin' puddlin' and paddlin' in every blessed thing that have water in it. And I have freckwent heard him express his opinions that for eatin', chicken and turkey was good enough for him, with mayby sometimes goose for rarity, but although which he acknowledged he loved goose not to the same extents. And so ever since his time we never got in the habit of havin' the things in the family. It is therefore, and for

them reasons, that if you certain in your mind they is what you *do* want, I hain't a doubts on my mind that the Hills, if they couldn't let you have a pa'r, they could at least spar' you a settin' of eggs to raise from. They've got 'em, I know, because every time I go by there I see 'em by their spring branch."

While this speech was going on, Mr. Colt was looking all around the room, as if, not fully crediting Miss Sprayberry's disclaimer, he suspected that an individual of the kind he had specified was hid away somewhere—on the mantel, or behind the clock, or under the table, or somewhere else. When the lady had finished her elaborate, kind answer, he replied:

"I don't need to go to the Hills. The duck I'm after is here—right here—and she's nowhere else—that is, prowidin' she's willin'."

Then he looked at Miss Charty Ann with all the pointedness and painfulness which his countenance could put on.

Now notwithstanding that the nigh resemblance between Miss Charty Ann and a duck, especially a small duck, had occurred perhaps to only a few imaginations, she seemed not displeased that it had been noticed by that of Mr. Colt. She did not essay to squat very far down on her chair, but she did shrink herself into a mien of girlishness and meek loveliness that few ducks of any size could have surpassed.

"I am positive and simple disgrussed!" said Miss Prudence, rising, and leaving the pair to themselves.

Long as both lovers were, long as had been the time before their coming together in this intensely interesting relation after a long, long acquaintance, their courtship and other antenuptial preparations were exceeding brief. I suppose they thought to make up for so much time unnecessarily thrown away.

Poor Miss Prudence, feeling herself thus deserted—or, as she expressed it, "clean flung away"—could solace herself, and that in a very small way, only by thoughts, of which the following were a few among vast numbers of expressions to the friends to whom in her desolation she turned:

"When Gibble Colt come to the house a-enquirin' about ducks, I natchel said that we didn't keep the things, and I were perfect honest in my mind when I a-p'inted him to the Hills, that they have a spring branch where they could keep

themselves from troublesome people that likes to have a clean, decent, respectable yard. I ain't a-settin' in this cheer if I weren't a-tryin' to give him the best information I knewed how, all be I were ruther took back in my mind by Gibble Colt at his time of life a-wantin' to begin on the raisin' of sech a kind of a animal. Tell you the truth, for a minute I suspi-cioned Gibble Colt of bein' out of his head, and not a-knowin' what it were he *did* want. And the first thing I knewed there was him a-eying of Charty Ann, and she not displeaged at it. So I just ris; and as I ris, I heard him ask her if *she* wouldn't be his little duck. That of all the names I ever expected to live to see Charty Ann called by, the lastest one was that. And yit I never in my born days have I ever see a idee took holt of so fast, and break out all over 'em, which, if it hadn't been my own blessed sister, I should have to set down and laugh. It only show what people can come to when they think they fell in love; because it do seem to me at her time of life—and special a high, tall woman like Charty Ann—she'd 'a' felt ashamed of herself at the very *namin'* of bein' Gibble Colt's little duck."

Yet Mr. Colt made a first-rate husband, and soon a satisfactory brother-in-law; and Miss Prudence, having to do so, admitted it honorably. He did not try to interfere with her right, acquired by primogeniture, as established by long usage, to the headship of the family, and he would have discouraged, if he had noticed, any ambition on the part of his wife to rise in her own scale of being than as his own favorite bird. About every rural homestead there are some things which it falls to a man more conveniently and more becomingly than to a woman to look after. These were undertaken at once by Mr. Colt, and attended to with constant faithfulness and efficiency. For the rest, he let himself be supported by these ladies without a single word of complaining. Soon after his marriage he did a thing which could not have failed to affect sensibly any feminine heart that knows how to value affectionateness and kindness. The sisters had always waited on themselves mainly. They had been so brought up, and such work was not irksome. But Mr. Colt, early in his domestication, said that no duck of his, nor no duck's sister of his, should do such as that much longer. And so one day, at

an administrator's sale, with his money that he had called in, he bought a young woman, whom, when he had brought her home, he turned over to Miss Prudence, with very few, but those affectionate and specific, remarks. Delicate little things like that go far with good women. Miss Prudence could have cried, but I suppose she decided that such giving way could hardly be expected of her, and so she did not. Sylla, the new servant, healthy, honest, willing, became a great help. Not following the example set by her mistresses, she married young, and few women of any race ever bore a more numerous, sound, likely progeny. In time Miss Prudence came to love, almost as well as her sister, him who so naturally and smoothly had assimilated with the whole family.

"Yes, yes, I think a heap o' Gibble Colt, and I've even got riconciled to him callin' Charty Ann his little duck. But still I can't but be thankful it ain't me instid of Charty Ann. He's a affectionate kind of a creatur'—affectionater than Charty Ann, in fact—and he ain't much more in a body's way than if he was a female. Yes; I got complete riconciled, and I'm thankful I did."

II.

Things went on, and kept going for twenty years without one unhappy ripple. It seemed a pity for a change to come. Yet it fell most lightly upon the one who was to be subtracted soonest. Neither her husband nor her sister could believe when, after a few days of what seemed a very light spell of illness, Mrs. Colt bade them good-by, calling them both to witness that of the two she could not say which she loved best. As for their future she offered no advice, but expressed humble hope that her own was secure.

They were not people to make a great ado of mourning, yet each was deeply, sorely distressed.

And now there was Miss Prudence and there was Mr. Colt, and no person ever did know how she at the head of the table and he at the foot, how she at one corner of the fireplace and he at the other, looked at each other and were speechless.

In such afflictions men seem to have an advantage over women. The former can and often do roam about, while the latter feel as if it is their duty to stay at home. Not that Mr. Colt roamed promiscuously.

He never had been a man for such as that; and his roaming, not counting an occasional purposeless walk to town, was confined almost entirely to the Hills, whose husband and father had deceased some months before. Perhaps, of its kind and to its degree, there was consolation in passing and repassing by the Hill spring branch, and looking mildly at the Hill ducks, that did not forego the comfort of puddling for any losses among their families, however unexpected, quick, and violent. It is curious that we do not—yet we who are on the highest scale of animate being ought to—set more store by the many cheerful examples placed before our view by so many of the lower animals.

Yet with this movement of her brother-in-law Miss Sprayberry could not bring herself to sympathize. The Hills had never been favorites with the family—a fact which Mr. Colt ought to have known and did know. Therefore on his second—or it may have been on his third—return, with all the straightness which sixty years had not been able to bend, she scanned him with an eye which looked as if it wished to see if he did not feel ashamed of himself. It saw nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he looked back at her as if he had been doing nothing in this wide world to feel ashamed about.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said poor Miss Prudence, "after the names he called Charty Ann all the time they lived together, and appearant was in yearnest. It's a mercy the poor child didn't live to see it. Howsomer, I have no idee if she'd 'a' lived he'd 'a' done it. Well, I suppose the good Lord made men folks so; but it seem a pity they can't be decent in some things, special in times of affliction; that is, if it ever come to 'em, which sometimes it seem to me they don't to some of 'em."

One night, after they had been sitting by the fire for quite a time, wherein the few remarks made by Mr. Colt were answered in not much more than monosyllables and grunts, suddenly, in a tone of much impatient sorrow, he ejaculated,

"My! how I *do* miss my little duck!"

Miss Prudence jumped slightly, it came in a way so unlike the speaker. But she recovered herself immediately, and looking at him with intense severity, said: "If it's Charty Ann you're a-speakin' about, Gibble Colt, I wished in my heart

you missed her like I do. If I don't, *that* I do."

"What for, Prudence? Name of the good Lord! what's the reason you don't think I miss her like you, and obleeged to be a sight worse? If I was to miss her any more than I do, I just know I couldn't stand it; and I ain't quite shore in my mind I can stand it as it is."

"Look to me like you already got toller'ble peert, a-muanderin' a'most a-constant over to the Hills, that you know poor Charty Ann never liked 'em nor their ways."

"Prudence, I see you don't understand me, nor hain't been a-understandin' of me. It's for lonesome, Prudence—jes only for lonesome—that it appear like I'm that restless in my mind that it look to me as if I ain't to have another little duck in the place of the one the good Lord seem-eth Him meet to take away from me, and leave me same if I were on a disolate islant all by my jes lone self—it look to me my usefulness is at a eend. Now that's jes how the thing stand."

"The Lord help your poor old childless soul, Gibble Colt! That here you are, and at your time of life, a-feelin' like and a-tryin' to feel like you want to have another little duck, as you call it, and a-goin' a-totterin' a-lookin' for one, and that over yonder to that house whar— I jes wonder it don't disguss your very self, Gibble Colt, like it disguss me."

Then, as if the risen natural heat added to the artificial was too much for her, she slid her chair back several inches.

Patient, calm, studious, watchful, Mr. Colt, in soft denial and avoidance, resumed:

"Now, Prudence, you call me childless, when you knows Charty Ann never named me them names, not in her whole lifetime; nor she never called me a totterin' person, a-knowin' how I yit helt my own in the p'int of strong and active, if so be I weren't, and I never laid claim to a fast runner, but able to git over ground reason'ble swift, peert, and handy. And as for the makin' game o' my words, you never has had the exper'ence of the bein' anybody's little duck; but you hain't forgot that Charty Ann always loved for me to call her that, which it were the affectionatest I knowed for the good, lovin' wife and companion she made me. If you had the exper'ence, I hain't a doubts but what you'd be jes like Charty

Ann when you got used to it. And to come to the very p'int o' the case, Prudence, and let the whole facts speak for their own selves, I been a-goin' over to the Hills jes to see if it wouldn't put you to thinkin' about things *in* your mind, and not to be willin' to have this whole family, black *and* white, all tore up and sip'rated, some a-goin' one ways and the tothers a-goin' nowheres, but to stay right here by their lone selves, a-moanin' for them that's gone, and a-tryin' to paddle their own canoe ag'inst stumps and logs and everything else *in* the world, where it seem like you ought to know they ain't many—I am now speakin' of men people, and my own self in partick'lar—that they love to paddle by their own selves, special when they've oncet had a companion to help paddle on *her* side. You know what a stow I sot on Charty Ann, and it would now be my fond desires to set that same stow on you."

Immediately after this, the longest speech that he had ever made, he rose and went off to bed.

Commenting on a proposal so unexpected, Miss Sprayberry said afterward, with a solemnity whose honesty could not be doubted by any who knew her:

"If they is any grain of honest truth left *in* me, which I has to have my doubts sometimes, yit, on the top of it, if so be, I declare to you that when Gibble Colt, a-settin', him and me, by that fire-h'a'th, when he named them words to me, at the first beginnin', I didn't know what the man meant, and I didn't believe he knewed hisself. But when he went suddent off to bed, which the sleep have done flew clean gone from me, I set there, and I turned it over in my mind, and looked at it that a-way, and then I turned it back and looked at it, and it seem like to me my mind kep' on a-lookin' at it all and every single ways to find out what Gibble Colt were drivin' at by them sollomest langwidges I *ever* hear come from him, sollom though he always in gener'l, but not to them extent. But I couldn't. And so I ris, and I took *myself* off to bed the jes likeways; but even then it kept a-ringin' in my years till I got to sleep and got to dreamin', that the sense come to me sort of dim like, like a body sometimes they can begin to see the first crack o' day of a cloudy mornin'. Next day Gibble Colt hardly said three words, except yes and no when he were asked at the table if he'd

take some o' this and that; but that day and the day after he staid at home all day long, and if he even *looked* over towards the Hills I never see it. And not only so, but look like he were tryin' all the time to see how useful and dilicate he could be with *everything*. He even went to where Sylla's little girl Jenny was a-churnin', and without sayin' a single word to her, he took the churn stick out her hand, and told her to go 'long in the house and wait on her Miss Prudence, and he whirled in and he churned as nice a turn of buttermilk and butter as ever anybody would wish to put in their mouth. And when night come he were yit silent-er, and he looked like he were studdin' all the time in his mind what I wanted, and he'd git up and git it, oncet or twicet a-takin' out of Jenny's hand as she were comin' with it and put in mine. And I never see *in* my life sech a moanin' look as come out his eyes, and I got actuall *mad* with myself for trimblin' so when I helt out my hand to take anything he handed me. And so the second night, *away* in the night, I said to myself, mayby it's my lot; but if so be, it's been a long time a-comin', and that unbeknownst. *But, and,* as the next day were meetin'-day, I said to myself, I mean to see Brer Swinney after meetin', and git his advices if he wouldn't think sech as that *ought* to be a disgrace and a disguss. And I done it. And Brer Swinney said no, but it were the very best thing for me and Gibble Colt to do, and which he were glad, because he been a-hopin' jes that way, he said. And then he made me take a funny messenge to Gibble Colt, and it were to tell Gibble Colt that he said, 'Go it, Gibble!' *Did* you ever! And it all 'peared like to me that I have never missed Charty Ann as much, not sence she been gone. And when I told Gibble Colt what Brer Swinney said—because I wouldn't done sech

thing if I had of knewed what it were goin' to be when I promised Brer Swinney—Gibble Colt said he were goin' fast as he could, but he were ready and a-wait-in' to peerten up whensomever I give the word. And I jes got *mad* to see how I were hemmed in by Gibble Colt, with Brer Swinney to help. And so I *told* Gibble Colt to go 'long off from me, and go back to Brer Swinney and see if he wouldn't *please* take back what he said. And Gibble Colt he went off a'most in a skip to the lot, and he put the bridle and saddle on John, and he loped off; and 'tweren't more than three hours before here come Gibble Colt back, a-fetchin' Brer Swinney, and Brer Swinney him a-fetchin' Tommy Portid and Jimmy Pitman to be the witnesses. And if I hadn't knewed it was broad open daytime, I'd 'a' declared I were a-dreamin'."

The marriage, on Miss Prudence's part mainly of domestic convenience, yet not without some portion of the tender sentiment with which Mr. Colt believed himself to be inspired, was a happy one. It required some little time for the bride to become used to her title of endearment.

"I told Gibble Colt I wanted to be named no ducks of no sort. But you know how men people can aidge on and persuade. 'Tweren't long before here it come by degrees, and I thought to myself, if it please Gibble Colt, it ain't a-goin' to hurt me, fur as I could see. Seem like what he said come true. I hadn't had the exper'ence of it, and they ain't any doubts but what that do make a difference. But, you know, sometimes I got 'shamed of myself, thinkin' of Charty Ann. Yit I clear believed she were in heaven; and if so be, she couldn't be hurted about Gibble Colt namin' me his little duck. Brer Swinney and Gibble Colt say I ought to be riconciled, and I reckon I am."

A SPEAKIN' GHOST.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

YES, I do b'lieve in 'em—in one of 'em, tennerate. An' I know why you ask me if I do. Somebody's put you up to it, so's you can make me tell my ghost story. Well, you're welcome to that if you want it. It's no great of a story, but it's true; an', arter all, that's the main p'int in a story—ghost or no ghost.

Well, I s'pose I'll s'prise you when I say it all happened in New York city. See in' me here in Kitt'ry, an' knowin' my name's Jenness—a real Kitt'ry an' Portsmouth an' Ryename—why, o' course you'd take it for granted I'd allers lived round here, an' all my happenin's had been in this local'ty. Well, you're right one way.

I was born about here, an' come of good old Scataqua River stock. My father was Andronicus Jenness, born an' raised in Rye, and the fust thing I rec'lect we was livin' in Portsmouth, on the old Odiorne's P'int road.

There was father 'n' mother, three boys—Amos, Ezry, an' Peleg—an' me, Mary Ann, the oldest o' the family an' the only girl. It's the ghost story you want to hear, so I ain't goin' to bother you with anything else.

But that time I lived there in the old red house, with my own folks round me—'pears to me now the only time I did ever reely live. We was pretty well to do, we had a good home, and we was all together. Father was a good man, mother the very best o' women, an' I was drefle fond on 'em. An' the boys, they was just rugged, noisy, good-natur'd chaps, that kep' the house lively enough, I can tell you. But when I was nigh on to twenty-five, an' the boys was twenty an' seventeen an' fifteen, it all ended, that life, in the old red house. Father an' my three laughin', high-sperrited, pleasant-spoken boys, was all drowned at once, one day in September. They went out in a sail-boat, a storm come up—'twas the beginnin' of the line gale—an' their boat capsized; an' them that went out rugged an' big an' healthy, laughin' back at ma an' me as we stood at the door to see 'em off, was fetched back stiff an' wet an' cold, an' so drefle still. I never'd seen the boys still afore in all their lives.

Mother never held up her head arter that day, an' afore the new year come in she'd follered pa an' the boys. It left me drefle lonesome. You couldn't 'a' broke up a fam'ly in all that section that'd 'a' took it harder. For we'd allers set so much by each other, an' done ary thing we could to keep together an' not be sep'rated, an' there we was, all broke up at once, an' the old house nothin' now but a dry holler shell. I didn't want, o' course, to rattle round in it longer'n I could help. I got red on it 's fast as I could, an' went over to Rye. I knowed how to work an' wa'n't afraid of it, an', o' course, the more I had to do jest then the better for me. For I was stupid an' scared an' sore with the drefle trouble that come on me so quick an' suddin, an' I was so terr'ble lonesome.

Well, I s'pose 'twas because I'd allers liked boys, an' was used to havin' 'em round, an' because, too, o' my missin' my

own boys so bad, that I got a place at fust in Mr. Sheaf's school. 'Twas a boys' school, an' they took me for a kind of house-keeper—to see to things generally. 'Twas a sort of comfort—as much as anything in this world could be a comfort—to see the boys an' do for 'em. I had a little place to myself right off the school-room, an' there I used to do my mendin' an' everything I could contrive to do for an excuse to stay right there, where I could see an' hear them boys. 'Twas a kind of eddication jest to hear 'em go over their lessons—their jography an' rethmetic an' grammar—an' partikly their readin' an' sayin' pieces. Ev'ry speakin' day—Friday 'twas—I was allers on hand, never losin' a word, an' sometimes I'd practise the boys 'forehand till they knowed their pieces perfect. I staid there about six months, an' I hoped I could stay there the rest o' my days. But even that poor comfort had to be took away; for Mr. Sheaf's health broke down; he give up the school an' moved away. So I lost even them borrered boys, who'd been in a sort o' way helpin' to fill up the places o' my own. An' so agin I was left terr'ble lonesome. I didn't know what to do, nor care much. So, when I had an opp'tunity to go to New York I took it.

'Twas a lady who'd had a boy at the school, an' had been there herself an' seen me. Mis' Davis she was, an' she writ to know if I'd come on to stay in her house through the summer, an' do for her pa while she an' her children was off to the country. As I said afore, I didn't much care what I done, I was so lonesome an' mis'erable; so I said I'd go.

But if I'd been lonesome afore, I was a hunderd times lonesomer there. I never'd been in a big city afore, an' I'd kind o' thought 'twould be folksy an' 'livenin' an' cheerful. But 'twa'n't a mite like that. The house was mostly shet up an' dark. Mr. Rice—Mis' Davis's pa—was off all day long, took his dinner an' supper to a tavern somewheres, an' was only to home to sleep an' eat his breakfast. I didn't have much of anything to do. I had a big down-stairs room, they called the front basement, to set in. It had two windows on the street, but 'twas so low down that you couldn't see much out of 'em without screwin' your neck an' peekin' up. There was lots o' folks passin' by all the time, but you couldn't scasily see anything but their feet an' legs. An' oh, the noise

o' the wagons an' cars! It made me 'most crazy at fust, but bimeby I got a little used to it. But I thought I should jest die o' homesickness. How I'd think an' think an' think o' the old days an' the old house on the Odiorne's P'int road! How diff'rent it was from this city one! The old home was so quiet an' still outside, an' so noisy an' lively in-doors; an' the city house was so noisy an' lively out-doors, an' so dreffle still an' quiet inside.

An' 'twas right there in the front basement o' that city house that I see the ghost. 'Twa'n't like any other ghost I ever heerd on. Them I've read about mostly wore white sheets, an' looked dreffle skully an' bony, an' kind o' awful. One o' that sort would 'a' scaret me, I know; but this one—why, I never felt a mite scaret from the very fust. Fact is, I never knowed 'twas a ghost for a spell, for it looked like a boy, jest a common, ord'nary boy; an' 'twas a speakin' one. I don't mean one that talked, but a speakin' one that spoke pieces.

I don't think I smelt pepp'mint the fust time it come. I don't rec'lect it anyway, but allers arter that I did. I was settin' in the front basement when it come. 'Twas between five an' six in the arter-noon, light enough still out-doors, but kind o' dusky in my down-stairs room. I wasn't doin' anything jest then but settin' in my chair an' thinkin'. I don't know what 'twas exactly that made me look up an' across the room, but I done it; an' there, standin' right near the table an' lookin' at me, was the ghost; though, 's I said afore, I didn't know it for a ghost then; it looked like a boy. But he wasn't a city boy, nor like any one I'd seen for a long spell. He was about fourteen or fifteen, I should think, an' he wa'n't no way pretty to look at, but I liked him from the fust minute. He was real freckled, but that never was a great drawback to me; an' he had kind o' light, reddish-yeller hair, not very slick, but mussy an' rough like. His eyes was whitly-blue, an' he hadn't much in the way o' eye-winkers or eyebrows. An' his nose was kind o' wide, an' jest a mask o' freckles, like a turkey egg. So, you see, he wa'n't much to look at for beauty, but I took to him right off. I knowed he was from the country 's soon as I see him. Any one could tell that. His hands was red an' rough an' scratched, an' he had warts. Then his clothes showed it too. You could see in a jiffy they was home-made,

an' cut over an' down from his pa's. There was a sort o' New Hampshire look about him too, an' I felt a real drawin' to him right off. I was jest a mite s'prised to see him standin' there, for I hadn't heerd a knock or anything, but afore I could speak an' ask him what he wanted, he stepped up in front o' me, an' says, sort o' quick an' excited like,

"Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

An' afore I had time to say that yes, bless his little heart, I jest would, he begun:

"My name is Norvle; on the crampin' hills
My father feeds his flock,"

an' a lot more about his folks, an' all so pretty spoken an' nice. When he'd done he drew one foot up to t'other an' made a bow, real polite, an' then he stood stock-still agin. O' course I praised him up, said he'd spoke his piece beautiful, an' asked him if he wouldn't like a cooky. I got up an' went to the pantry to get some, but when I turned round to ask him if he liked sugar or m'lasses best, he'd gone. I thought 'twas pretty suddin, but then I s'posed he was bashful, an' had took that way o' leavin' to save talk an' fuss. I looked out o' the winder to see if he was round, but there wa'n't a sign on him, an' I give him up. An' 'twas jest then I begun to smell pepp'mint. But I didn't put the two things—the boy an' the pepp'mint—together then; not till some time arter-wards.

Well, you don't know how it chirked me up, that little visit. To be sure, it had been real short an' unsat'sfact'ry. He hadn't never told me one word about himself—where he come from, who he was, nor anything. But that didn't seem to make no diff'rence to me. I felt 's if I knowed him real well, an' his folks afore him; an' somehow, too, I had a feelin' that he'd come agin, an' I'd find out all I wanted to about him an' his belongin's. But thinkin' about him an' his call an' all made the time pass real quick, an' 'twas bedtime afore I knowed it. The fust evenin' sence I come there that I hadn't jest longed for nine, an' looked at the clock twenty times an hour.

The next day slipped by in the same slippety way, for I was goin' over in my mind what he'd done an' said, an' s'posin' an' s'posin' who his folks was, an' all that.

About the same time o' day, towards six o'clock or so, I set down in the same place by the winder an' begun to watch for him. He hadn't said he'd come, but I had a strong feelin' inside that he was goin' to. An' he did. But 'twan't out o' the winder I see him. For I begun to smell a strong pepp'minty kind o' smell agin, an' I turned to look up at the shelf where I kept my med'cines to see if the bottle was broke or the stopple out, an'—there stood the ghost. Though even then I never dreamed 'twas a ghost. I thought 'twas jest a boy. He was standin' across the room, jest where I fust see him, by the table, an' lookin' straight at me. An' afore I could say a word he started right for me, an' says, lookin' real bright an' int'rested, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" An' off he went as glib as could be. I can't, for the life o' me, recollect what 'twas he spoke that time. I get the pieces mixed somehow them days, afore the time come when they meant somethin', an' I begun to take in their meanin's. Mebbe 'twas

"At midnight when the sun was low,"

or it might be

"On Linden in his gardin tent,"

for I know he spoke them some time. Tennerate he said off something. An' when he'd done he drewed up his foot an' bowed real nice. I clapped my hands an' praised him up, an' then I begun to ask questions. I wanted to know what his name was, where he come from, who his folks was, how he knowed about me, why he come, an' lots o' things. He staid quite a long spell, an' I did jest enjoy that talk. Bimeby I went into the closet to get something to show him, an' when I come back, he was gone agin. 'Twa'n't till some time arter he'd left that I reclected that though it seemed 's if I'd had a good talk with him, I'd done it all my own self, an' he never 'd said one single word. Nothin', I mean, but that one thing he allers said, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

An' yet somehow I knowed lots more about him than afore. In the fust place, I'd come to feel cert'in sure his name was Norvle, an' that he wa'n't only speakin' a piece about that, but meant it for gospel truth. An' arter that I never thought o' him by any other name. An' I did think o' him lots. For even in them two little visits, when I'd done most o' the talk my-

self, I'd got drefle fond on him. You know I allers liked boys, partikerly boys raised in the country deestricks. An' up to this time an' quite a spell arterwards I never guessed he was anything but a boy, jest a common, ord'nary boy. Well, he kept comin'. Every single artemnoon, jest about six o'clock, or a speck earlier or later, I begun to smell a sort o' pepp'minty smell, an' in come that boy, walked up to me, with his eyes all shinin', lookin' pleased an' sort o' excited, an' says, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

Then he'd speak. They was diff'rent kinds o' pieces; some was verses an' some wasn't. But they was all nice, pretty pieces. There was one I remember about a boy standin' on the deck of a ship afire, an' how he stood an' stood 'an stood, an' wouldn't set down a minute. Another r'lated to the breakin' waves, an' how they dashed up real high. An' there was a long one that didn't rhyme, about Romans an' countrymen an' lovers; he did speak that jest beautiful.

Then he'd hold out one arm straight an' tell how nobody never heerd a drum nor a fun'ral note the time they buried somebody in a awful hurry. Agin he'd start off speechifyin' about its bein' a real question arter all whether you hadn't better be, or hadn't better not be. That one seemed to be a kind o' riddle; not much sense to it. An' there was a loud one where he jest insisted that our chains is forged. "Their clankin'," he says, "may be heerd on the plains o' Boston." I b'lieve 'twas in that one he kep' a-sayin', "Let it come; I repeat it, sir, let it come. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there ain't no peace," an' so on. Real el'quent 'twas, I hold.

An' I growed so proud o' that boy. By this time I knowed a good deal about him, for I'd have long talks with him 'most every day. That is, I thought I was havin' long talks with him; but allers, arter he'd gone, I'd recollect he hadn't really said anything. But tennerate, strange as it seems, I did know lots more about him every time. As I said afore, his name was Norvle. His folks was plain farmin' people. You know he spoke of his pa's keepin' sheep the fust time he come. An' 'twas up in the mountains they lived; prob'ly somewheres in the White Mountains, this State. I know once he spoke o' Conway 's if he lived

round there. That was in a piece about there bein' jest seven children in their family. He was real partikler about the quantity, an' kep' callin' attention to the fact that there was exackly seven; no more, no less. He says,

"Two of us at Conway dwells,
An' two has gone to sea";

an' he went on to say,

"Two of us in the church-yard lays,"

(that was him an' another, I s'pose now),
but still says he,

"Seven boys an' girls is we."

I was sorry he hadn't been brought up near the water as my boys had, with the great big sea to look at an' sail on. No wonder he spoke o' the crampin' hills. It allers seemed to me dreffle crampin' to be shut up amongst the hills an' away from the salt-water.

An' now he was off from home an' real lonesome, so 'twas a comfort to him to come over an' see me, a plain, self-respectin' countrywoman, like his ma an' his aunts. So I about made up my mind to take charge on him, do for him, an'—if his folks would let me—sort o' adopt him, in the place o' my own boys layin' in Portsmouth graveyard.

I never 's long 's I live shall forgit the day I found out he wa'n't a boy, a common, ord'nary boy, but a ghost. He'd jest come in, an' was sayin' his piece, when the grocer come to the door with some things.

"Wait a minute, Norvle," I says, for I didn't like to lose a word of his speeches, I liked 'em all so, an' I went to the door. But as I opened it an' let the man in, I heerd the boy goin' right on speakin'. So I says to the grocer man, in a kind o' whisper, beck'nin' as I spoke, "Jest come in an' hear this boy!" For I was real proud of him, an' glad o' a chance to show him off.

The man looked rather s'prised, but he follered me in, an' we both stood there by the door, list'nin' to the little feller. That is, I was list'nin' with all my ears, for 'twas one o' his very best, about England may 's well tempt a dam up the waters o' the Nile with bulrushes. But when I looked round at the man, smilin' at him an' noddin' my head, 's if to say, "Ain't he smart?" I see he wa'n't 'pearin' to hear anything 'tall. He was look-

in' at me, an' then round, an' seemin' so dumfounded.

"What's the matter o' you?" he says. "What's up?"

Norvle was jest closin' then, an' I waited till he'd made his bow, an' then I says agin, "Wait a minute, Norvle, an' then we'll have our talk." Then I turned round to the grocer, an' I says, "Don't he speak fust-rate?"

"What you talkin' about?" says he. "Got a sunstroke?"

Somehow I knowed all at once that he wa'n't foolin', an' that he didn't see nor hear what I see an' hear so plain, so plain. An' I knowed more'n that, for that one little thing opened my eyes that I jest wouldn't open till then, an' I couldn't shet 'em agin. I felt queer an' dizzy, my head swum, an' I put out my hands to keep from fallin'. The man stiddied me, helped me into my chair, fetched me some water, an' I was well enough arter a little to speak. I told him I felt better, an' he could go; so he went away. I looked for Norvle, but he wasn't there. There was jest a little smell o' pepp'mint in the air, but the boy'd gone. I was glad he had, for I wanted to be all alone for a spell.

Well, you can't understand anything about what I went through then; nobody can. To folks I'm jest a queer old woman who tells a com'cal ghost story out of her stupid old head. It wa'n't very com'cal to me that day. For I'd got so fond o' that boy. I allers liked 'em; an' I'd lost all I ever had. An' now this one had come to me when I was so lonesome an' low in my mind, an' I'd gone an' took him right into my heart. An' he wa'n't a boy at all, but a ghost! That meant so much. Queer 's it seems, the fust thought that struck me was this: he wa'n't *he* or *him*, but jest *it*. Then I remembered how I'd planned some new clothes for him. But ghosts don't wear out their clothes. An' I'd meant—if his folks would let me—to adopt him; bring him up like my own. How ever could I adopt a ghost? Wa'n't it impossible? Come to think o' it, could I have dealin's in any way with a ghost? We'd allers been a respect'ble fam'ly; none more so in all New Hampshire; a religious fam'ly too, orth'dox, every single one. Never. 's fur 's I'd heerd, was there a ghost of any kind mixed up with ary branch o' the Jennesses for gen'rations. To be sure,

there was a story of one that appeared to the Fosses, connected by marriage with the Jennesses, 'way back fifty years or more. But that one never showed itself; 'twas only a sort o' weepin' an' groanin' an' complainin' noise goin' through the house at night. An' they never encouraged it a mite, but sent for old Parson Williams an' had him pray at it till it cleared out. Then they aired the house thoroughly, an' never had a sign of it agin. But here was I talkin' with one, 'sociatin' with it, gettin' fond on it, an' really talkin' of adoptin' it. What was I goin' to do? What was I goin' not to do? Over an' over in my mind I went at that, an' little sleep I got that night, I tell you. As I said afore, we was brought up in a pious fam'ly, an' my religion, small 's it was to what it oughter been, had brought me through all my troubles so fur, as nothin' else could 'a' done. So I prayed a good deal that night, an' read my Bible lots. An' bimeby—'most mornin' 'twas—I begun to git red o' that whirlin', scaret kind o' thinkin', an' to look at things stiddier an' easier. Mebbe 'twas the prayin'; anyway I got all o' a suddin so 's to see the matter reasonable an' cipher it out plain for myself. 'Twas about this way I went at it. Fust place I says to myself: "What's a ghost, anyway? Why, it's a sperrit. An' what's a sperrit? Why, it's a soul. Well, there ain't no harm in a soul; we've all got 'em. But then," thinks I to myself, "what's this soul doin' here? Where's it been sence the boy died?" Well, you see, I knowed too much about heaven, from Scripter an' sermons an' all, to think that a soul that once got there would leave it to traipse round here agin an' speak pieces. So I had to feel cert'in it hadn't ever got to heaven 'tall. An' as for the other place—why, you never, never in the world, could 'a' made me b'lieve that Norvle had been there. He wa'n't that kind, I knowed. 'Twasn't jest because I'd got so fond o' him, but I felt sure, sure, sure that he'd never been there, in that awful suff'r'in' an' sin. He'd 'a' showed it if he had. Now you see I was orth'dox, an' my folks afore me, an' I'd never even heerd that any one thought there might be another place besides them two local'ties. Sence then I've read somewheres that there is sexes who b'lieve that, but I'd never heerd a hint of it then. But seein' that he hadn't been to ary o' them two places, then where

had he been, an' why did he come to me? When I got to that p'int I had to stop short agin, an' havin' nothin' better to do, I went to prayin'. An' jest 's the mornin' light shone into my window there come a light shinin' right into my heart, an' I see it all. 'Twas this way. Norvle hadn't been fetched up by religious folks. For, strange 's it may seem, there's people like that, even in a Christian land. He'd been a well-meanin' boy, an' if he'd ever been learnt he'd 'a' took right hold o' religion, an' glad enough too. But he lived 'way off in the mountains, there wa'n't no meetin'-house within miles, an' his folks was like heathen. Even the deestrick school was too fur off for him to go, or else his pa wouldn't spare him to 'tend. So he'd growed up ign'runt of all he'd oughter know, never seein' a Bible, hearin' a sermon, or touchin' a cat'chism in all his life. He'd learnt how to read somehow, an' up in the garret he'd come across a book o' pieces sech as boys speak to school. An' he'd took to 'em, studied 'em, an' got so he could say 'em all. But he had to do it all by hisself. Nobody ever heerd him say 'em. Nobody would listen when he tried to show off. That's terrible hard on a boy. They like so to be praised up an' noticed when they've done anything. Why Peleg, the youngest o' my three boys, you know, allers set so by my lookin' at his whittlin', or hearin' him sing, or praisin' the pictur's he drewed on his slate. But bimeby Norvle died; I don't know how. I never was able to find that out; whether 'twas o' sickness or an accident. But he died without ever havin' been grounded in the right things. An'—oh, don't you see it now? Don't you know what come to me that early mornin', as I laid cryin' and prayin' in my bed there? He—I mean *it*, Norvle's poor little ign'runt soul—had been let to come to me; me that loved boys and had lost 'em all. An' I was to be the one to learn it what he hadn't never had a chance to pick up afore he died. So I see I needn't stop bein' fond o' it, but go on lovin' it harder an' harder, till I'd loved it right straight up into heaven, where it would 'a' been now but for lack o' information.

I tell you that was a solemn day to me. I was happy one way, sorry another, an' I felt such a awful responsibility. I tell you 'tain't many that has sech a heft put on 'em as that. Jest think of it! the

hull religious trainin' of a ghost! I was busy all day preparin' for it. I looked up all my books, the ones I used when I learnt the boys, an' the Sabbath-school ones. An' I made a kind o' plan how I was to begin, an' how long 'twould take to go through all the doctrines an' beliefs. Our folks was Congregationals, an' though I wa'n't as set in my ways about my own Church as some be, still, as Norvle didn't seem to have any partikler leanin' to ary other belief, I meant to bring him up as I'd been brought. So o' course I had to begin with the fall, an' I studied on that 'most all day. As the time drawed nigh for the visit I was drefle worked up. Seemed 's if I couldn't scasily bear it, to see the boy I'd got so attached to an' built so much on, an' know that he wa'n't a boy at all, but a ghost. I was settin' there, in my old seat by the window, an' for quite a spell arter the peppermint scent come into the room I wouldn't turn my head. Fact is, I was cryin' so 't I could hardly see out of my eyes. But bimeby I looked round, an', jest 's I thought, there it stood. My eyes was pretty wet, but I winked out the water 's well 's I could. An' 's soon 's I could see its face plain, I knowed that it knowed I knowed. It didn't have that pleased, shinin' look in its eyes, but was sort o' doubtful an' scary. It stepped slow an' softly, as if it was goin' to stop every step, an' when 'twas in front o' me, it said, almost in a whisper, an' so mournful, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

I brushed the water out o' my eyes an' says, real hearty an' cordial, "Yes, deary, course I do."

He begun in sech a low, shaky voice:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of airth,
A youth to fortin an' to fame unknown."

Poor little feller! I jest ached for him, an' my throat felt all swelled up 's if I had the quinsy. I made up my mind that minute to give up the rest o' my days, if it took that long, to savin' that little soul o' Norvle's. An' he shouldn't never feel, if I could help it, that I didn't exackly approve o' ghosts, or thought a mite less o' him for bein' one. Then I begun my religious teachin'. As I said afore, my startin'-p'int was the fall. But o' course I had to allude to the creation fust, Adam aw' Eve, an' all that. Then I learnt him the verse out o' the New England Primer

about "In Adam's fall," an' that led right up, you see, to 'riginal sin, nat'ral depravity, an' all that relates to them doctrines. I had to begin jest as you would with a baby, you see, right at the el'mentary things. Then I took the Westminster Shorter, an' learnt him from "man's chief end" to the decrees. 'Twas a short lesson, but I didn't want to tire him the fust time. He seemed real int'rested, an' I forgot for a minute he was a ghost, an' I says, "Norvle, s'pose you take this cat'chism home an'—" I stopped right off short, for I rec'lected he hadn't got any home, but was jest a wand'rin', ramblin', uneasy ghost. An' oh, where did he sleep nights? Thinkin' o' that made the tears come agin, an' I turned away to sop 'em up. When I looked round, it was gone.

You see I say "it" sometimes, an' then agin I say "him." I know I'd oughter say "it" all the time; but—well, 'way down in my old heart it's "him" an' "he" allers, an' he's no diff'ent from my other three boys.

I was a mite nervous next time. I wasn't quite cert'in I'd gone to work right with my lessons. I'd had some experience teachin', what with my own boys an' a Sabbath-school class. But how did I know but a ghost's mind was all diff'ent, an' couldn't take in the same things in the same way? Then he didn't have no books, an' couldn't look over the lesson at home. So mebbe—I kep' sayin' to myself—he don't remember a single word about Adam, or his sin, an' the terr'ble consequences. But I needn't 'a' worried; for I hadn't hardly time to answer that same old question, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" afore he started off:

"Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then me an' you an' all on us fell down."

Could a pefessor in the the'logical sem'nary 'a' put it better? The real cat'chism doctrine, you see, "all mankind by the fall," an' so on. So I begun to feel encouraged. This time I took foreord'nation an' election, an' easy things like that. Eternal punishment goes along o' that lesson by rights, but 'twas sech a pers'nal subject for that poor soul that I skipped it that once. So it went on day arter day. I didn't allers keep to the doctrines. I made 'lowances for Norvle's bringin' up, an' had more int'restin' things now an' agin, like who was the fust man, the strongest man, the meekest man, an' them.

An' seein' he was so fond o' pieces, I learnt him pretty verses out o' the New England Primer, like

"Vashti for pride
Was set aside,"

or

"Elijah hid,
By ravens fed."

He was so tickled with that piece about

"Good children must
Fear God all day,
Parents obey,
No false thing say,"

an' so on. An' he liked about John Rogers an' Agur's prayer, an' took right off to that advice at the very eend o' the Primer, by the late rev'rent an' ven'erable Mr. Nathan'el Clap, o' Newport, on Rhode Island.

But the days was slippin' by, an' I begun to worry. 'Twas September now, an' my time was up early in October, for the fam'ly was comin' home then. An' go 's fast 's I could I hadn't been able to git beyond "the mis'ry o' that estate where-into man fell" in the cat'chism, an' the buildin' o' the temple in the Bible. All about sin an' punishment an' the old dispensation, you see, an' never a speck o' light an' hope for that poor sperrit. For o' course I had to go reg'lar an' take subjecks as they come, an' didn't dast skip over into the New Test'ment comfort till its turn come. I was in a heap o' trouble about it, when all of a suddin another chance was give me. Old Mr. Rice come to me with a letter in his hand, an' asked me if I couldn't be induced to stay on an' take care o' the house through the winter. Seems that one o' the children—Mis' Davis's, I mean—had took cold, an' its throat or lungs or something was weak. So the doctor had ordered them to take her 'crost the water, an' they was goin' right off, without comin' home at all. Wasn't it wonderful? A int'position o' Providence, cert'in sure, an' I thanked the Lord on my bended knees. I kep' on now in the reg'lar way, not havin' to hurry, givin' all the time I wanted to the doctrines. For there's nothin' like bein' well grounded in them. Norvle never said much, but he showed plain enough that he took 'em all in, by the appropriat pieces he spoke arter each lesson. I wish I could rec'lect 'em all; they was wonderful. I know one time we had free-will, an' 'twas the most excitin' occasion. I got so worked up over it, showin' how 'twas

consistent with election an' foreord'nation, an' argifyin' that we was jest as free to pick an' choose as—as—anybody. An' next time he up an' speaks, "Hard, hard indeed was the contest for freedom an' the struggle for independence."

Oh, 'twas good as a sermon! An', agin, arter a course o' lessons on the power o' the devil an' how to resist him, he spoke that powerful piece, "They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to scope with so form'dable a advers'ry; but when shall we be stronger?" An' how he did go on about "Shall we 'quire the means o' effectooal resistance by lyin' s'pinely on our backs an' huggin' the d'lusive phantom o' hope?" an' all that. One day I talked very strong about the Cath'lics, warned him ag'inst the Pope o' Rome, an' forbid him ever to go near popish folks. Next time he come he up an' spoke a piece about

"Banished from Rome? What's banished but set
free
From daily contracts?"

That showed his views about the Pope plain enough, I think.

Oh, I never see a boy—let alone a ghost—take in truths like him. An' it done me good too. I'd got a little rusty on them doctrinal b'liefs myself, an' it rubbed up my knowledge wonderful. I studied up days, an' could hardly wait for class-time to come; an' jest 's soon 's I had the fust sniff o' pepp'mint arternoons, I'd be ready to start off. But I'd allers give him his chance fust, an' I growed to love that one thing he said every time, the only thing I ever heerd him reely say, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" It seemed to mean more an' more each day, an' bimeby was 'most like a whole conversation. Jest from that one remark I begun to know all about his past life an' doin's, his folks, his home, an' all. A poor, empty, neglected, lonesome life 'twas, an' my heart ached over it as it come out day by day in our talks. To think o' his never havin' had what my boys had so much on, all their days; meetin's, Sabbath-schools, cat'chisms, preparat'ry lectur's, monthly concerts, prayer-meetin's; he never'd had one o' them blessed priv'leges in his hull narrer little life. Well, as I said, I enjoyed the doctrinal teachin', the Old Test'ment an' all; but I was awful glad when with a clear conscience I could turn over the leaf an'

show him t'other side. He'd been gettin' rather low in his mind lately, an' no wonder. For I hadn't felt to tell him anything yet but about our dreffle state o' sin, the punishment we deserved, an' the justice o' Him who could give it to us. To be sure, I got him to the p'int where he knowed 'twould be all perfectly right, consid'rin' the circumstances, if he should be sent right down to the place, as the hymn says,

"Where crooked ways o' sinners lead."

He was resigned to it, but he wa'n't exactly glad, an' he looked rather solemn. So I was pleased enough when I begun to let in a mite o' sunshinin' an' told him the gospel story. An' I declare it never 'd meant so much to me myself, church member as I'd been for more'n a dozen years, as when I begun to tell it to that poor little ghost. I begun 'way at the very beginnin', an' it was quite a spell afore he see what was comin'. He thought I was jest givin' an account of a common, ord'nary boy. I see that was the way to int'rest him, so I told about Him as a little feller, with his mother, an' in the carpenter's shop, an' round the water an' the shore with the fishermen an' sailors. I was thinkin' o' my own boys on the salt-water at Portsmouth an' Kitt'ry when I dwelt so on that part. But pretty soon I rec'lected how Norvle was fetched up on risin' ground, so I told about His bein' so fond o' the hills, goin' up "into a mountin apart," as the Bible says, to pray an' to preach, or to set there alone. An' how Norvle's face did light up then, an' his whity-blue eyes shine! I don't doubt he was thinkin' o' the New Hampshire hills. For crampin' 's they be, folks that lives among 'em do learn to love 'em lots. So it went on, till it come nigh the last part o' the narr'tive. No need for me to remind you o' that. I'd knowed it allers, learnt it to my Sabbath-school scholars, heerd it talked an' preached an' sung all my born days, but 'twas like a bran'-new thing 's I told it to Norvle, an' the tears jest ran down my face like rain. He didn't cry. I guess ghosts never does. But oh, how mournful an' sorry he looked, with his eyes opened wide an' lookin' straight into my face, an' his lips kind o' tremblin'! For quite a spell now he'd been speakin' diff'entsort o' pieces—hymns an' sech. An' now he begun to say sech beautiful ones, hymns an' psalms I hadn't

even thought on for years. Some o' 'em I learnt afore I could read, from hearin' mother say 'em over 'n' over to me as I set on the little cricket at her feet. How I felt as he'd say, soft an' gentle like, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" an' then foller it right up with one o' them sweet old hymns I always rec'lected in mother's voice! Oh, I loved him harder 'n' harder every day! He was jest 's homely 's ever, jest 's freckled, his hair jest 's reddish-yeller an' mussy, but he looked diff'ent, somehow. There was a kind o' rested, quiet, satisfied look come on his face by spells that made him prettier to look at. An' bimeby that look come to stay. I couldn't make you understand 'f I tried—an' I ain't goin' to try—how I see what was happenin' in that soul. But I did see. I knowed the very hour—the minute 'most—when he see the hull truth an' give up to it. There didn't seem to be any powerful conviction o' sin. Mebbe ghosts don't need to go through that. P'raps it's their bodies that makes that work so strong in folks, an' ghosts 'ain't got any bodies. So 'twas a easy, smooth specie o' conversion, an' Norvle hisself didn't seem to know when it happened. He kep' comin' jest the same, allers askin' his little question, an' speakin' his piece. An' allers there come with him that pepp'minty scent. To this day that common, ev'ry-day, physicky smell brings more things back to me than even cinnamon-roses or day-lilies like them in the old garden on the Odiorne's P'int road. I went on all the time with my teachin'. I knowed Norvle was all right now, an' safe for ever 'n' ever. But there's plenty o' things even perfessors need to know, an' I did so like to learn him.

'Twas gettin' past the middle o' December now. One day I walked a little ways down street for exercise an' fresh air, an' all to once there come over me sech a strong rec'lection o' Portsmouth woods. I didn't know why 'twas for a minute, but then I begun to smell a piny, woodsy smell, an' I see right on the sidewalk a lot o' evergreens—pine an' hemlock an' spruce. Then I remembered that Christmas was comin'. You see, pa an' ma had allers made a good deal o' Christmas. Congregationals in old times never done so. I know pa said that one time old Parson Pickerin', o' Greenland, sent back a turkey that gran'fther

Jenness give him Christmas, sayin' he'd ruther have it some other time than on a popish hollerday. But we was fetched up to keep the day. Why, up to the very last Christmas o' their lives my three boys hung their blue yarn stockin's up by the fireplace, though Amos was past nineteen then, an' Ezry goin' on seventeen. So 'twas a time full o' rec'lectin' for me. The year afore I'd jest put it all out o' my head an' tried to forget what day 'twas. But I couldn't forget it here. 'Twas in the air; 'twas ev'rywhere you went. The stores was full o' playthings, folks was traipsin' through the streets with their hands an' arms full o' bundles, ev'rybody that passed you was talkin' about it, an' 'twas no use tryin' to git red on it. It made me choky an' wat'ry-eyed all the time, an' I couldn't see nothin' ary blessed minute but the old wood fire at home, with the big yarn stockin's hangin' there. But one day arter Norvle had left, an' the pepp'mint scent hadn't quite gone out o' the room, I begun to think why I couldn't make a Christmas for him. Now don't laugh at me. I wa'n't a fool. I knowed 's well 's you do that ghosts don't want presents or keep days. But I was so lonesome, an' jest hungry for a stockin' to fill—a boy's stockin'. "So why," I says to myself, "shouldn't I make b'lieve—'play,' 's the children says—that Norvle wants a real old-fashioned Christmas, an' I can give him one?" The next time he come I led up to the subject an' found out, 's I suspicioned, that he'd never heard o' Christmas or Santy Claus in all his born days. So I told him all about it, an' he was so int'rested. Fust I told him whose birthday 'twas, o' course, an' why folks kep' it. Then I told him about families all gettin' together at that time, an' comin' home from everywhere, to be with their own folks. An' I went on about hangin' up stockin's an' fillin' 'em with presents. "An' now, Norvle," I says, "I'm goin' to make a real old-fashioned Christmas for you this year, sech as we used to have in the old house; sech as we made for Amos an' Ezry an' Peleg. For," I says, "you've been a real good boy this winter, an' I set as much by you 'most—p'r'aps jest as much—as I done by my own boys." He looked drefle tickled, an' so 'twas settled. How I did enjoy gettin' ready! 'Twa'n't so easy as it seems. For I'd set my heart on havin' the same kind o' presents as we used to give the boys, an' they wa'n't

plenty in New York city. The stockin' was easy enough, for I had one o' Peleg's. You see, I kind o' liked to have some o' the boys' things about, an' I had some o' the old blue feetin' layin' on my stockin' basket 's if they was waitin' to be darned. They looked nat'ral an' good, you see. Peleg was nigh about Norvle's size. Then I wanted a partikler specie o' apple, big an' red an' shiny; we called 'em the Boardman reds. I found some to the market at last. They didn't exackly look like the old kind; but the man said they was, he'd jest fetched 'em from Portsmouth hisself. The hick'ry-nuts I got easy enough, an' the maple sugar. I was goin' to get some pepp'mint lozengers, for my boys all thought so much o' them, but it seemed too pers'nal, an' I give 'em up. I got a big stick o' ball lick'rish, though—boys allers like that—an' some B'gundy pitch to chew. Then o' course there must be a jack-knife. I found jest the right kind, big, with a black horn handle an' two blades. I set up late nights an' riz early to knit a pair o' red yarn mittens, like Peleg's; they're so good for snowballin', you know. An' I wound a yarn ball, an' covered it with leather. I had a diff'cult time findin' the fish-hooks an' sinkers, for I hadn't been round no great in New York, an' there ain't no general store there. But I found 'em at last. Right on top I was goin' to put Pely's little chunky, leather cover Bible. Mother give it to him the day he jined the church, an' writ his name in her straight up an' down prim handwritin'. I knowed she an' him both would be willin' it should go to this poor little soul the Scripters meant so much to, an' had done so much for.

The New York greens didn't satisfy me. There was some stuff with sicky green leaves an' white, tallery-lookin' berries, an' some all shinin' an' prickly, with red fruit. But they didn't look nat'ral. Bimeby I come acrost some ground-pine, sech as growed all through the wood lot behind the old house, spranglin' over the ground, an' some juniper, like what spread amongst the rocks there, with its little black berries an' sharp, scratchy needles. I couldn't get any black alder nor bittersweet berries, an' had to do without 'em. Oh, you don't know what it was to me, an' my poor empty heart that had ached till 'twas 'most numb, to get that stockin' ready. Ev'ry day I talked Christmas to Norvle, never

lettin' him know, o' course, what I was goin' to give him, but tellin' all about different Christmases I'd knowed. I went on about how the fam'ly was allers together, an' father wore his best clothes an' set to the head o' the table, an' mother t'other end, an' me an' the boys all there. 'Twas nat'ral, I s'pose, consid'rin' that I dwelt on that part on it, folks all bein' together that day, lovin' an' doin' for their very own. Then I told him how Christmas Eve we all used to stand together, the boys an' me, afore we went to bed, an' sing pa's favrit piece, "Home, sweet Home." I carried the toon, Peleg sung a realsweet second, Ezry had the high part, an' Amos the low. How it fetched it all back to tell it over to him!

The last night but one come—the twenty-third 'twas. Norvle had looked real mournful-like lately. Ev'ry time I spoke o' father's house, or fam'lies gettin' together or goin' home for Christmas, I see he looked kind o' sorry an' 's if he wanted somethin'. But I wouldn't see what it meant. That arternoon, though, when he'd ast, in a shaky, still voice, "Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?" he follered it up with the dear old hymn mother whispered part of, the very last day of her life—

"Airth has engrossed my love too long,
'Tis time to lift my eyes."

He went on with all the verses, an' when he come to

"O let me mount to join their song,"

he said it 's if he was prayin' to me, an' sech a longin' sound come into his voice, an' sech a longin' look into his eyes, that I was all goose-flesh, an' so choky. When he'd finished, I turned away to get my handk'chief, an' when I looked back agin he was gone.

Well, I s'pose you see now what I'd got to do, an' what my plain duty was. I really had knowed it all along, but I'd shet my eyes to it a purpose till now; but I couldn't no longer. That poor soul o' Norvle's was regen'rated, saved cert'in sure, an' what business had I got to keep it down here any longer? You see it plain enough, but no one but me—an' One other—knows how much it meant to me that night. "Couldn't I," says I to myself—"couldn't I keep him only one day longer, jest over that seas'n o' Christmas, so hard, so ter'ble hard to bear without him? Anyway, couldn't I have him

till mornin', an' let him have his stockin'?" When he was goin' to have sech a long, long time up there, would jest one day more down here make any great difference?" The answer come quick enough. "Yes, 'twould! He b'longed somewher's else, an' I must send him there, an' right straight off, too, even if it broke my heart all to pieces doin' it."

All the next day I went about my work very softly. It seemed like the day o' the boys' fun'ral. I'd filled the stockin' two days afore—I couldn't wait—an' there it laid in my room, never, never to be hung up, all bulgy an' onreg'lar an' knobby. I knowed what ary bulge meant. That one by the ankle was the jack-knife, an' that queer place nigh the knee was where the stick o' lick'rish had got crosswise an' poked 'way out each side. There was one Boardman red apple roundin' out the toe like a darnin' ball, an' right in the top was Pely's chunky little Bible jest showin' above the ribbed part. I didn't empty it. Folks will keep sech things, you know, an' it's up in my bedroom somewher's now, I b'lieve.

Well, Christmas Eve come, an' come quick—too quick for me that time. I'd made up my mind 'twouldn't never do to let Norvle see how I felt. I had a good deal o' Jeanness grit, an' I called it all up now. So, when he come in, I was jest as usual, an' smiled at him real pleasant; but I felt 'twouldn't do to wait a single minute, for fear I'd break down, so afore he could make his one little remark, for the fust time sence I knowed him, I begun fust, an' he stood still an' listened.

"Norvle," I says, speakin' 's I used to to the boys' playfellers that used to come an' see 'em an' want to stay on an' on—"Norvle, I've had a real nice visit with you. I've enjoyed your comp'ny lots, an' I wish I could ask you to stay longer. But it's Christmas Eve, you know, an', 's I've often told you, people 'd oughter be with their own folks to-night. You know now where your folks is, leastways your Father an' your Elder Brother. So, I'm drefle sorry to seem imperlite an' send you off, but—why, this bein' Christmas Eve, 's I says afore, I really think—the best thing for you to do—is—to go—Home!" I got it out somehow; I don't see how I done it.

Norvle looked right at me, kind o' mournfle. He stood stock-still, an' I thought he was goin' to make his one little remark, but he didn't. Jest 's true

's I live, that boy opened his mouth an' begun to sing. An' oh! what do you suppose he sung? "Home, sweet Home!" He'd never sung afore; I didn't know 's he could; but his voice was like a wood-robin now. An' in a minute, though there wa'n't anybody but him an' me in the room, seemed 's if I heerd some other voices. Norvle carried the toon, but I heerd a real sweet second, an' then a high part an' a low. 'Twas jest like four boys singin' together. An' while I looked at him the music sounded further 'n' further off, till when he got to the last "sweet—sweet—home," I had to lean 'way forward to ketch a sound. An' when it stopped—why, he stopped. He didn't go; he jest wasn't there.

Well, I've got along somehow. You

do get along through most things, hard 's they be. It's more'n forty year now sence my ghost story happened, an' I'm an old woman. I'm failin' lately pretty fast, an' it makes me think a good deal about goin' home myself to jine pa'n' ma'n' the boys. I might 's well tell you that when I say the boys, I mean *four* on 'em. For, b'sides my three, I'm cert'in there's goin' to be another one, a little chap with rough, reddish-yeller hair, an' lots o' freckles. Course I know it's all diff'ent up there, an' things ain't a speck like what they be here; but somehow it won't seem exactly nat'ral if that little feller don't somewher's in the course o' conv'sation bring in that favrit remark o' his'n,

"Don't you want to hear me speak my piece?"

A FAR HAVEN.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

"For those who stand in the middle of the water, in the formidable stream that has set in, for those overcome by decay and death, I will tell thee of an island, O Kappa."—*Oriental Books.*

HOIST the sail and bear away!
Of an island I have heard,
Anchored in the star-sown deep,
Whither Love has gone astray.
Long ago he heard the roar
Of breakers falling on the sand
Of some unknown Samarcand,
And with no reluctant word
Sailed away.
In new meadows, by new seas,
We must seek him with the breeze
Blowing from the gates of sleep.
Listen! we may hear him call
Where golden-rod o'ertops the wall,
Or when the moon across the night
Bends her steps.

From that island in the sea
We are told of dreamily
By seers of the Orient
I hear him call:—
What powers have ye lent
To these poor ears,
Spirit of love,
That in perpetual banishment
Live my dark fears?—
And oft I seem to rove,
When shadows fall,
Toward that island, that far island of the sea,
Where Love doth dwell;
And over the sea-swell
Comes a glad vision to the inward sight
Of what I heard, O Kappa, and told thee.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE comfortable words of the hymn

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less"

are peculiarly appropriate for Christmas. They express a truth which the happy day emphasizes, and it is a truth which needs emphasis. One of the French players who came to this country with Rachel says in his journal that he was invited to take a pleasure drive to the cemetery upon Long Island. Evidently he had not heard of Froissart's epigram, because he was both surprised and amused at the invitation; probably, also, he was little familiar with the Puritan fathers, or he would have known that they were always going to the graveyard. In Judge Sewall's *Journal* every page seems to be hung with funeral scarfs and gloves. An oppressive gloom, as of death and the tomb, overhangs it all.

Indeed, the early Christians dwelt so often and so long in the catacombs that when they emerged, accustomed to associate life with the tomb, they doubtless regarded the whole world as a catacomb. Our American Puritan ancestry and spiritual training left this sombre touch and tone upon the earliest enduring work of our literature, and the fresh and smiling nature of the New World was first depicted by our art as a tomb.

"The hills,

Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty; and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

"Thanatopsis" is the swan song of Puritanism. Indeed, when Puritanism could sing, the great change was accomplished. Christmas was at the door.

Let us leave the severe question whether Christmas has ever done what Puritanism did, or ever could do it. It is enough to-day, under the mistletoe, to remember that even Puritanism promised Christmas as the final reward of joyless living; that is to say, it held out heaven as the prize of well-doing, or rather of correct believing, and although it was a very sober heaven of prolonged psalmody, yet it was

intended to represent happiness to the imagination, and even enjoyment. It was perhaps a severely tempered enjoyment, such pleasure as may be tolerated in the young by a strict duenna—a sternly regulated joy, the prunes and prisms discipline of a celestial sphere, but still the regulated play-ground would not be a graveyard, and the funeral scarfs and gloves would be no more seen.

Dr. Johnson, in his life of Milton, speaks of "religion, of which the rewards are distant." That was peculiarly the religion which looked askance at Christmas in this world, whether it was the religion of Saint Simeon standing on his pillar, or of the Saint of the Bay making the Quaker stand in the pillory on Boston Common. But Christmas was still the distant reward. Purged of the flesh, Christmas might be tolerated.

But in this world who of us desires Christmas purged of the flesh, Christmas without plum-pudding, or suap-dragon, or Maid Marian, or the sweet rites of the mistletoe? It came to this country, indeed, in the train of a prelatical Church. It must be owned that it was not one of the company of the *Mayflower*. Pastor Wilson or Norton may have suspected it to be carousing over at Merrymount with the losel Morton. But when the Bay excluded Christmas it exiled the sweetest part of its own faith. Nay, it wounded the whole, for if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? What is old Christmas, of whom Santa Claus is chief priest, but the incarnation of the Christian spirit in this world, of the Christian spirit in human relations? Who was it that said, feed the hungry, open the eyes of the blind, visit the prisoner, do as ye would be done by? And who does it but Christmas—Christmas of the warm heart and the full hand, Christmas that cheers and consoles, Christmas that lights the land with a smile, Christmas that practises as well as preaches?

It is the most truly symbolic of Christian days. The church is open and hung with green. There is public worship. There are prayers and praise. But what good pastor ever preached a long sermon on Christmas? Or what parishioner sitting in the pew had ever gloomy thoughts

on Christmas? Or what urchin who in the secrecy of his soul has been sometimes supposed to wish the awful wish that Sunday was over, has ever longed for Christmas to go? Christmas for that urchin may indeed imply rhubarb the next morning. But elsewhere in the calendar is it not the holy day itself, not the next day, that seems to him to imply rhubarb?

Christmas is the preacher who emphasizes the fact that the religion which it celebrates is adapted to human nature. Horace is called the laureate of the worldly, of the epicurean, of the pagan who would eat and drink in view of to-morrow. The gay adage *dum vivimus* is cited with a shudder as the gospel of pleasure. Christmas was hunted in the Puritan parliament as a kind of god of pleasure who was only a masked devil. It was confounded by Governor Bradford with the Belly god. But why, said Charles Wesley, as he sweetly sang—why give all the good tunes to Satan? The sweet singer might have enlarged his view and his question. Why give Satan any of the good things? Why, above all, let him have Christmas, as Andromeda was abandoned to the dragon of the sea? Let Christmas stand for pleasure, and for the reason that it is especially the Christian day. Then Christianity drops her weeds and smiles. Then the whole world takes up the refrain,

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

And even Dr. Doddridge comes singing in,

"I live in pleasure when I live to Thee."

The doctor must not fly his own logic. Not to live in pleasure is not to live to Thee. Pure pleasure it must be, no doubt, but that is the pleasure embodied in Christmas.

If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by the spirit of Christmas—a bright, friendly, beneficent, generous, sympathetic, mutually helpful world. A man who is habitually mean, selfish, narrow, is a man without Christmas in his soul. The child of good fortune, like Miss Messenger in Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, whose chief purpose is to share her good fortune with others, and to teach them that love and sympathy are the keys of life, keeps Christmas all the year. Besant calls his tale what he says his friends call

it, an impossible story. Then Christianity is a dream, for Miss Messenger is simply a Christian.

If Besant's friends were right and the story is impossible, let us cling to Christmas all the more as a day of the spirit which in every age some souls have believed to be the possible spirit of human society. The earnest faith and untiring endeavor which see in Christmas a forecast are more truly Christian, surely, than the pleasant cynicism which smiles upon it as the festival of a futile hope. Meanwhile we may reflect that from good-natured hopelessness to a Christmas world may not be farther than from star dust to a solar system.

THE extreme richness and profusion and variety displayed in the Christmas shops of a great city, the sack of the treasures of the whole earth, which furnish such splendid spoil, recall curiously a remark of Buckle. He says that the history of the world shows enormous progress in all kinds of knowledge, in institutions, in commerce and manufactures, and in every pursuit of human activity, but not in knowledge of moral principle. The most ancient wisdom in morals is also the most modern. Time and the progress of civilization have added nothing to the demands of the conscience or to moral perception. The golden rule is an axiom of the most ancient wisdom.

These are bewildering speculations as we stroll along Fourteenth Street and loiter in Twenty-third Street, which, at the holiday season, have especially the aspect of a fair or a fascinating bazar. The whole world is tributary to Santa Claus.

"Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure."

Invention and science have put a girdle about the globe fitly to decorate Christmas. Diedrich Knickerbocker, in his cocked hat and flowered coat, had heard of Japan, perhaps, as a romance of Prester John. But it would have been a wilder romance to imagine his grandchildren dealing at the feast of St. Nicholas with Japanese merchants in Japanese shops upon the soil of his own Manhattan and on the very road to Tappan Zee. Hendrik Hudson might have been reasonably expected to run down from the Catskills

with a picked crew to vend Hollands for the great feast. But Cipango—!

Yes; we have subdued distance, we are plucking out even the heart of Africa. As the streets of Bokhara when the fairs were held were piled with the stuffs of many a province and thronged by merchants of every hue, so the streets of New York at Christmas show that we have taken the whole earth to drop into our Christmas stocking. The festival might be well and fitly celebrated by a visit to the city merely to walk the streets and

"view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings."

The eye can appropriate all the treasures that it would be theft for the hand to touch.

Corydon, sauntering with Amaryllis, and staring with her at the wonderful windows, may be a prince by proxy. "Those pearls," he whispers, "the diver plunged into Oman's dark waters to find for you. They are so far on their way, adored Amaryllis. They have reached your eyes if not yet your ears. Let me but be rich—and I expect at least five dollars for my first fee—let the world but discover that in me the Law, whose seat is the bosom of God, has a new Mansfield, another Marshall, and yonder pearls shall circle the virgin neck for which they were predestined. Or do you prefer the diamonds behind the next pane? Or shall Santa Claus sweetly capture both for you, one for state dress and splendor, one for days less rigorous, not of purple velvets and flowered brocades, but summer draperies of soft lace?"

So the Marchioness and the gay Swivel-ler, with their happy gift of transforming a shred of lemon-peel and copious libations of pure water into nectar, would have walked the Christmas streets of New York as those of Ormus and of Ind. Lafayette, with the gold snuff-box in which the freedom of the city was presented to him, could not have been freer of it. The happy loiterers could see all the beautiful things, and what could they do more if they should buy them all? Like the kind people at Newport in the summer, who spare no vast expense to build noble houses, and lay out exquisite grounds, and drive in sumptuous carriages, and wear clothes so fine, and take pains so costly and elaborate to please the idle loiterer of a day, who gazes from the street

car or the omnibus or the sidewalk, so the good holiday merchants present the enchanting spectacle of their treasures freely to every penniless saunterer, but for the same enjoyment they demand of the rich an enormous price. And the poor rich must bear also all the responsibility of possession and care, and cannot be secured against theft or loss.

The splendid streets beguile us from our question. In the brilliant bazars we are recalling the New York of silence and solitary woods and roving Indians—the New York that the Dutch settlers bought from the Indians for twenty-four dollars, and which is now the city that we behold, the metropolis of the State of which Mr. Draper, its Superintendent of Public Instruction, asks, "Who shall say that these six millions of people are not better housed, better fed, better clothed, more generally educated, more active in affairs, better equipped for self-government, than any other entire people numbering six millions, unless it be other citizens of our own country, surrounded by the same circumstances and conditions?" Not the Easy Chair certainly. On the contrary, it says Amen.

But has the moral advancement kept pace? Are the six millions as much better morally than the first six millions of their white ancestors upon the continent, as they are better clothed, better educated, and better housed? Are they only materially better? Have they better poets and other artists than the Greeks, than Dante, than Shakespeare, than Raphael and Michael Angelo? Have they wiser men than Plato, Aristotle, Bacon? Have they higher standards of conduct than those of Confucius and the Hindoos? A hundred years ago the pilgrim was sometimes a week travelling to Albany with great discomfort. We travel thither in three hours with incredible ease and luxury. Do we find more public virtue when we get there? Comfort, knowledge, opportunity, resources, are multiplied a thousandfold. Schools, libraries, museums, societies, appliances, have grown in a night like Jack's bean stalk to a towering height. Have they brought us nearer heaven? Are we more truthful, more upright, manlier men? In a world where mechanical invention and victories over time and space were of no importance, but where moral qualities alone availed, should we men of

the end of the nineteenth century stand any better chance than those of the beginning of the ninth?

That is the queer question which Santa Claus insists upon dropping into the stockings that hang by this Christmas hearth. He calls it a Christmas nut to crack. The old fellow chuckles as he thinks of it while he rides through the frosty starlight. "My children," he laughs, "what is the difference between six dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen?" While he asks and chuckles, the old fellow is himself an answer. He did not invent gifts. But he symbolizes universal giving. The moral law may be as old as man, but the demand and disposition for the general application of that law to actual life increase with every century. The moral law was the same when How-

ard revealed the horrors of prisons that it is now when modern philanthropy has purged and purified them. "The sense of duty," said Webster, in his greatest criminal argument, "pursues us ever." But it pursues us more effectively with the return of every Christmas.

The question of Santa Claus is startling, because it is the question whether civilization has been of any essential benefit to the human race. But to get a question fairly stated is often to answer it. Whatever strengthens and extends the power of the Christmas spirit is an unquestionable benefit to mankind. And it is not doubtful, is it, that the sway of that spirit is extending, and that every year its humane greeting is heard farther and farther,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Editor's Study.

I.

THE Study could scarcely believe its windows.

It knew that this was the witching Christmas-time, when, if ever, the literary spirit begins to see visions, with morals hanging to them like the tails of kites; and to dream dreams of a sovereign efficacy in reforming vicious lives.

But the Study was so strongly principled against things of this sort that it was not willing to suppose itself the scene of even the most edifying hallucination. It rubbed its large French plate panes to a crystal clearness, sacrificing the beautiful frost-work on them without scruple, and peered eagerly into the street, emptied of all business by the holiday.

II.

The change which had passed upon the world was tacit, but no less millennial. It was plainly obvious that the old order was succeeded by the new; that the former imperfect republic of the United States of America had given place to the ideal commonwealth, the Synthetized Sympathies of Altruria. The spectacle was all the more interesting because this was clearly the first Christmas since the establishment of the new status.

The Study at once perceived that what it beheld from its windows was politically only a partial expression of the general

condition; that the Synthetized Sympathies formed a province of the Federation of the World, represented by a delegation eager to sacrifice their selfish interests in the Parliament of Man, but was not by any means the centre of things. The fact was not flattering to the Study's patriotic pride, but upon reflection the Study was aware of a supreme joy in not having its patriotic pride flattered.

Every aspect of "this new world which was the old" attracted the Study, but being a literary Study, and not a political or economical Study, its interest was soon centred in the literary phases of the millennial epoch. These were of every possible character, and their variety was so great that it was instantly evident how hopeless it would be to note them all.

But one thing that struck the Study with peculiar force was the apparent reconciliation of all the principles once supposed antagonistic, the substitution of emulation for rivalry, the harmonization of personal ambitions in a sweet accord of achievement for the common good. It was not exactly the weather for floral displays, but among the festive processions which poured into the public square under the Study's windows was one of Dramatic Critics wreathed with rose-buds, and led in flowery chains by a laughing band of Playwrights, who had captured these rugged natures, and had then per-

suaded them to see that they could themselves hope to live only by uniting with the playwrights in the endeavor for the beautiful. The critics had been taught to realize that if they kept on killing off the playwrights at the old rate they would soon have no plays to write about, and must themselves starve to death. The playwrights had first appealed to their instinct of self-preservation, and had then convinced their reason that they had no hope but in recognizing and fostering the good in our infant drama, and that one critic who perceived this was much greater than the aggregate of many who could not.

From time to time the procession paused to allow the critics and playwrights to clasp hands and publicly avow a lasting friendship. After them came in long file the Literary Critics, accompanied each by the poet, novelist, historian, or essayist whom he had most deeply injured, and to whom he was linked by a band of violets. The Study understood that these flowers were chosen by the critics themselves, out of all the products of the vegetable kingdom, as best expressive of the critics' modest and shrinking character. They paced with downcast eyes, and were every few steps openly overcome by the honor of walking in those fragrant bands with Creative Authors. These encouraged and supported them, and when the critics would have gone down before them and acknowledged their inferiority and unworthiness, the Creative Authors would not suffer it, but consoled them with the assurance that they too had their uses in the literary world, in noting and classifying its phenomena, and that their former arrogance and presumption would not be counted against them, now they were truly penitent. Each of the critics bore his name and that of the journal he wrote for distinctly inscribed on a badge worn over his heart.

Suddenly, on the flank of this friendly troop of authors and critics, there appeared at no great distance two figures. The first was that of an extremely decrepit old man, dressed to a fantastic youthfulness, with his hair and beard washed to a saffron tint that was not in the least golden. His costume was out of the rag-bag of all epochs, and on his head he wore a wreath of paper flowers.

The other was armed as to his head in a huge helmet like that of the *secutor* who fights with the *retiarius* in the Ro-

man arena, and his face was completely hidden; his body was covered with a suit of scale armor, as the Study at first imagined; to learn later that the scales were a natural expression of the wearer's serpentine nature. Instead of a sword he carried a repeating rifle in his hand, and from time to time he dropped a panel of tall fence from his shoulder to the ground, and crouching behind it fired at some author in the procession.

Horried at this outrage, which no one seemed inclined to interfere with, the Study threw up one of its windows, and called to a boy who was passing on the pavement below: he proved to be the very boy whom Old Scrooge sent to buy the turkey when he woke from his fearful dream and found it was nothing but a dream.

"Our good boy," said the Study, finding the vocative of the editorial plural absurd, but clinging to it with its well-known fondness for tradition—"Our good boy, will you tell us what is the meaning of that abominable person's behavior in firing into the procession? Is he a Pinkerton man, and does he mistake it for a parade of strikers? Who is he, anyway, and that grotesque simulacrum with him?"

"Those fellows?" asked the boy. "Oh! the one in front is the Last of the Romantics, telling the same old story; and the other is the Anonymous Critic, firing blank-cartridges at authors. It's Christmas, you know, and they let the poor old fellows out to amuse themselves."

"Is that all?" said the Study, immensely relieved. "Well, we see no objection to that. But what is that curious structure there in the centre of the place?"

The Study now indicated a monumental object which had for the first time caught its notice. At first glance it was not easy to determine the character of this pile, but upon closer scrutiny it turned out to be a mighty heap of books of all sizes and shapes, but mostly those cheap paper editions of foreign authors with which we have become familiarized and perhaps corrupted a little.

The boy looked up at the open Study window, and said, "Well, it would take a little time to explain, and I'd have to wait for the procession of the Visiting Authors, anyway." He seemed anxious to be gone; but the Study, piqued by that phrase Visiting Authors, implored him to stop a moment longer.

"Why that's Mount Restitution," said the boy, and he started on.

The Study called after him, "We will give you a quarter if you will tell us just what you mean."

"Oh, no!" said the boy coming back. "You can't work that old racket on me, if I *am* a boy. If you want me to tell you willingly, you've got to let *me* give *you* something first."

"Oh," said the Study, considerably mystified. "Is that the new order of things? Well?" But it had hardly got the word out before it was aware of having a quarter thrown in through its open window upon its tessellated marble floor.

"Now," said the boy, "as it's bitter cold, and I'm on an errand that I sha'n't get anything for if I don't hurry, I shall be glad to stop here at great personal inconvenience and explain this little matter; though where you've been, not to know all about it already, *I* can't make out. You remember when the last international copyright bill failed because Congress decided that our people must have cheap books, by fair means or foul?"

"Yes," the Study assented with a pang of shame; and it controlled an impulse to shut its window, and curtain itself from the light of day.

"You know Congress did this repeatedly, time after time?"

"Alas, yes!" sighed the Study.

"Well, the last time people began to understand that if it was a sin and a shame to take the work of foreign authors from them, and not pay them anything for it, Congress had made it the *national* sin and shame. It was no use pretending any longer that it was the wicked publishers did it, and howling 'pirate' after them. If there was any pirate about it, the pirate was the whole American people, for they had said through Congress, over and over again, that it was right to take the work of foreign authors, or if it was not right, then it was cheap, and they were going to do it anyway."

"We see," groaned the Study. "Go on."

"But the last time the new arrangement to have the whole people vote on every bill of general interest that passed Congress had come in—"

"New arrangement!" cried the Study. "Why, Switzerland had it away back in the nineteenth century."

"Well, we didn't get it till toward the end of the twentieth," said the boy.

"Why, it *is* the twentieth century!" the Study reflected, taking note of the fact for the first time.

"I should think so," said the boy. He spoke throughout this interview in the crowing treble of typical boys with a sarcastic turn of mind, and we need not say that the Study employed the falsetto affected by all amiable old gentlemen in the Christmas stories.

"Well, as soon as they could get the international copyright bill submitted to the people, it was unanimously adopted. The pirates themselves voted for it; even the Congressmen did. They said they had been laboring under a misapprehension. The first Fourth of July after that was the greatest Fourth that ever was. The people said they had declared their independence of Great Britain over again when they would not take English books without paying for them."

"Wasn't that rather fine?" the Study suggested.

"Yes, it was," said the boy. "And then they passed a joint resolution to build this monument to commemorate international copyright. Somebody thought it would be a good thing to build it of pirated editions, so as to show how big the wrong had been, and to keep the people in mind of it, and prevent anything like it from ever happening again. It's pretty high, isn't it?"

The pile seemed to swell and soar as the Study gazed. "It is, indeed. We should think that in favorable states of the atmosphere it could be seen from the planet Mars. It's grand," the Study added, with a curious patriotic pride in such a colossal witness of the national wrongdoing. "We don't suppose there was ever anything like it in the world before. But what has it to do with the Visiting Authors?"

"Oh, I forgot," answered the boy, who was starting off. "It was decided by a Popular Impulse—"

"Popular Impulse?" queried the Study, with an instant perception of the capital letters.

"That's what they call a national decision that needn't be put to a vote. And it was decided by a Popular Impulse that the foreign authors should visit us every Christmas morning, and get their annual royalty from the Treasury of the Synthesized Sympathies."

"We should have thought the publishers would have paid them!" said the Study.

"So they do, for their new books," answered the boy. "But the royalty from the S. S. Treasury is a voluntary restitution by our whole people of the money kept from them in the past. It's purely an affair of honor. There's no law about it. A law can't be retroactive, you know."

"No," the Study admitted. "But how do our native authors like the new status?"

"Oh, *they* like it. As soon as we began to pay the foreigners it shut out the worthless foreign books, and when our authors were freed from that sort of competition, they began to get rich. They all keep their carriages now; they keep them at home. You won't see them driving in them. They've gone half-way to meet the Visiting Authors."

"Half-way?" gasped the Study.

"Yes. Submarine pneumatic tube, you know. The visitors have to be home for breakfast."

"Oh! Yes, yes!" said the Study, ashamed to betray its ignorance,

III.

The Study now observed that the authors and critics had all disappeared from the square, and that the Last of the Romanticists and the Anonymous Critic were poking about in its emptiness in a forlorn and aimless manner. The Romanticist sank down on the curb-stone and fell asleep with his head dropped between his knees; his paper-flower wreath tumbled into the gutter. The Anonymous Critic removed his helmet and revealed his death's-head; he took out a black buccaneer's flag from the helmet and wiped the perspiration from his skull. "Hot work," he said, looking round for the boy.

But even the boy had vanished; and now the square was given up to a series of allegorical interludes. The first of these was the Identification of the Real and the Ideal. The two principles appeared hand in hand, like Tweedledum and Tweddledee in *Through the Looking-glass*, and at once began their great transformation act, by passing into and out of each other with such lightning-like rapidity that they were soon no longer distinguishable. The moment this result had

been accomplished, an electric transparency appeared above the consolidation with the legend, *Which is which?* The Romanticist continued to sleep audibly, and the Anonymous Critic said, "Give it up." Then the Real and the Ideal bowed together, and separately withdrew.

The True and The Beautiful now entered the square together, and performed their famous *pas seul à deux*. This was not so difficult as it seems when put in words; for The True and The Beautiful are one and the same; only The True is the one, and The Beautiful is the same. They faced the Study windows first as The True, and after performing their dance in that character, wheeled half round and appeared as The Beautiful, in the manner of the person who used to dance as the soldier and the sailor on the stage. Over their head flashed out the words, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty."

The Anonymous Critic read the legend aloud, and then murmured vindictively, "Keats! I did for *him* pretty thoroughly, anyway."

"Oh, no!" the Study retorted. "You did your worst, but after all you didn't kill Keats. You hurt him, but he took you very philosophically, at a time when you were very much more regarded than you are now."

It is the nature of the Anonymous Critic not to be able to bear the slightest contradiction. He raised his weapon and immediately fired a blank-cartridge at the Study windows, putting on his helmet at the same time to avoid recognition. The report woke the Last of the Romanticists, who scrambled to his feet, exclaiming, "Saved, saved! They are saved at last!"

"Who are saved?" asked the Study, with unbroken windows.

"The good old-fashioned hero and heroine. Didn't you hear the minute-gun at sea? He arrived with his raft just as her bark was sinking. He fired one shot, and the miscreant relaxed his hold from her fainting form, and fell a corpse at her feet. The sharp clap of thunder, preceded by a blinding flash, revealed the path they had lost, and they stood at the castle gate. The retainers joined in a shout that made the welkin ring, and the brave cow-boy rode into their midst with the swooning châtelaine on the mustang behind him, while the Saracens and Apaches discharged a shower of arrows, and then fled in all directions. That

shot, which proclaimed the suicide of the gambler, in order to give his body for food to the starving companions he had fleeced in the snow-bound Sierras, was the death-knell of the commonplace. Here they come, dying for each other! Ah, that is something *like*! What abundant action! What nobility of motive! What incessant self-sacrifice! No analysis *there*!"

The Study could never understand exactly how it was managed, but in the antics of the fantastic couple who now appeared it was somehow expressed that the youth was perpetually winning the maiden by deeds of the greatest courage and the most unnecessary and preposterous goodness, while the maiden enacted the rôle of the slave at once of duty and of love. When she was not wildly throwing herself into her lover's arms, she was letting him marry another girl, though she knew it would make him unhappy, because she believed the other girl wanted him.

"Ah," sighed the Anonymous Critic, "*there* is profound knowledge of the heart for you! What poetry! What passion!"

Nevertheless he had the air of being extremely bored by the spectacle before him. Several times he took aim at the hero and heroine, and he would probably have fired, if the Visiting Authors had not suddenly appeared upon the scene, attended by their friends, the native authors of Altruria. The Study looked round for the explanatory boy, but he was nowhere to be seen. However, it perceived that he was not necessary to an understanding of the simple affair before it. "Only," it soliloquized, "it's a pity he should have given us this quarter for almost nothing."

Of course it could not be expected that the foreign authors, who were mostly English, should all take their repayment from the S. S. Treasury graciously. They said, with the frankness of their nation where disagreeable things are concerned, some very disagreeable things, and they thought they ought to have interest on the moneys so long withheld. The Altrurian authors could not deny the justice of their claim, while they regretted its spirit. Some of them sent home and sold their carriages, in order to satisfy it; they never used their carriages, anyway, to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the lawyers, doctors, brokers, and merchants who had

none. But not all the foreign authors received their back royalties so greedily; some of them accepted the restitution as cordially as it was offered; and it was affecting to see the surprise mingled with pleasure in the countenances of the widows and orphans of certain authors who had died without the sight of this supreme act of national atonement. They had not expected to be included in the restitution, but the agents of the S. S. Treasury (all chosen by emulative examination, and regardless of party ties) held that a debt of honor must be paid to the remotest heirs of the creditor, and these widows and orphans received their just share. Some of them were enriched beyond the dreams of avarice, but there were other cases in which authors who had supposed themselves plundered by the extensive sales in this country, were disappointed by the showing from their publishers' books. These, however, were consoled by the appearance of the pirates in a state of total bankruptcy.

The whole ceremony of restitution had taken place in less time than we have employed to describe it, and the Visiting Authors had gone home to breakfast. There was a sort of simultaneity about all the occurrences in Altruria that struck the Study very agreeably; no sooner was a good thing thought of than it was done. This was especially the case with the proposition to fire the pile of pirated editions, in order to light the Visiting Authors on their way back through the submarine pneumatic tube.

The Creative Authors and the Critics embraced in the genial glow, and a Congressman, who had been one of the bitterest opponents of international copyright, arose and said that he wished to signalize a change of heart he had undergone, by proposing Perpetual Copyright. He said that he did not see why a man should not have as lasting property in something he had actually created, like a book, as in something he had simply come by in the way of trade, perhaps honestly, perhaps dishonestly. During his arguments, which were unanswerable, the Creative Authors remained modestly silent, but when he sat down, the Critics burst into such a roar of applause that the Study awoke.

Of course it had been dreaming. It was Christmas-time, when allegorical visions are almost unavoidable.



HERE must be something very good in human nature, or people would not experience so much pleasure in giving; there must be something very bad in human nature, or more people would try the experiment of giving. Those who do try it become enamored of it, and get their chief pleasure in life out of it; and so evident is this that there is some basis for the idea that it is ignorance rather than badness which keeps so many people from being generous. Of course it may become a sort of dissipation, or more than that, a devastation, as many men who have what are called "good wives" have reason to know, in the gradual disappearance of their wardrobe if they chance to lay aside any of it temporarily. The amount that a good woman can give away is only measured by her opportunity. Her mind becomes so trained in the mystery of this pleasure that she experiences no thrill of delight in giving away only the things her husband does not want. Her office in life is to teach him the joy of self-sacrifice. She and all other habitual and irreclaimable givers soon find out that there is next to no pleasure in a gift unless it involves some self-denial.

Let one consider seriously whether he ever gets as much satisfaction out of a gift received as out of one given. It pleases him for the moment, and if it is useful, for a long time; he turns it over, and admires it; he may value it as a token of affection, and it

flatters his self-esteem that he is the object of it. But it is a transient feeling compared with that he has when he has made a gift. That substantially ministers to his self-esteem. He follows the gift; he dwells upon the delight of the receiver; his imagination plays about it; it will never wear out or become stale; having parted with it, it is for him a lasting possession. It is an investment as lasting as that in the debt of England. Like a good deed, it grows, and is continually satisfactory. It is something to think of when he first wakes in the morning—a time when most people are badly put to it for want of something pleasant to think of. This fact about giving is so incontestably true that it is a wonder that enlightened people do not more freely indulge in giving for their own comfort. It is, above all else, amazing that so many imagine they are going to get any satisfaction out of what they leave by will. They may be in a state where they will enjoy it, if the will is not fought over; but it is shocking how little gratitude there is accorded to a departed giver compared to a living giver. He couldn't take the property with him, it is said; he was obliged to leave it to somebody. By this thought his generosity is always reduced to a minimum. He may build a monument to himself in some institution, but we do not know enough of the world to which he has gone to know whether a tiny monument on this earth is any satisfaction to a person who is free of the universe. Whereas

every giving or deed of real humanity done while he was living would have entered into his character, and would be of lasting service to him—that is, in any future which we can conceive.

Of course the Drawer is not confining its remarks to what are called Christmas gifts—commercially so called—nor would it undertake to estimate the pleasure there is in either receiving or giving these. The shrewd manufacturers of the world have taken notice of the periodic generosity of the race, and ingeniously produce articles to serve it, that is, to anticipate the taste and to thwart all individuality or spontaneity in it. There is, in short, what is called a “line of holiday goods,” fitting, it may be supposed, the periodic line of charity. When a person receives some of these things in the blessed season of such, he is apt to be puzzled. He wants to know what they are for, what he is to do with them. If there are no “directions” on the articles, his gratitude is somewhat tempered. He has seen these nondescripts of ingenuity and expense in the shop windows, but he never expected to come into personal relations to them. He is puzzled, and he cannot escape the unpleasant feeling that commerce has put its profit-making fingers into Christmas. Such a lot of things seem to be manufactured on purpose that people may perform a duty that is expected of them in the holidays. The house is full of these impossible things; they occupy the mantel-pieces, they stand about on the tottering little tables, they are ingenious, they are made for wants yet undiscovered, they tarnish, they break, they will not “work,” and pretty soon they look “second-hand.” Yet there must be more satisfaction in giving these articles than in receiving them, and maybe a spice of malice—not that of course, for in the holidays nearly every gift expresses at least kindly remembrance, but if you give them you do not have to live with them. But consider how full the world is of holiday goods—costly goods too—that are of no earthly use, and are not even artistic, and how short life is, and how many people actually need books and other indispensable articles, and how starved are many fine drawing-rooms, not for holiday goods, but for objects of beauty.

Christmas stands for much, and for more and more in a world that is breaking down its barriers of race and religious intolerance, and one of its chief offices has been supposed to be the teaching of men the pleasure there is in getting rid of some of their possessions for the benefit of others. But this frittering away a good instinct and tendency in conventional giving of manufactures made to suit an artificial condition is hardly in the line of developing the spirit that shares the last crust or gives to the thirsty companion in the desert the first pull at the canteen. Of course Christmas feeling is the life of trade and all that, and the Drawer will be the last to discourage

any sort of giving, for one can scarcely disencumber himself of anything in his passage through this world and not be benefited; but the hint may not be thrown away that one will personally get more satisfaction out of his periodic or continual benevolence if he gives during his life the things which he wants and other people need, and reserves for a fine show in his will a collected but not selected mass of holiday goods.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

UNSELFISHNESS.

’Tis true, nor can a man of us gainsay
That better ’tis to give than to receive;
And as I look about me on this day
What vast unselfishness do I perceive!

Just look at me. I’m not a species rare—
Quite like most other men I seem to be.
Who makes the nation’s gifts I do not care,
As long as those same gifts are sent to me.

HENRY HERBERT HARKNESS.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE MISTLETOE.

It is related of Queen Elizabeth that it was her delight to tantalize her courtiers during the Christmas season by donning an unusually stiff and wide ruff, and standing under the mistletoe. It was upon one of these occasions that, Bacon having remarked that it was a pretty ruff on the Queen, Shakespeare replied that it was “also pretty rough on the court.”

HOOK’S GREAT “MOT.”

“I have discovered,” said Hook one day to a policeman on Fleet Street—“I have discovered one thing that no miser will keep.”

“What is that?” asked the bobby.

“Christmas,” replied Hook.

The policeman wrote this jest out, and managed to sell it before Hook had time to offer it elsewhere. It was this that led Hook to give up cracking jokes with the guardians of the peace.

LAMB’S GIFT TO THE BURGLAR.

Lamb was awakened early one Christmas morning by a noise in his kitchen, and on going down to that apartment, found a burglar doing his spoons up in a bundle.

“Why d-do you s-s-st-t-teal?” he asked.

“Because I am starving,” returned the house-breaker, sullenly.

“Are y-you-re-re-re-really ver-very h-h-hung-hung-gng-gery-hungry?” asked Lamb.

“Very,” replied the burglar, turning away.

“Pup-pup-poor fuf-fuf-fellow!” said the essayist. “H-here’s a l-l-leg of L-L-Lamb for y-you.”

And so saying, with a dexterous movement of his right leg he ejected the marauder into the street, and locking the door securely, went back to bed. The burglar confessed afterward that he didn’t see the joke for six weeks.

CARLYLE SMITH.



Robert E. Spencer - 50 -

TIMELY.

HENRIETTA. "Don't worry, my dear. Let the future take care of itself. You are looking very much better now."
INVALID. "That is good Christmas advice—to think only of the present."

A BOOMOPOLIS WEDDING.

THERE was joy in Boomopolis. That thriving city of a year's growth had experienced all the delights of life but one. Progressive shooting bees there had been; donkey parties in the temporary canvas residences of the fashionable boomers had been held, and successfully; there had been four military funerals and two divorces—but no weddings. And now on Christmas Day came the glad tidings that Miss Penelope Hicks, the principal of the Boomopolis Academy of Learning, had plighted her troth to Coyote Bill, *né* Wilkins, formerly of the Cherokee Strip.

It was a great relief to every one, including the happy man, when Miss Hicks gave Mr. Wilkins the measure of the third finger of her left hand, and named January 1st as the happy day, the lady being opposed to long engagements, particularly in a country where no man knoweth when an error of judgment on his part may enable the other man to shoot first.

The reason for the town's relief over the announcement of the approaching nuptials was this: Miss Hicks had been the undisputed belle of Boomopolis ever since her arrival in that Eden of sand and corner lots. She had been for some time the most cherished object of the affections of six gentlemanly cow-boys simultaneously, and Boomopolis was anxious. There were fears that the half-dozen suitors might resolve themselves into executive session and diminish the population of Boomopolis by at least five of her leading citizens, which operation would result in a considerable loss of prestige for the town, particularly in a census year. But, happily for all concerned, Miss Hicks was a woman of much tact, and ready for any emergency. She had been proposed to by each of her several admirers, and for some wholly feminine reason had given each much reason to hope. She did not realize the situation until a few days before Christmas, when a bullet whistling through her parlor window and grazing the hat of the admirer who was at that moment calling upon her showed plainly that something must be done, and quickly.

To realize with Penelope was to act, and the next evening the six heart-stricken cow-boys were gathered together in her parlor, in response to her invitation, upon which she had written R. S. V. P., and in accordance with which they were one and all unarmed, R. S. V. P. in Boomopolis being the abbreviated form of *Rendez-vous sans pistols*.

After all had partaken of a light supper of sandwiches and sarsaparilla, Miss Hicks, in a short address, informed her guests that she loved them all dearly, not to say passionately, and had no doubt whatsoever that if given time she would marry them all, life being fleeting, and in that section particularly uncertain for men; that, as a patriotic citizen of Boomopolis, however, she wanted the question

of priority settled amicably, and without undue loss of population, and she added that, as Christmas was approaching, she could think of no better means of settling the difficulty than that of giving a Christmas tree to her admirers, placing upon that tree six packages, all of a size, and one for each. In one package she would place, she said, a pair of silver-plated Mexican spurs; in another would be the best bridle to be found on that side of the Mississippi; in a third would be a lasso that would make its possessor the envy of the Territory; the fourth would contain a nickel-plated six-shooter, self-cocking, with an ivory handle; in the fifth would be found an order for the finest saddle in the universe; and in the sixth would be a photograph of herself, with which would go a life lease of her heart and hand. The would-be husbands could select each his own package, precedence being decided by numbers drawn from a hat.

The proposition was received with enthusiasm. The six gentlemanly cow-boys vowed eternal friendship for each other, and swore that whoever should prove to be the lucky man, the others would ush for him at the ceremony.

And so it was settled. The tree was had, the packages were distributed, and to Coyote Bill fell the prize of the hand, heart, and photograph of Miss Penelope Hicks.

The week between Christmas and New Year's passed rapidly away, and on the afternoon of January 1st the youth, beauty, and fashion of Boomopolis assembled in the little portable cathedral on West End Avenue to witness the ceremony. As the melodeon pealed forth an adaptation of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, rendered by the leader of the Boomopolis brass band, the bride, leaning upon the arm of the Mayor, walked up the middle and only aisle of the edifice to the altar, where stood Coyote Bill and his best man, Nevada Pete. As the bride mounted the platform the groom stepped forward to meet her, but started back suddenly as he heard an ominous click in the coat pocket of Nevada Pete. Then Nevada Pete advanced and offered his hand to the bride. She, astonished at this somewhat remarkable proceeding, withdrew her extended hand, and looked inquiringly at the apparently presumptuous Pete.

"It's all right, Miss Hicks," said he. "Coyote Bill will explain."

"Yes, Penelope," said Bill, "it's all right. That six-shooter you gave Pete was such a pretty gun I couldn't resist when Pete offered to swap."

The bride blushed. Coyote Bill withdrew to the best man's place, and Nevada Pete once more offered his hand to Miss Penelope Hicks.

"All right," said she, taking the proffered hand. "I'm satisfied. Let her go, Mr. Parson."

And the marriage was solemnized amid general rejoicing.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



RECIPROCITY.

The Christmas Morning Soliloquy of a Commission Servant-Girl.

WHEN the lush blush-rose smiled upon the tree,
And the earth blossomed 'neath the young May
moon,
Into the barrel, with an air care-free,
I cast the chicken, dish and knife and spoon;
I gave my poor relations coffee, tea;
And often on a summer afternoon
I wasted ice to make the ice-man glad;
And on this happy day my heart's not sad.

For here the seal-skin sacque behold,
The grocer's recognition
Of all my services untold
To strengthen his position.

The ice-man, sinister and grim,
Within my dream reposes.
He knows that I looked out for him
Throughout the time of roses.

When whistling winter reddened ear and nose,
I stopped the fire and made the kitchen cold;
And soon the leaden pipes all stiffly froze,
And on the princely plumber showered gold.
I wasted coal, and that is, I suppose,
Why I have got the coal-man in my hold.
I see the presents in my vision glow:
To-morrow for the Safe Deposit Co.!

Oh, look at this porcelain pitcher!
Oh, look at this bright châtelaine!
The plumber through me has grown richer;
The coal dealer also, 'tis plain.

Oh my, but I have a position
That fills me with joy through and through!
Because, while I work on commission,
I work upon salary too.

I'll leave the fresh meat on the tubs to-night
That it may spoil, and make the butcher dance
With rapture; and till morn I'll burn each light,
To waste the oil at which they never glance.
I'll fall down stairs, and in my rapid flight
Shatter a tray of china bought in France,—
And let these dealers very plainly see
What a warm friend they have in Madge McGee.

And they'll remember me when next the year
Piles high its drifts of snow at door and gate;
When all the earth is bleak and sad and drear,
With gold or gem they'll make my heart elate.
I only do them justice when I state
They make my life all roseate and green.
And I—I make them opulent and great—
I, their commission culinary queen.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE KING-MAKER AND THE JESTER.

MR. BUNKERTON is a moderately well-educated person only. He knows quite enough to be sensitive on the point of what he does not know, and is prone to resent anything which seems to him like a reflection upon his ignorance. In the small Hudson River town in which he lives he is a magnate, and his influence is eagerly sought always by candidates for office. Occasionally he goes out of his way to patronize those who do not care to avail themselves of his influence, and to this fact is attributable one of his recent discomfitures.

"Stick by me, my boy," said he recently to a young journalist, who takes an inhuman delight in baiting the magnate—"stick by me, and I'll make you Mayor of this town."

"All right, Warwick," returned the jocose young person, who then added: "By-the-way, Bunkerton, do you know who Warwick was?"

Bunkerton immediately took offence. He colored a deep red, and then, with a triumphant wave of his hand, which he felt certain must crush his tormentor, he said: "Yes, I do know who Warwick was [*impressively*]. 'A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.'"

"Very good, Bunkerton; but, ah! you mean Yorick, don't you?"

Again Bunkerton blushed. This time with confusion. "I guess I do," he said.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

THE wit of the Celt is proverbial. A party of gentlemen were gathered about a dinner table one evening recently, discussing current events generally, and incidentally the good things mine host had served up to them that evening.

"I wonder what it is," said one of the gathering, "that gives to this *crème de menthe* its delightful flavor?"

"O! think, me good sir," said the Irish member of the party—"oi think it musht be th' color."

HE NEVER BAWLED.

THERE is a touch of pathos in the story—not, perhaps, an entirely new one—of the old lady who was so severely injured in a railroad accident that it was for some time feared that she was dead. Reviving suddenly, her overjoyed husband said:

"Why, Mandy, we thought you was dead. Yes, we did, for sure!"

The old lady glanced at her husband's dry eyes, and then sinking back to the ground, said, with a pathetic little quaver in her feeble voice: "And you never bawled a bit, Israel—not a whimper. Couldn't you have bawled a little bit, Israel?" Whereupon Israel actually began to "bawl," when the old lady checked him with a little wave of her hand, and said, tearfully and sorrowfully: "It's too late now, Israel; if I'd reely ben dead, an' you'd bawled, it'd done me some good." J. L. H.

A CLEVER RETORT.

THERE are some people who delight in turning serious discussions into channels of superficiality and general flippancy by inopportune questions, to which, to their dull comprehension, there is no answer. A case of this sort brought out an unusually witty retort at one of New York's dinner tables last winter, when American humor was the subject under discussion.

A follower of the profession of jesting, having taken occasion to speak of the vein of humor, was asked by his flippant *vis-à-vis*,

"In what part of the body does the vein of humor lie?"

Without a moment's hesitation, he replied, "It starts from the funny-bone, skirts the humerus, and discharges in the jest."

TO A WITTY WRITER.

(December 25th.)

MY wish would be to send you—if I could—

As token of the smiles your writings win,

A cask of spirits, if but half as good

As those you've put me in. S. D. S., JUN.

A BIT OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

THE rain poured down and the mountains were hidden in the clouds, but we were lost to the present world, as Bruce Piper, a New Hampshire veteran, told us stories of his army life "along in the sixties."

"We were at Nicholasville, Kentucky, in the early spring, when the mud was lub-deep," ran one good narrative, "when the colonel ordered six of us to accompany him to a neighboring town to catch some bounty-jumpers. For several hours we went pounding through the mud until a hotel was reached.

"We'll stay here to-night," said the colonel. 'Any supper for us?' he asked the boniface.

"Not a thing in the house," answered that gentleman.

"Well, boys," replied the colonel, 'you'll have to find the best you can.'

"Perhaps," broke in the hotel-keeper, as we prepared to inspect his pantry, 'perhaps I can find something.' And he did get a very good meal for us, and we got for ourselves a good supply of whiskey, and that night was a rouser! Early next morning we proceeded on our way. To tell the truth, we were rather dizzy, but nevertheless got ourselves together as best we could. The colonel's horse was brought around, and he was about to mount, when he looked at the saddle. It was put on wrong end foremost, the pommel toward the tail of the animal.

"Say, Jim, look here," said the colonel to the man who had put it on; 'how's this? Look at that saddle!'

"Jim's vision was very misty, but he finally saw that there was something wrong, and then the exact state of things dawned on him.

"Yes, colonel, yes," muttered Jim, 'I see—but—hic—how in thunder did I know which way you was going?'



TURNING THE TABLES.

"She is a pretty enough girl, but there is no contrast in the picture. You should put in some ludicrous accessory, so as to bring her out."

"Perhaps that's a good idea. Stand just as you are for a moment, and I'll sketch you in."

A SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH GETS IT.

AN old and rather long-winded Scotch minister, on his way home from church one Sunday morning, accosted one of his parishioners with,

"Weel, Donald, how do ye like my sairmons?"

"In vairy small doses," returned the truthful Donald.

COPYRIGHT.

A NUMBER of young writers were discussing the copyright question one evening last July, when one of them observed, quietly:

"Well, justice is being done us at last. The McKinley bill contains a provision that gives us all the protection we want."

"It does? How?"

"By placing a duty of a hundred per cent. on yarns."

GOT MORE FOR HIS MONEY.

COLORED GENTLEMAN (*settling his dentist bill*).
 "Hit looks like dis is a heap to pay. Dat udder man pulled meh toof an' broke meh jaw-bone an' nuver ast me but fifty cents."

A WISE CHILD.

SHE was a little girl of some seven years of age, who always knew what she wanted at breakfast. One Christmas morning her mother inquired,

"Mary, will you have some oatmeal this morning?"

"No, mamma," was the reply; "I think I won't waste my stomach on oatmeal to-day."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

FOR months she wondered what the Yule would bring:

A jewelled vinaigrette, or golden guard,

A pearly necklace, or a diamond ring.

And now she weeps. He sent a Christmas card.

A DESCRIPTIVE ERROR.

"I WISH you would correct your statement that my text was, 'Alas for the rarity of Christian clarity!' The last word was 'charity,' not 'clarity.'"

"I know that, doctor; but on reading your sermon over I thought the other version, though not correct, more highly appropriate and descriptive."



UNCONSCIOUS CYNICISM.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

SHE: "It's such years since we met that perhaps you never heard of my marriage?"
HE: "No indeed! Is it—er—recent enough for congratulations?"



"WAR—WAR HE 'QUAINTED WITH ENNY OF 'EM?"—See page 203.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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No. CCCCLXXXVIII.

THE OUTLOOK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

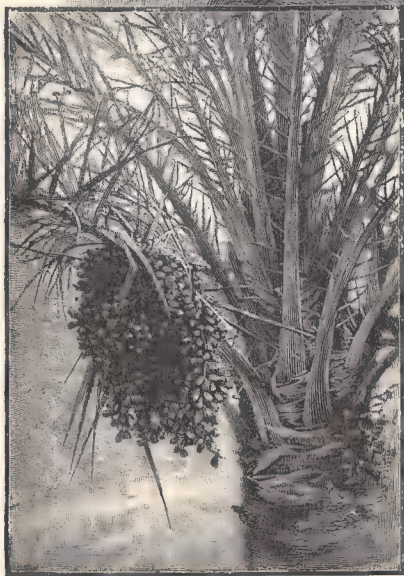
FROM the northern limit of California to the southern is about the same distance as from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to Charleston, South Carolina. Of these two coast lines, covering nearly ten degrees of latitude, or over seven hundred miles, the Atlantic has greater extremes of climate and greater monthly variations, and the Pacific greater variety of productions. The State of California is, however, so mountainous, cut by longitudinal and transverse ranges, that any reasonable person can find in it a temperature to suit him the year through. But it does not need to be explained that it would be difficult to hit upon any general characteristic that would apply to the stretch of the Atlantic coast named, as a guide to a settler looking for a home: the description of Massachusetts would be wholly misleading for South Carolina. It is almost as difficult to make any comprehensive statement about the long line of the California coast.

It is possible, however, limiting the inquiry to the southern third of the State—an area of about fifty-eight thousand square miles, as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island—to answer fairly some of the questions oftenest asked about it. These relate to the price of land, its productiveness, the kind of products most profitable, the sort of labor required, and its desirability as a place of residence for the laborer, for the farmer or horticulturist of small means, and for the man with considerable capital. Questions on these subjects cannot be answered categorically, but I hope to be able, by setting down my own observations and using trustworthy reports, to give others the material on which to exercise their judg-

ment. In the first place, I think it demonstrable that a person would profitably exchange one hundred and sixty acres of farming land east of the one-hundredth parallel for ten acres, with a water right, in southern California.

In making this estimate I do not consider the question of health or merely the agreeability of the climate, but the conditions of labor, the ease with which one could support a family, and the profits over and above a fair living. It has been customary in reckoning the value of land there to look merely to the profit of it beyond its support of a family, forgetting that agriculture and horticulture the world over, like almost all other kinds of business, usually do little more than procure a comfortable living, with incidental education, to those who engage in them. That the majority of the inhabitants of southern California will become rich by the culture of the orange and the vine is an illusion; but it is not an illusion that twenty times its present population can live there in comfort, in what might be called luxury elsewhere, by the cultivation of the soil, all far removed from poverty and much above the condition of the majority of the inhabitants of the foreign wine and fruit producing countries. This result is assured by the extraordinary productiveness of the land, uninterrupted the year through, and by the amazing extension of the market in the United States for products that can be nowhere else produced with such certainty and profusion as in California. That State is only just learning how to supply a demand which is daily increasing, but it already begins to command the market in certain fruits. This command of the market in the future will depend upon itself, that is, wheth-

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YUCCA-PALM AND DATE-PALM.

er it will send east and north only sound wine, instead of crude, ill-cured juice of the grape, only the best and most carefully canned apricots, nectarines, peaches, and plums, only the raisins and prunes perfectly prepared, only such oranges, lemons, and grapes and pears as the Californians are willing to eat themselves. California has yet much to learn about

fruit-raising and fruit-curing, but it already knows that to compete with the rest of the world in our markets it must beat the rest of the world in quality. It will take some time yet to remove the unfavorable opinion of California wines produced in the East by the first products of the vineyards sent here.

The difficulty for the settler is that he cannot "take up" ten acres with water in California as he can one hundred and sixty acres elsewhere. There is left little available government land. There is plenty of government land not taken up and which may never be occupied, that is, inaccessible mountain and irreclaimable desert. There are also little nooks and fertile spots here and there to be discovered which may be preempted, and which will some day have value. But practically all the arable land, or that is likely to become so, is owned now in large tracts, under grants or by wholesale purchase. The circumstances of the case compelled associate effort. Such a desert as that now blooming region known as Pasadena, Pomona, Riverside, and so on, could not be sub-

duced by individual exertion. Consequently land and water companies were organized. They bought large tracts of unimproved land, built dams in the mountain cañons, sunk wells, drew water from the rivers, made reservoirs, laid pipes, carried ditches and conduits across the country, and then sold the land with the inseparable water right in small parcels. Thus the region became subdivided among small holders, each independent, but all mutually dependent as to water, which is the *sine qua non* of existence. It is only a few years since there was a forlorn and struggling colony a few miles east of Los Angeles known as the Indiana settlement. It had scant water, no railway communication, and everything to learn about horticulture. That spot is now the famous Pasadena.

What has been done in the Santa Ana and San Gabriel valleys will be done elsewhere in the State. There are places in Kern County, north of the Sierra Madre, where the land produces grain and alfalfa without irrigation, where farms can be bought at from five to ten dollars an acre—land that will undoubtedly increase in value with settlement and also by irrigation. The great county of San Diego is practically undeveloped, and contains an immense area, in scattered mesas and valleys, of land which will produce apples, grain, and grass without irrigation, and which the settler can get at moderate prices. Nay, more, any one with a little ready money, who goes to southern California expecting to establish himself and willing to work, will be welcomed and aided, and be pretty certain to find some place where he can steadily improve his condition. But the regions about which one hears most, which are already fruit gardens and well sprinkled with rose-clad homes, command prices per acre which seem extravagant. Land, however, like a mine, gets its value from what it will produce; and it is to be noted that while the subsidence of the "boom" knocked the value out of twenty-foot city lots staked out in the wilderness, and out of insanely inflated city property, the land upon which crops are raised has steadily appreciated in value.

So many conditions enter into the price of land that it is impossible to name an average price for the arable land of the southern counties, but I have heard good judges place it at \$100 an

acre. The lands with water are very much alike in their producing power, but some, for climatic reasons, are better adapted to citrus fruits, others to the raisin grape, and others to deciduous fruits. The value is also affected by railway facilities, contiguity to the local commercial centre, and also by the character of the settlement, that is, by its morality, public spirit, and facilities for education. Every town and settlement thinks it has special advantages as to improved irrigation, equability of temperature, adaptation to this or that product, attractions for invalids, tempered ocean breezes, protection from "northerners," schools, and varied industries. These things are so much matter of personal choice that each settler will do well to examine widely for himself, and not buy until he is suited.

Some figures, which may be depended on, of actual sales and of annual yields, may be of service. They are of the district east of Pasadena and Pomona, but fairly represent the whole region down to Los Angeles. The selling price of raisin grape land unimproved but with water at Riverside is \$250 to \$300 per acre; at South Riverside, \$150 to \$200; in the highland district of San Bernardino, and at Redlands (which is a new settlement east of the city of San Bernardino), \$200 to \$250 per acre. At Banning and at Hesperia, which lie north of the San Bernardino range, \$125 to \$150 per acre are the prices asked. Distance from the commercial centre accounts for the difference in price in the towns named. The crop varies with the care and skill of the cultivator, but a fair average from the vines at two years is two tons per acre; three years, three tons; four years, five tons; five years, seven tons. The price varies with the season, and also whether its sale is upon the vines, or after picking, drying, and sweating, or the packed product. On the vines \$20 per ton is a fair average price. In exceptional cases vineyards at Riverside have produced four tons per acre in twenty months from the setting of the cuttings, and six-year-old vines have produced thirteen and a half tons per acre. If the grower has a crop of, say, 2000 packed boxes of raisins of twenty pounds each box, it will pay him to pack his own crop and establish a "brand" for it. In 1889 three adjoining vineyards in Riverside, producing about the same average

crops, were sold as follows: the first vineyard, at \$17 50 per ton on the vines, yielded \$150 per acre; the second, at six cents a pound in the sweat boxes, yielded \$276 per acre; the third, at \$1 80 per box packed, yielded \$414 per acre.

Land adapted to the deciduous fruits, such as apricots and peaches, is worth as much as raisin land, and some years pays better. The pear and the apple need greater elevation, and are of better quality when grown on high ground than in the valleys. I have reason to believe that the mountain regions of San Diego County are specially adapted to the apple.

Good orange land unimproved but with water is worth from \$300 to \$500 an acre. If we add to this price the cost of budded trees, the care of them for four years, and interest at eight per cent. per annum for four years, the cost of a good grove will be about \$1000 an acre. It must be understood that the profit of an orange grove depends upon care, skill, and business ability. The kind of orange grown with reference to the demand, the judgment about more or less irrigation as affecting the quality, the cultivation of the soil, and the arrangements for marketing are all elements in the problem. There are young groves at Riverside, five years old, that are paying ten per cent. net upon from \$3000 to \$5000 an acre; while there are older groves which, at the prices for fruit in the spring of 1890—\$1 60 per box for seedlings and \$3 per box for navels delivered at the packing-houses—paid at the rate of ten per cent. net on \$7500 per acre.

In all these estimates water must be reckoned as a prime factor. What, then, is water worth per inch, generally, in all this fruit region from Redlands to Los Angeles? It is worth just the amount it will add to the commercial value of land irrigated by it, and that may be roughly estimated at from \$500 to \$1000 an inch of continuous flow. Take an illustration. A piece of land at Riverside below the flow of water was worth \$300 an acre. Contiguous to it was another piece not irrigated which would not sell for \$50 an acre. By bringing water to it, it would quickly sell for \$300, thus adding \$250 to its value. As the estimate at Riverside is that one inch of water will irrigate five acres of fruit land, five times \$250 would be \$1250 per inch, at which price water for irrigation has actually been sold at Riverside.

The standard of measurement of water in southern California is the miner's inch under four inches pressure, or the amount that will flow through an inch-square opening under a pressure of four inches measured from the surface of the water in the conduit to the centre of the opening through which it flows. This is nine gallons a minute, or, as it is figured, 1728 cubic feet or 12,960 gallons in twenty-four hours, and $\frac{1}{10}$ of a cubic foot a second. This flow would cover ten acres about eighteen inches deep in a year; that is, it would give the land the equivalent of eighteen inches of rain, distributed exactly when and where it was needed, none being wasted, and more serviceable than fifty inches of rainfall as it generally comes. This, with the natural rainfall, is sufficient for citrus fruits and for corn and alfalfa, in soil not too sandy, and it is too much for grapes and all deciduous fruits.

It is necessary to understand this problem of irrigation in order to comprehend southern California, the exceptional value of its arable land, the certainty and great variety of its products, and the part it is to play in our markets. There are three factors in the expectation of a crop, soil, sunshine, and water. In a region where we can assume the first two to be constant, the only uncertainty is water. Southern California is practically without rain from May to December. Upon this fact rests the immense value of its soil, and the certainty that it can supply the rest of the Union with a great variety of products. This certainty must be purchased by a previous investment of money. Water is everywhere to be had for money, in some localities by surface wells, in others by artesian wells, in others from such streams as the Los Angeles and the Santa Ana, and from reservoirs secured by dams in the heart of the high mountains. It is possible to compute the cost of any one of the systems of irrigation, to determine whether it will pay by calculating the amount of land it will irrigate. The cost of procuring water varies greatly with the situation, and it is conceivable that money can be lost in such an investment, but I have yet to hear of any irrigation that has not been more or less successful.

Farming and fruit-raising are usually games of hazard. Good crops and poor crops depend upon enough rain and not



RAISIN-CURING.

too much at just the right times. A wheat field which has a good start with moderate rain may later wither in a drought, or be ruined by too much water at the time of maturity. And, avoiding all serious reverses from either dryness or wet, every farmer knows that the quality and quantity of the product would be immensely improved if the growing stalks and roots could have water when and only when they need it. The difference would be between say twenty and forty bushels of grain or roots to the acre, and that means the difference between profit and loss. There is probably not a crop of any kind grown in the great West that would not be immensely benefited if it could be irrigated once or twice a year; and probably anywhere that water is attainable the cost of irrigation would be abundantly paid in the yield from year to year. Farming in the West with even a little irrigation would not be the game of hazard that it is. And it may further be assumed that there is not a vegetable patch or a fruit orchard East or West that would not yield better quality and more abundantly with irrigation.

But this is not all. Any farmer who attempts to raise grass and potatoes and strawberries on contiguous fields, subject to the same chance of drought or rainfall,

has a vivid sense of his difficulties. The potatoes are spoiled by the water that helps the grass, and the coquettish strawberry will not thrive on the regimen that suits the grosser crops. In California, which by its climate and soil gives a greater variety of products than any other region in the Union, the supply of water is adjusted to the needs of each crop, even on contiguous fields. No two products need the same amount of water, or need it at the same time. The orange needs more than the grape, the alfalfa more than the orange, the peach and apricot less than the orange; the olive, the fig, the almond, the English walnut, demand each a different supply. Depending entirely on irrigation six months of the year, the farmer in southern California is practically certain of his crop year after year; and if all his plants and trees are in a healthful condition, as they will be if he is not too idle to cultivate as well as irrigate, his yield will be about double what it would be without systematic irrigation. It is this practical control of the water the year round, in a climate where sunshine is the rule, that makes the productiveness of California so large as to be incomprehensible to Eastern people. Even the trees are not dormant more than three or four months in the year.

But irrigation, in order to be successful, must be intelligently applied. In unskilful hands it may work more damage than benefit. Mr. Theodore S. Van Dyke, who may always be quoted with confidence, says that the ground should never be flooded; that water must not touch the plant or tree, or come near enough to make the soil bake around it; and that it should be let in in small streams for two or three days, and not in large streams for a few hours. It is of the first importance that the ground shall be stirred as soon as dry enough, the cultivation to be continued, and water never to be substituted for the cultivator to prevent baking. The methods of irrigation in use may be reduced to three. First, the old Mexican way, running a small ditch from tree to tree without any basin round the tree. Second, the basin system, where a large basin is made round the tree, and filled several times. This should only be used where water is scarce, for it trains the roots like a brush instead of sending them out laterally into the soil. Third, the Riverside method, which is the best in the world, and produces the largest results with the least water and the least work. It is the closest imitation of the natural process of wetting by gentle rain. "A small flume eight or ten inches square of common redwood is laid along the upper side of a ten-acre tract. At intervals of one to three feet, according to the nature of the ground and the stuff to be irrigated, are bored one-inch holes, with a small wooden button over them to regulate the flow. This flume costs a trifle, is left in position, lasts for years, and is always ready. Into this flume is turned from the ditch an irrigating head of 20, 25, or 30 inches of water, generally about 20 inches. This is divided by the holes and the buttons into streams of from one-sixth to one-tenth of an inch each, making from 120 to 200 small streams. From five to seven furrows are made between two rows of trees, two between rows of grapes, one furrow between rows of corn, potatoes, etc. It may take from fifteen to twenty hours for one of the streams to get across the tract. They are allowed to run from forty-eight to seventy-two hours. The ground is then thoroughly wet in all directions and three or four feet deep. As soon as the ground is dry enough, cultivation is begun, and kept up from six to eight weeks

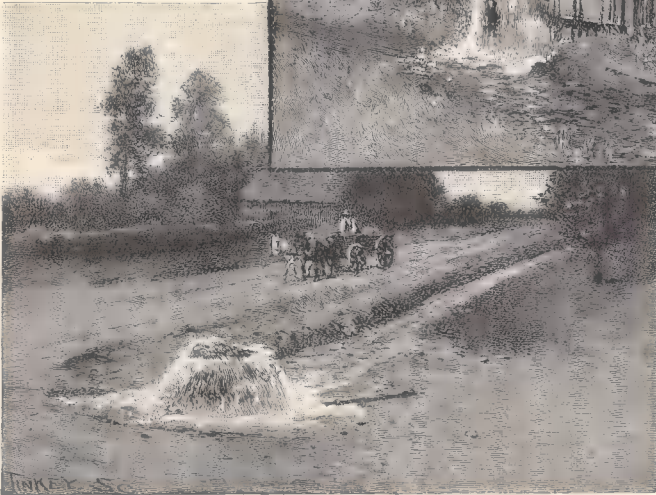
before water is used again." Only when the ground is very sandy is the basin system necessary. Long experiment has taught that this system is by far the best, and, says Mr. Van Dyke, "those whose ideas are taken from the wasteful systems of flooding or soaking from big ditches have something to learn in southern California."

As to the quantity of water needed in the kind of soil most common in southern California, I will again quote Mr. Van Dyke: "They will tell you at Riverside that they use an inch of water to five acres, and some say an inch to three acres. But this is because they charge to the land all the waste on the main ditch, and because they use thirty per cent. of the water in July and August, when it is the lowest. But this is no test of the duty of water; the amount actually delivered on the land should be taken. What they actually use for ten acres at Riverside, Redlands, etc., is a twenty-inch stream of three days run five times a year, equal to 300 inches for one day, or one inch steady run for 300 days. As an inch is the equivalent of 365 inches for one day, or one inch for 365 days, 300 inches for one day equals an inch to twelve acres. Many use even less than this, running the water only two or two and a half days at a time. Others use more head; but it rarely exceeds 24 inches for three days and five times a year, which would be 72 multiplied by five, or 360 inches, a little less than a full inch for a year for ten acres."

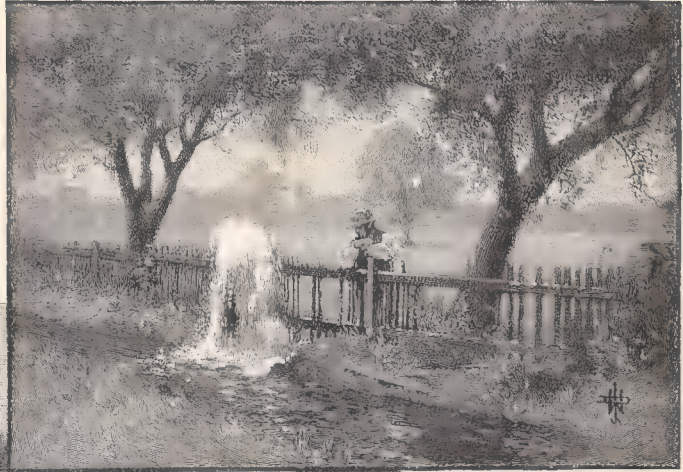
I have given room to these details because the Riverside experiment, which results in such large returns of excellent fruit, is worthy of the attention of cultivators everywhere. The constant stirring of the soil, to keep it loose as well as to keep down useless growths, is second in importance only to irrigation. Some years ago, when it was ascertained that tracts of land which had been regarded as only fit for herding cattle and sheep would by good ploughing and constant cultivation produce fair crops without any artificial watering, there spread abroad a notion that irrigation could be dispensed with. There are large areas, dry and cracked on the surface, where the soil is moist three and four feet below the surface in the dry season. By keeping the surface broken and well pulverized the moisture rises sufficiently to insure a crop.

Many Western farmers have found out this secret of cultivation, and more will learn in time the good sense of not spreading themselves over too large an area; that 40 acres planted and cultivated will give a better return than 80 acres planted and neglected. Crops of various sorts are raised in southern California by careful cultivation with little or no irrigation, but the idea that cultivation alone will bring sufficiently good production is now practically abandoned, and the al-

there is no exception to the rule that continual labor, thrift, and foresight are essential to the getting of a good living or the gaining of a competence. No doubt speculation will spring up again. It is inevitable with the present enormous and yearly increasing yield of fruits,



IRRIGATION BY PIPE SYSTEM.



IRRIGATION BY ARTESIAN WELL SYSTEM.

the better intelligence in vine culture, wine-making, and raisin-curing, the growth of marketable oranges, lemons, etc., and the consequent rise in the value of land. Doubtless fortunes will be made

most universal experience is that judicious irrigation always improves the crop in quality and in quantity, and that irrigation and cultivation are both essential to profitable farming or fruit-raising.

It would seem, then, that capital is necessary for successful agriculture or horticulture in southern California. But where is it not needed? In New England? In Kansas, where land which was given to actual settlers is covered with mortgages for money absolutely necessary to develop it? But passing this by, what is the chance in southern California for laborers and for mechanics? Let us understand the situation. In California

by enterprising companies who secure large areas of unimproved land at low prices, bring water on them, and then sell in small lots. But this will come to an end. The tendency is to subdivide the land into small holdings—into farms and gardens of ten and twenty acres. The great ranches are sure to be broken up. With the resulting settlement by industrious people, the cities will again experience “booms”; but these are not peculiar to California. In my mind I see the time when this region (because it will pay better proportionally to cultivate a small area) will be one of small farms, of neat cottages, of industrious homes. The

owner is pretty certain to prosper—that is, to get a good living (which is independence) and lay aside a little yearly—if the work is done by himself and his family. And the peculiarity of the situation is that the farm or garden, whichever it is called, will give agreeable and most healthful occupation to all the boys and girls in the family all the days in the year that can be spared from the school. Aside from the ploughing, the labor is light. Pruning, grafting, budding, the picking of the grapes, the gathering of the fruit from trees, the sorting, packing, and canning, are labor for light and deft hands, and labor distributed through the year. The harvest, of one sort and another, is almost continuous, so that young girls and boys can have, in well-settled districts, pretty steady employment—a long season in establishments packing oranges; at another time, in canning fruits; at another, in packing raisins.

It goes without saying that in the industries now developed, and in others as important which are in their infancy (for instance, the culture of the olive for oil and as an article of food, the growth and curing of figs, the gathering of almonds, English walnuts, etc.), the labor of the owners of the land and their families will not suffice. There must be as large a proportion of day-laborers as there is in other regions where such products are grown. Chinese labor at certain seasons has been a necessity. Under the present policy of California this must diminish, and its place be taken by some other. The pay for this labor has always been good. It is certain to be more and more in demand. Whether the pay will ever approach near to the European standard is a question, but it is a fair presumption that the exceptional profit of the land, owing to its productiveness, will for a long time keep wages up.

During the "boom" period all wages were high, those of skilled mechanics especially, owing to the great amount of building on speculation. The ordinary laborer on a ranch had \$30 a month and board and lodging; laborers of a higher grade, \$2 to \$2 50 a day; skilled masons, \$6; carpenters, from \$3 50 to \$5; plasterers, \$4 to \$5; house-servants, from \$25 to \$35 a month. Since the "boom," wages of skilled mechanics have declined at least 25 per cent., and there has been less demand for labor generally, except in con-

nection with fruit raising and harvesting. It would be unwise for laborers to go to California on an uncertainty, but it can be said of that country with more confidence than of any other section that its peculiar industries, now daily increasing, will absorb an increasing amount of day-labor, and later on it will remunerate skilled artisan labor.

In deciding whether southern California would be an agreeable place of residence there are other things to be considered besides the productiveness of the soil, the variety of products, the ease of outdoor labor distributed through the year, the certainty of returns for intelligent investment with labor, the equability of summer and winter, and the adaptation to personal health. There are always disadvantages attending the development of a new country and the evolution of a new society. It is not a small thing, and may be one of daily discontent, the change from a landscape clad with verdure, the riotous and irrepressible growth of a rainy region, to a land that the greater part of the year is green only where it is artificially watered, where all the hills and unwatered plains are brown and sere, where the foliage is coated with dust, and where driving anywhere outside the sprinkled avenues of a town is to be enveloped in a cloud of powdered earth. This discomfort must be weighed against the commercial advantages of a land of irrigation.

What are the chances for a family of very moderate means to obtain a foothold and thrive by farming in southern California? I cannot answer this better than by giving substantially the experience of one family, and by saying that this has been paralleled, with change of details, by many others. Of course, in a highly developed settlement, where the land is mostly cultivated, and its actual yearly produce makes its price very high, it is not easy to get a foothold. But there are many regions—say in Orange County, and certainly in San Diego—where land can be had at a moderate price and on easy terms of payment. Indeed, there are few places, as I have said, where an industrious family would not find welcome and cordial help in establishing itself. And it must be remembered that there are many communities where life is very simple, and the great expense of keeping up an appearance attending life elsewhere need not be reckoned.



GARDEN SCENE, SANTA ANA.

A few years ago a professional man in a New England city, who was in delicate health, with his wife, and five boys all under sixteen, and one too young to be of any service, moved to San Diego. He had in money a small sum, less than a thousand dollars. He had no experience in farming or horticulture, and his health would not have permitted him to do much field work in our climate. Fortunately he found in the fertile El Cajon Valley, fifteen miles from San Diego, a farmer and fruit-grower who had upon his place a small unoccupied house. Into that house he moved, furnishing it very simply with furniture bought in San Diego, and hired his services to the landlord. The work required was comparatively easy, in the orchard and vineyards, and consisted largely in superintending other laborers. The pay was about enough to support his family without encroaching on his little capital. Very soon, however, he made an arrangement to buy the small house and tract of some twenty

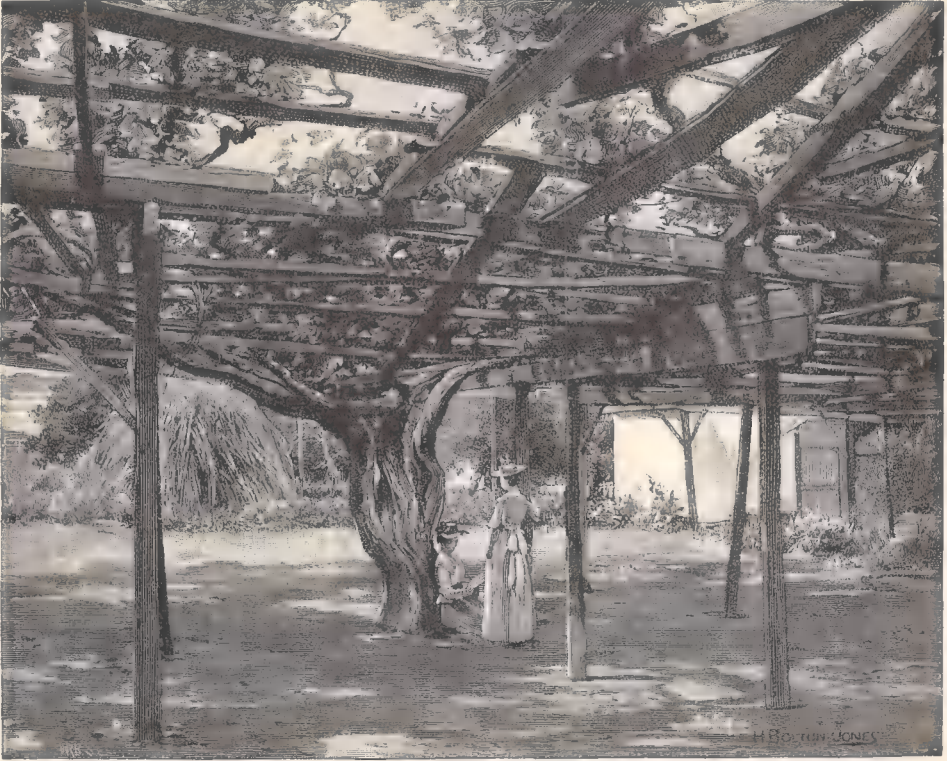
acres, on which he lived, on time, perhaps making a partial payment. He began at once to put out an orange orchard and plant a vineyard; this he accomplished with the assistance of his boys, who did practically most of the work after the first planting, leaving him a chance to give most of his days to his employer. The orchard and vineyard work is so light that a smart intelligent boy is almost as valuable a worker in the field as a man. The wife, meantime, kept the house and did its work. House-keeping was comparatively easy; little fuel was required except for cooking; the question of clothes was a minor one. In that climate wants for a fairly comfortable existence are fewer than with us. From the first, almost, vegetables, raised upon the ground while the vines and oranges were growing, contributed largely to the support of the family. The out-door life and freedom from worry insured better health, and the diet of fruit and vegetables, suitable to the climate, reduced the

cost of living to a minimum. As soon as the orchard and the vineyard began to produce fruit, the owner was enabled to quit working for his neighbor, and give all his time to the development of his own place. He increased his planting; he added to his house; he bought a piece of land adjoining which had a grove of eucalyptus, which would supply him with fuel. At first the society circle was small, and there was no school. But the incoming of families had increased the number of children, so that an excellent public school was established. When I saw him he was living in conditions of comfortable industry; his land had trebled in value; the pair of horses which he drove he had bought cheap, for they were Eastern horses; but the climate had brought them up, so that the team was a serviceable one in good condition. The story is not one of brilliant success, but to me it is much more hopeful for the country than the other tales I heard of sudden wealth or lucky speculation. It is the founding in an unambitious way of a comfortable home. The boys of the family will branch out, get fields, orchards, vineyards of their own, and add to the solid producing industry of the country. This orderly, contented industry, increasing its gains day by day, little by little, is the life and hope of any state.

It is not the purpose of this paper to describe southern California. That has been thoroughly done; and details, with figures and pictures in regard to every town and settlement, will be forthcoming on application, which will be helpful guides to persons who can see for themselves, or make sufficient allowance for local enthusiasm. But before speaking further of certain industries south of the great mountain ranges, the region north of the Sierra Madre, which is allied to southern California by its productions, should be mentioned. The beautiful Antelope Plains and the Kern Valley (where land is still cheap and very productive) should not be overlooked. The splendid San Joaquin Valley is already speaking loudly and clearly for itself. The region north of the mountains of Kern County, shut in by the Sierra Nevada range on the east and the Coast Range on the west, substantially one valley, fifty to sixty miles in breadth, watered by the King and the San Joaquin, and gently sloping to the north, say for two hundred miles,

is a land of marvellous capacity, capable of sustaining a dense population. It is cooler in winter than southern California, and the summers average much warmer. Owing to the greater heat, the fruits mature sooner. It is just now becoming celebrated for its raisins, which in quality are unexcelled; and its area, which can be well irrigated from the rivers and from the mountains on either side, seems capable of producing raisins enough to supply the world. It is a wonderfully rich valley in a great variety of products. Fresno County, which occupies the centre of this valley, has 1,200,000 acres of agricultural and 4,400,000 of mountain and pasture land. The city of Fresno, which occupies land that in 1870 was a sheep ranch, is the commercial centre of a beautiful agricultural and fruit region, and has a population estimated at 12,000. From this centre were shipped, in the season of 1890, 1500 car loads of raisins. In 1865 the only exports of Fresno County were a few bales of wool. The report of 1889 gave a shipment of 700,000 boxes of raisins, and the whole export of 1890, of all products, was estimated at \$10,000,000. Whether these figures are exact or not, there is no doubt of the extraordinary success of the raisin industry, nor that this is a region of great activity and promise.

The traveller has constantly to remind himself that this is a new country, and to be judged as a new country. It is out of his experience that trees can grow so fast, and plantations in so short a time put on an appearance of maturity. When he sees a roomy, pretty cottage overrun with vines and flowering plants, set in the midst of trees and lawns and gardens of tropical appearance and luxuriance, he can hardly believe that three years before this spot was desert land. When he looks over miles of vineyards, of groves of oranges, olives, walnuts, prunes, the trees all in vigorous bearing, he cannot believe that five or ten years before the whole region was a waste. When he enters a handsome village, with substantial buildings of brick, and perhaps of stone, with fine school-houses, banks, hotels, an opera-house, large packing-houses, and ware-houses, and shops of all sorts, with tasteful dwellings and lovely ornamented lawns, it is hard to understand that all this is the creation of two or three years. Yet these surprises meet the traveller at



GRAPE-VINES ON THE GROUNDS OF MR. MAGEE, MONTECITO VALLEY, SANTA BARBARA.

every turn, and the wonder is that there is not visible more crudeness, eccentric taste, and evidence of hasty beginnings.

San Bernardino is comparatively an old town. It was settled in 1853 by a colony of Mormons from Salt Lake. The remains of this colony, less than a hundred, still live here, and have a church like the other sects, but they call themselves Josephites, and do not practise polygamy. There is probably not a sect or schism in the United States that has not its representative in California. Until 1865 San Bernardino was merely a straggling settlement, and a point of distribution for Arizona. The discovery that a large part of the county was adapted to the orange and the vine, and the advent of the Santa Fe Railway, changed all that. Land that then might have been bought for \$4 an acre is now sold at from \$200 to \$300, and the city has become the busy commercial centre of a large number of growing villages, and of one of the most remarkable orange

and vine districts in the world. It has many fine buildings, a population of about 6000, and a decided air of vigorous business. The great plain about it is mainly devoted to agricultural products, which are grown without irrigation, while in the near foot-hills the orange and the vine flourish by the aid of irrigation. Artesian wells abound in the San Bernardino plain, but the mountains are the great and unfailing source of water supply. The Bear Valley Dam is a most daring and gigantic construction. A solid wall of masonry 300 feet long and 60 feet high, curving toward the reservoir, creates an inland lake in the mountains holding water enough to irrigate 20,000 acres of land. This is conveyed to distributing reservoirs in the east end of the valley. On a terrace in the foot-hills a few miles to the north, 2000 feet above the sea, are the Arrow-head Hot Springs (named from the figure of a gigantic "arrow-head" on the mountain above), already a favorite resort for health

and pleasure. The views from the plain of the picturesque foot-hills and the snow peaks of the San Bernardino range are exceedingly fine. The marvellous beauty of the purple and deep violet of the giant hills at sunset, with spotless snow, lingers in the memory.

Perhaps the settlement of Redlands, ten miles by rail east of San Bernardino, is as good an illustration as any of rapid development and great promise. It is devoted to the orange and the grape. As late as 1875 much of it was government land, considered valueless. It had a few settlers, but the town, which counts now about 2000 people, was only begun in 1887. It has many solid brick edifices and many pretty cottages on its gentle slopes and rounded hills, overlooked by the great mountains. The view from any point of vantage of orchards and vineyards and semi-tropical gardens, with the wide sky-line of noble and snow-clad hills, is exceedingly attractive. The region is watered by the Santa Ana River and Mill Creek, but the main irrigating streams, which make every hill-top to bloom with vegetation, come from the Bear Valley Reservoir. On a hill to the south of the town, the Smiley Brothers, of Catskill fame, are building fine residences, and planting their 125 acres with fruit trees and vines, evergreens, flowers, and semi-tropic shrubbery in a style of landscape-gardening that in three years at the farthest will make this spot one of the few great show-places of the country. Behind their ridge is the San Mateo Cañon, through which the Southern Pacific Railway runs, while in front are the splendid sloping plains, valleys, and orange groves, and the great sweep of mountains from San Jacinto round to the Sierra Madre range. It is almost a matchless prospect. The climate is most agreeable, the plantations increase month by month, and thus far the orange-trees have not been visited by the scale, nor the vines by any sickness. Although the groves are still young, there were shipped from Redlands in the season of 1889-90 80 car loads of oranges, of 286 boxes to the car, at a price averaging nearly \$1000 a car. That season's planting of oranges was over 1200 acres. It had over 5000 acres in fruits, of which nearly 3000 were in peaches, apricots, grapes, and other sorts called deciduous.

Riverside may without prejudice be re-

garded as the centre of the orange growth and trade. The railway shipments of oranges from southern California in the season of 1890 aggregated about 2400 car loads, or about 800,000 boxes, of oranges (in which estimate the lemons are included), valued at about \$1,500,000. Of this shipment more than half was from Riverside. This has been, of course, greatly stimulated by the improved railroad facilities, among them the shortening of the time to Chicago by the Santa Fe route, and the running of special fruit trains. Southern California responds like magic to this chance to send her fruits to the East, and the area planted month by month is something enormous. It is estimated that the crop of oranges alone in 1891 will be over 4500 car loads. We are accustomed to discount all California estimates, but I think that no one yet has comprehended the amount to which the shipments to Eastern markets of vegetables and fresh and canned fruits will reach within five years. I base my prediction upon some observation of the Eastern demand and the reports of fruit dealers, upon what I saw of the new planting all over the State in 1890, and upon the statistics of increase. Take Riverside as an example. In 1872 it was a poor sheep ranch. In 1880-1 it shipped 15 car loads, or 4290 boxes, of oranges; the amount yearly increased, until in 1888-9 it was 925 car loads, or 263,879 boxes. In 1890 it rose to 1253 car loads, or 358,341 boxes; and an important fact is that the largest shipment was in April (455 car loads, or 130,226 boxes), at the time when the supply from other orange regions for the markets east had nearly ceased.

It should be said also that the quality of the oranges has vastly improved. This is owing to better cultivation, knowledge of proper irrigation, and the adoption of the best varieties for the soil. As different sorts of oranges mature at different seasons, a variety is needed to give edible fruit in each month from December to May inclusive. In February, 1887, I could not find an orange of the first class compared with the best fruit in other regions. It may have been too early for the varieties I tried; but I believe there has been a marked improvement in quality. In May, 1890, we found delicious oranges almost everywhere. The seedless Washington and Australian navels are favorites, especially for the market, on account of



ORANGE CULTURE.

Irrigating an Orchard—Packing Oranges—Navel Orange-tree Six Years Old—Irrigating an Orange Grove.

their great size and fine color. When in perfection they are very fine, but the skin is thick and the texture coarser than that of some others. The best orange I happened to taste was a Tahiti seedling at Montecito (Santa Barbara). It is a small orange, with a thin skin and a compact sweet pulp that leaves little fibre. It resembles the famous orange of Malta. But there are many excellent varieties—the Mediterranean sweet, the paper rind St. Michael, the Maltese blood, etc. The experiments with seedlings are profitable, and will give ever new varieties. I noted that the "grape fruit," which is becoming so much liked in the East, is not appreciated in California.

The city of Riverside occupies an area of some five miles by three, and claims to have 6000 inhabitants; the centre is a substantial town with fine school and other public buildings, but the region is one succession of orange groves and vineyards, of comfortable houses and broad avenues. One avenue through which we drove is 125 feet wide and 12 miles long, planted in three rows with palms, magnolias, the *Grevillea robusta* (Australian fern), the pepper, and the eucalyptus, and lined all the way by splendid orange groves, in the midst of which are houses and grounds with semi-tropical attractions. Nothing could be lovelier than such a scene of fruits and flowers, with the background of purple hills and snowy peaks. The mountain views are superb. Frost is a rare visitor. Not in fifteen years has there been enough to affect the orange. There is little rain after March, but there are fogs and dew-falls, and the ocean breeze is felt daily. The grape grown for raisins is the muscat, and this has had no "sickness." Vigilance and a quarantine have also kept from the orange the scale which has been so annoying in some other localities. The orange, when cared for, is a generous bearer; some trees produce twenty boxes each, and there are areas of twenty acres in good bearing which have brought to the owner as much as \$10,000 a year.

The whole region of the Santa Ana and San Gabriel valleys, from the desert on the east to Los Angeles, the city of gardens, is a surprise, and year by year an increasing wonder. In production it exhausts the catalogue of fruits and flowers; its scenery is varied by ever-new combinations of the picturesque and the luxuriant; every town boasts some special ad-

vantage in climate, soil, water, or society; but these differences, many of them visible to the eye, cannot appear in any written description. The traveller may prefer the scenery of Pasadena, or that of Pomona, or of Riverside, but the same words in regard to color, fertility, combinations of orchards, avenues, hills, must appear in the description of each. Ontario, Pomona, Puente, Alhambra—wherever one goes there is the same wonder of color and production.

Pomona is a pleasant city in the midst of fine orange groves, watered abundantly by artesian wells and irrigating ditches from a mountain reservoir. A specimen of the ancient adobe residence is on the Meserve plantation, a lovely old place, with its gardens of cherries, strawberries, olives, and oranges. From the top of San José hill we had a view of a plain twenty-five miles by fifty in extent, dotted with cultivation, surrounded by mountains—a wonderful prospect. Pomona, like its sister cities in this region, has a regard for the intellectual side of life, exhibited in good school-houses and public libraries. In the library of Pomona is what may be regarded as the tutelary deity of the place, the goddess Pomona, a good copy in marble of the famous statue in the Uffizi Gallery, presented to the city by the Rev. C. F. Loop. This enterprising citizen is making valuable experiments in olive culture, raising a dozen varieties in order to ascertain which is best adapted to this soil, and which will make the best return in oil and in a marketable product of cured fruit for the table.

The growth of the olive is to be, it seems to me, one of the leading and most permanent industries of southern California. It will give us, what it is nearly impossible to buy now, pure olive oil, in place of the cotton-seed and lard mixture in general use. It is a most wholesome and palatable article of food. Those whose chief experience of the olive is the large, coarse, and not agreeable Spanish variety, used only as an appetizer, know little of the value of the best varieties as food, nutritious as meat, and always delicious. Good bread and a dish of pickled olives make an excellent meal. The sort known as the Mission olive, planted by the Franciscans a century ago, is generally grown now, and the best fruit is from the older trees. The most suc-



IN A FIELD OF GOLDEN
PUMPKINS.

cessful attempts in cultivating the olive and putting it on the market have been made by Mr. F. A. Kimball, of National City, and Mr. Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara. The experiments have gone far enough to show that the industry is very remunerative. The best olive oil I have ever tasted anywhere is that produced from the Cooper and the Kimball orchards; but not enough is produced to supply the local demand. Mr. Cooper has written a careful treatise on olive culture, which will be of great service to all growers. The art of pickling is not yet mastered, and perhaps some other variety will be preferred to the Old Mission for the table. A mature olive grove in good bearing is a fortune. I feel sure that within twenty-five years this will be one of the most profitable industries of California, and that the demand for pure oil and edible fruit in the United States will drive out the adulterated and inferior present commercial products. But California can easily ruin its reputation by adopting the European systems of adulteration.

We drove one day from Arcadia Station through the region occupied by the

Baldwin plantations, an area of over fifty thousand acres—a happy illustration of what industry and capital can do in the way of variety of productions, especially in what are called the Santa Anita vineyards and orchards, extending southward from the foot-hills. About the home place and in many sections where the irrigating streams flow one might fancy he was in the tropics, so abundant and brilliant are the flowers and exotic plants. There are splendid orchards of oranges, almonds, English walnuts, lemons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, and olives, with grain and corn—in short, everything that grows in garden or field. The ranch is famous for its brandies and wines as well as fruits. We lunched at the East San Gabriel Hotel, a charming place with a peaceful view from the wide veranda of live-oaks, orchards, vineyards, and the noble Sierra Madre range. The Californians may be excused for using the term *paradisical* about such scenes. Flowers, flowers everywhere, color on color, and the song of the mocking-bird!

In this region and elsewhere I saw evidence of the perils that attend the culture of the vine and the fruit tree in all other countries, and from which California in the early days thought it was exempt.

Within the past three or four years there has prevailed a sickness of the vine, the cause of which is unknown, and for which no remedy has been discovered. No blight was apparent, but the vine sickened and failed. The disease was called consumption of the vine. I saw many vineyards subject to it, and hundreds of acres of old vines had been rooted up as useless. I was told by a fruit buyer in Los Angeles that he thought the raisin industry below Fresno was ended unless new planting recovered the vines, and that the great wine fields were about "played out." The truth I believe to be that the disease is confined to the vineyards of Old Mission grapes. Whether these had attained the limit of their active life, and sickened, I do not know. The trouble for a time was alarming; but new plantings of other varieties of grapes have been successful, the vineyards look healthful, and the growers expect no further difficulty. The planting, which was for a time suspended, has been more vigorously renewed.

The insect pests attacking the orange were even more serious, and in 1887-8, though little was published about it, there was something like a panic, in the fear that the orange and lemon culture in southern California would be a failure. The enemies were the black, the red, and the white scale. The last, the *Icerya purchasi*, or cottony cushion scale, was especially loathsome and destructive; whole orchards were enfeebled, and no way was discovered of staying its progress, which threatened also the olive and every other tree, shrub, and flower. Science was called on to discover its parasite. This was found to be the Australian lady-bug (*Vedolia cardinalis*), and in 1888-9 quantities of this insect were imported and spread throughout Los Angeles County, and sent to Santa Barbara and other afflicted districts. The effect was magical. The *vedolia* attacked the cottony scale with intense vigor, and everywhere killed it. The orchards revived as if they had been recreated, and the danger was over. The enemies of the black and the red scale have not yet been discovered, but they probably will be. Meantime the growers have recovered courage, and are fertilizing and fumigating. In Santa Ana I found that the red scale was fought successfully by fumigating the trees. The operation is performed at night under a

movable tent, which covers the tree. The cost is about twenty cents a tree. One lesson of all this is that trees must be fed in order to be kept vigorous to resist such attacks, and that fruit-raising, considering the number of enemies that all fruits have in all climates, is not an idle occupation. The clean handsome English walnut is about the only tree in the State that thus far has no enemy.

One cannot take anywhere else a more exhilarating, delightful drive than about the rolling, highly cultivated, many-villaed Pasadena, and out to the foot-hills and the Sierra Madre Villa. He is constantly exclaiming at the varied loveliness of the scene—oranges, palms, formal gardens, hedges of Monterey cypress. It is very Italy-like. The Sierra Madre furnishes abundant water for all the valley, and the swift irrigating stream from Eaton Cañon waters the Sierra Madre Villa. Among the peaks above it rises Mount Wilson, a thousand feet above the plain, the site selected for the Harvard Observatory with its 40-inch glass. The clearness of the air at this elevation, and the absence of clouds night and day the greater portion of the year, make this a most advantageous position, it is said, to use the glass in dissolving nebulae. The Sierra Madre Villa, once the most favorite resort in this region, was closed. In its sheltered situation, its luxuriant and half-neglected gardens, its wide plantations and irrigating streams, it reminds one of some secularized monastery on the promontory of Sorrento. It only needs good management to make the hotel very attractive, and especially agreeable in the months of winter.

Pasadena, which exhibits everywhere evidences of wealth and culture, and claims a permanent population of 12,000, has the air of a winter resort; the great Hotel Raymond is closed in May, the boarding-houses want occupants, the shops and livery-stables customers, and the streets lack movement. This is easily explained. It is not because Pasadena is not an agreeable summer residence, but because the visitors are drawn there in the winter principally to escape the inclement climate of the North and East, and because special efforts have been made for their entertainment in the winter. We found the atmosphere delightful in the middle of May. The mean summer heat is 67°, and the nights are al-



PACKING CHERRIES, POMONA.

ways cool. The hills near by may be resorted to with the certainty of finding as decided a change as one desires in the summer season. I must repeat that the southern California summer is not at all understood in the East. The statement of the general equability of the temperature the year through must be insisted on. We lunched one day in a typical California house, in the midst of a garden of fruits, flowers, and tropical shrubs; in a house that might be described as half roses and half tent, for added to the wooden structure were rooms of canvas, which are used as sleeping apartments winter and summer.

This attractive region, so lovely in its cultivation, with so many charming drives, offering good shooting on the plains and in the hills, and centrally placed for excursions, is only eight miles from the busy city of Los Angeles. An excellent point of view of the country is from the graded hill on which stands the Raymond Hotel, a hill isolated but easy of access, which is in itself a mountain of bloom, color, and fragrance. From all the broad verandas and from every window the prospect is charming, whether the eye rests upon cultivated orchards and gardens and pretty villas, or upon the purple foot-hills and the snowy ranges. It enjoys a daily ocean breeze, and the air is always exhilarating. This noble hill is a study in landscape-gardening. It is a mass of brilliant color, and the hospitality of the region generally to foreign growths may be estimated by the trees acclimated on these slopes. They are the pepper, eucalyptus, pine, cypress, sycamore, redwood, olive, date and fan palms, banana, pomegranate, guava, Japanese persimmon, umbrella, maple, elm, locust, English walnut, birch, ailantus, poplar, willow, and more ornamental shrubs than one can well name.

I can indulge in few locality details except those which are illustrative of the general character of the country. In passing into Orange County, which was recently set off from Los Angeles, we come into a region of less "fashion," but one that for many reasons is attractive to people of moderate means who are content with independent simplicity. The country about the thriving village of Santa Ana is very rich, being abundantly watered by the Santa Ana River and by artesian wells. The town is nine miles from the ocean. On the ocean side the

land is mainly agricultural; on the inland side it is specially adapted to fruit. We drove about it, and in Tustin City, which has many pleasant residences and a vacant "boom" hotel, through endless plantations of oranges. On the road toward Los Angeles we passed large herds of cattle and sheep, and fine groves of the English walnut, which thrives especially well in this soil and the neighborhood of the sea. There is comparatively little waste land in this valley district, as one may see by driving through the country about Santa Ana, Orange, Anaheim, Tustin City, etc. Anaheim is a prosperous German colony. It was here that Madame Modjeska and her husband, Count Bozenta, first settled in California. They own and occupy now a picturesque ranch in the Santiago Cañon of the Santa Ana range, twenty-two miles from Santa Ana. This is one of the richest regions in the State, and with its fair quota of working population it will be one of the most productive.

From Newport, on the coast, or from San Pedro, one may visit the island of Santa Catalina. Want of time prevented our going there. Sportsmen enjoy there the exciting pastime of hunting the wild goat. From the photographs I saw, and from all I heard of it, it must be as picturesque a resort in natural beauty as the British Channel Islands.

Los Angeles is the metropolitan centre of all this region. A handsome, solid, thriving city, environed by gardens, gay everywhere with flowers, it is too well known to require any description from me. To the traveller from the East it will always be a surprise. Its growth has been phenomenal, and although it may not equal the expectations of the crazy excitement of 1886-7, 50,000 people is a great assemblage for a new city which numbered only about 11,000 in 1880. It of course felt the subsidence of the "boom," but while I missed the feverish crowds of 1887, I was struck with its substantial progress in fine, solid buildings, pavements, sewerage, railways, educational facilities, and ornamental grounds. It has a secure hold on the commerce of the region. The assessment roll of the city increased from \$7,627,632 in 1881 to \$44,871,073 in 1889. Its bank business, public buildings, school-houses, and street improvements are in accord with this increase, and show solid, vigor-



OLIVE-TREES SIX YEARS OLD.

ous growth. It is altogether an attractive city, whether seen on a drive through its well-planted and bright avenues, or looked down on from the hills which are climbed by the cable roads. A curious social note was the effect of the "boom" excitement upon the birth rate. The report of children under the age of one year was in 1887, 271 boy babies and 264 girl babies; from 1887 to 1888 there were only 176 boy babies and 162 girl babies. The return at the end of 1889 was 465 boy babies and 500 girl babies.

Although Los Angeles County still produces a considerable quantity of wine and brandy, I have an impression that the raising of raisins will supplant wine-making largely in southern California, and that the principal wine-producing will be in the northern portions of the State. It is certain that the best quality is grown in the foot-hills. The reputation of "California wines" has been much injured by placing upon the market crude juice that was in no sense wine. Great improvement has been made in the past three to five years, not only in the vine and knowledge of the soil adapted to it, but in the handling and the curing of the wine. One can

now find without much difficulty excellent table wines—sound claret, good white Reisling, and sauterne. None of these wines are exactly like the foreign wines, and it may be some time before the taste accustomed to foreign wines is educated to like them. But in Eastern markets some of the best brands are already much called for, and I think it only a question of time and a little more experience when the best California wines will be popular. I found in the San Francisco market excellent red wines at \$3 50 the case, and, what was still more remarkable, at some of the best hotels sound, agreeable claret at from fifteen to twenty cents the pint bottle.

It is quite unnecessary to emphasize the attractions of Santa Barbara, or the productiveness of the valleys in the counties of Santa Barbara and Ventura. There is no more poetic region on the continent than the bay south of Point Conception, and the pen and the camera have made the world tolerably familiar with it. There is a graciousness, a softness, a color in the sea, the cañons, the mountains there that dwells in the memory. It is capable of inspiring the same love that the Greek

colonists felt for the region between the bays of Salerno and Naples. It is as fruitful as the Italian shores, and can support as dense a population. The figures that have been given as to productiveness and variety of productions apply to it. Having more winter rainfall than the counties south of it, agriculture is profitable in most years. Since the railway was made down the valley of the Santa Clara River and along the coast to Santa Barbara, a great impulse has been given to farming. Orange and other fruit orchards have increased. Near Buenaventura I saw hundreds of acres of Lima beans. The yield is about one ton to the acre. With good farming the valleys yield crops of corn, barley, and wheat much above the average. Still it is a fruit region, and no variety has yet been tried that does not produce very well there. The rapid growth of all trees has enabled the region to demonstrate in a short time that there is scarcely any that it cannot naturalize. The curious growths of tropical lands, the trees of aromatic and medicinal gums, the trees of exquisite foliage and wealth of fragrant blossoms, the sturdy forest natives, and the bearers of edible nuts, are all to be found in the gardens and by the road-side—from New England, from the Southern States, from Europe, from North and South Africa, southern Asia, China, Japan, from Australia and New Zealand and South America. The region is an arboreal and botanical garden on an immense scale, and full of surprises. The floriculture is even more astonishing. Every land is represented. The profusion and vigor are as wonderful as the variety. At a flower show in Santa Barbara were exhibited 160 varieties of roses all cut from one garden the same morning. The open garden rivals the Eastern conservatory. The country is new, and many of the conditions of life may be primitive and rude, but it is impossible that any region shall not be beautiful, clothed with such a profusion of bloom and color.

I have spoken of the rapid growth. The practical advantage of this as to fruit trees is that one begins to have an income from them here sooner than in the East. No one need be under the delusion that he can live in California without work, or thrive without incessant and intelligent industry, but the distinction of the country for the fruit-grower is the rapidity with which trees and vines mature

to the extent of being profitable. But nothing thrives without care, and kindly as the climate is to the weak, it cannot be too much insisted on that this is no place for confirmed invalids who have not money enough to live without work.

The immense county of San Diego is on the threshold of its development. It has comparatively only spots of cultivation here and there, in an area on the western slope of the county only, that Mr. Van Dyke estimates to contain about one million acres of good arable land for farming and fruit-raising. This mountainous region is full of charming valleys, and hidden among the hills are fruitful nooks capable of sustaining thriving communities. There is no doubt about the salubrity of the climate, and one can literally suit himself as to temperature by choosing his elevation. The traveller by rail down the wild Temecula Cañon will have some idea of the picturesqueness of the country, and, as he descends in the broadening valley, of the beautiful mountain parks of live-oak and clear running water, and of the richness both for grazing and grain of the ranches of the Santa Margarita, Las Flores, and Santa Rosa. Or if he will see what a few years of vigorous cultivation will do, he may visit Escondido, on the river of that name, which is at an elevation of less than a thousand feet, and fourteen miles from the ocean. This is only one of many settlements that have great natural beauty and thrifty industrial life. In that region are numerous attractive villages. I have a report from a little cañon, a few miles north of Escondido, where a woman with an invalid husband settled in 1883. The ground was thickly covered with brush, and its only product was rabbits and quails. In 1888 they had 100 acres cleared and fenced, mostly devoted to orchard fruits and berries. They had in good bearing over 1200 fruit trees, among them 200 oranges, and 283 figs, which yielded one and a half tons of figs a week during the bearing season, from August to November. The sprouts of the peach-trees grew twelve feet in 1889. Of course such a little fruit farm as this is the result of self-denial and hard work, but I am sure that the experiment in this region need not be exceptional.

San Diego will be to the southern part of the State what San Francisco is to the northern. Nature seems to have arranged for this, by providing a magnificent har-



SEXTON NURSERIES, NEAR SANTA BARBARA.

bor, when it shut off the southern part by a mountain range. During the town-lot lunacy it was said that San Diego could not grow because it had no back country, and the retort was that it needed no back

country, its harbor would command commerce. The fallacy of this assumption lay in the forgetfulness of the fact that the profitable and peculiar exports of southern California must go East by rail, and reach a market in the shortest possible time, and that the inhabitants look to the Pacific for comparatively little of the imports they need. If the isthmus route were opened by a ship-canal, San Diego would doubtless have a great share of the Pacific trade, and when the population of that part of the State is large enough to demand great importations from the islands and lands of the Pacific, this har-

bor will not go begging. But in its present development the entire Pacific trade of Japan, China, and the islands gives only a small dividend each to the competing ports. For these developments this fine harbor must wait, but meantime the wealth and prosperity of San Diego lie at its doors. A country as large as the three richest New England States, with enormous wealth of mineral and stone in its mountains, with one of the finest climates in the world, with a million acres of arable land, is certainly capable of building up one great seaport town. These million of acres on the western slope of the mountain ranges of the country are geographically tributary to San Diego, and almost every acre by its products is certain to attain a high value.

The end of the ridiculous speculation in lots of 1887-8 was not so disastrous in the loss of money invested, or even in the ruin of great expectations by the collapse of fictitious values, as in the stoppage of immigration. The country has been ever since adjusting itself to a normal growth, and the recovery is just in proportion to the arrival of settlers who come to work and not to speculate. I had heard that

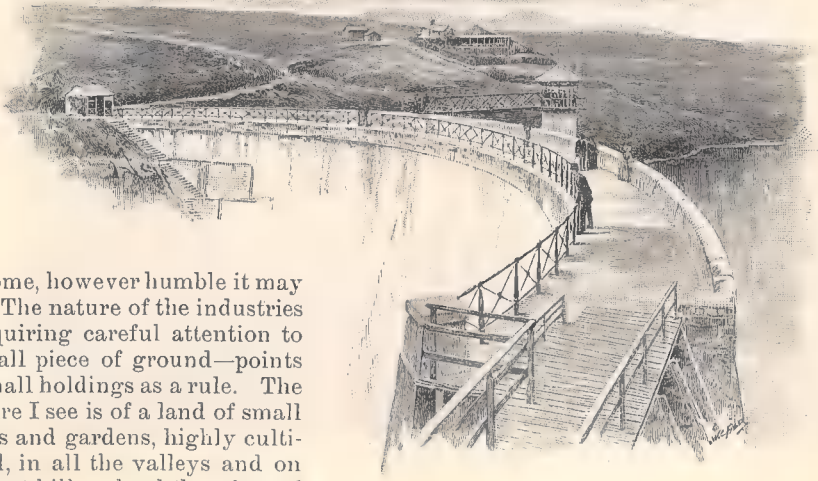
the "boom" had left San Diego and vicinity the "deadest" region to be found anywhere. A speculator would probably so regard it. But the people have had a great accession of common-sense. The expectation of attracting settlers by a fictitious show has subsided, and attention is directed to the development of the natural riches of the country. Since the boom San Diego has perfected a splendid system of drainage, paved its streets, extended its railways, built up the business part of the town solidly and handsomely, and greatly improved the mesa above the town. In all essentials of permanent growth it is much better in appearance than in 1887. Business is better organized, and, best of all, there is an intelligent appreciation of the agricultural resources of the county. It is discovered that San Diego has a "back country" capable of producing great wealth. The Chamber of Commerce has organized a permanent exhibition of products. It is assisted in this work of stimulation by competition by a "Ladies' Annex," a society numbering some five hundred ladies, who devote themselves not to æsthetic pursuits, but to the quickening of all the industries of the farm and the garden, and all public improvements. To the mere traveller who devotes only a couple of weeks to an examination of this region it is evident that the spirit of industry is in the ascendant, and the result is a most gratifying increase in orchards and vineyards, and the storage and distribution of water for irrigation. The region is unsurpassed for the production of the orange, the lemon, the raisin grape, the fig, and the olive. The great reservoir in the Cuyamaca, which supplies San Diego, sends its flume around the fertile valley of El Cajon (which has already a great reputation for its raisins), and this has become a garden, the land rising in value every year. The region of National City and Chula Vista is supplied by the reservoir made by the great Sweetwater dam—a marvel of engineering skill—and is not only most productive in fruit, but is attractive by pretty villas and most sightly and agreeable homes. It is an unanswerable reply to the inquiry if this region was not killed by the boom that all the arable land, except that staked out for fancy city prices, has steadily risen in value. This is true of all the bay region down through Otay (where a promising watch factory is es-

tablished) to the border at Tia Juana. The rate of settlement in the county outside of the cities and towns has been greater since the boom than before—a most healthful indication for the future. According to the school census of 1889, Mr. Van Dyke estimates a permanent growth of nearly 50,000 people in the county in four years. Half of these are well distributed in small settlements which have the advantages of roads, mails, and school-houses, and which offer to settlers who wish to work adjacent unimproved land at prices which experience shows are still moderate.

In this imperfect conspectus of a vast territory I should be sorry to say anything that can raise false expectations. The country is very big, and though scarcely any part of it has not some advantages, and notwithstanding the census figures of our population, it will be a long time before our vast territory will fill up. California must wait with the rest. But it seems to me to have a great future. Its position in the Union with regard to its peculiar productions is unique. It can and will supply us with much that we now import, and labor and capital sooner or later will find their profit in meeting the growing demand for California products.

There are many people in the United States who could prolong life by moving to southern California; there are many who would find life easier there by reason of the climate, and because out-door labor is more agreeable there the year through; many who have to fight the weather and a niggardly soil for existence could there have pretty little homes with less expense of money and labor. It is well that people for whom this is true should know it. It need not influence those who are already well placed to try the fortune of a distant country and new associations.

I need not emphasize the disadvantage in regard to beauty of a land that can for half the year only keep a vernal appearance by irrigation. But to eyes accustomed to it there is something pleasing in the contrast of the green valleys with the brown and gold and red of the hills. The picture in my mind for the future of the land of the sun, of the mountains, of the sea—which is only an enlargement of the picture of the present—is one of great beauty. The rapid growth of fruit and ornamental trees and the profusion of flowers render easy the making of a love-



SWEETWATER DAM.

ly home, however humble it may be. The nature of the industries—requiring careful attention to a small piece of ground—points to small holdings as a rule. The picture I see is of a land of small farms and gardens, highly cultivated, in all the valleys and on the foot-hills, a land therefore of luxuriance and great productiveness and agreeable homes. I see everywhere the gardens, the vineyards, the orchards, with the various greens of the olive, the fig, and the orange. It is always picturesque, because the country is broken and even rugged; it is always interesting, because of the contrast

with the mountains and the desert; it has the color that makes southern Italy so poetic. It is the fairest field for the experiment of a contented community without any poverty and without excessive wealth.

SCHOOL-BOYS.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

I COULD wish that death might come,
 Like the respite from a task,
 Or a holiday hard won.
 Life's long schooling burdensome
 Over now, so we may bask
 In a sense of duty done,
 In a sense of freedom wide,
 Stretching out on every side.

Like to lads who count the days
 To the glad vacation-time,
 While their hearts go truanting;
 Though they walk appointed ways
 Duteously, the home bells chime
 In their ears, the home birds sing,
 And they hear their cronies call
 To some game or festival.



THE ALHAMBRA BALLET.

LONDON MUSIC HALLS.

BY F. ANSTEY.

LONDON music halls might be roughly grouped into four classes—first, the aristocratic variety theatre of the West End, chiefly found in the immediate neighborhood of Leicester Square; then the smaller and less aristocratic West End halls; next, the large *bourgeois* music halls of the less fashionable parts and in the suburbs; last, the minor music halls of the poor and squalid districts. The audiences, as might be expected, correspond to the social scale of the particular place of entertainment, but the differences in the performances provided by the four classes of music halls are far less strongly marked.

Let us take a typical establishment of the first class. Its exterior is more handsome and imposing than that of most London theatres, even of the highest rank. Huge cressets in classical tripods flare between the columns of the façade, the windows and *foyer* glow with stained glass, the entrance hall, lighted by softened electric lamps, is richly and tastefully decorated. You pass through wide, airy corridors and down stairs, to find yourself

in a magnificent theatre, and the stall to which you are shown is wide and luxuriously fitted. Smoking is universal, and a large proportion of the audience promenade the outer circles, or stand in groups before the long refreshment bars which are a prominent feature on every tier. Most of the men are in evening dress, and in the boxes are some ladies, also in evening costume, many of them belonging to what is called good society. The women in the other parts of the house are generally pretty obvious members of a class which, so long as it behaves itself with propriety in the building, it would, whatever fanatics may say to the contrary, be neither desirable nor possible to exclude. The most noticeable characteristic of the audience is perhaps the very slight attention it pays to whatever is going on upon the stage. In the upper parts of the house the conversation renders it impossible to hear distinctly anything that is said or sung, though the same remark does not apply to the stalls, where the occupants, if not enthusiastic, are at least languidly attentive. There is a large and excellent

orchestra, with just a tendency to overdo the drum and cymbals. Stage footmen, more gorgeous of livery but far meeker of aspect than their brethren in private service, slip a giant card bearing a number into a gilded frame on either side of the proscenium before each item of the programme. The electric bell tings, the lights are raised, the orchestra dashes into a prelude, and the *artiste* whose "turn" it is comes on. The main and distinctive feature of the entertainment, however, is the *ballet divertissement*, for which all else is scarcely more than padding, and these ballets are magnificent enough to satisfy the most insatiate appetite for splendor. There are two in one evening, and each lasts about half an hour, during which time the large stage is filled with bewildering combinations of form and color. Company after company of girls, in costumes of delicately contrasted tints, march, trip, or gallop down the boards, their burnished armor gleaming and their rich dresses scintillating in the limelight; at each fresh stroke of the stage-manager's gong they group themselves anew or perform some complicated figure, except when they fall back in a circle and leave the stage clear for the *première danseuse*.

To the writer this lady's proceedings are a source of never-failing enjoyment. There never was such artless *naïveté* in any other human being. To see her advance on the points of her toes, her arms curved symmetrically above her head, a smile of innocent childlike delight on her face, as if she had only just discovered the art of dancing and was quite surprised to find it so agreeable a pastime, is an experience indeed. Then her high-stepping prance round the stage, her little impulsive runs and bashful retreats, the astonishing

complacency with which she submits to being seized and supported in every variety of uncomfortable attitude by the personage next in importance to herself, her final teetotum whirl, are all evidently charged with a deep but mysterious significance. It is not uninstrucive, too, to watch the countenances of the *corps de ballet* during these evolutions. Some are severely critical, and obviously of opinion that they could do it infinitely better themselves; others whisper disparagement to sympa-



THE CHAIRMAN AT GATTY'S.

thetic ears; others again study the signorina's every movement until she is opposite them, whereupon they assume an ostentatious abstraction, as if she was really below their notice. And then she stops suddenly, amidst thunders of applause, the infantine smile giving place to a calm supe-

riority as she haughtily makes her way to the wings through the ranks of *coryphées*. At last the end comes; the ballet girls are ranked and massed into brilliant parterres and glittering pyramids, the *première danseuse* glides on in time to appropriate the credit of the arrangement, and the curtain falls on a blaze of concentrated magnificence.

Such is the main attraction on the programme of a first-class music hall. Lately an attempt has been made to introduce an intellectual element into the other portion of the entertainment at one establishment, where the management engaged a celebrated and justly popular actress to recite dramatic pieces by Lord Tennyson and other poets. On the night when the writer was present, the lady appeared after a man-serpent and before a couple of child clog-dancers, and was heard with respect and attention, being rewarded by applause quite equal to that accorded to the clog-dancing, though a shade less enthusiastic than the acclamation which greeted the contortions of the man-serpent.

It is unnecessary to describe the second class of music halls, in which neither audience nor entertainment presents any characteristic features.

Both externally and internally the *bourgeois* and suburban music hall differs considerably from its more fashionable rival. For one thing, it is generally dingier and gaudier of appearance; the entrance is covered with huge posters and adorned with tea-garden plaster statues bearing colored lamps; the walls are lined with tarnished looking-glass, gilded trellis-work, or virgin cork. Sometimes there is a skittle-alley or a shooting-gallery in the "Grand Lounge."

The interior is as often rectangular as semicircular, and the scheme of decoration of the old gaudy crimson, plaster, and gilding order. In many places, too, the chairman still lingers. This personage is, of course, a survival from the old "Cave of Harmony" days, and his duties are now confined to sitting at a table either in front of the orchestra or in the centre of the stalls, from whence he rises at the conclusion of each "turn" to announce, "Ladies and gentlemen, that celebrated comedian, Mr. Paul Pongwell [or that favorite lady vocalist, Miss Peggie Patterville, as the case may be] will appear next," after which he resumes his seat and ap-

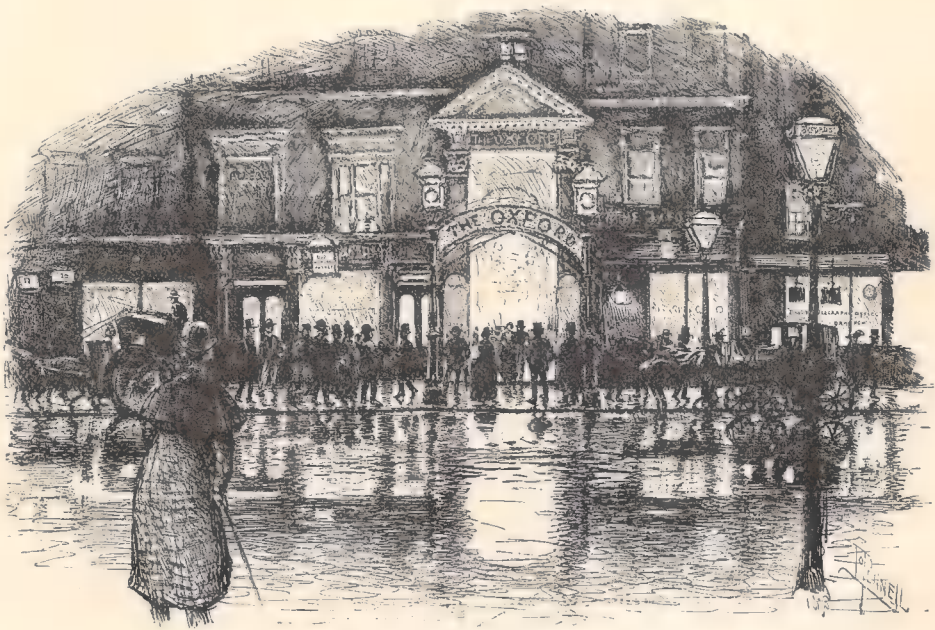
plauds himself with a little auctioneer's hammer. There is a melancholy dignity about him, however, which causes him to be approached with much deference and respect by the young clerks and shop-boys who take their pleasure here, and who are proud to be distinguished by a shake of the hand from him, and flattered when he condescends to accept liquid refreshment or "one of the best twopenny smokes in London" at their expense. Even the torrent of chaff from a lady *artiste*, with a talent for improvising light badinage which would render an archbishop ridiculous in two minutes, fails to rob him of his prestige.

The audience is not a distinguished-looking one; there are no dress-coats and caped cloaks, no dashing toilets, to be seen here; but the vast majority are in easy circumstances and eminently respectable. You will see little family parties—father, mother, and perhaps a grown-up daughter or a child or two—in the stalls. Most of them are probably regular visitors, and have the *entrée* here in return for exhibiting bills in their shop-windows; and these family parties all know one another, as can be seen from the smiles and handshakes they exchange as they pass in or out. Then there are several girls with their sweethearts, respectable young couples employed in neighboring workshops and factories, and a rusty old matron or two, while the fringe of the audience is made up of gay young clerks, the local "bloods," who have a jaunty fashion in some districts of wearing a cigar behind the ear. Large ham sandwiches are handed round by cooks in white blouses, and when a young woman desires to be very stylish indeed, she allows her swain to order a glass of port for her refreshment. Taken as a whole, the audience is not remarkable for intelligence; it is seldom demonstrative, and never in the least exacting, perfectly ready to be pleased with dull songs, hoary jokes, stale sentiment, and clap-trap patriotism.

The character of the performances which find favor may be best illustrated by a description of part of the actual programme at a well-known music hall in South London when the writer was present. After a song and some feats by a troupe of acrobats, came an exhibition by a young lady in a large glass tank filled with water. She was a very pretty and graceful young lady, and she came on accompanied by a

didactic gentleman in evening dress, who accompanied the announcement of each new feature of her performance by a little discourse. "Opening and shutting the mouth under water," he would say, for example. "It has long been a theory among scientific men that by opening the mouth while under water a vacuum is created, thereby incurring the risk of choking the swimmer. Miss So-and-so, ladies and gentlemen, will now proceed to demonstrate the fallacy of that opinion, by opening and shutting her mouth several times in succession while remaining

cumstances." Then a cigar was borrowed from the audience, lighted, and given to the lady, who, shielding it with her hands, retired under the water and smoked vigorously for a minute or two, reappearing with the cigar still unextinguished. Lastly the manager announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, Miss So-and-so will now adopt the position of prayer"; whereupon the lady sank gracefully on her knees under water, folded her hands, and appeared rapt in devotion, while the orchestra played "The Maiden's Prayer," and the manager, with head reverently bent, stood delicately



THE OXFORD EXTERIOR.

at the bottom of the tank." Which Miss So-and-so accordingly did, to our great edification. Then came "gathering shells under water," which was accomplished in a highly elaborate manner, so that there could be no mistake about it. "Sewing" and "writing under water." "Eating under water," when the lady consumed a piece of bread with every appearance of extreme satisfaction. "Drinking from a bottle under water. Most of you," remarked the manager, sympathetically, "are acquainted with the extreme difficulty of drinking out of a bottle under *any* cir-

aside, as one who felt himself unworthy to intrude upon such orisons. Then the lady adopted a pose even more imploring, and a ray, first of crimson and then of green light, was thrown into the tank, presumably to indicate morning and evening prayer respectively. After some minutes of this, the fair performer, a little out of breath from her spiritual exertions, rose, sleek and dripping, to the surface, hopped nimbly out, and bowed herself off.

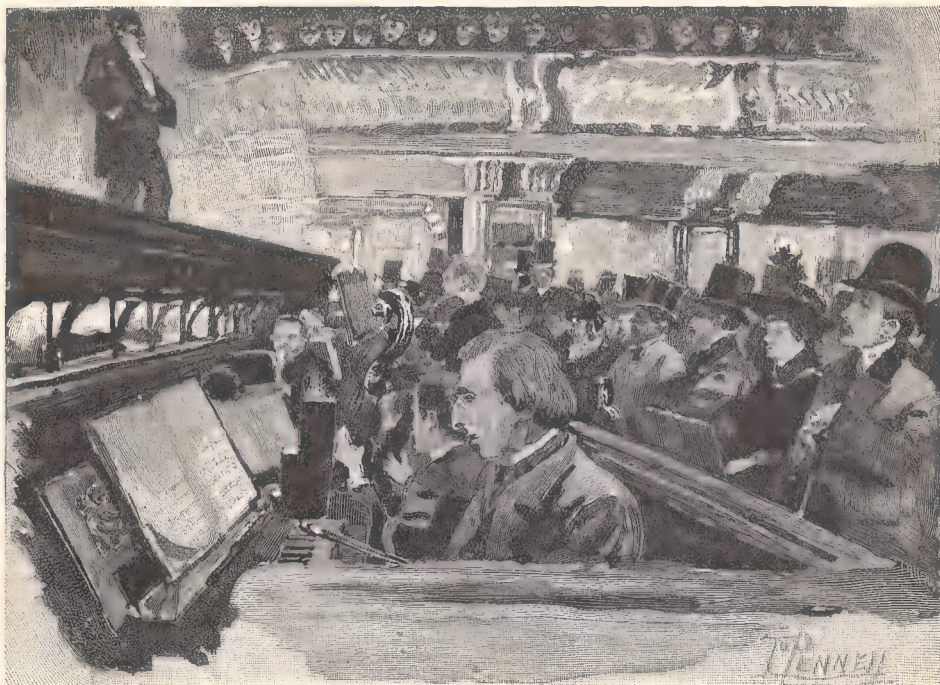
After that there was a lady vocalist who informed us in song of her self-denial on a recent occasion, when

"She wouldn't call for sherry; she wouldn't call for beer;
 She wouldn't call for cham, because she knew 'twould make her queer;
 She wouldn't call for brandy, rum, or anything they'd got;
 She only called for Bovril—hot! hot! hot!"

—a ditty to the moral of which not even the Brick Lane Branch Temperance Association could reasonably take exception. Next we had an exposure of some familiar conjuring tricks by a gentleman with a foreign accent, who was genuinely amusing; some fantasias performed with hammers on a grisly instrument constructed of bones—veritable skeleton music; and, to wind up, the great sensational sketch, *The Little Stowaway*, which apparently touches the hearts of the audience.

Music halls of the fourth and lowest class are perhaps the most characteristic, and certainly not the least entertaining, although a visit to one of them makes a stronger demand upon one's powers of physical endurance. You must penetrate to the heart of some obscure and unsavory region, until, in a narrow thoroughfare of small shops stocked with the most uninviting comestibles—skinned sheep's-heads, with a gleam of lackadaisical sentiment in their upturned eyes, pale pigs' feet, fried fish, and appalling arrangements in pastry and jam—you come upon a public-house with bills in the window which inform you that it is part of the establishment of which you are in search. There is no other indication; no transparency or illumination of colored crystal. You find a narrow steep staircase at the side, leading up from the street, and, half-way up, a rough pay box and barrier. The first performance (for there are two every evening) is just concluding, you are told, but by paying ninepence you can retain your seat in one of the side boxes as long as you please. You have to force your way through a dense crowd standing packed at the back of the dress circle, and eventually stumble into a partitioned recess, fitted with rough benches, cushionless and without backs. The house is dingy and tawdry, and a kind of grimy murk is in the air; the atmosphere is something terrible, with that acrid sting in it which is so indescribably depressing to an unaccustomed sense. There is a curious absence of color in the audience, probably due to the scarcity of the female element, the majority being youths of between seventeen

and twenty. A man on the stage in crumpled evening dress is giving a series of imitations of popular music-hall "comiques," of whom he speaks with a laudable absence of professional jealousy. "I will now give you an imitation of that justly celebrated comedian Mr. —, or that quaintly comic vocalist Jerry Something, or [this with a touch of manly pathos] that great singer who has lately been taken from us, and whom I am sure we all sadly miss, the inimitable Blank," he says by way of preface to each imitation; and his mimicry, to judge from the enthusiasm of his hearers, is of a high order, though we are not in a position to form any personal opinion. Then follows an eccentric performance by two Irish comedians, who exchange a fire of rapid repartee interspersed with assault, to the unbounded delight of the spectators, after which the curtain is lowered, and the audience is expected to make way for others. All the dirty youths in the pit jostle and shove their way to the doors, where they meet an entering stream of equally dirty youths. A cascade of whooping hobbardhyoddom pours down the steep incline of the gallery; for some minutes there is a deafening babel of the piercing whistles by which the social greetings of the local society are conveyed. The last puff at the clay pipes is stealthily taken, for smoking is forbidden here, the seething, sombre mass of pot-hatted youths, many in their shirt sleeves—though these last, being flannel and of subfusc hues, impart little relief or color to the general effect—slowly settles down, and some produce "penny dreadfuls," with which they beguile the interval of waiting. At last the orchestra, a small but fairly efficient body, appears, to be rapturously "chihyked" and whistled at, and the second performance begins. There are comic songs of precisely the same kind as may be heard at higher-class music halls, duets and step dances if anything rather better done, and free from any offensiveness; the refrain, indeed, of one is a recommendation to "Listen to the old church bells," and is sung by two pretty young ladies in costumes which, for taste and propriety, would be quite worthy of more ambitious surroundings. After this comes a farce, "licensed by the Lord Chamberlain expressly for this theatre," and called *The Tinker's Holiday*. Here we are introduced to a nobleman



A LION COMIQUE AT THE OXFORD.

who bears the aristocratic title of "Lord Crumpet," and wears evening dress, a gray dressing-gown, and a brown felt hat in the privacy of his gilded saloons. He is a stout elderly man with a yellow wig and a black mustache, and he tells us he is desperately in love. Unhappily the object of his passion is a ward in chancery, and, as he complains, "a strick watch is kep' over her," which prevents him from approaching her in his ordinary patrician garb. Consequently he is anxious to disguise himself in some old clothes, and presently discovers the ragged coat, leather apron, and brazier of a travelling tinker, who, being, as he says, "out for a beano," has naturally deposited them temporarily in his lordship's apartments.

Lord Crumpet exchanges the dressing-gown and brown pot hat appertaining to his rank for the tinker's coat and apron, and departs on his amorous adventures. The tinker, entering later, puts on the peer's discarded raiment, and finds himself mistaken by the whole household for their master. His "head-ostler" comes in to inquire what horse his lordship will

ride. "What 'orses have you got?" asks the tinker lord. "Well, there's old Jumbo and little Jenny." "Ah! And is little Jenny a goer?" "Why, surely, my lord, you 'aven't forgot seein' her come in first for the Hascot Cup? You were on the lawn." "Right!" says the tinker. "I was there"—adding, "sellin' 'ard-boiled eggs," behind the brown hat. However, the only directions he can be induced to give are to the effect that the "head-ostler" is to "go and get as drunk as he can, break little Jenny's leg, and bung old Jumbo's eye up," a piece of practical pleasantry which convulses the house. The ostler protests feebly, but eventually departs to carry out his instructions. Next comes the French cook, whom the tinker accosts as "Old Grub-shunter," and who comes to know what his lordship wishes to have for dinner. "Well, 'ow's Kippers—elthy?" is the only suggestion the tinker can make. But at length he selects what he is pleased to term "a good old full-roed saveloy and a buster," with a strict injunction to the cook to get drunk immediately. Then come interviews with the house-maids, who

enter to ask in what chamber Lord Crumpet wishes to sleep that night—"the Scarlet Room, the Magenta Room, or the Lavender Room?" But the pseudo-nobleman astonishes them by saying that they may put him "in the rabbit-utch," which they justly regard as an eccentric preference. Needless to say, he makes love to them both, and easily persuades each that he has long secretly marked her with the eye of affection, or, as he prefers to word it, "kep' his off-side lamp" on her. Having made two separate appointments to elope with them both, the tinker retires under the table to enjoy the sequel. The real Lord Crumpet returns, having been completely successful, and, as he says, "the 'appiest man in creation." Whereupon he is surrounded by the ostler, who hiccoughs out that he has broken little Jenny's leg and bunged old Jumbo's eye up, the French cook, who staggers up, presenting a sausage and a penny roll to the perplexed and indignant nobleman, and the two house-maids, who urge him to keep his promise and elope with them to be married, while the tinker in the background rubs his hands and exclaims, delightedly, that he "is 'aving a beano!" and the curtain falls.

To say that this performance amuses the audience would convey a very faint and inadequate idea of their demeanor. They rock with laughter, the whole pit swaying like a field of wheat in a breeze. Those who assert that the London poor are a joyless class, incapable of merriment, should see this crowd when genuinely amused, and consider whether there is not some exaggeration in descriptions of their hopeless gloom. True, the farce that provokes their risibility is not a masterpiece of refined humor, but there *is* real humor of a rough and primitive kind in it nevertheless, in spite of the touch of quite unnecessary brutality in the treatment of the horses, which, it must be owned, was not the least successful hit in the piece.

At another of the minor music halls we came upon our friends Lord Crumpet and the Tinker in a farce called *In the Law*. This time the comedian whom we had last seen as the Tinker enacted a solicitor's clerk, and was discovered lunching surreptitiously under the lid of his desk, upon a pig's foot, or trotter, which he apostrophized in an eloquent eulogium.

"Good ole trotter!" he remarked, enthusiastically. "I like a trotter, I do.

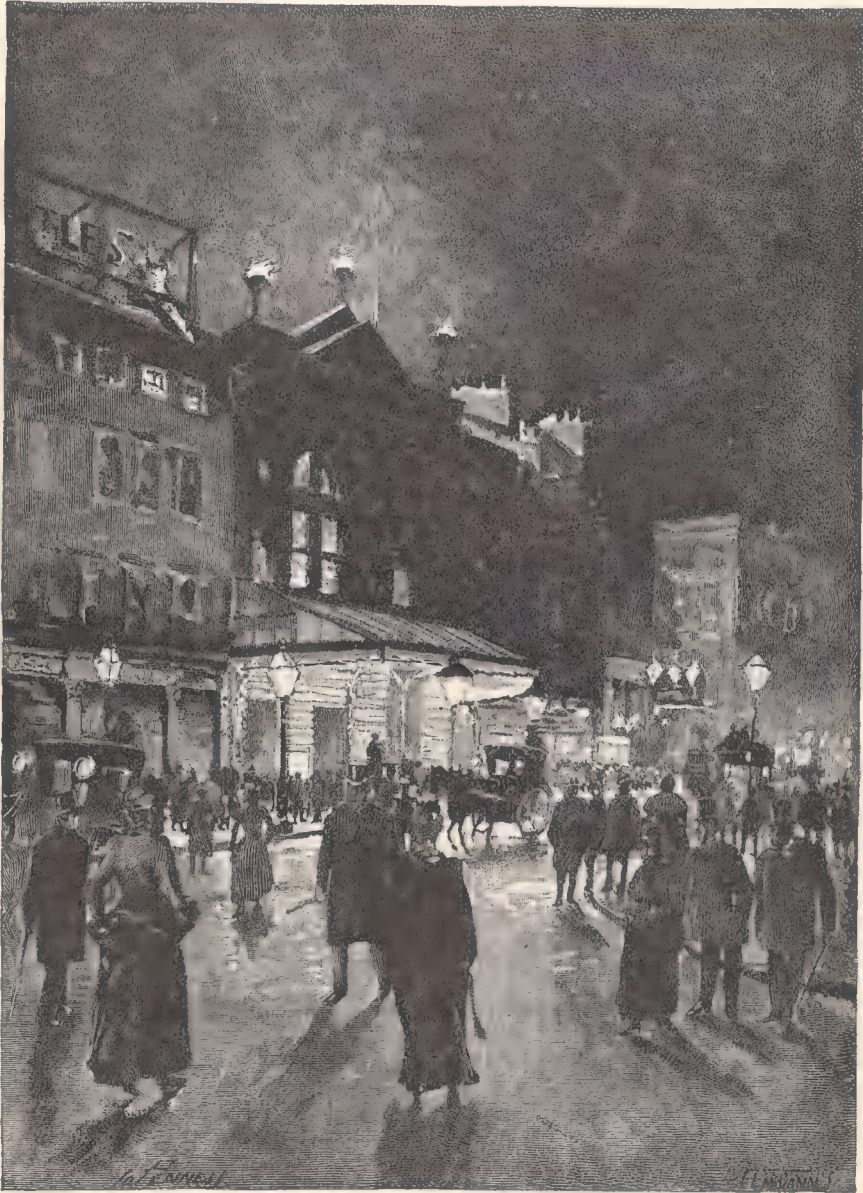
Some toffs when they lunch ull weigh in their tanner; but I ain't that sort; no, I go in two an' a orf; and—well, that's a different thing, *ain't* it? It ain't the 'Orseshoe, nor yet the Criterion, but if you shet your eyes and dab on a bit o' mustard, why, it's like turkey! Ah, the bloke oo invented trotters must ha' known a bit." When his employer, a gentleman in whom we immediately recognized Lord Crumpet, surprised him at his repast, he feared to receive his dismissal, which he characteristically expressed by saying, "I shall cop the push."

While he was gone to fetch a certain deed-box, the solicitor soliloquized thus: "E little thinks that that box contains the deed that would make 'im a gentleman; but so it is. 'Is father, the late Colonel Jinks, left 'im £5000 by will when he came of age. As executor under the will, I am entitled to the interest in the mean time, and though he is long past twenty-one, I cannot bring myself to relinquish the interest yet."

However, Colonel Jinks's ill-used son discovered the will, whereupon his ecstasy was quite lyrical. "What!" he cried. "All that mine? Five thousand jimmy-oh goblets, five thousand good old golden sorcepin lids! To think I've bin sech a bloom-in' crackpot all this time and never tumbled on it! I'll be a gentleman now, and live in stoyle. No more trotters for me, arter this. I'll lunch on champagne and faggits every day, I will. 'Ere"—and at this he took the once-lauded pig's foot from his desk and threw it off the stage—"outsoide, trotter!"

His employer returned to be confronted by his victim, with the cold observation, "Guv'nor, I've got you weighed up!" But eventually the matter is compromised by the couple agreeing to share the £5000, and retire from the practice of the law.

But the dramatic pieces at the minor halls are not all farces. It has been our privilege to see at least two thrilling miniature melodramas. The first was called *The Wrecker*, and the principal character was a scandalous old fisherman, who lured ships to their doom by means of a lantern suspended to a mast. He had an inconvenient daughter, who disapproved of this form of industry, which drove him to the misogynistic lament that "Adam ever lost a rib." Having pacified her, and induced her to retire, he returned to his nefarious occupation, first



THE LIGHTS OF THE "EMPIRE."

cautiously remarking, "I cannot see her, and so I *suppose* she is out of sight." He was next interrupted by a young naval officer, whom he slew, and bending over the body, he said solemnly, as he felt the heart: "'*E's* all right. '*E's* learning the great secret!'" Then, to insure against the rope which hoisted the lantern being

lowered, he artfully lashed a pistol in the fastenings. His daughter reappeared, and implored him to desist from crime. "Think of all those poor suffering souls at sea!" she said (or rather shouted, for in these pieces all the characters shout). "Think of their lives! Think of their mothers!"

"I'll think of nothing," was the stern reply.

"Then Heaven help them—and me!"

"Amen!" said the wrecker, grimly.

"You are a woman, and nothing shall save you"—and here he dropped into blank-verse. "The learning of my secret takes from you your life, and I will have it!"

"Take it, then!" retorted the spirited girl, rushing to the mast, and in the attempt to undo the rope, discharging the pistol, which, of course, shot her unnatural old parent, greatly to his chagrin.

But the other piece perhaps contained the stronger situation. There is a wicked step-father who forges bank-notes, and sends his innocent step-daughter out to change them. He suspects her of an intention to betray him, and resolves that she must die, or, as one of the characters poetically phrases it, "to put her light out." "This phial," he says, speaking through music, "contains a deadly poison which leaves no trace be'ind. Now, to prepare the draught for Jane." So, to a chord from the orchestra, he pours the contents of the phial into one of two glasses on the table, and composedly sits down to await Jane's return. But he little knows that a friend of Jane's, a small and extremely cheeky *gamin*, has been concealed under the table, from which retreat he has, indeed, been making running and very audible comments upon the villain's soliloquy. While his attention is distracted (he "thought he heard a sound"), the small boy deftly changes the position of the glasses, and dives behind the table again. Jane returns.

"Jane," says her perfidious relative, "you look pale, my girl. Drink this glass of wine. Nay, to encourage you, I myself will drink a glass. The *wine* for me," he adds, in a sinister aside; "the *poison* for Jane!" Jane drains the glass, whereupon the forger informs her who and what he is. "The wine you have just drunk contained a deadly poison which leaves no trace be'ind. In less than *ten* minutes you will be a corpse!"

"No, she won't, old Tiddlywinks!" says the boy, rising suddenly from his hiding-place. "In less than ten minutes *you* will be a corpse!"

"What mean you?" cries the villain.

"Why, after you'd filled the glasses, I changed them, and so *she* got the good stuff, and you the poison which leaves no trace be'ind."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaims the girl; "you are caught in your own trap!"

"Have you spoken the trewth?" the baffled forger demands, trembling.

"Ah, *you'll* soon see if it's true or not, old cock; and the best thing you can do now is to say yer prayers and lay down and die."

The forger neglects the first part of this recommendation, but adopts the latter, after much clutching at his dressing-gown, and as he falls lifeless, the boy pronounces this touching funeral oration: "'E's a stiff 'un, and the devil will 'ave his doo!" Whereupon the drama comes to an impressive and highly moral conclusion.

The vocal portion of the entertainment has been purposely left to be treated last. At every music hall from twenty to thirty songs, or even more, will be sung in the course of the evening, and of all these, perhaps two or three in a year will catch the popular favor, be played on barrel-organs, whistled by street boys, adapted for burlesques and pantomimes, and overrun the entire country in a marvellously short time, until it palls upon the very villagers. Some fifteen years ago, for example, it was impossible to go anywhere in the United Kingdom without hearing a certain Tommy being vocally adjured to make room for his uncle. It would be curious to resuscitate Tommy and his uncle now and see how much success they would obtain with the public of to-day. The tune was irresistibly catching; but it would probably fall on deaf ears now. No super-annuated thing is so utterly dead and forgotten as a once popular music-hall song, compared to which Jonah's gourd was a hardy annual. Who compose these ephemeral tunes? Their names seldom or never appear, any more than do those of the gentlemen who write the songs, though it is safe to conclude from internal evidence in either case that they are not persons of exalted musical and literary eminence. And what are the songs like? Do they show any graphic or satirical power, any command of the pathos and humor which appeal to popular tastes? One would hesitate to answer in the negative, since these ditties are found acceptable by those whom they are intended to delight, and yet to hear or read them is apt to produce a conviction that the music-hall public is entertained with the same facility as excited Mr. Pickwick's envy in the case of Mr. Peter Magnus's friends.



"THE PAVILION," PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

Let us take a few typical specimens. The patriotic song is a very frequent feature, and always rouses the most stolid audience to enthusiasm. They like to hear the national virtues summed up in some refrain of this kind:

"Old John Bull is ever faithful;
His money from his pocket he will pull;
He's gentle, and he's kind, and you'll never,
never find
A better friend than old John Bull!"

The amorous is another familiar type. A young lady in a startling costume, with yellow hair, and a smile of knowing artlessness (a paradoxical expression not uncommon with lady vocalists), will trip forward and sing, or more usually half sing and half speak, some verses with the following chorus:

"Oh! the girls, oh! the girls, and the boys, yes,
the boys!
You'll find them together in all sorts of weather;
They go kiss, kiss—yes! they go kiss, kiss!
And they squeeze, and they spoon, and they say,
'Oh, what joys!
For the boys are in love with the dear little girls,
And the girls are in love with the boys!"

Then there is the vocalistic sketch, written to display the singer's versatility. The

comedian appears in ordinary evening dress, and produces his effects by suggesting a series of typical characters, comic and tragic. For instance, one such song begins thus:

"On the bridge at midnight stood I in dismay,
Watching weary stragglers passing on their way."

First comes "the wretched gambler, looking deathly white, All his fortune vanished in one single night." And his desperate soliloquy, with the refrain, "Crushed and broken-hearted, too, Across the bridge he goes!" "Next, with steps erratic, comes the city clerk, Button-hole and stick, too, ready for a lark," and so on, who "lights another cigarette, As o'er the bridge he goes." Then the pretty little actress, who remarks, "Didn't they go frantic when I did my dance? I told you I should knock them when I got the chance." And lastly, as a tragic contrast, the betrayed one, who "frantically her hands high, In the air she throws. A sigh, a leap, a scream; 'tis done, As o'er the bridge she goes!"

Another song of this sort is entitled "Called to the Bar," which deals with

"the youth of modern culture, where he fails and where succeeds." In the refrain to the first verse we are told:

"Now his student days are past,
And he dons the silk at last,
Wig and gown and thoughtful face,
Pleads with telling speech the case.
Nothing his success can mar,
Now that he's called to the bar."

Unfortunately the young barrister indulges in "midnight orgies" with "chosen friends. Gambling—baccarat they teach him—anything to gain their ends." After which he naturally falls into the toils of a bar-maid at the Horseshoe. "Flossie's his attractive star, Since he's been called to the bar." From this to forgery is an easy step, and in the dock, "He stands there undefended, Who for others used to plead." Now comes the melodramatic moment of the song. He is supposed to be in jail, and the jailer has brought him a letter containing the news of his father's death. Thereupon the singer, in the rays of green light which are thrown upon the stage, commits suicide, to the following refrain:

"Poor old father, slain by me!
This small phial shall set me free.
To the great unknown I'll leap."

Here he drinks, staggers, and falls, to

rise presently to impersonate the jailer, while keys and bolts are jingled outside:

"Now, then, prisoner, still asleep?"

Then, to a solemn organ chord,

"Passed from earthly justice far,
He's called to the last great Bar!"

Songs of this Hogarthian type are invariably well received, and if they strike some minds as slightly absurd, it must be confessed that they are distinctly above the general level of music-hall compositions. Then there is the sentimental song, in which the singer touches his audience by reminding them of

"Friends, deah friends, friends we 'ave left at 'ome!
Though perchance in di-istant la-ands we ro-home!"

And the frankly inane, of which perhaps the following specimen, descriptive of a wedding party, will suffice:

"Uncle Thomas's wooden leg fairly made the people roar.

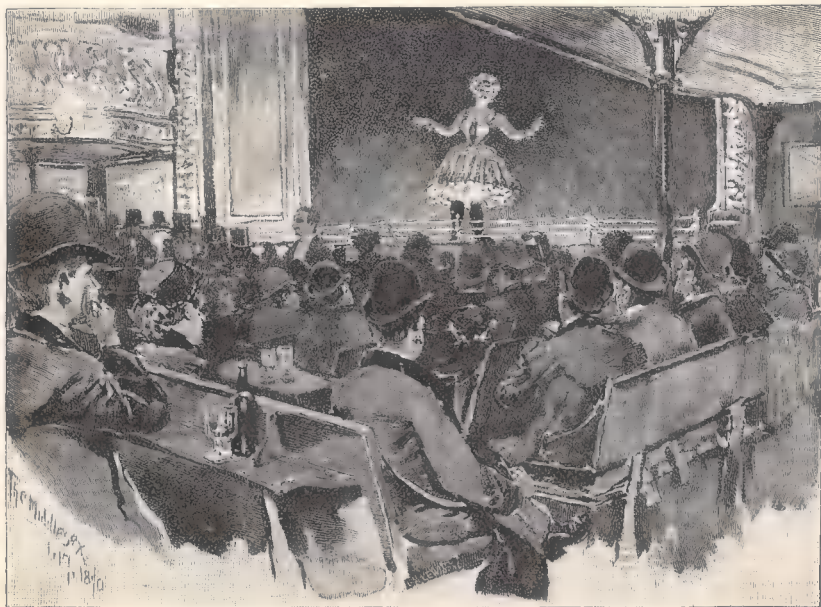
Some one at him threw an egg, and it made them laugh the more."

Chorus.—"Sister Mary walked like that—pit, pat,
pit-a-pat;
Then came uncle, stout and fat—ho, ho!
ho, ho, ho!
Uncle Thomas walked like so—ho, ho!
ho, ho, ho!
And I walked like this, you know—ho,
ho, ho!"

In what the fascinations of some of the female singers precisely consist is a



THE UNRIVALLED NIGGER OF THE "ROYAL STANDARD."



A SERIO-COMIQUE SONG AND DANCE ARTISTE AT "THE MIDDLESEX."

little hard to understand. They cannot sing in tune, their playfulness is of a kind to cause a shiver, their voices are metallic, and even their personal appearance by no means prepossessing, as a rule; but still they are always greeted with applause, and parted from with reluctance. It would be infinitely more difficult to fail than succeed in satisfying a music-hall audience. The songs of the "Lady Serio" are of much the same character, and it is an established rule that two songs cannot possibly be sung without a change of costume, for which a wait of two or three minutes is always allowed. The performer will come on the stage with that peculiar walk, as of a puppet hung on wires, which Lady Serios affect, and a fixed smile of intensely humorous appreciation of nothing in particular, to deliver herself of a ditty with a tantalizing refrain, such as:

"Oh, I dessay you'd like to—I dessay you would!
I dessay you'd try to steal a kiss upon the sloy!"

—a liberty which she is very properly prepared to resent to the utmost.

Comic calamity is of course a favorite topic with male singers, who sing a long song describing, for instance, a visit to the sea-side, when

"Martha swallowed a jelly-fish,
Janie got the cramp,
My ma-in-law began to jaw
Because the sea was damp!
While I was floundering through the waves,
A crab got 'old of me!
And when we looked for the bathing-machine,
It had drifted out to sea!"

Disinterested attachment is another frequent subject. A gentleman in evening dress and a tall hat will come before a scene representing a country lane and describe his courtship of some rustic beauty, called Mary, who is, of course, "like a fairy, the pride of the dairy," and so on. Here are some extracts from a music-hall idyl:

"I leant across the railings, and in conversation
got.
She asked me if I'd step inside, as the day was
rather hot.
While I was in her company, I own I felt
confused.
I made a proposition, which of course was not
refused,
That in the evening, after tea, I should meet
her again."

He tells his love, whereupon

"She said she'd no objection, if her father would
consent.
I said I'd go and see him. To wed her I was
bent."

So now it is all settled, and the day is drawing near
 When I shall wed my farm-yard belle. I've not
 the slightest fear
 But what she'll make me a good wife, so I
 never shall repent
 The day I met my Mary working on the farm
 in Kent."

If the reader is spared any further samples from the effusions of the Muse of the music halls, he must not conclude that it is owing to any want of material, which is practically inexhaustible; but probably the specimens that have been given will be found more than sufficient; possibly, too, they will not inspire any great respect for the intelligence of a public which derives enjoyment from these and similar productions.

It has often been said, especially of late, that music-hall audiences are quite capable of appreciating a higher form of entertainment if they were given the opportunity. This may be so, though they seem anything but dissatisfied with the amusement at present provided for them;

but if the songs and entertainment generally were raised to a higher level, one fact is certain—artists of a very different calibre would be required to interpret them. There are a few at present with decent voices, a power of humorous or grotesque invention, and sufficient intelligence to deliver their lines as they are written, but they are the exceptions, and most of them gravitate, sooner or later, to the regular stage.

And, after all, people who are critical in the matter of amusement do not go to music halls, which are chiefly patronized by men who can enjoy nothing without the aid of tobacco, and women who dislike any entertainment which entails the slightest mental exertion. Some people, too, go because although they do not expect to be greatly entertained, they are sure of finding the brightness and comfort which are lacking at home, while others, no doubt, are influenced by motives which it is unnecessary to particularize here.

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.



1.

HO they were and whence
 they came, none can say.
 The mountains where they found their
 home—their long home—keep silence.
 The stars that they knew, look down upon

their graves and make no sign. Their memory, unless in some fine and subtle way lingering in the mystery, the pervasive melancholy, the vaguely troublous forecast and retrospect which alternately possess the mind in contemplating this sequestered spot, unhallowed save by the sense of a common humanity, has faded from the earth. None might know that they had ever lived save for a dim tradition connecting them with the ancient history of this old hemisphere of ours that we are wont to deem so new. For this is one of the strange burial-grounds of the far-famed pygmy dwellers of Tennessee; prehistoric, it is held, an extinct but adult race; Aztec children, others will say, of a uniform age and size, buried apart from their kindred, for some unknown, never-to-be-explained reason. And a still more prosaic opinion contends that the curious stone sepulchres contain only infant relics of the American Indian. All I know is, here they rest, awaiting that supreme hour when this mortality shall put on immortality, and meanwhile in the solemn environment of the Great

Smoky Mountains the "Leetle People" sleep well.

Quiet neighbors all these years have they been. So quiet! almost forgotten. In fact, the nearest mountaineers start with a dazed look at a question concerning them, then become mysterious in a moment, with that superstitious, speculative gleam in the eye as of one who knows much of uncanny lore, but is shy to recount.

"I do declar' I never war so set back in my life ez I felt whenst that thar valley man jes upped an' axed me 'bout'n them thar Leetle Stranger People buried yander on the rise," declared Stephen Yates, one July evening, as he stood leaning on his rifle before the door of his cabin in the Cove. His horse, reeking and blown, still saddled, bore a deer, newly slain, unprotected by the game-laws, and the old hounds, panting and muddy from the chase, lay around the door-step.

A young woman of twenty, perhaps, with a pale oval face and dark hair, and serene dark gray eyes, was on the rickety porch, leaning half over a rude shelf that served also as a balustrade. She had a cedar piggin in her hand, and the cow was lowing at the bars. On the door-step there sat a rotund and stalwart, but preternaturally solemn young person, who now and again, with a corrugated countenance, gnashed his gums. His time and energies were expended in that trying occupation known as "cuttin' yer teeth," an acquisition which he would some day value more highly than now. He sought, as far as an abnormally developed craft might compass, to force, by many an infant wile, his elders to share his woes, and it was with a distinctly fallen countenance that his father hearkened to his mother's parenthetical request to "'bide hyar an' company leetle Moses whilst I be a-milk-in' the cow."

Yates did not refuse, although a braver man might have quailed. It was his hard fate to regard "leetle Moses" as a supreme fetic, and to worship him with as unrequited an idolatry as ever was lavished on the great god Dagon. He only sought to gain time, and, as he shifted his weight upon the other foot, he continued his account of the conversation:

"He 'lowed ef he hed knowed ez they war buried hyar, he'd hev kem a hunderd mile ter view the spot," he said, his eye

kindling with a recollection of the "valley man's" enthusiasm.

His wife hardly entered into it at second-hand. She regarded him with a slow wonderment stealing over her face.

"War—war he 'quainted with enny of 'em in thar lifetime?" she demanded, hesitating, but seeking to probe his reason—"them Leetle Stranger People?"

"Great gosh, Adelaide!" Yates exclaimed, irritably, contemptuous all at once of the limitations of her stand-point. "Ye stay cooped up hyar 'sociatin' with nobody but leetle Mose till ye hev furgot every durned thing ye ever knowed. The Leetle People hev been dead so long ago nobody 'members 'em, not even old man Peake, an' he air a hunderd an' ten year old—ef he ain't lyin'," he added, cautiously.

Her face flushed. There was fire in her serene eyes, like a flare of sunset in the placid depths of a lake. "I'm willin' ter 'bide along o' leetle Mose," she retorted. "I never expect ter see no better company 'n leetle Mose ter the las' day I live, an' I never *did* see none!"

He shifted his weight uncertainly upon his other foot, and surveyed with a casual glance the wide landscape. The sense of supersedure was sharp at the moment. He had been in his day a great man in her estimation, and now leetle Mose, with his surly dejection, with only a tooth or two—and with these he would have gladly dispensed—with his uncertain gait and his pigeon-toes and his nearly bald head, was a greater man still. He and his mother were a close corporation, but, for the sake of his own fealty to the domestic Dagon, Steve Yates forgave them both. He went on presently:

"He hed jes hearn tell o' them Leetle People, somehow, the valley man 'lowed. He never knowed they war buried hyar-about. I never seen a man so streck of a heap ez he war, an' he axed me fool questions till I felt plumb cur'ous a-talk-in' 'bout them Leetle Stranger People buried thar on the rise." Once more he turned toward the slope that embarrassed, half-laughing glance—in which, however, there was no mirth—betokening a spirit ill at ease, and secretly shrinking from some uncanny, irksome fear.

Her eyes mechanically followed his to the purple slope so still under the crimson sky. Higher up, the mountain, shielded by its own shadow from this reflection of

the sunset, showed a dark green shade of an indescribable depth and richness of tone, never merging into dusky indefiniteness. Through a gap in the range to the east were visible the infinite blue distances of the Great Smoky peaks, their color here and there idealized by the far-away glimmers of sunset to an exquisite roseate hue, or a crystalline and perfect amethyst, against the amber sky. In the clifty gorge—one of those features of the Great Smoky Mountains, cloven to the bare heart of the range by the fierce momentum of the waters—the bounding river came. One mad leap presented the glittering splendors of a glassy green cataract, and in the elastic spray an elusive rainbow lurked. Its voice was like that of one crying in the wilderness, so far might its eloquent iteration be heard. The Little People, in their day, might have given ear to its message, and pondered on the untranslated tidings, but now they did not heed.

Only the dwellers in the mountaineer's cabin hard by listened at times to the pulsing rhythm, as alive as the metre of a great poem; and again, in duller mood, its sound was but as silence to those who cared not to hear. The dark little house seemed small and solitary and transitory here among the massive, enduring mountains, beside the majestic flow of the waters, and the rail-fence enclosed the minimum of space from the great unpeopled wilds.

"I 'lowed ter him they never walked," Yates said presently. "Ez fur ez I know, they hain't been seen, nor none o' 'em set out ter walk, sence they war put thar fust. Nobody ez I know purfesses ter hev seen enny o' the Stranger People's harnts."

He repeated this with simplicity, evidently desirous of giving the pygmy dwellers their bounden due.

"I 'lowed ter him," he continued, "ez folks hed let them be, an' they hed let the mounting folks be. Nobody wanted sech cur'ous harnts ez folks o' thar size ter git ter walkin' at this late day."

There was a vague chill in the air—or was it in the moral atmosphere?

"What be *he* a-vagrantin' round fur, inquiren' 'bout them as be dead an' done with the livin' long ago?" she demanded, a touch of acerbity in her tone and a restless look in her quiet eyes.

"He 'lows ez he's jes kem hyar along o' Leonard Rhodes ez be a-'lectioneerin'

fur floater fur the Legislatur'. An' him an' Rhodes air frien's, an' Rhodes hev got some lan' in this county ez hev got one o' them Injun mounds on it, an' he hev let this frien' o' his hev men ter dig an' open it ter see what they could find. I seen 'em arter it ter-day; this hyar man 'peared mighty nigh ez excited ez a Juny-bug; I noticed he never dug none, though, hisself."

He paused for a moment, chewing hard on his quid of tobacco; then he slowly laughed. "The folks he hed hired ter dig 'lowed he war teched in the head, but he 'peared sorter sensible ter me—never teched a spade, an' 'twar a hot day."

"What did they find?" asked his wife, breathlessly.

"Dirt," Yates said, with an iconoclastic laugh; "a plenty of it. He 'peared toler'ble disapp'inted till he hearn 'bout the Stranger People's buryin'-groun'. Adelaide"—he raised his voice suddenly—"that thar idjit o' a man, he 'lows ez them Leetle People warn't grown folks at all—jes chil'n; I tried ter tell the fool better—jes leetle chil'n!"

He looked quickly at her, as if prepared for the shock of surprise which must be elicited by this onslaught upon the faith of a whole community. Somehow, as she again fastened her eyes on that purple slope, her face wore the look of one whose secret thought is revealed in words. In the few years that she had lived here, a stranger herself in some sort, not accustomed, as was her husband, to a life-long vicinage to the pygmy burial-ground, she had developed no receptivity to that uncanny idea of a race of dwarfs. Always as children she had thought of the Little People; she had made no effort to reconcile this theory with the strange fact that no similar sarcophagi enclosing larger frames were known of far or near; she found no incongruity in the idea that infants should have been thus segregated in death from all their kindred; it seemed a meet resting-place for youth and innocence, thus apart from all others. They were children—only children; all asleep; asleep and resting! With the strange fascination that the spot and the unique tradition exerted upon her, she would glance thither from time to time throughout the day, pausing at her task to follow the shadow of the clouds sweep over the purple slope, and to listen to the whir of bees in the still noon

amongst the sweet-fern, and the call of the glad birds. When she sang in fitful fragments a crooning lullaby to her own child, who had made all childhood doubly dear and doubly sacred to her heart, she was wont to watch pensively the tender glow of evening reddening upon it, so soft, so brilliant, so promissory of the splendid days to come that it needs must suggest that supernal dawn when they should all rise to greet the rising sun that they had seen set for the last time so long ago. In bright, slanting rows, as swift, as ethereal, as dazzling as the morning mist transfigured by the sun's rays, with her prophetic eyes she could behold them, rank after rank, coming down the slope in this radiant guise; meanwhile they slept as securely as her child slept in her arms, their waking as certain.

The picture was present to her thoughts at the moment. "They will all rise before we-uns at the jedgmint-day," she said, her far-seeing gray eyes clear and crystalline upon the unmarked place.

"Laws-a-massy, Adelaide!" cried her husband, in a tone of expostulation and alarm, with a quick glance over his shoulder, "what ails ye ter say sech ez that—ez ef it war gospel sure?"

Her eyes came back reluctantly to him; the question had jarred upon her reverie. "Ye air 'bleeged ter know that," she retorted, with a slighting manner. "The sun strikes through the gap an' teches the Leetle People's buryin'-groun' a full haffen hour an' better afore it reaches the graveyard o' the mounting folks down thar in the shadder o' the range."

He listened ponderingly to this logic—his chin resting upon the muzzle of his rifle—then, with a noiseless shifting of his posture, he looked again with a cautious gesture over his shoulder. He was a hardy hunter, of a vigorous physique and but scantily acquainted with fear, but this eerie idea of a thousand or so adult pygmy Tennesseans astir on the last day, forestalling the familiar mountain neighbors, robbed immortality for the moment of its wonted prestige.

The oppressive influence even laid hold on his strong frame, and he extended one powerful arm at full length, with a futile effort to yawn.

"G'long, Adelaide! G'long an' milk the cow!" he exclaimed, with the irritation that was always apparent in his man-

ner when perplexity seized upon his brain—a good organ of its kind, but working best in the clear air of out-of-door contemplation. He was a man of sound common-sense and logical faculty, but with no endowment for furtive speculation, and purblind gropings, and tenuous deductions from flimsy premises. He heaved a great sigh of relief to remember the cow—the good, homely cow—at the bars.

Adelaide had slowly taken up the piggin. "Ye hain't told me what that thar valley man sets so much store by the Leetle People fur. I'll go arter I hear that word."

"Waal, I ain't a-goin' ter speak it," retorted her husband, with a threatening conjugal frown. "I ain't a-goin' ter let leetle Mose be kep' up hyar till midnight a-waitin' for you-uns ter milk the cow. It's cleverly dark now."

"Leetle Mose" was a name to conjure with; even the wife denied herself the luxury of the last word, so lost was she in the mother. She put the piggin hastily upon her head, and went, with the erect, graceful pose that the prosaic weight fosters, down the winding path beyond the spring to the bars where the red cow stood lowing.

The household idol, sitting upon the step, with a grave, inscrutable countenance, silently watched her departure, then suddenly set up a loud and bitter wail of desertion. It was in vain that she paused and called back promises of return, albeit he understood well the language which so far he refused to speak; in vain that his father came and sat beside him on the step, and patted him with a large hand upon his limited back. It was too good an opportunity for the lamentation in which "leetle Mose" was prone to indulge. He had a reputation that extended far beyond his ken—for the bars bounded his world—not, however, that he would have cared. He was known throughout many a cove, and even in the settlement, as the "wust chile ever seen, an' a jedgmint, ef the truth war known, on Stephen an' Adelaide Yates fur hev'in' been so fly-away an' headstrong in thar single days, both of 'em wild ez deer, an' gin over ter dancin' an' foolishness." It was with a certain grim satisfaction that the settlement hearkened to the fact that they were "mighty tame now." Thus Dagon's filial exploits lacked no plaudits. His men-

tal capacities, too, received due meed. "He be powerful smart, though; he won't let 'em hev no mo' comp'ny 'n he can help. I reckon he knows they wouldn't 'tend ter him ef they hed ennything else they *could* 'tend ter. Sometimes that chile be a-settin' on the front porch sorter peaceable, restin' hisse'f from hollerin';" his maternal great-aunt Jerushy chronicled to a coterie of pleased gossips, "an' ef he see a wagon a-stoppin' at the gate, or a visitor a-walkin' up the path, he'll mos' lif' the roof off with his screeches. An' screech he will till they leaves; he hev mos' made *me* deaf fur life. I useter spend consider'ble o' my time with that young couple"—and there was an ousted suggestion in Aunt Jerushy's manner. "It makes his dad an' mam 'shamed fur true, his kerryin's on; they air bowed down ter the yearth."

The wide-spread strictures on their idol were very bitter to the parental worshippers. Often, with a badgered aspect, they took counsel together and repeated in helpless dudgeon the criticism of his kindred and neighbors. It was powerless to shake their loyalty. Even his father, whom he chose to regard with a lowering and suspicious mien, unless it were in the dead hours of the night, when he developed a morbid craving to be trotted back and forth and up and down the puncheon floor, was flattered with the smallest tokens of his confidence.

He had an admirable perseverance. He sat still weeping in the midst of his pink fat with much distortion of countenance and display of gums, and loud vocal exercises, when Adelaide returned. She cast upon her husband a look of such deep reproach that he divined that she suspected him of having gone to the extreme length of smiting Dagon in her absence, and despite his clear conscience he could but look guilty.

"Oh, Mose!" he said, outdone, as he rose, "ye air so mean—ye air so durned mean!"

But the callow wrath of the "leetle Mose" was more formidable than the displeasure of the big man, and his heart burned at the short reply of his wife, a sarcastic "I reckon so!" when he protested that he had done nothing to Mose to which any fair-minded infant could have taken exceptions. The vocalizations of Dagon were of such unusual power this evening that his strength failed shortly after sup-

per, and he was asleep earlier than his ordinary hour, for he was something of a late bird. Belying all his traits, he looked angelic as he lay in his little rude box cradle. When the moonlight came creeping through the door it found him there, with a smile on his rose-leaf lips, and both his pink hands unclasped on the coverlet. Adelaide, despite the silence and studious air of preoccupation she had maintained toward her husband, could but beg Yates to observe his beauty as she sank down, dead-beat, on the door-step to rest, but still keeping one hand on the rocker of the cradle, for motion was pleasing to "leetle Mose," and by this requisition he doubtless understood that he could absorb and occupy his elders even when he was unconscious.

"He's purty enough, the Lord knows," the dejected father assented, as he sat smoking his pipe at a little distance on the step of the porch. "I dun'no', though, what ails him ter take sech a spite at me. I do all I kin ter pleasure him."

Adelaide experienced a vicarious qualm of conscience. "He 'ain't got no spite at you-uns," she said, reassuringly, in the hope that her words could speak louder than Dagon's actions. "It's jes his teeth harry him so."

"An' ye didn't useter be so easy sot agin me." He preferred this complaint after a meditative puff of the pipe. There is a melancholy pleasure in the rôle of domestic martyr. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"I ain't sot agin ye; but *somebody* hev got ter take up an' gin up fur leetle Mose. Men folks hain't got no patience with leetle chil'n."

"I never knowed what 'twar ter gin up afore," he protested. "I 'ain't done nuthin' else sence Mose war born. Don't go nowhar, don't see nuthin' nor nobody."

He smoked languidly for a few moments, then, with decision: "Thar ain't no use in it. We-uns mought jes ez well hev gone ter the infair over yander in the Cove at Pettingill's ez not ter-night, an' got Aunt Jerushy ter bide with Moses till we kem back."

"Moses would hev hollered hisself inter a fit; he jes stiffens at the sight o' Aunt Jerushy."

"Waal, then, we-uns mought hev tuk Moses along; I hev seen plenty o' babies sleepin' at a dance an' camp-meetin's, an'

even fune'ls. I'll bet thar's a right smart chance of 'em over at Pettingill's now."

"Mought cotch measles from some of 'em, too, or 'hoopin'-cough," said his wife, conclusively.

There was no help for it. Seclusion with their Dagon was evidently their fate until "leetle Mose" should be grown to man's estate.

There was a long pause, in which the mercurial and socially disposed Yates dimly beheld the lengthening perspective of this prospect. He had been a dancer of famous activities and a joyous blade at all the mountain merrymakings, and he had married the liveliest girl of his acquaintance—with no little trouble, too, for she had been a mountain belle and something of a coquette. He sometimes could hardly identify with these recollections the watchful-eyed and pensive little mother and the home-staying wife.

"I wouldn't mind it ef Moses didn't treat me so mean," he resumed, all his sensibilities sorely wounded. "I do declare I be kep' hid out so in the woods that I war plumb flustered when I seen them valley men this evenin' down thar at the mound. I wouldn't hev been s'prised none ef I hed jes sot out an' run from 'em an' hid a-hint a tree, like old folks 'low the Injuns useter do whenst they seen a white man."

"Ye never 'lowed ez what set that valley man ter talkin' 'bout the Leetle People," she said, seeking to divert his mind from his unfilial son, and to open a more congenial topic. Her eyes, full of the moonlight, turned toward the slope where the sheen, richly metallic and deeply yellow, rested; the rising disk itself was visible through the gap in the mountains; much of the world seemed in some sort unaware of its advent, and lay in the shadow, dark and stolid, in a dull invisibility, as though without form and void. The moon had not yet scaled the heights of the great range; only that long clifty gorge cleaving its mighty heart was radiant with the forecast of the splendors of the night, and through its vistas, upon the mystic burial-ground, fell the pensive light like a benison.

He too glanced toward it with a kindling eye and an alert interest.

"He 'pears ter be a powerful cur'us man. Somebody 'lowed he war a-diggin' fur jugs an' sech ez the Injuns hed—leastwise them ez built the mounds; he

'lows 'twarn't no Injuns; an' Pete Dinks tole it ez how the jugs mus' be like that'n ez Felix Guthrie 'lowed war in the grave o' one o' the Leetle People."

He paused. She turned her white, startled face toward him, her eyes distended. Her voice was bated with horror—a mere whisper.

"What grave? How do Fee onder-take ter know sech ez air in the Stranger People's graves?"

In his instant irritation because of the problem of her mental attitude he lifted his voice, and it sounded strident above the droning *susurrus* of the cicada which filled the summer night with its drowsy monotone, and the insistent iteration of the falls.

"Gloryful gracious, Adelaide, surely ye mus' hev hearn ez how one o' them big rocks in the water-fall thar fell from the top wunst, an' crashed down inter the ruver. An' it kerried consider'ble o' the yearth along the ruver-bank with it, an' tuk off the top slab o' the stone coffin o' one o' these hyar Leetle People. They hain't buried more'n two feet deep. An' Fee—'twar on his lan'—he had ter moye his fence back'ards, an' whilst he war about it he got that slab an' put it whar it b'longed, an' kivered the grave agin. An' so he seen the jug in thar with the bones. The jug hed shells in it, Fee say, an' the skeleton hed beads round its neck. That all happened, now ez I kem ter study on it, afore ye an' me war married."

His acerbity had evaporated in the interest of the narration, and in the evolution of an excellent reason for her ignorance of these things that had happened previous to her advent into the neighborhood. He did not notice that she took no advantage of the excuse to upbraid him with his readiness to find fault, that she made no rejoinder as she sat, her head depressed, her whole attitude crouching, her dilated eyes fixed with a horror-stricken fascination upon the pygmy burial-ground, which lay in a broad, lucent expanse of the yellow moonlight still streaming through the illuminated gorge of the mountains into an otherwise dusky world. The events of the afternoon were reasserting themselves anew in his mind. He laughed a little as he reviewed them.

"Fee hed been huntin' with me ter-day, an' this valley man—I b'lieve they 'lowed his name war Shattuck, an' he air a lawyer whar he kem from; he don't dig fur a

living—whenst he hearn 'bout that, he say, quick ez lightning: 'Would ye know the spot agin? What made ye leave the jar thar? What made ye put the slab back?' An' Fee—ye know how crusty an' sour an' cantankerous he be—he say, 'Them Leetle People air *folks*, an' I hev no call ter go grave-robbin' ez I knows on!' That thar Shattuck turned fire-red in a minit. He air a mighty nice, sa-aft-spoken, perlite man, though spindlin'. An' he talked mos'ly ter me arter that—Fee stood by an' listened—an' I liked Shattuck middlin' well. He 'lowed ez 'twar important ter know fur the history of the kentry—an' he did sound sorter like he war vagrantin' in his mind—ter know ef them Leetle People war grown folks or jes chil'n. He b'lieve they war jes chil'n, but ef he could see jes one skull he could tell."

Adelaide gasped; she reached out her hand mechanically and laid it upon the feet of the baby curled up in his soft, warm nest. Her husband's glance absently followed her movement, but he went on unheeding:

"An' Fee, standin' stare-gazin' him, ez sullen ez a bar with a sore head, axed, 'How kin ye tell?' ez much ez ter say, 'Ye lie!' But Shattuck war perlite ez ever. 'Many ways; by their teeth, for instance—their wisdom teeth.' Then he went a-maunderin' on 'bout a man he knowed ez could jes take a bone o' a animal ez he never seen, ez lived hyar afore the flood, an' tell how tall 'twar an' what it eat—I do declar he did sound like he war crazy, though he *looked* sensible ter the las'; an' this larned man could actual-ly medjure an' make a pictur' of sech a animal out'n a few bones. An' Fee, he jes stood listenin' long enough ter say: 'Them Leetle People never done me no harm, an' I ain't goin' ter do them none jes 'kase they air leetle an' dead, an' can't help tharse'fs. They may hev hed a use fur thar teeth in thar lifetime; I hain't got no use fur 'em now.' An' he whurled around an' put his foot inter his stirrup an' war a-goin' ter ride off, whenst the valley man cotch his bridle an' say, 'Ye hev got no objections ter my excavatin' on yer land, though?'"

He laughed lazily. "I do declar 'twar too durned funny. Fee didn't know what the long-tongued sinner meant by 'excavatin', an' I didn't nuther till arterward. But Fee, he jes wanted ter be

contrairy, no matter what, so he jes say, powerful glum, 'I dun'no' 'bout that,' an' rid off down the road. An' this Shattuck, he jes stood lookin' arter Fee with his chin cocked up in the air, an' he say, 'That's a sweet youth!' He speaks out right plain and spunky fur sich a spindlin' man. Everybody laughed but Rhodes; *he* looked mightily tuck back ter hev his friend making game o' them mounting folks. Fee's vote counts jes the same ez ef he war ez pleasant ez a basket o' chips. So Rhodes, he sorter frowned up an' say: 'Ye don't onderstan' Felix Guthrie. He air a good-hearted man, but he 'ain't been treated right, an' it's sorter soured him. He's good at heart, though.' An' this Shattuck 'peared ter take the hint; he say sorter stridin' about, off-hand, an' that leetle soft hat o' his'n on the side o' his head, 'I mus' make frien's with him, then; I mus' git on the right side o' him.' An' up spoke one o' them Peakes—they war holpin' ter look on at the few ez war willin' ter dig, 'The only way,' he say, 'ter make frien's with Fee Guthrie air ter fondle him with a six-shooter.' Shattuck laughed. But Rhodes, he be a-shettin' him up all the time, an' a-hintin' at him, an' a-lookin' oneasy. Rhodes air skeered 'bout his 'lection, ef the truth war knowed."

He stretched his arms above his head and drew a long sigh of pleasurable reminiscence. "We hed a right sorter sociable evenin'. I'll be bound they air all over yander at the infair now. I know Rhodes danced at the weddin' the tother night at Gossam's, an' they do say he kissed the bride, though they mought hev been funnin' 'bout'n that."

He looked at her once more, noticing at last her absorbed, intent expression, her lustrous, thoughtful eyes, the thrill of some feeling unknown to him in her hand as she laid it upon his, and asked in an irrelevant, mysterious, apprehensive tone, "What do 'excavate' mean?"

"Hey?" he exclaimed. He had already forgotten what he had said, in the flexibility of his shallow mental processes, and recalled it by an effort. "Shucks! Jes dig—that's all. Folks hev got a heap o' curious words o' late years."

Her grasp tightened convulsively on his arm, "'Mongst the graves o' the Leetle People?"

He nodded, looking at her with vague surprise and gathering anger.

"He sha'n't!" she cried, finding her

voice suddenly, and it rang out shrilly into the soft, perfumed night air. "It's in rifle range—the Leetle People's buryin'-groun'. I hev got aim enough ter stop his meddlin', pryin' han's 'mongst them pore Leetle People. An' I'll do it, too," she added, in a lower tone.

Her grasp had relaxed, for he had sprung to his feet and stood looking at her, infinitely shocked, the image of the unoffending gentleman and scholar, whom she threatened, in his mind, all unaware how it differed from the vampire-like ghoul of her ignorant fancy.

"Adelaide," he exclaimed, with that accent of authority which he seldom assumed, "hesh up! Tech that rifle, an' I'll turn ye out'n my door!"

She too was standing; she turned a stony face, white in the moonlight, upon him as if she could not realize his words, but her eyes were slowly kindling with a fury before which he quailed.

He was, however, in every way the stronger, and the gravity of the crisis taught him how to use his strength.

"Take them words back," he reiterated, as if all unaffrighted, "or I'll turn ye out'n my house forever, an' ye'll leave leetle Mose hyar, for *he* b'longs ter me!"

The fear that had quivered in his heart seemed suddenly translated into her eyes; they looked an eloquent reproach, then, suddenly, all the fire was quenched in tears, and she sank down sobbing by the side of the cradle, leaving him standing there triumphant, it is true, but finding bitterness in his victory. He sat down presently in his former posture, feeling ill-used and reproachful and indignant. It was difficult to resume the conversation in the tone which he had maintained, and, as she persistently wept, he resorted to reproaches.

"I dun'no' what in Canaan is the reason ye an' me can't git along 'thout quar'lin'. We never used ter quar'l none in our courtin' days, an'"—as a fresh burst of sobs accented and acquiesced in this statement, he hastened to put the blame upon her—"ye never used to talk so like a durned fool." The chilly sensation which her threat, so full of horror and intention, had caused him, renewed for the moment its thrill.

"Tain't like a fool," she declared, lifting her tearful face. "Ef 'tis, then the law's a fool—the law ez ye set sech store on. Ain't the law agin diggin' up folks's

bones? I ain't a-goin' ter do nuthin' 'bout'n it, but ef ennybody war cotched at sech in the *mounting* buryin'-groun' they'd hev a few ounces o' lead ter tote off inside of 'em ef they could git away at all, an' ye know they would."

The difference of their stand-point—his normal views unconsciously modified by the talk of the scientific theorist, in which sentiment was easily subordinated to the acquisition of valuable knowledge, none of which could he adequately impart at second-hand to her, quivering as she was with the idea of sacrilege and the sanctity of the tomb—baffled him for the moment; he hesitated; he found no words to convey the impressions he had received; then he gave way to the anger always the sequence of the antagonism of opinion between them.

"Ye don't sense nuthin', an' ye dun'no' nuthin', an' ye can't larn nuthin'."

"I don't want ter larn sech ez ye 'pear ter pick up in the settlemint," she retorted, with spirit. "Robbin' the dead an' sech! I'd ruther stay at home an' jes 'sociate with leetle Moses—a sight ruther."

"I hedn't," he declared, roughly. He rose to his feet. "I don't hev no peace at home. I reckon I mought ez well go whar I don't get quar'led with ez much. I mought jes ez well be at the infair ez hyar."

"Jes ez well," she sarcastically assented.

He stepped past her into the room to lay aside his shot-pouch and powder-horn, as not meet accoutrement for a festive gathering.

"Ye hed better kerry yer rifle. Ain't ye 'feared ef ye leave it hyar I mought take aim at suthin' in the Leetle People's buryin'-ground?" she said, looking up at him from her lowly seat on the floor, her eyes hard and dry and bright.

"Edzac'ly; fool enough fur ennything," he declared; but it was empty-handed that he stepped out into the moonlight.

She made no effort to detain him; she did not call him back. He paused when in the shadow of the great hickory-trees about the spring, and looked up at the little house. The moon was above the mountains now, nearly full and radiant. Trailing luminous mists crept over the summits after it, and caught the light. All the world shared in its gracious splendors now, and the great gap, the gorge of the river, bereft of the unique illumination

its rugged vistas had monopolized while all was dark about it, seemed melancholy and pensive, of reduced prominence and blurred effect.

The dew glistened on the slanting roof of the little log cabin; the vines swayed duplicated by their moving shadows, and where the moonlight fell unbroken through the doorway he saw, against the dark background of the interior, Adelaide, still sitting on the floor beside the cradle, and he heard the monotone of the rockers as they thumped to and fro.

He heard it long after distance had nullified the sound. The way-side katydid must needs sing her song in chorus with it; the tree-toad shrilling stridulously but bore it a burden. Even the roar of the water-fall was secondary, however it might pervade and thrill the wilderness. More than once, as he went along the dark and dewy road, he paused doubtfully, half minded to retrace his way. "I oughtn't ter hev tuck Adelaide up so sharp. Sence she hev hearn the notion ez them Leetle People war jes leetle chil'n, like Mose, she'll set mo' store by 'em, jes ter compliment him, ter the las' day she live. I'd hate ter be sech a fool 'bout leetle Mose ez she be." He shook his head solemnly as he stood in the road, the odor of the azaleas in the dense undergrowth and the balsamic breath of the low-hanging firs wafting to him, all fibrously a-glitter wherever the moon touched the dew in the dense midst of their shadows. "An' she 'pears ter think herse'f gifted with wisdom now-days, an' sets up ter make remarks ez sobersided ez ef she war risin' fifty year old. 'Fore she war married she never hed no 'pinions on nuthin'—ez frisky ez a squirl an' ez nimble. An' now-days she 'ain't got nuthin' but 'pinions, an' air ez sot in her doctrines an ez solemn ez the rider, an' ez slow-spoken."

While he still hesitated, there came into his mind a foretaste of this slow diction, fashioned to reproach or to ill-disguised triumph in sedulously casual phrase, that would greet him should he return home, his threat of attending the infair all unaccomplished. He would have been glad enough to be sitting once more upon the low step of the little porch, with Adelaide and the cradle of the slumbering Dagon close by; but the pleasures of the festive gathering, grown all at once strangely

vapid and sterile to his imagination, lay between him and the return to this calm domestic sphere, or else he relinquished all pretence of conserving those elements of primacy which he should arrogate and maintain.

"It's time Adelaide hed fund out who's the head o' this hyar fambly. 'Tain't her, an' 'tain't leetle Mose, an' she ain't a-goin' ter larn no younger."

II.

In those open fields surrounding the Pettingill cabin, where the infair was in progress, the moonlight seemed to reach its richest effulgence. There was something in the delicate blue-green tint of the broad blades of the waving Indian corn, upon which the dew lay with a glitter like that of the whetted edge of a keen weapon, which was not revoked by the night, being of so chaste and fine a tone that it comported with that limited scale of color which the moon countenances. With the unbroken splendor upon it, all the brighter because of the deep sombre forests above and the dense dark jungle of the laurel below—for the corn stood upon so steep a slope that how it was cultivated seemed a marvel to the unaccustomed eye—it was visible, beaconwise, a long way to Stephen Yates as he approached on the country road; even after he had crossed the river, stepping gingerly from stone to stone, and commenced the steep ascent of the wooded slope, he could still catch glimpses now and then of this dazzling supernal green through the heavy black shadows of the great trees, from the foliage of which every vestige of color had been expunged. Another light presently came from a different direction—came goading the dulled and preoccupied mind of the young man into fresh receptivities. A sound arose other than the tinkling metallic tremors and gurglings of the mountain stream—the sound of a fiddle; a poor thing enough, doubtless, but voicing a wild, plaintive melody, which pervaded the woods with vibrant rhythmic tones, even in the distances, where it wandered fitfully and faint, and now and again was lost. It issued from out a great tawny flare, under the deep boughs of the trees, that grew a brighter yellow as Yates approached, soon resolving itself into the illuminated squares of the doors and windows of the Pettingill cabin. More than

once figures, with gigantic shadows that reached to the tops of the trees, eclipsed these lights, and suggested to him the superannuated spectators of the festivities, looking in upon them from porch and window. Certain masses of shadow began to be differentiated amidst the dusky, tawny vistas in the darkness, now only vaguely asserting an alien texture from the heavy shade of the foliage, and now becoming definite and recognizable as sundry household furnishings, evicted and thrust upon the bare ground to make room for the dancing. The loom cut a sorry figure standing out under the trees. Dimly discerned in the flare, it seemed to wear an aspect of forlorn astonishment, consciously grotesque and discouraged. And then, as the path wound, it receded to obscurity, and his attention was bespoken by the spinning-wheels close by the wood-pile, all ateter on the uneven flooring of the chips, and now and again, as if by a common impulse, awlirl in a solemn, hesitant revolution, as some tricky wind came out of the woods and went its way.

A sinuous turn of the river brought it close to the Pettingill cabin; for even in the darkness you might see the stars, all come down to the earth, the splendid Lyra playing in the ripples. A flare too from the festive halls glassed itself in certain shallows; the rainbow hues of the warping bars were reflected in this placid surface, and the great gaunt frame for the first time beheld its skeleton proportions. The rhythmic beat of the untiring feet on the puncheons within pulsed with the palpitations of the stars; the fiddle sang and sang, unmindful of the chanting cicada without and the frogs intoning their sylvan runes by the water-side. All the night seemed given over, in a certain languorous, subtly pensive way, to the rustic merrymaking of the infair, and only Stephen Yates felt himself an intruder and out of place. As his step fell upon the porch, in its most secluded and shadowy corner, he winced to note the quick, alert turning from the window of a shaggy gray head, and the keen, peering eyes of the hospitably intent father of the bridegroom, who made the feast.

"Ye, Steve?" he cried out. "What ye kem a-sneakin' up ter the house that-a-way fur? Howdy? howdy?"

This stentorian welcome, pitched high to drown the sound of the dancing and

the long-drawn cadence of the violin, had diverted the attention of the by-standers, who, their faces unfamiliar in the effects of the high lights from the windows and the deep shadows of the darkness without, all turned to gaze at the new-comer, and to assist at the colloquy.

"We-uns hev all been a-gittin' married round hyar lately. Whar's that purty wife o' yourn? Lef' her at home!" There was a genuine dismay and a covert rebuke in the very inflections of the host's voice, although he sought to make it as hearty and effervescent as before. "Lef' her at home? Ter mind the baby? Waal, we air a-goin' ter miss her, but mebbe the baby would hev missed her mo'. Waal, ye air welcome, ennyhow."

"They tell me, Yates," remarked one of the by-standers, with the pious intention of making himself disagreeable, "ez you-uns hev got the meanes' baby in the kentry. Plumb harries ye out'n house an' home with the temper of him."

"I hev hearn that too," confirmed another, the gleaming teeth of his half-illuminated face attesting his relish of the abashed attitude of the forlorn Benedict. "I hev hearn 'way down ter Hang-Over Mountain big tales 'bout'n the survigrous temper o' that thar brat o' yourn. They 'low they kin hear him holler plumb ter the Leetle Tennessee."

The others exchanged glances of derision. The goaded father plucked up a trifle of spirit.

"He *may* hev a survigrous temper, an' he *do* holler; he hev got the lungs ter do it; fur I tell yer now he's a *whale*! He air goin' ter be the Big Man o' these mountings—a reg'lar Samson."

"Sure enough?" demanded the host, who, in his double character of entertainer and father, showed more interest in "leetle Mose" than the bachelors felt, except as he subdued his paternal relative and rendered him ridiculous.

"Yes, sir. Git him to stand on his feet, sir, an' I tell ye his head will reach that high." Yates measured off a length of the post at least twice the height of Moses. "*He's a whale!*" And, with a gravely triumphant nod, he pushed boldly into the room, although he knew that the row of elderly women against the wall were commenting upon his "insurance" in appearing without his wife, thence proceeding, doubtless, to tear the character of the "leetle Moses" in such manner as that

flimsy and much rent and riddled fabric was capable of being further shredded.

The floor trembled and elastically vibrated to the tread of the dancers. The fiddler was seated in a rickety chair, precariously perched upon a table that evidently felt also the recurrent thrills of the measured pace. An intimation of the reverence in which his genius was held was given in the generous glass at the feet of the musician, never allowed to grow empty, however often, with a dexterous downward lurch, he caught it up and applied it to his lips in the intervals of the "figures," which he cried aloud in a stentorian voice. The big boots on his long crossed legs swayed above the heads of the community; his own head was not far from the festoons of red peppers swinging from the brown beams, his face was rapt, his cheek bowed on the violin; his eyes were half closed, and yet his vision was clear enough to detect any effort on the part of a passer-by to perpetrate the threadbare joke of appropriating the glass at his feet devoted to his refreshment. Then the fiddle-bow demonstrated a versatile utility in the sharp rap which it could deal, and its swiftness in resuming its more ostensible uses. There was little laughter amongst the young hunters and their partners. They danced with glistening eyes and flushed cheeks and a solemn agility, each mandate of the fiddler watched for with expectant interest and obeyed with silent alacrity. They were all familiar to Steve Yates, looking on from the vantage-ground of his twenty-two years at the scenes of his youth, as it were; for in this primitive society the fact that he was a married man rendered him as ineligible as a dancing partner as the palsy could have done. Only Leonard Rhodes seemed something of a novelty. He hailed from the county town, and was a candidate for the Legislature. In the nimble pursuance of the road to success and fame he mingled in the dance, and he would have esteemed it fortunate could his devoirs have always been as congenial. He affected a pronounced rural air, although even his best manners were further from the cosmopolitan standard at which he habitually aimed than he himself was aware. He was a tall, well-built, brown-haired young man, with a deeply sunburned face, a small, laughing brown eye, a reddish-brown waving beard of a

fine tint and lustre, which he usually had dyed a darker tone to evade the red color considered so great a defect in that region. Owing to the length of his absence from his home in the interests of his canvass, and the lack of the village barber and his arts, it had quite regained its pristine value. He wore sedulously his old clothes, which upon his handsome figure hardly looked so old or so plain or so democratic as he would fain have had his constituents see them, or indeed as the garments would have seemed on another man. He danced impartially and successively with every girl in the room; and it was well for his prospects, doubtless, that he had such elastic and tough resources for this amusement at his command, since the neglect of any one of the fair might have resulted in the loss of an indefinite number of votes among her relatives of the sterner sex. His opponent, a family man of forty-five, was in disastrous eclipse. He could only stand in a corner with an elderly codger, who was painfully unresponsive to his remarks and his jolly stories, and whose attention was prone to wander from his long, cadaverous, bearded face as he talked, and to follow the mazes of the dance.

Yates bethought himself of Rhodes's friend the archaeologist, and catching sight of him lounging in a window on one side of the room, his face lightened with the first suggestion of pleasure that the evening had offered. He made the tour of the room gradually, pausing now to keep out of the way of the dancers; now darting mouse-like along the wall in the rear of a couple advancing to the centre; now respectfully edging past a row of the mountain dowagers seated in splint-bottomed chairs, and talking with loud, shrill glee, bestowing but scant recognition on the man who had left his wife at home. At last, after many hair-breadth escapes, he reached Mr. Shattuck where he lolled upon the window-seat.

"How hev ye been a-comin' on?" Yates demanded, looking down at him with a pleased smile.

For Mr. Shattuck, without the affectation of rustic proclivities, made his way so fairly into the predilections of the mountaineers that his friend Rhodes, who held himself a famous tactician and full of all the finer enterprises to capture public favor, had asked more than once how he managed it.

"I *don't manage* it," the other had said.

He was a man of some twenty-eight or thirty years of age, of medium height and with a slender figure, clad somewhat negligently in a dark suit of flannel; he wore a small, soft blue hat with an upturned brim, which left his features unshaded. They were very keenly chiselled features, not otherwise striking, but their clear cutting imparted delicacy and intimations of refined force to his pale, narrow face. He had a long, drooping brown mustache, and his hair, cut close, was of a kindred tint, but darker. His eyes were full of light and life, darkly gray, and heavily lashed, and as they rested upon the scene, unique to his experience, for he was city bred, one might never have divined the circumstance of initiation, so ready an acceptance of it all in its best interpretations did they convey. He made apparently no effort to assume this air and mental attitude. As he looked up, his glance was singularly free and unaffected.

"I'm taking it all in," he said.

Yates, his fancy titillated by a fresh interest, his blood beginning to pulse at last to the rhythm of happiness in the air, for which the old fiddle marked the time, grudged himself so much pleasure which Adelaide could not share. His heart was warm with the thought of her; a subtle pain of self-reproach thrilled through his consciousness, and presently her name was on his lips.

"My wife," he said, with unwonted communicativeness to the stranger, "she's a great hand fur sech goin's on ez this; an' sech a dancer! Ye mought ez well compare a herd o' cows ter a nimble young fawn ez compare them gals ter Adelaide."

As he roared this out with all the force of his lungs above the violin and the recurrent beat of the dancing feet, his enthusiasm re-enforcing the distinctness and volume of his speech, the careless Mr. Shattuck became slightly embarrassed, and looked about from one side to the other, as if fearful that the colloquy might be overheard. But no one seemed to notice except a certain long and lank mountaineer standing hard by, grizzled and middle-aged, who bore enthusiastic testimony to the same effect, leaning down to Shattuck to make himself heard.

"Yes, sir; a plumb beautiful dancer;

light on her feet, I tell ye! The purties' gal ennywhar round hyar. I hev knowed her sence she war no bigger'n that thar citizen over yander."

He gave a jerk of his thumb toward a twelve-months' child on the outskirts of the crowd standing at the knee of his grandmother, who supported him in an upright posture by keeping a clutch upon his petticoats, while he bobbed up and down in time to the music, thumping first one foot and then the other upon the floor, emulating and imitating the dancers, participating in the occasion with the zest of a born worldling. His grave face, his glittering eye, his scarlet plumpness of cheek, and his evident satisfaction in his own performance combined to secure an affectionate ridicule from the by-standers; but he, and indeed all else, was unobserved by the dancers.

"Ef I hed thunk Adelaide would hev put up with sech ez you-uns, I'd hev tried myself," protested the elderly bachelor, "though I ain't much of a marryin' man in general."

Yates received this with less geniality. "Ye needn't hev gin yerse'f the trouble," he retorted. "Haffen the mounting tried thar luck, an' war sent away with thar finger in thar mouth."

"An' 'mongst 'em all she made ch'ice of a man ez goes a-pleasurin' whilst she be lef' ter set at home like a old 'oman," and with a nod, half reproach, half derision, he strolled away.

A mild form of pleasuring certainly, to watch the solemn capering of the young mountaineers to and fro on the shaking puncheons, the vibrations of which, communicated to the tallow dips sputtering upon every shelf and table, caused the drowsy yellow light to so fluctuate that with the confusion and the wild whirl of dancing figures the details of the scene were like some half-discriminated furnishings of a dream. Such as it was, Yates's conscience gave him a sharper pang, especially when he thought of her as he had seen her last, the quiet, pure moonlight falling fibrous and splendid through the open door upon her grieved, upturned face as she crouched on the floor beside the sleeping child, angelic in his smiling, pensive dreams. Yates had been harsh, and he felt this so poignantly that he gave himself no plea of justification. All that she had said had been natural and devoid of intention; only his alert cen-

seriousness could call it in question—he who had been her choice of all the mountain.

"Adelaide ain't keerin' fur sech ez this," he said, loftily. "A nangel o' light couldn't 'tice her away from leetle Mose. She fairly dotes on all the other chil'n in the worl' jes out'n compliment ter leetle Mose. I hed a plumb quar'l with her this evenin'," he added, turning to the archæologist with a smile, "arter I hed told her ez ye reckoned them Leetle People buried thar on the rise war nuthin' but chil'n. She jes fired up, sir, an' 'lowed ef ye went a-foolin' round them with yer fine book-larnin' she'd pick ye off with a rifle. Leetle Mose hev made her mighty tender to all the chil'n."

Shattuck glanced up with a good-natured laugh; he recognized only fantastic hyperbole in the threat, and Yates once more experienced a qualm of self-reproach to realize how seriously he had regarded it, how heavily he had punished the extravagant, meaningless indignation.

"The only trouble I fear is getting the consent of the owner of the land," Shattuck said, easily, and his eyes reverted to the object that had before absorbed his attention. It was not the maelstrom of "Ladies to the right." Yates, following the direction of his intent gaze, experienced a trifle of surprise that it should be nothing more striking than Letitia Pettingill, the daughter of the house, standing in the doorway silently watching the dancing.

"A scrap of a gal" she was esteemed in the mountains, being a trifle under the average height, and delicately built in proportion. The light flickering out upon the porch barely showed the dark green background of hop-vines in the black darkness without. Her dull, light-blue cotton dress, defined on this sombre hue, was swaying slightly aslant, the wind breaking the straight folds of the skirt. Her complexion was of a clear creamy tone, the hair, curling on her brow, and massed at the nape of the neck and there tied closely, the thick, short, curling ends hanging down, was a dusky brown, not black, and her eyes, well set and heavily lashed, were of that definite blue that always seems doubly radiant and lucent when illumined by an artificial light. Her small straight features had little expression, but her lips

were finely cut and delicately red. She held up one arm against the door-post, and bent her inscrutable eyes on the quickening whirl.

"Waal, what Fee Guthrie kin see in her or what she kin see in Fee Guthrie ter fall in love with one another beats my time," said Yates, with a grin, commenting openly upon the focus of the other's attention.

Mr. Shattuck evidently perceived something of interest in her; he did not lift his eyes, but he rejoined with freshened animation:

"Guthrie? The young 'bear with the sore head' who owns the pygmy burying-ground?"

"That very actial bear," cried Yates, delighted with this characterization of his friend and neighbor. "His old cabin thar's 'bout tumbled down; 'twar lef' him by his gran'dad; an' he lives up on the mounting with his step-mam; but he owns that house too; his dad's dead. Some folks 'low," he continued, rehearsing with evident gusto the gossip, "ez he don't keep company with Litt Pettingill. He jes sot by her wunst at camp-meetin', 'kase him an' her war all the sinners present, an' that started the tale; everybody else war either convicted o' sin, an' at the mourner's bench, or else shoutin' saints o' the Lord, prayin' an' goin' 'mongst the mourners. I never hearn tell o' nobody keepin' comp'ny with Letishy Pettingill; I'll be bound it 'll take a heap better-lookin' gal 'n her ter suit Fee Guthrie."

"I should like ter know where he'd find her," observed Shattuck.

Yates turned to bend the eye of astonished and questioning criticism upon the unconscious object of their scrutiny.

"Ye 'low ez Litt Pettingill air well-favored, stranger?" he demanded at last, in amazement.

"Very pretty and very odd. I never saw a face in the least like hers before."

"Waal!" exclaimed Yates. "Litt Pettingill's beauty air news ter the mountings. Some folks 'low she hev got a cur'us kind o' mind. Some even say she air teched in the head." His tone seemed to intimate that Mr. Shattuck, in the face of this fact, had reason to reform his standard of taste.

That gentleman shook his own head in contemptuous negation. "Never in this world. Never with that face."

"Waal, ye can't size her up now," in-

sisted Yates, "leetle ez she be"—with a grin—"whilst she be a-standin' still. Ef ye war ter see her a-movin' an' a-turnin' roun', she's ez quick an' keen-lookin' ez a knife blade in a suddint fight, an' mighty nigh ez dangerous. She looks at ye like she *warn't* lookin' at ye, but plumb through yer skull inter yer brains, ter make sure ye war tellin' her what ye thunk. She talks cur'ous, too, sorter onexpected an' contrariwise, an' she never *could* git religion. That's mighty cur'ous in gal folks. I ain't so mighty partic'lar 'bout men Christians, though I'm a perfesser myself, but religion 'pears ter me ter kem sorter nat'ral ter gal folks. 'Tain't 'kase she's too religious that she ain't a-dancin'. It's jes 'kase nobody hev asked her. She ain't no sorter favorite 'mongst the boys."

Mr. Shattuck suddenly glanced up, half laughing, half triumphant, for the little figure in blue had just been led out to the centre of the floor, and the doorway was vacant save for a large brindled cur that stood upon the threshold, wagging his tail and watching the scene with a suave, indulgent, presidial gaze, as if he were the patron of the ball. To be sure, her partner was that man of facile admiration, the candidate Rhodes, but Shattuck experienced a vicarious satisfaction that it could not be said that she had not been asked at all.

He watched the couple as the set formed anew, to perceive that Rhodes, with his sedulously rustic air, was beginning in the interim some conversation, stooping from his superior height for her reply. He rose suddenly to the perpendicular, an almost startled surprise upon his face as he stared; then he clapped his hands with a jocular air of applause, and his round laugh rang out with an elastic, unforced merriment, that suggested to his friend that he was finding the ways of policy not such thorny ways after all. Shattuck wondered vaguely if this demonstration too were of the affectations of propitiation, if what she had said were clever enough to elicit it, or merely funny. His eyes followed the little blue-clad figure as she began to dance—her untutored dancing in rhythm with the music, as an azalea dances in time to the wind. Now it was with short, mincing, hesitant steps, now with flying feet and skirts whirling, as if responsive to the circling impetus she could in no wise re-

sist. She looked almost a child amongst the other burlier and coarser forms. With her delicate hands, and her tiny feet, and her spirited face, and the faint blue color of her dress, she bore an odd contrast to the buxom beauty of the mountain damsels, clad in variegated plaided homespuns. Her blue eyes were alight and glancing; her parted lips were red; her feet hardly seemed to touch the floor as her hands fell from one partner's grasp, and she came wafting through the party-colored maze, with outstretched arms, to another.

For the fun was waxing fast and furious with the added and unique diversion known as "Dancin' Tucker." The forlorn "Tucker" himself, partnerless in the centre of the set, capered solemnly up and down, adjusting his muscles and his pride to ridicule, which was amply attested by the guffaws that ever and anon broke from the spectators. However debonairly each temporary "Tucker" might deport himself in his isolated position, the earnestness of his efforts to escape from his unwelcome conspicuousness by securing a partner, and his sincere objection to his plight, were manifested always upon the fiddler's command, "Gen'lemen ter the right," when he might join the others on their round, dogging the steps of the youth he wished to forestall, both balancing to the lady of their choice. If, by chance, the "Tucker" succeeded first in swinging her at the moment that the magic command "Promenade all!" sounded on the air, he left his pillory to the slower swain, who must needs forthwith "dance Tucker."

The traits of character elicited by the "Tucker" rôle constitute its true fascinations, and are manifold. One nimble young hunter seemed almost stricken with the palsy upon his isolation, or gradually petrifying, while he sought to dance alone in the middle of the circle, so heavily did each foot follow the other as he hopped aimlessly up and down; the expression of his eyes was so ludicrously pitiable and deprecatory, as they swept the coterie of the dowagers who lined the walls, that they screamed with laughter. The instant "Promenade all!" sounded upon the air, he made a frantic burst for liberty so precipitate that at the moment of touching the hand of the damsel of his choice he suddenly lost his equilibrium, and fell with a thunderous crash

quite outside of the charmed periphery. Amidst the shouts of the company Rhodes caught the relinquished hands of the waiting lady, and triumphantly galloped away, thus escaping the ignominy of "dancin' Tucker."

And then Rhodes bethought himself suddenly of that future seat in the legislative halls of the State. Shattuck laughed to divine his anxiety as he saw the meditative gravity gathering upon his flushed and distended countenance; his white teeth, all on display, suddenly disappeared. His hand doubtfully stroked his beautiful undyed beard. There was something worse even than dancing Tucker at the infair. With every sharpened sense and every heightened emotion normal to the estate of candidacy, he was appreciating with how much less philosophy, with what scanty grace, indeed, he could endure to dance Tucker before the people at the polls in the November election. As the rueful "Tucker," with every bone shaken, gathered himself up slowly from the floor amidst the screaming and stamping elders—even the dancers and the fiddler had paused to laugh—his face scarlet, his lips compressed with pain, his eyes nervously glancing, unseeing, hither and thither, like a creature's in a trap, Rhodes stepped out from his place.

"This ain't fair," he said, taking the "Tucker" by the arm; "you were ahead of me, and I'd have been left if you hadn't tripped up. *I'm* Tucker by rights, an' I always play fair."

The "Tucker" looked at him with a doubtful, red, frowning face, but as Rhodes jocularly took his place in the centre, and the violin began a *pizzicato* movement, as if all the strings were dancing too, with a long sigh of relief he accepted the situation, and presently joined in the laugh at the lorn candidate-Tucker.

The fact of an ulterior motive is a wonderfully reconciling influence. Leonard Rhodes was dancing his way into the ballot-box, and thus it was that he found it consistent with his dignity to seek to be an especially comical "Tucker." But the essential humor of the character of "Tucker" is his unwillingness to be funny, and his helpless absurdity and eagerness to elude his solitary dance. Human nature is so complex that even those whose profession it is to know it can predicate little even upon its most funda-

mental facts. As Rhodes bounded about, now and then executing a double-shuffle and cutting a pigeon-wing of an extraordinary agility, and more than once intentionally suffering an opportunity of securing a partner to elude him, remaining "Tucker" through several rounds, Shattuck heard comments among the bystanders altogether at variance with the candidate's expectations. "That's all done a-purpose!" "He makes a tremendous fool of hisself!" "He don't expect ter git married in this kentry!"

Shattuck wondered by what subtle unclassified perception of candidate nature these unexpected results were at last borne in to Rhodes's consciousness, since he was unable to hear the whispers by reason of the noise of the dancing, or to mark any change of aspect in the midst of his absorbing saltatory activities. His jocund face grew gradually incongruously grave and troubled as he bounded about with undiminished agility. These were muscular forces now, however, at work, sustaining his continuance—mere strength—instead of the joyous elasticity and animal spirits that had at first made him so light. When, finally, it was possible to bring his penance to a close, his politic monitions had all become confused and contradictory, and he made as blind and vehement a rush for the nearest opportunity as if he had been merely one of the young mountaineers, and with no further or deeper purpose in participating in the pastime than the pleasure of dancing. His eyes seemed suddenly opened to his precipitancy as he stood successful among the couples, equipped at last with a partner, and flushed and tired and panting. A wild acclamation of jeering joy had arisen among the spectators, who during Rhodes's incumbency had grown tired and lost zest, for it was seldom indeed that Felix Guthrie "danced Tucker." As the young mountaineer, lowering and indignant, stood looking at Rhodes, the genuine mirth of the situation was communicated once more to the dancers, to the violin, and to the spectators, and the whole infair was throbbing with a new lease on life. The tallow candles sputtering on tables and shelves, which had occasionally bowed almost to extinction before the passing breeze—the whole party vanishing in these momentary eclipses—seemed now endowed with freshened brilliancy; the fiddler changed

the tune to a merrier; the odor of apple-jack, newly drawn from the barrel, was imbued with zestful suggestions as it was passed among the on-lookers; only to Leonard Rhodes did the hour seem late, and the room hot, and the violin dissonant, and the company frowzily rustic and distasteful, and himself an unlucky devil to have his fate and his best and highest aspirations and his chosen walk in life at their arbitrary will. No candidate making the crucial test of personal experience ever felt more doubtful of the wisdom of republican institutions than did Leonard Rhodes, realizing the fatuity of his choice for displacement, on meeting the gaze of Fee Guthrie, whom he had constituted "Tucker" for the nonce, for Guthrie's aspect gave no room for doubt as to the real sentiments with which he regarded the position.

As Felix Guthrie stood in his conspicuous place, both the strangers were impressed with the large symmetry of the scale upon which he was built, its perfect proportion, its graceful ease. His boots, reaching to the knee, were of a length and weight that might have been an effective bar to any display of agility on the part of one less accustomed to such cumbersome foot-gear. His brown jeans coat was buttoned to the chin, and girded about with a leather belt, in which there were a pistol and a hunting-knife—in fact, the only preparation which he had made for the dance was the removal of his spurs and his hat. His face was deeply bronzed by the sun and the wind, somewhat too square, but otherwise so regularly cut that the features were inexpressive, save for the long brown eyes, with their lowering, suspicious, antagonistic gleam. The full, dark, straight eyebrows almost met above them. His hair, of a rich yellow color, falling in long, loose, feminine ringlets on either side of this large, surly, aggressive face, had an almost grotesque effect, so far is our civilization from the days of the love-locks. It hung down on his collar, and curled with a grace and readiness that were the envy of more than one of his partners. He was known far and wide as an "ugly customer," in reference to his surly and belligerent traits, which rather overshadowed his physical endowments. Rhodes, however, had no fear of him, save for his political influence, for he was a man of some hereditary consideration, and of substance—of more than

moderate means, according to the standard of the Cove—and in no wise had he ever been known to be placated or to forgive an affront. It was with a heavy heart that the candidate began to dance to his doom, that he now felt was inevitable, wishing that he could have the immunity of his opponent, whose age had rendered him ineligible for mingling in the festivities of the infair. His eyes ever and anon wandered to the "Tucker," beginning to dance too, not vehemently, but with a wonderful softness and lightness, considering his ponderous accoutrements, his curls all in commotion, delicately waving and oscillating about his fierce, intent, unsmiling face. This was a "Tucker" of unique interest and value. The windows were full of the faces of the loiterers without; the spectators about the walls laughed breathlessly, and now and again stood up to catch an unimpeded glimpse of him amidst the dancers moving to the fiddler's mandate.

The musician was a wise man in his generation, and understood the human nature amongst which his lot was cast. He had kept sundry "Tuckers" dancing as mechanically and unwillingly as if they trod on hot iron long, long after they had despaired of ever hearing again the "Gen'lemen ter the right" which gave them their chance, often elusive, to escape. But he made Fee Guthrie's "Tucker" a short rôle. The spectators were hardly accustomed to him in the unbeloved character when the sudden command "To the right" smote sharply upon the air, and the circle was awlirl anew. Felix Guthrie, in the midst, manifested none of the precipitancy of his predecessors. His eyes were aglow; his feet moved softly in certain "steps" of his own invention; his whole attitude was one of expectancy, of abeyance. Scanning continually the revolving crowd, he looked like a panther ready to spring. When the word came at last, and he darted forward, the whole attack was most accurately adjusted to the moment. He had chosen to forestall Rhodes, who was balancing to Letitia Pettingill. There was only an instant's difference in the quick movements, but instead of "swinging" the man who came first, according to the rules, she suddenly swerved aside, passed under Guthrie's outstretched arm, and, with a radiant face and sapphire eyes, held out both hands to the candi-

date, who, bewildered, clasped them, and the two swung round in the customary revolution, leaving Guthrie "Tucker" as before. He stood as if petrified in the instant's silence that ensued. Then, as a great clamor of laughter and surprised comment arose, he sprang upon Rhodes, his grip on the candidate's throat. Rhodes, himself of a brawny strength, had put forth its uttermost to defend himself. A wave of wind went through the room, flickering all its candles and blending the fluctuating shadows. In their midst the bewildered guests saw, as in a dream, Guthrie deal, with the butt of the pistol clasped in his hand, a tremendous blow upon the candidate's head. The next moment the sharp crack of the discharged weapon pealed through the room, and the puncheons trembled with the heavy fall as Rhodes came down at full length on the floor. The violin quavered into silence, the crowd drew off suddenly, and again pressed close about the insensible figure; the wind once more went through the rooms, with all the shadows racing after; and only the baby, still dancing in the corner—although he too had stopped a moment, and winked hard at the clamorous, jarring tone of the pistol—was unaware that "dancin' Tucker" at the infair had ended in bloodshed, and that the gayety was over for the time.

III.

Shattuck sprang up, crying out, "Stop him! Don't let him escape!" as he rushed to lift his friend's bleeding head from the floor. Despite the turmoil of his emotions he appreciated with all his keenly tutored senses the antithesis of the effect of Felix Guthrie's massive immobility as he stood hard by wiping the blood from the butt of the smoking pistol.

"Stop him!" he retorted; "hedn't ye better wait till I set out ter run some-whar?"

There was a bravado in the situation not altogether distasteful. Shattuck knew, to the spirit of the backwoodsman, and although there were muttered reproaches amongst them, no one laid hands on Felix Guthrie, still looking about to the right and to the left with lowering eyes, and still wiping the blood from his pistol with the soft brim of his hat, that it might not rust upon the weapon to its injury.

The most vehement expressions of reprobation came from the host, who loudly

upbraided Felix Guthrie for his lack of "manners," and bewailed the omen of the incident, as he knelt beside the wounded candidate with one of the limp hands in his.

"There 'ain't been nobody died on these puncheons sence Sandy McVeigh called my gran'dad ter the door an' shot him down in his tracks. That's been cornsider'ble quiet hyar sence. The old man war a powerful fighter an' a Tartar, an' the neighborhood and the h'a'thstone war peacefuller with him out'n it 'n in it, ef I *do* say it myse'f. An' now Fee Guthrie kems hyar a-killin' folks ter spite the infair—whenst we hev hed sech luck with the weddin' an' the supper an' all—an' stain up these old puncheons one more time."

His gray shock head bobbed about over the prone figure, and as he made his unique lament he sought to stanch the wounds, still bleeding profusely. He rose with a sudden alacrity when on the outskirts of the crowd a heralding cry announced that the doctor was coming. Even then it was a question of propriety and hospitality which took precedence with him.

"Let's git him onto a bed, boys; quick! quick! Don't let Doc Craig kem hyar an' tell the whole kentry-side ez we-uns let Mr. Rhodes die on the floor 'kase I don't vote on his side. I wonder I never think o' it before. Let's git him onto a bed."

Shattuck's objections to moving him were overborne in the turmoil. A dozen strong fellows laid hold upon the prostrate figure, and it was lifted as if it had no weight, and swiftly borne up the narrow stairs to be laid upon a bed in the roof-room. Shattuck, feeling helpless in the hands of these coercive circumstances, could only follow, his protests grinding between his teeth, almost unconsciously metamorphosed into curses. But as he rose step by step on the steep narrow stair blockaded by the crowd pressing after the wounded man, and the roof-room came gradually into view, he became suddenly more content, so palpably for the better was the change. The windows at each gable end stood open; into one fell the silvery splendor of the moon; the other was dusky and dark with the shadow, though beyond he caught the interfulgent rays amongst the sycamore leaves. The batten shutters swayed gently in the wind. The air was full of vaguely pro-

phetic intimations of the dawn. A pigeon that had nested in the niche between the chimney and the wall was astir for a moment, and cooed softly. The dust and glare of the room below seemed far away. The tent-like roof and the simple furnishing—a cedar chest, a few garments, and some large wolf-skins hanging to the rafters—all were made visible by the gracious courtesy of the moon.

Shattuck fancied that he heard his friend sigh faintly as they placed him upon the great soft feather-bed—the whole structure of an uncommon stature, but promising ease and comfort in proportionate amplitude.

He made haste to seize his host's arm. "Send them all down," he said, in an imperative whisper; "you and I are enough to tell the doctor; he needs the air; send them all down."

To his relief, Zack Pettingill seemed to appreciate the suggestion. He turned abruptly to the great shadowy figures of the mountaineers, repeatedly lifting both arms and letting them fall with emphasis, as if he were driving a flock of sheep or poultry before him.

"*Git out, boys,*" he said, in his most clamorous drawl. Shattuck's nerves recoiled from the rasping tone. "We-uns don't want the doctor-man around hyar preachin' an' namin' the devil like he seen him yistiddy—always skeers me out'n my skin ter hear 'bout *him* so familiar—an' sayin' we 'ain't done all we could fur Candidate Rhodes. I wisht Rhodes *could* hev tuk another time and somebody else's place ter git shot. *Git out'n hyar, boys.*" And as he advanced upon the retiring crowd, he once more lifted both arms high and let them fall.

"Hesh!" said one of them, in a warning tone—he had descended three or four steps of the staircase that entered the room at one corner, his head and shoulders still visible above the floor; "the doctor's a-comin'." The dusky figures pressed close after him. He glanced up once more, his face suddenly illumined with a vague flicker. "*With a candle,*" he added, under his breath, as if he imparted significant matter.

Shattuck drew a long sigh of relief. At last he would be able to see his friend in proper care, and would be free from that terrifying sense of responsibility which harassed him, hampered as he was by the unaccustomed conditions of the place. He

would have the aid and sympathy of a man of some education, and on whose judgment he could rely—one of his own nationality at least; for he suddenly felt an alien amongst these men, whose springs of action so differed from his own.

He waited breathlessly, watching the light grow stronger, casting a gigantic shadow of the tousled head of the master of the house upon the walls, as the heavy tread came nearer. The host leaned down to take the candle from the doctor's hand, and in the flicker of the motion the stranger was in the room before the light revealed him. Shattuck, advancing eagerly, suddenly paused. A pang of disappointment—more, despair—quivered through his heart. He beheld a tall, slow, shambling man, clad in old brown jeans, with a broad-brimmed hat, and the heavy boots affected by the mountaineers; he had a grave, meditative face, and he fixed his eyes upon the patient on the bed with that expression of proprietorship which everywhere marks the physician. Otherwise Shattuck could not have believed his senses. "Are you—are you—" he stammered, overlooking in his agitation the slight gesture of salutation with which the stranger recognized his presence here—"are you a regular graduate of a medical college?"

The mountaineer bent a lack-lustre eye upon him. "*Which?*" he said, in amazement.

"What sort of doctor are you?" demanded Shattuck, troublous recollections of the old idea of charms and spells rising to his mind.

"I be a yerb doctor, by the grace o' God," returned the mountain practitioner. He took, without more ado, the candle from his host, and with it in one hand looked fixedly down at the white face, all streaked and stained, upon the pillow.

Shattuck, constrained by every sentiment of loyalty to his friend of which he was capable, quivering with undeserved self-reproach that he had not earlier made inquiries that might have elicited the nature of the aid to be summoned, frantic with anxiety for the result, and lest he omit some essential duty, turned hastily, and without another word went straight down the stairs. With some instinctive policy animating him, he sought out the bridegroom as most likely to be won over to his theory. This was a tall, heavily built young mountaineer, pleased with the

conspicuousness of his position in proportion as his wife, a demure and staid young woman, was abashed and overcome by it. He had that universal bridal manner, intimating a persuasion that nobody else has ever been married. He received Shattuck with the kindly condescension likely to grace one who has attained so unique an experience.

"I suppose, Mr. Pettingill," said Shattuck, craftily, "that you don't feel at home here now, as you are going away to live among the Gossams. I hear you have built a house across the creek from your father-in-law. I suppose you feel quite one with the Gossams now?"

"Oh, Lord, no! that I ain't," declared the bridegroom, with the precipitate denial of one whose secret fear has been put into words, and who seeks to boldly exorcise it. "I hain't married all the fambly; one's a plenty, thanky. Ye needn't be afeard ter speak yer mind 'bout 'em ter me. I'd ha' liked Malviny jes ez well ef she hadn't been a Gossam."

The thought of the rose that by any other name would smell as sweet came incongruously into Shattuck's mind for the instant, but he went on hastily:

"Well, if I could get speech of any member of the Pettingill family that cares anything for the name, I would say that Mr. Pettingill has behaved very strangely—sending for an herb doctor instead of the kind of physician that Mr. Rhodes would have if he were at home."

"Lord!" exclaimed the young fellow, laying his hand on Shattuck's shoulder and looking earnestly into his eyes, as they stood on the porch beside one of the flaring windows, "Phil Craig, they say, kin all but raise the dead; he's reg'lar gifted—a plumb yerb doctor. The t'other kind—why, they *pizens* ye"—kindly dialectic, and with a rising inflection.

"Well, people in Colbury will think it mighty strange that Mr. Pettingill didn't send for the kind of doctor Mr. Rhodes would have had if he could have chosen," Shattuck retorted, with a frown. "You all vote against Rhodes, don't you?"

The countenance of the bridegroom was embarrassed and troubled. Perhaps he thought the festivities made to celebrate his happiness had been sufficiently overcast without further clouding them with political differences.

"But we-uns hain't got no gredge at Mr. Rhodes," he stipulated.

"I should be much grieved," continued Shattuck, "if Mr. Pettingill—he seems to be a worthy man—should be included in the prosecution, or any member of his family involved in any way, but of course Mr. Rhodes's relatives and political friends will make things hot if—if he should die here with medical attendance denied him."

"Good Lord!" the young man burst out, "*we-uns* hed nuthin' ter do with it—jes Fee Guthrie. Do ye think they'd prosecute Fee? 'Twar jes a fight—a sorter fight—but *we-uns*—"

"If I knew where a sure-enough doctor lives, or could find anybody that does know, I'd have him here if he had to come a hundred miles. I've asked and asked, and nobody seems to know."

"Wait a minute"—the bridegroom turned to intercept old Zack Pettingill as he came down the stair.

Bold as Shattuck's policy had been, he quaked to witness his own suggestion of political enmity and malicious denial of medical attendance, and the possibility of prosecution, introduced as a threat into Zack Pettingill's honest and hospitable consciousness. And yet he could but laugh at the manner of it. In order to capture and speak apart to his parent, the bridegroom had drawn the old man almost behind the door. In fact, while the son stood visible, with earnest and urgent gestures and grave and deprecatory countenance, the effect of his communication upon the unseen Pettingill was only to be intimidated by the agitation which beset the door, as the old man floundered behind it in the activities of his anger, and his contemptuous floutings of the suggested implication in crime. Now the door quivered on its hinges; now it received a blow that would have sent it flaunting wide had not the young man's hand restrained it; and finally, when it became quiet, Shattuck divined the success of his effort before the bridegroom turned away and the liberated father emerged from behind it. He was not prepared, however, for the glower of deep-seated hatred which Zack Pettingill cast upon him through the open window before he turned toward the stair. He felt suddenly wounded; the blood mounted to his face as if he had received a blow; and if he had for the moment forgotten that in these mountains the poorest honest man holds his dignity as safe from the imputation of crime as if

he were a magnate and millionaire, and resents it as dearly, what other course could he have pursued with the interests he had at stake—his own conscience and his friend's life? As he paced to and fro the short limits of the porch, there sounded almost immediately the quick thud of galloping hoofs down the rocky hill, surging through the river, becoming fainter on the opposite bank, and so dying away. In his preoccupation he attached no importance to this, as the guests were now beginning to take leave. Only when young Pettingill reappeared, a trifle breathless and with an excited eye, and the single comment, "We sent fur Doctor Ganey—seventeen mile—Steve Yates rid fur him," did Shattuck connect the swift departure that he had unconsciously remarked with the success of his mission. He did not triumph in it as he had expected. His sensitiveness, with which he was well enough endowed to keep him amply supplied with unhappiness, was all astir within him; the knowledge of the wounds that he had dealt—deep, bitter, and intentional—had developed a double edge and a sharp retroaction. He doubted if in all Zack Pettingill's hard, limited, and most respectable life he had ever been brought face to face with the ignominy of such suspicions and such threats. Not that the mere taking of life on an adequate provocation and an ample quarrel was in the mountain ethics reprehensible; the deep turpitude lay in the suggested circumstances—a conspiracy, a political grudge, and the victim a guest. It would have been far indeed from his own roof-tree could Zack Pettingill, the very soul of hospitality, have contemplated the infamy of which Shattuck had affected to suspect him. He wondered a trifle that so ignorant, so coarse, so violent, so lawless a man should be so vulnerable in the more æsthetic sensibilities, forgetting that traits of character are as the solid wood, indigenous; and that cultivation is at last only surface polish and veneer, and can never give to common deal the rich heart, the weight, and the value of the walnut or the oak.

"My wife an' all her folks air a-goin' now, an' I reckon I'll hev ter hustle along an' jine 'em," drawled the bridegroom, presently. "I reckon they hev hed enough o' dancin' an' fiddlin' an' sech. Thar 'ain't been ez much dancin' in the Cove afore I got married sence the Big Smoky war built—'thout," he added, meditatively, for

he was a man of speculation—" 'thout 'twar the Injuns. Folks 'low ez Injuns war plumb gin over ter dancin' in the old times"—with the sufficient air of an ethnological authority—"war dances an' scalp dances." He smiled in slow ridicule. "They didn't dance none in the war ez I fought in—'thout ye call some o' them quicksteps on the back track dancin'—*they* war lively enough for ennything! But"—with an air of resuming the subject—"they danced at the weddin' t'other night at Mr. Gossam's, an' they hev danced at the infair, an' now I hope nobody ain't goin' to gin no mo' dances; leastwise not in compliment ter Malviny an' me. They air toler'ble tiresome ter me," he continued, with a *blasé* air. "An' I ain't s'prised none ef they air devices o' the devil ennyhow, ez ennybody mought hev knowed from the eend this one hev kem ter. Malviny ain't no dancer, an' air mighty religious, an' all this hyar fiddlin' an' glorifyin' hev been sorter terrifyin' ter her. I ain't pious myse'f," he said, with an air which sufficiently identified his type as the incipient man of the world to Shattuck's discerning observation. "I expect ter go ter heav'n in partnership with Malviny—she's good enough fur two."

He strolled off to join a party whose departure was impeded by much insistence to remain, and by the presentation of bundles of the supper wrapped in paper; for, alack! the disaster had preceded the opening of the supper-room, and its triumphs were and would ever be only a matter of conjecture. The disappointment was stamped into the lines of Mrs. Pettingill's worn countenance. It seemed a perversely withheld opportunity of joy in her restricted life, since it was deemed unmeet that the formal feasting should proceed while Leonard Rhodes lay upstairs at the point of death. She could only cut great slices of cake, and press them upon her guests, with the wheezing insistence, "Take it home, and *jedge* what luck we hed with the bakin'!"

She had been altogether despoiled of the fine show that the table in full array would have made, but the apple-brandy that had constituted Mr. Pettingill's share of the preparations, in circulation since the first arrival, had by no means been in vain. He was disposed to offer his example as one that might with profit be adopted. "I always b'lieved in a *handed* sup-

per," he remarked. "Then, ef—ef—an accident war ter happen 'fore 'twar all over, folks wouldn't go away hongry from yer house, nohow. But the wimmin folks air so gin over ter pride an' fixin's that they air obleeged ter set out a *table* all tricked up an' finified off."

The violinist, however, was esteemed in some sort exempt from the rule of etiquette which necessitated the immediate dispersing of the company without the formal supper. A curious eye might have discovered him under the staircase which led to the wounded man's room. He sat with the "lap-board"—usually used in cutting out the men's clothes—across his knee, and here was ranged a liberal choice of the viands which the shed-room had contained. Most of the household dogs—there were twenty odd—were underfoot in the shed-room, presiding with a speechless frenzy of interest in the partition of the good things; but two of the younger ones sat at the fiddler's feet, and watched, with heads canted askew and the glistening eyes of admiration, the prodigies of his execution. The stiff tail of one of them—a pointer—sweeping the floor, now and again came in contact with the violin that stood on end in the corner, eliciting a discordant twanging of the strings, and a low, hollow, resonant murmur; whereupon the dog would rise with a knitted, puzzled brow and an air of irritated interruption, only to seat himself anew, and with a bland and freshened interest resume his earnest watch upon the violinist's movements. Again he would wag his tail in the joy of his heart, again strike inadvertently the strings of the instrument, and once more arise to vainly investigate the mystery of "this music in the air."

Occasionally the closed door hard by opened suddenly to disclose Mrs. Pettigill's anxious face and gray head, as she cast a searching glance to discern what havoc the fiddler had succeeded in making in the good things set before him. She added to the normal drawl of the mountaineers an individual wheeze of singular propitiations, and implying cordial and confidential relations. There may be more beautiful sounds, but none of more suave and soothing effect, than that husky, "Jack, jes try a glass o' this hyar cherry-bounce along with a bite o' pound-cake"—extending the "bite," which, in point of size, might have dis-

couraged the jaws of the giant Cormoran, but never Jack Brace's. "It 'll rest ye mightily, arter all the fiddlin' ye hev done." And again, "Jack, hev ye ever tasted my sweet-spiced peach pickles?"

Jack had, indeed. But Jack said he never had, in order that he might renew the gustatory delights that he remembered.

Now and then less friendly eyes gazed in upon the nook. A gigantic mountaineer, slowly strolling through the half-deserted scene, came to a full halt hard by, leaned peeringly forward, took a step closer, and with his grizzled bearded face inclined pharisaically over the well-filled lap-board, demanded, with a gruff reproof,

"What air ye a-doin' of hyar, gormandizing like ye hedn't hed nuthin' ter eat fur a week an' better, an' a man dyin' upsteers?"

"Ye talk like I war a-nibblin' on Len Rhodes," cried Jack Brace, badgered by the mere suggestion that etiquette required he should desist. "My goin' hongry ain't a-goin' ter help him, an' my eatin' arter fiddlin' all night ain't a-goin' ter hender. Ef he can't go ter heaven 'count o' me an' this leetle brandy peach"—as he held up the appetizing morsel both the dogs rose up on their nimble hind legs in pathetic misapprehension of his intention, their eyes widening with dismay as he withdrew the dainty effectually from view—"why, he 'ain't got *enough* religion ter git thar, that's all."

Shattuck, going up stairs, glanced down, upon hearing the words, at the cozy nook and the fiddler, and was reminded anew of his anxiety for his friend's fate, which his sense of achievement in having carried his point had served in some sort to dull. The room had taken on that strange, discordant, forlorn effect characteristic of a scene of gayety overpast, and which is never compassed by mere bareness, or disarray, or disuse. There was a sense of expended forces, as if all the elation and effervescent spirit exhaling here had left a veritable vacuum. The candles on shelf and niche and table were sputtering in their sockets or burning dimly. Here and there mountaineers slouched about, awaiting their womenkind, who presently flustered out of the shed-room wrapped in shawls, and with big bundles of the "supper" so unhappily transformed into a "snack." There were chairs tilted back against the walls as the spectators

of the festivities had left them. A saddle or two and a trace chain and some bits of harness were lying here and there about the floor, where they had been temporarily disposed by the owners, engaged in "gearing up" the teams without. Now and again voices could be heard calling refractory beasts to order, but dulled by the distance, and partaking of the languor of the hour. The baby, who had danced as assiduously as the best, albeit its walking days were not yet well ushered in, had succumbed at last, and lay, a slumbering heap of pink flesh and blue calico, upon the floor. Its attitude demonstrated the elasticity of its youthful limbs, and its hands clutched one of the pink feet that had done such yeoman service earlier in the evening. An old dog, bound to the spot by the talismanic phrase, "Guard him!"—a duty from which only death itself could lure him—sat bolt-upright by the prostrate figure, and looked now with sleepy eyes and cavernous yawns at the departing guests, and now became preternaturally vigilant, and uttered wistful wheezes of despair and envy as the hopeful gambols of the young dogs about the munching fiddler caught his attention. The whole picture grew dim and hazy with its flickering lights, and fluctuated suddenly into darkness, as if it had slipped from actuality into a mere memory, as Shattuck went farther up the stair, and the roof-room gathered shape and consistency before him. The window at one end still held the glamour of the moonlight, the silver green of the swaying foliage, the freshness and the sparkle of the dew. He heard the pigeons cooing drowsily. The wolf-skins swinging from the rafters caught the gleam of the candle, and borrowed a sleek and rich lustre. The focus of the tallow dip itself glowed yellow in the midst of its divergent rays that grew dim as they stretched ever farther among the dusky brown shadows of the place. Now and again it was eclipsed as figures, ministering to the wounded man, passed before it. Suddenly they drew back. Rhodes's face, distinct upon the pillow, caught the light full upon it. Shattuck started forward, a great throb of relief astir at his heart, and a loud exclamation, incoherent, upon his lips, for his friend had opened his eyes, alight with his own old identity; his face, pallid, with smears of blood faintly discernible, although much of it had been

washed away, wore a languid smile. It seemed that element of his being strongest in him, his sense of postulance, of candidacy before the people, was reasserted first of all his faculties.

"Did I—did I—hurt anybody?" he faltered. "I didn't mean to hurt anybody." Then, as he seemed to realize his surroundings, his memory revived.

"Where's Fee? Fee didn't get hurt, did he? Where am I?" He lifted himself upon his elbow and looked waveringly about. "Lord!" he exclaimed, impressed by the silence, "you didn't stop the dancing on *my* account, Mr. Pettin-gill? I've spoiled the party! Well, well, I'll never be able to look Mrs. Pettin-gill in the face again." And he sank back once more on the pillow.

The surly countenance beneath the host's grizzled shock of hair took on a milder expression. The stiff grooves and lines of the lips relaxed, and might be said to have released a smile. "We kin spare the party, Mr. Rhodes—spare it a sight easier'n we kin spare you-uns." Then, as Shattuck unwisely pressed up to the side of the bed, the old man's eyes suddenly assumed a hard glitter of triumph with the hot anger that made him breathe quickly and stertorously, and curved the lines of his stiff old mouth.

"Thar be *some*," he remarked, "ez will 'low I be jes glad ter git shet o' bein' prosecuted. *Me* prosecuted, 'kase ye an' Fee tuk ter tusslin' in the middle o' the dancin', an' Fee war the bes' man. *Prosecuted!*" He snorted out the word with a repulsion that made the very tone odious.

Rhodes, visibly agitated, pulled himself into a sitting posture. "Who—who—said that—such a thing?" Still dazed and confused though he was, his eyes, sweeping the by-standers, rested with the certainty of reproach upon Shattuck. There was a momentary silence. "Understand one thing, Mr. Pettin-gill," he said at length, with a quick flush upon his pale face that had seemed to grow lean in the last hour—"understand this: alive or dead, no man speaks for me."

He sank back upon his pillow, which the herb doctor had readjusted with a hand that was as soft and listless as any fine lady's; he lifted the injured man's head into another position.

"It air mo' level," he observed, learnedly. "This slit in his head air a-goin'

ter cure up right off," he continued, looking with mild blue eyes at Shattuck, who stood flushed and indignant among them all, feeling repudiated in the odd turn that affairs had taken. "'Tain't goin' ter inflame none, hev'in' bled so much. He warn't shot nowhar; jes cut on the head. His hair is singed some, whar the powder burnt it, I reckon. He mustn't git up, though, ter-day nor ter-morrer, else he'll fever."

If Shattuck, with the cowardice that is the essential sequence of a well-intentioned mistake, hoped that no more might be said by Mr. Pettingill, he understood little of the pertinacity and endurance that can animate him who presses his breast against the thorn. The host had been unspeakably afflicted by the bare suggestion. It had served as a goad when naught else might have moved him. Even although its efficacy was nullified, he could not pass it by, but again and again in review he evoked all its capacities of poignancy. "Ye shet up, Phil Craig," he said, his manner of rebuke palpably affected. "Ye ain't fitten ter doctor the 'quality.' I hev hed ter send Steve Yates a-cavortin' seventeen mile in the midnight ter fetch a doctor ter physic Mr. Rhodes fur a leetle gash side o' the head! May keep we-uns from bein' *prosecuted*, though; leastwise we'll hope so."

Rhodes, appalled, could only stare with amazement at Shattuck. How his friend could have brought himself, and yet call himself a friend, to consider bodily health before political advantage was a thing which he could not comprehend. It was all too fresh for even the sophisticated comfort of believing that he had done all for the best. He could only look at Shattuck with eyes full of wonder and reproach, doubly effective from his reduced and prone estate; and Shattuck, indignant and resentful, could only turn short about and walk away. He repented that he had done aught. And then he wondered how any man of sense could have done aught else. His dignity was affronted by the position in which he found himself. He despised his friend for the pusillanimous time-serving of his hearty endorsement of all that the mountaineers had done and said. And yet he could but acknowledge that this was ample. He despised himself for his vicarious fright, his over-serious treatment of the incident. And yet, as he recalled the scene—the two struggling,

swaying figures, the savage blows with the butt end of the pistol, the sudden discharge of the weapon, the heavy fall, the long insensibility—it seemed as if the issue were phenomenally fortunate, rather than such as might have been probable. Amidst all the nettling subjects of contemplation, one recurred with continually harassing suggestions—how he should meet the physician whom he had caused to be summoned in the midnight from the distance of seventeen miles, when the learning or the ignorance of the simple herb doctor had so amply sufficed for the emergency. Caused to be summoned! He thought of Steve Yates riding the horse's back sore, believing that a dying man lay in the house. As he heard Rhodes's rollicking laughter—a trifle quavering, to be sure—he quailed before the idea that there was nothing to offer the physician when he should arrive. He felt that he would have been glad of a recalcitrant liver or a diseased brain to justify his proceedings. He began in a nervous state of expectancy to pause whenever he reached the shadowy window, and to look through the silvered branches of the sycamore-tree, fearing to descry perchance a mounted figure approaching along the winding road. All vacant it was as it curved, now in the clear sheen, now lost in the black shadow, reappearing at an unexpected angle, as if in the darkness the continuity were severed, and it existed only in sinuous sections. Once adown the dewy way a youthful cavalier spurred with a maiden mounted behind him, swiftly passing out of sight, recalling to the imagination some romance of eld, when the damosel fled with her lover. An ox cart lumbering slowly along, with its burly, nodding team, through the illumined spaces, and disappearing in intervals of obscurity, the motion of the oxen's horns somehow vaguely discerned before they emerged again from the shadow, illustrated the leisurely ideal of mountain travel. After it had quite vanished, and even the sharp, grating creak of its uncoiled running-gear had been lost in the distance, a swift canine figure, distorted by its speed to a mere caricature of its species, its tail drooping, its ears laid back close to its head, darted along the serpentine curves—one of the visitors' dogs, just made aware of its master's departure, and in its haste to overtake the joggling vehicle adding

farfical suggestions of comparison to its slow progress.

And then for a time Shattuck, pacing the length of the room and pausing at the window, marked neither approach nor departure. The shadows were lengthening; the moon was low in the sky; the neighboring massive mountains were darkly and heavily empurpled against the pensively illumined horizon. At their base the valley slept; it wot little of the opaline mists that gathered above it, and enmeshed elusive enchantments of color, which vanished before the casual glance seeking to grade them as blue or amber or green, and to fix their status in the spectrum. A strange pause seemed to hold the world. Only the pines breathed faintly. Beneath their boughs he saw suddenly Letitia Pettingill sitting on a log of the great wood-pile. Her light blue homespun dress seemed white in the moonlight. She leaned back, her hands clasping her head, and her head resting upon the higher logs behind her, her eyes fixed contemplatively upon the slow sinking of the reddening moon.

Another had observed her there. It was only a moment or two before a tall figure sauntered out from the house and stood near by with a casual air, surveying not her, but the aspects of the departing night or the coming day, as anticipation or retrospection might denominate the hour. Shattuck with a frown recognized the figure; it was easily marked; its height and breadth and muscle would suffice to distinguish it, without the added testimony of the long tousled ringlets on either side of the square, stern, martial face, overshadowed by a broad-brimmed hat. Guthrie's pistol and a knife gleamed in his leather belt. His long boots jingled with the replaced spurs, but he made no move toward departure, and his horse still stood, half in the shadow and half in the sheen, drowsing under a dogwood-tree. It was only after he had waited some time thus silent and motionless that he slowly cast his surly, long-lashed eyes toward Letitia. If she had seen him, she made no sign. Still clasping the back of her shapely head with both uplifted hands, she leaned, half reclining, against the logs, and watched the moon go down. The initiative was forced upon him. There was a latent capacity for expressiveness suggested in the surprise and uncertainty and subtle

disappointment depicted upon his face. He advanced slowly toward the wood-pile, and sat down on one of the lower logs, his booted and spurred legs stretched out before him, one hand upon his hip, his hat thrust back, his ringleted head bare to the dew and the sheen. Still she did not move nor glance toward him. As his eyes absently traversed the space about them, he caught sight of Shattuck turning away from the roof-room window. Whether from a full heart, or in despair that she would break the silence, or on a sudden impulse which the glimpse of the stranger roused, he spoke abruptly, reverting to the scenes of the evening.

"I reckon ye air in an' about satisfied now with what ye hev up-ed an' done," he drawled, slowly.

She unclasped her hands that she might turn her head and look steadily at him for a moment. Her lustrous illumined blue eyes either showed their fine color in the ethereal light of the moon, or the recollection of it was substituted for the sense of it in the sudden adequateness of their expression. Her gaze relaxed, and she resumed her former attitude. The interval was so long before she spoke that the reply seemed hardly pertinent.

"Ever see *me* wear a shootin'-iron?" she demanded. Her voice was not loud, but it had a vibratory quality like that of a stringed instrument, rather than a flute-like tone.

He stared at her. "Hey?" he demanded. "What ye say?"

She did not change her posture now. "Ever see *me* pound ennybody on the head with a shootin'-iron?" she continued.

"Shucks!" he cried, slowly, apprehending her meaning; "ye can't git out'n it that-a-way."

"I never war in it. When ye see somebody o' my size in a fight with one o' yer size, let *me* know it."

"'Twar *yer* fault, an' ye know that full well," he made himself plain, with an intonation of severity.

"*My* fault? *Mercy!*" she cried. "I wouldn't hev bruk up that dance fur a bushel o' sech ez ye an' Rhodes!" She gave a gurgling laugh of retrospective pleasure.

A moment's silence ensued, while he pushed back his hair to look gloweringly at the half-reclining figure, which, al-

though not moving, had contrived to take on an air of flouting indifference.

"Ye air a mighty small matter," he said, scathingly, "fur me an' Rhodes ter make ourselves sech fools about."

"An' sech *big* fools!" she cried, with animation. "Whenst I feel obligated ter see I'm a fool, it's sech a comfort ter know I ain't much of a fool."

He said nothing in reply, feeling too clumsy and ponderous to follow the attack with so lithe and elusive an enemy. He did not definitely realize it, but in dropping his aggressions he had assumed far more potent weapons.

"Oh my Lord A'mighty!" he groaned, putting his head in one hand, and covering his eyes as he supported his elbow upon the log behind him; "it don't make much diff'ence whose fault 'tis. I hev ter suffer fur it. I hev ter suffer fur everything. Sufferin' air what I war born fur, I reckon. Leastwise I 'ain't seen nuthin' else."

Something faintly stirred the trees; it was not the wind, for it did not seem to come again or to pass further. It was as if they were awakening from some subtleties of sleep, unknown to science, that had stilled their pulses. Fragrance was in the air; the great red rose in the grass by the gate was bursting its buds. The rank weeds asserted their identity. Even the wood-pile gave evidence of walnut and hickory and the resinous pine. And still the moon, ever reddening, ever dulling, sank lower, and the stars were brightening in the darkening sky.

Once more he groaned. "I never war cut out fur a fighter," he declared. "Whenst I war a leetle bit o' a boy, an' my dad married agin an' brung that everlastin' wild-cat o' a step-mam o' mine home, I war in a mighty notion o' bein' frien'ly—leetle liar—leetle cowardly fox! I knowed what war good fur me, an' which side my bread war buttered on, an' she couldn't beat me hard enough ter make me hit back or sass her. I war fur givin' up an' takin' mild ez a lam' everything she hed a mind ter do ter me. But arter a while I got so ez whenst she beat my leetle brother it made me winge an' winge—she couldn't hurt sech a caloused time-server ez *me*! An' so I tuk ter hidin' him in the bresh whenst she got mad at him. An' one day whenst she fund him, an' tuk ter larrupin' him, I jes flew at her, an' I bit her arm 'mos'

through. She let Ephraim alone. She war skeered at me. I seen it. An' I tuk ter bitin' arter that like a cur-dog. My dad lemme 'lone. Vis'tors ez kem ter the house war warned off'n me. I begun ter git my growth. I hed an arm ez growed so it could lam a man like a sledge-hammer; it kep' all the boys an' men an' wimmen off'n Ephraim, ez never war a fighter, an' let him git some growth, an' hold up his head, an' try ter do like folks."

He had dropped his hand and was staring at her with narrowing eyes. She was leaning forward, the golden moonlight still on her face. Her finely cut lips were smiling. She held out, with an air of gay, mysterious confidence, a tiny object between her finger and thumb.

"It's hot yit," she half whispered; and then she laughed, a low, gurgling triumphant laugh.

He reached out and took from her with slow suspicion a pistol ball, turning it around, and looking at her with an air of suspended comprehension and doubt.

"I fund it hyar at the wood-pile; it never teched Rhodes. He ain't much hurt—his senses jes knocked out'n him. They can't do nuthin' ter you-uns fur sech ez that."

"They better not try!" he cried, beligerently. Then, with the accents of scorn: "D'ye 'low ez I be a-troublin' *myself* 'count o' sech cattle ez Rhodes? Naw, sir! Nobody air a-goin' ter pester me! The whole mounting, an' the home folks an' all, hev got mighty perlite ter me, an' hev been fur a long time." He paused meditatively. "Yes, sir," he exclaimed; "peace hev kem ter me by the pound!" He smote his massive chest.

Then, after another silence, he sighed. "But I be troubled," he resumed, "'kase hyar one day 'bout a year ago I goes ter the church house. I always loved the Lord, fur He war persecuted, an' I knowed He felt fur me. I never war so tuk up with this worl'. I hain't hed no pleasure in it. I yearned fur a better one. An' durned ef the thin-lipped, turnip-hearted preacher didn't git up an' gin out the doctrine ef enny war ter hit ye on one cheek, ye mus' turn the tother one; fur that's religion! That ain't my policy, an' 'tain't my practice. An' I reckon I'll hev ter go ter hell jes whenst I war a-settin' myself in the hope o' heaven."

He drooped his head upon his hand again and groaned aloud. "I hev wondered," he resumed, his voice somewhat muffled by his attitude, "ef the cuss read that in the Good Book, or jes made it up out'n his own head. But that sayin' hev tormented me in the midnight, an' tuk my sleep from me. I sorter feel it in me like it *mus'* be true. Religion can't be so easy ez jes lovin' the Lord. It's this hyar hevin' ter love yer fellow-man ez makes religion so durned hard on ye."

A cloud was in the west, not continuous, but with dusky brown strata across the gilded spaces above the purple mountains; its shadows lay on the mists below in dull streaks amidst the shining pearly tone. When the moon, so golden, so great now and glamorous, passed behind one of these bars of vapor, and even the sullen cloud was tenderly tinted and showed radiating verges of dull gold, one might see the bereft world in the prosaic gray medium of the day that was to come.

Once more he looked about him and sighed. "Why," he argued, "I couldn't hev got on with all the smitin' folks wanted ter do ter me an' Ephraim, 'specially Ephraim. But then I 'low ez I hev got the mounting purty well skeered ter fool with Ephraim or me nuther now, an' mebbe ef I sot out ter repent right hearty I mought make out yit. But I furgits—I furgits! I can't repent more'n a haffen hour at a time. An' hyar ter-night—jes on account o' you-uns—I hauls off agin, an' mighty nigh kills Rhodes!"

"'Twarnt 'count o' me," she drawled, with the musical vibration that seemed to follow each tone. She had resumed her former attitude and her air of mocking gayety. "Ye air carryin' it all wrong. 'Twarnt account o' me ye half killed Rhodes. 'Twar all account o' 'Tucker'!"

He caught the gleam of her laughing eyes as he sat with his elbows on his knees and glowered sidelong at her.

"I am small," she protested, with another gurgling outburst. "I can't undertake more'n my sheer. Let 'Tucker' take the blame. Ye warn't dyin' ter dance with me. Ye war dyin' *not* ter dance with yerse'f."

His face had flushed. His eyes were full of grave resentment as they met her laughing glance. "I didn't 'low ez ye war so onfeeling ez ye 'pear ter be," he said, reproachfully. "Ever sence that time at the church house whenst all were

convicted of sin, or saints, 'ceptin' ye an' me settin' alongside o' one another, I hev been sorter sorry fur ye, an' 'lowed ye war sorter sorry fur me."

She only replied with a laugh, and he evidently deemed futile the bid for sympathy on the score of religious or irreligious fellowship, for he recurred to it no more.

There was a stir along the path; a great high-stepping gobbler was slowly coming down it, pausing now and then and turning his wattled head askew to bring his eye to bear upon some incident of the high dewy weeds, that might promise a preliminary bit to a morning meal. The rest of his tribe, yet roosting on a bare branch of an otherwise full-leaved tree, looked big and burly against the roseate sky; each feather, each long inquisitive neck now and again stretched downward, each clutching claw ever and anon moving uncertainly along the perch with a fluctuating but recurrent intention to descend, was growing momentarily more distinct as the gray light more and more encroached upon the moon, all obscured now by one of those cloud strata.

In this interval of shadow he asked, suddenly, from out its doubtful eclipse: "Ye know I warn't 'Tucker' by rights. Whyn't ye wanter dance with me?"

The shadow made her face uncertain. He could only see that she did not move. "Did I say I didn't want ter dance with you-uns? I don't 'pear ter remember it." Her tones, vibrant with mockery, were a trifle louder upon the air—a trifle strained; or was it that the world seemed more silent and muffled in the cloud that hid the moon?

"What's the reason ye wanted ter dance with Rhodes?" he demanded, pursuing the subject.

"Did I say I wanted ter dance with Rhodes?" She asked the counter-question in the sharp tone of inquiry.

He detected its spuriousness, but her enigmatical intention embarrassed him. "Ye hed rather dance with him than with me," he said, forlornly, losing his balance.

"Waal, it looks sorter that-a-way, now don't it?" she replied, with a casual, irrelevant tone, as of an unconcerned third person.

The moon came out from under the cloud with a great flare of golden glory. Somewhere a cock's crow sounded—clear, mellow tones, delivered with the precision

and aplomb of the blast of a bugle. The wind of dawn was coming over the eastern summits, and suddenly the moonlight was all superfluous above the dark, rugged western mountains, for the gray day was on the land. The little house stood distinct and forlorn, all its windows flaring to show its denuded state within; here and there a tallow dip still sputtered. And if by moonlight and half distinguished the loom and the warping bars had seemed disconsolate in their evicted estate under the trees, by daylight they wore so sorry and so consciously distraught an air that such definite expressiveness seemed oddly incongruous with their inanimate condition. All atilt and unsteady they stood on the uneven ground, and about them were many other objects of the household gear which the night had served to obscure. Pots and pans there were, scattered about or congregated in heaps. Chests and bedsteads, bags and bundles, quilting-frames and churns and tubs—all bore token how the behests of hospitality had stripped the house to make room for the dancing and the exigent demands of the extensive supper tables. The dogs seemed to take much note of this unprecedented dislocation of the domestic administration, and they went about with inquisitive, exploring noses, and tails stilled and drooped in suspended judgment, amongst the various gear which they snuffingly recognized. One old fellow, the evening of his days much racked by "rheumatics," seemed to

discern an adequate reason in all the confusion, as he curled himself to doze on Mrs. Pettingill's plumpest feather-bed, with a large bone disposed within easy reach, to which he might refer as inclination prompted. The spinning-wheels all teetered unsteadily on the uneven chips about the wood-pile; now and again the wheels revolved with precipitate, erratic action as the wind stirred them. Letitia no longer looked at the moon—a mere pallid simulacrum of itself, worn thin and gauzy against the pale sky; one might hardly know if it still hung there when the first red dart of the sun, yet below the horizon, was aimed at the flushing zenith. Her dress was blue again, not white; her face had something of the flush of the sky upon it, half seen though it was. She bent forward to the little flax wheel, and had drawn out a thread, breaking and tangling it, only affecting to spin, while the whimsies of the wind turned the wheel. The light was distinct enough to show even the pistol ball in Felix Guthrie's hand as he turned it and gazed at it speculatively.

"I wisht it war in Rhodes's heart," he observed, slowly. "That's whar I wisht 'twar."

The spinning-wheel stopped suddenly; the blue eyes were bent upon him; her lips curved in laughter. "Thar ye go ter heaven!" she cried, waving her hand as if to point the way, "repentin' by the half-hour."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MARCH OF WINTER.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THEY that have gone by forest paths shall hear
 The outcry of worn reeds and leaves long shed,
 The rise and sound of waters. Overhead,
 Out of the wide northwest wind, stripped and clear,
 Like some great army dense with battle gear,
 All day the columned clouds come marching on,
 Long hastening lines, in sombre unison,
 Vanguard, and centre, and still deepening rear;
 While from the waste beyond the western verge
 Comes the great wind like thundering cavalry,
 And buffets and wields high its whistling scourge
 Around the roofs, or in tempestuous glee,
 Over the far-off woods with tramp and surge,
 Huge and deep-tongued, goes roaring like the sea.

DREAM-LAND.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.

UP anchor! Up anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of dream-land
Are thine for a day.
Yo, heave ho!
Aloft and alow
Elf sailors are singing,
Yo, heave ho!
The breeze that is blowing
So sturdily strong
Shall fill up thy sail
With the breath of a song.
A fay at the mast-head
Keeps watch o'er the sea;
Blown amber of tresses
Thy banner shall be;
Thy freight the lost laughter
That sad souls have missed,
Thy cargo the kisses
That never were kissed.
And ho, for a fay maid
Born merry in June,
Of lusty red roses
Beneath a red moon.

The star pearls that midnight
Casts down on the sea,
Dark gold of the sunset
Her fortune shall be.
And ever she whispers,
More tenderly sweet,
"Love am I, love only,
Love perfect, complete.
The world is my lordship,
The heart is my slave;
I mock at the ages,
I laugh at the grave.
Wilt sail with me ever,
A dream-haunted sea,
Whose whispering waters
Shall murmur to thee
The love-haunted lyrics
Dead poets have made
Ere life had a fetter,
Ere love was afraid?"
Then up with the anchor!
Set sail and away!
The ventures of love-land
Are thine for a day.

AT THE CASA NAPOLEÓN.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

PART I.

I.

IN the matter of the name there had been a compromise. Madame, whose birthplace was Toulouse, and whose love for the Corsican dynasty that had ruled her native France amounted to adoration, was hotly for calling their establishment the Hôtel Napoléon. Don Anastasio, on the other hand—being so devotedly attached to his native country that he had been fairly whirled out of it by a revolution in which he had engaged for its betterment, and having, moreover, an eye for a name attractive to his fellow Spanish Americans—was equally hotly for calling it the Casa Mexicana.

Now the voting rights of the parties in interest—experience on the one side, capital on the other—were very nicely balanced. Madame had been engaged for five years in keeping a small hotel in South Fifth Avenue. It had been a flourishing hotel, well thought of and well frequented by her fellow-countrymen sojourning in New York; and she had flourished with it. But what with the unannounced departure of certain of her lodgers who left behind them large unpaid bills, and a fire that had wrought havoc with her uninsured furniture, and the inconsiderate sickness and death of her husband—it had been a marriage of convenience, Monsieur had been her cook—her fortunes of a sudden changed dire-

fully. She was plunged, in short, from a very reasonable height of prosperity into a depth of adversity that she believed at the moment to be nothing less than bottomless. All that remained to her was her well-earned knowledge of how a hotel should be kept; but that she could make this knowledge practically valuable by obtaining another hotel, and keeping it, seemed to her in her despairing state a hopeless impossibility.

It was at this stage of proceedings that Don Anastasio, being then freshly exiled from Mexico, made to Madame a formal offer of his heart, his hand, and the rather tidysum of silver dollars that he had been lucky enough to save out of the wreck of his revolution and had brought with him into his banishment. They would be married, he said, and they would found a hotel that among hotels would become glorious and memorable. "Marriage," he declared, "was a natural right enjoyed by man," which fact, he pointed out, was set forth in the second law of the first book of the *Siete Partidas* of Don Alonzo the Wise, King of Arragon; and in the introduction to the fourth book of that imperishable work, he added, it was written: "This order of matrimony was by God's own self established, and for this reason is it the most noble and the most honorable of the Seven Sacraments of the Holy Church. And therefore," Don Anastasio quoted in triumphant conclusion, "it should be kept and honored, because it is the first sacrament that was made and ordained by God himself in Paradise—which Paradise hath ever since remained marked out as its natural abiding-place and home." Don Anastasio had been bred a lawyer; and of all his law books none pleased him so well as the *Siete Partidas*. In it, he declared, and with justice, was to be found the whole sum of human wisdom.

Had Madame manifested a disposition to reject his suit, Don Anastasio was prepared with a further strong array of quotations from the *Siete Partidas* that must inevitably have proved convincing. But Madame was too sincerely grateful to him for extricating her from her difficulties to manifest any more hesitation in accepting his offer than the seemly decorum of a widow of a husband of convenience required. And so, these perfunctory scruples being set aside without King Alon-

zo's assistance, she yielded to Don Anastasio's combined lover-like and business-like persuasions easily.

Don Anastasio was a personable man, tall, commanding, dignified, and exhibiting at all times a gravely courteous air that would have done credit to a count. Madame—short, trimly rounded, brisk, and cheery to a degree—was not in the least dignified. But Madame was delightful—as was plain to anybody with half an eye for what a plump little French widow should be. As for her good-nature, it was as lasting as a summer day is long. Therefore these two made a well-looking couple when Madame, throwing aside her mourning before it had even begun to grow rusty, blossomed out once more into the most lively array of colors and became Don Anastasio's wife. In the upper circles of Franco-American and Spanish-American society, resident in South Fifth Avenue and Macdougall Street, and thereabouts, the wedding made quite a stir.

It was in the days immediately preceding the wedding that the compromise was reached in regard to the name of the hotel; and it is not surprising, the circumstances of the case being considered, that substantial victory rested upon the banners of Madame. As she somewhat sophistically represented to Don Anastasio, the use of the word *casa* would sufficiently indicate to his fellow-countrymen and to Spanish Americans generally that the hotel was one at which both Spanish dishes and the Spanish tongue would be served, while Napoléon would be a name to conjure with in the matter of the French trade. And she also made the strong point that she had a right to choose the more important portion of the name of the hotel because she knew how to keep it, while to Don Anastasio hotel-keeping—in common with business of every sort, saving only the profession of Spanish-American law, and the trade of Spanish-American revolution, neither of which could be very successfully carried on in the city of New York—was a hopeless mystery. Don Anastasio was no match for Madame in argument; he was too gallant to rest his rights upon his having rescued her from her most grievous plight of poverty; and for once he was unable to produce a law from the *Siete Partidas* that would resolve the matter in hand in accordance with his views. While he still



"WHY, IT'S PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL, JACK."

was fumbling in the dusk of the thirteenth century for the assistance that Alonzo the Wise declined to give, Madame said briskly: "It is then decided!" And so it was.

Therefore when the announcement of the new Franco-Spanish-American hotel was made in the *Courrier des États Unis*, the name under which that hostelry figured, and by which it subsequently achieved a well-earned fame, was the Casa Napoléon.

II.

But the story of the founding and of the naming of the Casa Napoléon had come to be ancient history when Mr. and Mrs. John Rayford—to whom New York was a very foreign city, and to whom, also, a very low-priced hotel was an economic necessity—drifted one bright June morning within its hospitable doors. The crest of the wave of economy on which they rode, to pursue the marine simile, was so high that it carried them fairly up three flights of stairs, and stranded them at last in the smallest room on the fourth floor. Had there been a fifth floor in the Casa Napoléon, they would have been carried one story higher.

Mrs. John Rayford, whose godfathers and godmothers in baptism had bestowed upon her the singularly inappropriate name of Prudence, was charmed by the exceeding novelty of her surroundings. On this head she expressed herself with a characteristic volubility and frankness.

"Why, it's perfectly delightful, Jack," she said—she had hung her hat on one of the three hooks on the door, and was standing in front of the very small looking-glass patting her hair into proper shape. It was fluffy brown hair, with bright tones in it where the light caught it, and there was a good deal of it. "I've never seen any place that began to be so queer and so funny. The very name of it makes you feel ever so far away from everywhere; and the way that people were talking all sorts of languages to each other while we were waiting in the parlor was just like what it must have been at the Tower of Babel. Don't you think that it is a lovely place, Jack?"

Jack was sitting on the bed, filling his pipe and looking admiringly at the pretty picture that his wife presented as she stood before the glass, with both arms raised, tightening her hair-pins. He

lighted his pipe, clasped his hands comfortably round his right knee, leaned back a little, and answered with emphasis, "Yes, I do!"

"And do you know, Jack," Prudence continued, "coming to this delightful little hotel, that makes me feel as though I were travelling in several foreign countries at once, has put an idea into my head? Yes, I intend to perfect my knowledge of foreign languages. I know a little French already—didn't you notice how pleased the chamber-maid seemed to be just now when I thanked her for the towels in her own native tongue? But I shall bend my energies most strongly in the direction of Spanish, Jack; and I mean that you shall study Spanish too. When your rich half-uncle—whom you won't believe in at all, and whom I believe in implicitly—comes home at last from South America, just think how pleased he will be to find us talking the language that all these years he has been accustomed to."

"Suppose he has been living in Brazil, and speaks Portuguese?" Jack put in.

"And if you succeed in getting something to do that pays pretty well," Prudence went on, without regard to this interruption, "so that we always will be easy in our minds about paying the board—and I'm sure you will, you dear boy—I don't care if we stay here for a whole year. We ought to know Spanish perfectly in a year, I should think. And just think, Jack, what a nice place this would be to bring your half-uncle to in case you should find him suddenly—and I suppose you will find him suddenly when you find him at all. After all these years in South America, he certainly would feel much more at home in a place like this than he would in an American hotel, with everybody talking English. And what fun it will be, Jack, when you really do find him at last! Of course he must have made a tremendous fortune by this time; and of course he will want to leave it all to you; and of course, in the mean time, he will want to provide for you very handsomely. How much, Jack—*about* how much do you think he will think he ought to allow to his only half-sister's only son?"

"In view, you mean, of his devoted love for his only half-sister's whole father, and of the constant tenderness manifested toward him by that connection by

marriage through a considerable term of years?"

"Don't be provoking, Jack. I know that he and your grandfather didn't exactly take to each other, and that it was because they couldn't get along together comfortably that he ran off to California, and then drifted so far away into South America that he never came home again. But he certainly was very fond of your grandmother, Jack. You can see that in his letters. And it was only when she died that he stopped writing, and so you lost track of him. I am sure that he must yearn for the love of the little half-sister whom he sends such nice messages to in those old letters; and I can fancy what a comfort it will be to him to find that, although she is dead, he still has left to him her son—"

"Whom he never laid eyes on, never even heard of, and whom—for my mother was not married until years after the letters stopped—he would not even know by name. Of course he does, Prue, my dear, and I have only to find him (and, supposing him to be still alive, I haven't the least notion where to look for him), and then to mention my name to him (which, as I have just explained, he cannot possibly recognize), in order to receive an immediate gift of half a million down, and the positive promise of his entire estate upon his decease—to the entire exclusion of the claims of his South-American wife, and of the seventeen children of his own who have been born in the mean time!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Prudence, in a tone of much concern, "you don't think he is married and has children of his own? Uncles, and I should think half-uncles, who wander off into foreign countries this way *never* get married, Jack. Truly, you don't think that he is married, do you?"

"I think that you are rapidly taking leave of your senses," Jack answered promptly; "and I also think that before you grow quite raving we will go down stairs and get our dinner. Come along, Prue; very likely Half-uncle William came up on the last steamer from South America, and is stopping here at the Casa Napoléon, and is down-stairs at this very moment waiting for us."

"I wish that just once in a while, Jack, when I am perfectly serious and very much interested in something, you

wouldn't make fun of me. And I do wish," Prudence added a moment later, "that you would learn to kiss me without huggingso hard, and without all musing my hair up just after I have fixed it. The very first thing that I shall ask your half-uncle to do, after we have found him, is to teach you better manners." And then they went to dinner.

III.

There was an agreeable down-at-heel air about the Casa Napoléon, that to persons educated to an understanding of the true meaning of the word comfort was largely promising. In the course of the twenty years which had passed since Don Anastasio's revolutionary Mexican silver dollars had been spent in its furnishing, the kindly touch of Time had toned down the too lively colors of the chairs and carpets and wall-paper and curtains, all of which had been selected in accordance with Madame's vivid taste; and the same mellowing influence had worked to bring the management of the little hotel and the requirements of its numerous patrons into a pleasing harmony. Ostentatious display was ignored; comfort was insisted upon. The whole creed of Madame was comprehended in two items: cleanliness and a good cook. The first of these articles of faith she enforced personally; the second was a more tender point with her—for the place in the kitchen vacated by the untimely death of Monsieur, her husband of convenience, never had been filled precisely to her mind. Don Anastasio's sole cause for jealousy was the frequent invocation by Madame—when affairs in the cooking department went wrong—of the culinary wraith of his predecessor in the possession, not of Madame's affections, but of her commissarial esteem. There were times at which Don Anastasio thought that this devotion to an ideal defunct cook was carried too far; but at such times he found solace in referring to the Sixth Partida of King Alonzo, and therefrom drawing the broad generalization that the actual rights of the living are superior to the supposed rights of the dead.

And, in truth, it was because her standard was an ideal one that Madame was not more entirely satisfied with the fare that her kitchen provided. Guided by her own knowledge of what good French cooking should be—and Madame, it must

be remembered, was born in Toulouse—and being instructed from time to time by intelligent persons from southern lands in the composition of delicacies dear to the Spanish-American palate, her table was one that the frequenters of much more pretentious hotels in New York very well might have smacked their lips over.

And Don Anastasio—of a Sunday, as he packed his lean person full of *huevos en tortilla con chile* and *mole de guajolote*, and laid a substantial layer of delicious *guisados* and delicately fried *frijoles* over all—certainly did smack his lips most heartily. And at the same time did he thank all the saints in the calendar (for Don Anastasio was a religious man in his later years) for the rich return that his investment of revolutionary silver dollars was bringing him in. On such festive occasions (when additional good fortune made this possible) he would turn to his old-time revolutionary companion, the Señor Estrano, and would say, with his mouth full of *mole*: "This is better than fighting the pestilent Comonfort, old friend!" And the Señor Estrano, also with his mouth full of *mole*, would answer thickly but heartily: "*De veras, señor!*" And then, but with a little sigh for the *pulque* that fitly and deliciously belongs with *mole*, but that is a delight unobtainable outside of Mexico, they would drink to each other in deep draughts of the honest red wine (Madame herself saw to its honesty) of Bordeaux.

But it was not often that Don Anastasio was cheered by the presence of his old-time companion in the wars. The Señor Estrano, usually addressed and referred to as Don Guillermo, had been whirled out of Mexico by the same revolution that had sent Don Anastasio flying northward; but his own flight had been toward the south. He had come to a halt in Venezuela, and—possessing the business faculties which Don Anastasio so conspicuously lacked—he had there acquired a coffee plantation, and, in course of years, had grown to be a person of substance. As he frankly told Don Anastasio, no reasonable man could be expected to absent himself often, or for long at a time, from the easy life and heavenly climate of Venezuela for the rasping life and abominable climate of New York. Don Anastasio had spent a stray half-year

in Caracas, and so knew that what his friend declared was true. Yet would not Don Anastasio give up his friendship—though in preserving it he took direct issue with King Alonzo, for that monarch expressly sets forth, in the seventh law of the Fourth Partida, that a legitimate reason for breaking a friendship is that accident has carried one friend or the other to dwell in distant lands.

Fortunately, it was possible to compromise the matter without disobedience to the *Siete Partidas* (for the clause is not mandatory), and without disrespect to the King of Arragon (to whom the facilities of travel by steam-power were unknown). Every year or two, in the interest of his coffee dealings, and for love of his old friend, Don Guillermo came northward; wisely timing his journeyings so that he should spend the month of October in New York—at which partially pleasant season no great stretch of the imagination would be required to fancy himself at home in Venezuela with the weather at its worst. And during these most happy visits the two old boys had rarely good times together—as they feasted on the good things which Madame provided for them, while they fought over again jovially their long-past campaigns.

Nor had Don Anastasio any lack of good company even in the seasons when his well-beloved companion in arms was in his far-off home. The fame of the Casa Napoléon had gone abroad into the distant regions of the South, and into and out of its hospitable doorway there was ever a steady flow and ebb of travellers from and to the Spanish islands and the Spanish Main. Among these wayfarers Don Anastasio found a plenty of good talking mates; and the friendliness that grew up between the host and the patrons of the little hotel was shown by the hearty huggings and back-pattings when they departed; and by the still warmer demonstrations of a like nature when, as often chanced, these same patrons came again.

Among the travellers who frequented the Casa Napoléon, Madame's fellow-country-folk were few. But among the French residents in New York—whose home, for the most part, was southward and westward of Washington Square—the hotel was most honorably known and most highly esteemed. It was here that dinners of estate were given, and breakfasts of betrothal, and also wedding breakfasts

—at which latter it was hard to tell whether the young bride or the young groom suffered the greater tortures of confusion by reason of the very highly spiced wit that was let loose by Madame's rare old burghundy; and at which, certainly, only the fathers and mothers and other elderly people had a really good time. In addition to the very profitable business which this class of custom afforded, certain well-to-do persons—for the most part gray-headed, and come to the time of life when the bourgeois Frenchman frankly surrenders himself to the pleasures of the throat—came regularly to Madame's well-spread board to dine. Of an evening, both the dining-room proper—in which the ordinary of the hotel was served—and the restaurant adjoining it, set with a dozen little tables, were crowded. As to the smells which pervaded the Casa Napoléon about dinner-time, and even were wafted out into the street by the frequent opening of its doors, they were of a nature so savory and so mouth-watering that St. Anthony himself would have succumbed to them! In a small way, too, the Casa Napoléon had a *clientèle* of Americans. They were not very distinguished Americans—a few newspaper people and artists, and some ladies and gentlemen connected with the minor regions of the stage—but they were of a sort to appreciate clean rooms at moderate prices, and capital breakfasts and dinners at half a dollar, and a table wine at twenty-five cents the half bottle that, at least, did not absolutely make one's mouth pucker. In accordance with the easy-going ways of their kind, and of the hotel itself, these slipshod Americans were on friendly talking terms with each other, and with such of the frequenters of the Casa Napoléon in general as spoke a language that they could understand.

Among the various far from taciturn persons composing this less choice than curious collection of humanity, Don Anastasio, who dearly loved a dish of friendly talk, never was at a loss to find somebody to have it with. In the course of his wanderings he had acquired as extensive and as fragmentary a collection of languages as goes to the make-up of a Levantine courier; and—save when con-



"THE FRIENDLINESS THAT GREW UP BETWEEN THE HOST AND THE PATRONS."

versing in his native Spanish—he put together his fragments with as little care as to where the pieces came from as though he were the curator of a damaged collection of Cypriote antiquities. For all the fire of his revolutionary youth—and a good deal of this fire still remained in his composition—he was a gentle, kindly old boy, with a mellow voice that had a friendly ring in it, and a yellow, wrinkled face on which there came easily a very friendly smile. As to the actual management of the hotel, he knew no more about it than a babe in arms; but he was useful because, under Madame's directions, he kept the accounts, and still more useful because of the good impression that his genial ways and kindly manners made upon all who came within his gates.

The real manager of the hotel, of course, was Madame. She was at all times and in all seasons at the very top and bottom of it. In the kitchen she braved the *chef* in his most peppery moods in order to enforce her mandate that justice should be done to her patrons without, by extravagant wastefulness, doing injustice



"HE WAS A GENTLE, KINDLY OLD BOY."

to herself. In the upper regions of the house she watched with a ceaseless vigilance the ways of the French chamber-maid—compelling on the part of that far too good-looking young person a maximum of application in the matters of careful bed-making and sweeping and dusting, and a minimum of flirting with the male lodgers. And in the dining-room, where the Cuban negro, Telésforo, waited upon the Spanish-speaking portion of the household, and in the restaurant, where the public at large was waited upon by the one-eyed waiter, Théophile, was apparent, in the precision and the excellence of the service, the good effect of the just but severe discipline maintained by Madame. In a word, it is not to be believed that, as Madame conducted it, a more comfortable little hotel than the Casa Napoléon was to be found in all the stretch and compass of the world.

That this was the opinion of its patrons was made manifest by the persistence of their patronage. Old M. Duvent, who was the dealer in a small but flourishing and very respectable French gaming establishment in South Fifth Avenue, had eat-

en his dinner and drunk his half bottle of Pontet Canet in the restaurant every night for fifteen years—Don Anastasio and Madame regarded him almost as a brother. For five years—excepting only in summer, when she betook herself to the watering-places—Mrs. Myrtle Vane, who did society news and special articles for several New York newspapers, and also out-of-town correspondence, had been a regular lodger and boarder. Mrs. Mortimer—who politely was supposed to be a capitalist in a small way, and who certainly seemed to be a person of leisure, had rented

the best room in the house for four years—and during this period had given so many little suppers in her apartment that Madame had come to look upon her quite in the light of a gold mine. For six years Colonel Withersby, whose business was that of a promoter, and who mainly devoted himself to promoting South-American tramway enterprises, had made the Casa Napoléon his headquarters in New York, and also had been the means of bringing to that establishment a large number of profitable South-American customers. Miss Violet Bream and Mr. Claude Dunbar—known, and justly esteemed, off the stage as Ned Harrison and Polly his wife—made the Casa Napoléon their home when they were lucky enough to have a New York engagement; and the gay little dinners and suppers that this merry and most hospitable couple gave when they happened to have the money for such festivities had made the hotel most favorably known to a wide circle of their professional acquaintances.

The newspaper men and the artists were the least to be depended upon of Madame's clients—but this was less their

fault than their misfortune. It is not every newspaper man, still less every artist, in New York who occupies a position of such assured easy affluence as to be able to go every night of his life to an ordinary whereat, without wine, the charge is half a dollar. All that can be said of the regularity of these literary and artistic customers of the Casa Napoléon is that they never willingly missed a dinner there on a night when they possessed the half-dollar necessary to pay for it. And the confidential statement may be added that some of them not infrequently got their dinners even when their half-dollars were but desirable possibilities of a doubtful future—for Madame, as is the way the world over with plump, round little women, had within her ample breast a warm and very kindly heart.

IV.

Had Mr. John Rayford and Prudence, his misnamed wife, known New York thoroughly, instead of being absolute strangers to it, they could not have found for themselves a more fitting abiding-place, all things considered, than fate found for them when it brought them to the Casa Napoléon. A not more costly shelter, even a less costly shelter, they could have found elsewhere; but nowhere else could they have found a dwelling-place where they and their fellow-boarders would have been so harmoniously agreed in living in the present on discounts of the future while building and inhabiting castles in the air. Excepting in the case of the few prominent patrons of the establishment already named—who were *rangés* and well provided for—it is a solemn truth that almost every one of Madame's customers was engaged in a gay battle with fate for nightly bed and daily board. Master Jack and Mistress Prudence were about to begin this same battle; and they were marching to it in the merriest possible manner and with the very lightest of hearts.

Jack had known for several years—partly from inborn conviction, partly from the assurances of his widowed mother, whose pride was great in him—that he was doing himself injustice by not giving the exceptional business capacity that he possessed opportunity to expand in a broader field. Therefore he decided, when such decision was open to him—his mother being more than a

year dead, and the need that he should provide a sure support for her being so ended—that he would forsake the very insignificant town in the Susquehanna Valley where all his life had been spent, and go to a city big enough to give his genius the chance that it wanted to swell. For him to continue, at a salary of only twelve hundred dollars a year, to serve as general-utility-man in the counting-house of the car-building establishment with which he was connected, he concluded, was a sheer waste of his valuable time.

And so when Prudence—thereby giving, without in the least intending such rudeness, the lie direct to her godfathers and godmothers in baptism—accepted this view of the situation, and consented to marry him and to assist him in acting upon it, he not unnaturally believed that his fortune was as good as made. The faith that Prudence reposed in his genius was even firmer than that which his mother had placed in it. And there was no one to check her in demonstrating her faith in this rash fashion, for her sole relative in the world was a luckless step-father—whose ventures at making a living by keeping a country store landed him at irregular but brief intervals in bankruptcy; and whose interest, therefore, strongly prompted him to relieve himself of all useless responsibilities. So Jack and Prudence had a pretty little wedding in the country church, one sunny April day that had never a shiver in it; and in the afternoon of that same day they made a wedding journey just six hours long that ended in New York. As they crossed the river in a Jersey City ferry-boat, Jack looked at New York approvingly—and wondered pleasantly to himself how much of it he was likely to own at the end of the next ten years. He had heard that the Fifth Avenue Hotel was a fairly satisfactory establishment as hotels go, and in order to give style to his arrival—and also in order to avoid losing his way—they drove thither in a carriage. His hand trembled a little as he registered "John Rayford and wife." It was a thrilling sort of experience to announce to all the world, in this fashion, that he was married. They already had eaten one dinner that day, and it was something of a surprise to them to find that the hotel people expected them to eat another.



"REGARDING THE STATUE."

Jack had decided that before he took any steps toward establishing himself in the financial world of New York they would spend a few weeks in amusing themselves and in looking around. He felt that in honor of his wedding he was entitled to a holiday; and there was no

need for him to go to work in a hurry, for he had nearly seven hundred dollars in cold cash—for Jack had been prudently saving his salary in the past year, and a little legacy of four hundred dollars had come to him from his mother. Prudence regarded herself in the light of a young

person who was absolutely rolling in riches; for her step-father—out of the funds which he had plucked, like brands from the burning, from his latest bankruptcy—had made her a wedding present of fifty dollars, which was a larger sum than she ever had hoped to own at one time even in her dreams.

It is probable that two young people never had a better time in New York than Jack and Prudence had during their first week in that city. In their hotel they had a delightful little apartment, the windows of which looked out over Broadway and Fifth Avenue and Madison Square; they drove in the various parks; they made expeditions on the rivers and the bay; they went to the art galleries and to the museums; they visited several shops and treated themselves to a pleasing amount of purple and fine linen; they fared sumptuously every day; and every blessed night they went to a fresh theatre. Prudence declared that it was altogether too good to be true; and advanced the metaphysical theory that they must be a prince and princess disguised not only from the world, but even from themselves!

At the end of the week, when Jack was called upon to pay his hotel bill, that included carriage hire, and found that it was a trifle over ninety dollars, he also concluded that their life was too good to be true—but on grounds much less metaphysical. They held a merry little council of war in their pretty apartment—for even allowing for the sixty or seventy dollars that had gone for raiment and theatres and incidentals, they still had a vast amount of money left—and decided at once that they would move into cheaper quarters. That very afternoon the move was effected; and by night they were established in a room, that for all practical purposes was as comfortable as the apartment that they had vacated, in a small hotel on Broadway, where they paid for board and lodging what by contrast seemed to them the very reasonable price of forty dollars a week. Prudence decided—while they were eating a very satisfactory dinner, at which they treated themselves to a half-bottle of champagne in celebration of their successful abandonment of extravagant ways—that it would be more in keeping with their present state should they regard themselves as a disguised baron and baroness.

Pushing still further their schemes for

economical retrenchment, they hired no more carriages, and they made a point of taking all their meals in their hotel; and they were circumspect in the matter of miscellaneous purchases. But they kept up their theatre-going with undiminished ardor, and still continued their liberal system of sight-seeing.

Their second week in New York, all told, cost them seventy-five dollars. It was a great saving over their first week; but when Jack had added up his accounts he looked a little grave over the total. However, he would get to work soon; and as he had heard a great deal about the high salaries paid in New York he felt that his future was entirely secure. The third week they went but twice to the theatre; and were so prudent in the matter of their incidental expenses that their total outlay was only sixty dollars. Jack was highly pleased with this result; especially as he had come to the conclusion that his holiday now had lasted long enough, and that he would set about finding work in earnest.

V.

In the matter of finding work when he wanted it, Jack believed that all before him was plain sailing. He had brought a letter of introduction from the senior partner of the car-building firm to a banker in Wall Street, and he felt very sure that he had only to step down and present this letter in order to secure at once precisely the berth that he desired. It was possible even, he thought, that the banker might offer him a junior partnership: he had heard that the life of New York business houses was due to the clear-sighted way in which their managers constantly were recruiting from the country young men in whom were manifest the elements of commercial success.

Holding these views, young Mr. Rayford was both surprised and pained by the manner in which his letter to the Wall Street banker was received. He did not even lay eyes on the banker; and at the end of half an hour after his card and letter had been sent in, word came out to him from that gentleman that he was very much occupied, but would be glad to see him at some other time.

As he walked up Wall Street, after this adventure, Jack felt a little dazed. On his way to present his letter, he had admired the statue of George Washington. Regarding the statue in his changed mood,

he decided that its legs were unduly long, and that as a work of art it was greatly overrated. He was hurt at the scant courtesy that had been shown him. When New York men had come with letters of introduction to the car-building firm, they had been well taken care of. More than once, in order to be civil to casual New-Yorkers, who had no claim on him whatever, he had hired a buggy himself and taken them driving. This uncivil return for his civility was rasping.

However, as he walked up Broadway, and the soothing influences of a bustling city calmed him a little, he reflected that he must make allowances for the difference between the easy ways of the country and the driving ways of the town. In the morning papers he had read that this very banker was engaged in a gigantic deal with a great English syndicate that was negotiating for the purchase of all the tanneries in the United States. As he read the announcement it had occurred to him that he himself probably would have a hand in this deal before it was ended; this did not seem so probable now, but the reflection that the banker no doubt was engaged in most important consultation with the English capitalists was a very reasonable excuse for his deferring their interview. No doubt, when they did meet, the banker would apologize for his unavoidable rudeness—and would make things all right by giving him a part in his next great transaction. It was a comforting reflection that several things, including the country itself, still remained in the United States for English syndicates to buy. By the time that Jack, walking up Broadway, got home to Prudence, he was in a cheery mood again—and they made an expedition to Fort Lee; and took a delightful walk along the Palisades; and broke through their rule about eating all their meals at their hotel by having a very jolly dinner at a queer little French restaurant, where the proprietor took a personal interest in them, and talked to them in a fatherly way in broken English; and then they took another walk on the Palisades, by moonlight; and never got back to their hotel in New York until it was nearly bedtime.

Jack's second attempt to see the banker also was a failure; but it was not barren of results, for he was given an appointment—in consideration of the strong let-

ter that he brought—for the next morning. This was hopeful—which was more than could be said of the interview when it did finally come off. In the course of the five minutes that it lasted Jack was informed that New York was the most over-crowded city in the world; that the only place where there was any room in it was at the very top; and that if he, the banker, heard of any business opening that he thought suited to Mr. Rayford's requirements he would communicate with him. Jack walked up Wall Street, after these cheerless communications had been made, not only dazed but demoralized. He was beginning to have forced home upon him the truth that there was a very seamy side to New York. As he looked at the statue of George Washington he decided that its legs were not only too long, but that one of them actually was longer than the other. In short, he was in a most misanthropic frame of mind.

Fortunately, when he got home to Prudence he found that young person in an exceedingly gay mood. During his expeditions down town she had been making explorations of New York on her own account, and had derived much amusement from them. In the course of that particular morning she had taken an especially entertaining cruise—down Fifth Avenue in a stage as far as the stage would take her, she explained, and then all around in the queerest and most delightful part of the town that they yet had found. Jack had no more notion than Prudence had herself of the shady region that, unharmed, she had been wandering through; and partly because he wanted something that would take him out of himself and make him forget a little the troubles that he began to be conscious were impending, and partly because he really wanted to see the queer part of New York that Prudence had discovered, he very willingly accepted her suggestion that they should have their lunch at once, and then set off to explore together the city within a city that she had found.

Though Jack did not know it, his hand held up to stop a Fifth Avenue stage might well have been the hand of Fate itself; for as they entered that incommodious vehicle and went lumbering southward, each turn of the heavy wheels marked an appreciable advance toward the fulfilment of their destiny. It is one of the pleasing features of this life

that we all are living without even a single one of us understanding its meaning—and especially one of the things which strengthen the position of the theorists who advocate the freedom of the human mind to will—that upon such chances as an accidental determination to ride up town or down town in an omnibus the whole shaping of our lives depends.

Neither Jack nor Prudence took this serious view of the case as they jolted down Fifth Avenue, and across Washington Square into South Fifth Avenue, and finally descended from the stage at Bleecker Street. Prudence was overjoyed to pilot Jack through the queer country that she had discovered; and Jack, whose spirits were of an elastic sort, found his dread of impending calamity rapidly slipping away from him as he and Prudence wandered delightedly through the shabby streets; and commented with interest upon the odd people whom they met; and drew each other's attention to the many extraordinary signs. Prudence was especially moved by finding herself in the very home of the curlers of feathers and makers of artificial flowers; and they both speculated curiously upon what the sign reading "manufacturer of peps for artificial flowers" possibly could mean. Neither of them ever had heard of a pep; and when, later, they looked for the word in the dictionary, they could not find it. But nearly everything that they saw in the course of that walk was curious and delightful. The majority of the people whom they met very evidently were not Americans, and most of the scraps of talk which they heard were Italian or French. No imagination at all was required, Prudence declared, to fancy that they were visiting a foreign country.

But the fateful part of this walk was that in the course of it they came upon the Casa Napoleón. It had a most attractive look, this little hotel. In the balcony that ran along the line of the second-floor windows flowers were growing in pots; and there was a most pleasing air of neatness and comfort about it; and out from the front door—for dinner-time was near at hand—came a most appetizing smell.

"What great, what very great fun it would be to live there, Jack!" Prudence said. The tone in which she spoke showed that the possibility of making this sugges-

tion a practical reality had not occurred to her.

But Jack pulled up short, and answered: "Well, why shouldn't we?" For it struck him suddenly that this must be a much cheaper hotel than the one at which they were stopping, and that here was a chance to see a very queer side of New York life, and at the same time to make a wise, not to say a necessary, reduction in their expenses.

"Oh, you dear boy! Do you really mean it? Let us go right in, this very instant, and find out about terms." And when they found that they could have the little room on the fourth floor for five dollars a week, and that their board would cost them only twelve dollars a week more—with the charm of being talked to in broken English, and of hearing all sorts of foreign languages falked all around them thrown in without any extra charge at all—it is not surprising that these light-hearted young people decided without a single moment of hesitation that here should be their home. With characteristic promptitude, and taking advantage of the fact that their week at the other hotel was just ended, they moved in that very day.

Cheered by the knowledge that at a single stroke he had reduced his weekly expenses more than one-half, and that on the basis of living thus established he had money enough to carry him for a full three months, Jack's spirits came up with a bound. The spice of adventure that was involved in dwelling in such unconventional quarters tickled his fancy; and the knowledge that at last he really was out in the world and was fighting his way on his merits enlarged his sense of self-esteem. With these pleasant forces at work within him, and with Prudence quite literally dancing with delight because of their migration to the foreign country that she herself had found, it was in a very happy frame of mind that Mr. and Mrs. Rayford entered into possession of their contracted kingdom on the fourth floor of the Casa Napoleón.

VI.

When they went down to dinner that first night—being dwellers within the hotel, not mere patrons of the restaurant—they were conducted by Madame into the dining-room, that had painted over its doorway in large black letters the word

"Comedor." Later, they came to know that this word meant dining-room in the Spanish tongue; but they never quite lost the impression then conveyed that it had a hidden but close connection with some unknown Spanish naval officer who, no doubt, at one time had inhabited it. Indeed, even after Jack had attained a very tolerable working knowledge of Spanish, his habit of calling a dining-room a *comodore* remained unbroken.

They decided, on the whole, that this was the jolliest dinner that they had eaten since they came to New York. The dining-room had one long table down the middle of it, and four little round tables in its four corners. As a mark of distinction, Madame placed them at one of the little round tables; and from this point of advantage they could look about them upon their house-mates, and could see a good deal, also, through an archway that on occasion could be closed by a folding door, of their board-mates in the adjoining restaurant. At the little round table opposite to them sat Mrs. Myrtle Vane, a blond beauty of the large type, whom age had so far succeeded in withering that she had been compelled to summon in defence of her vanishing complexion the kindly aid of art. She wore a voluminous and highly colored tea gown—that Prudence perceived stood urgently in need of washing—and diamond rings of all shapes and sizes blazed upon her large thick hands. But she seemed to be a good-natured body, and when the young people took their seats she nodded to them pleasantly. In fact, everybody in the room bowed to them; a proceeding that surprised them a good deal, until, casting about in their minds for the cause of this friendliness, they remembered that such was the affable custom at the ordinaries of foreign hotels. The only other lady in the room was Mrs. Mortimer—who also was a blonde, but of a highly factitious kind. Even Jack could see that her complexion was manufactured, but the keener observation of Prudence was required to perceive that her hair was bleached and that her eyebrows were dyed. In truth, Mrs. Mortimer, to use the terms of commerce, was put up to meet the requirements of the Spanish-American market; and long study of this market had made her very successful in supplying its demands. As to her dress, the Queen of Sheba never came to a *table d'hôte* in a finer one.

Colonel Withersby sat opposite to her—a big, good-looking man, with an air of such entire assurance that he seemed quite capable, had he happened to fall in with that august personage, of clapping the Pope on the back and offering him a chance to come in on the ground-floor in a stock-jobbing operation. He and Mrs. Mortimer conversed with much animation, indifferently in Spanish and English, and—later, when Madame joined them—in French. Jack and Prudence gathered from what was said in English that the colonel had just returned from a successful business trip to Bogotá. There were half a dozen dark-skinned Cubans at the table, who chattered with each other volubly, and who occasionally took part in Colonel Withersby's and Mrs. Mortimer's talk; and at the little round table in the far corner of the room a coal-black gentleman from Hayti, very richly dressed, and exhibiting all the jewelry that one man possibly could display, ate his dinner solitary. All the Cubans had recourse at short intervals to the consolation of cigarettes, which they rolled deftly between their yellow fingers; and when the colonel had arrived at the stage of coffee and toothpicks, he lighted a huge cigar. For Jack and Prudence it was all better than anything that they had seen at the theatres; and its exceeding far-awayness was made the more real by the fact that the Cuban negro, Telésforo, who waited upon them, could speak not more than half a dozen words of English, and insisted upon addressing them in Spanish throughout their repast. When they had retired to their very small room on the fourth floor—the company in the dining-room, according to their several nationalities, saying good-night and *buenas noches* and *bon soir* as they retired—Prudence threw her arms about Jack's neck and declared that nothing so delightful as that queer dinner had happened to her since she was born.

"Not even getting married?" Jack asked.

"Certainly not," Prudence answered; and then, a little shocked at the wicked falseness of this assertion, she added: "Of course I don't include that. That stands all by itself, and don't count in ordinary matters any more than air or sunshine or—or—"

"Kisses," Jack interpolated.

"I am ashamed of you, Jack," Prudence

was presently able to say; but her tone was not overburdened with severity. "And I've come to the conclusion, Jack," she went on—when they had overcome in the only practical manner the inconvenience of having only one chair—"that what we must call ourselves now is a disguised count and countess. We can be driven from our estates, you know, and forced to fly to America, leaving all of our wealth behind us; and that makes it perfectly natural that we should come to this hotel and live in a little room on the fourth floor. And then, when you begin to make money, or, what will be still more life-like, when you find your half-uncle William and he formally adopts you, we can consider that we have had our rightful inheritance restored to us."

"And we will go back to our ancestral castle under a triumphal arch, while a brass band plays, and all the tenants come to welcome us in clean smock-frocks and white dresses with pink bows?"

"Exactly," Prudence answered. "But really, Jack," she went on, presently, "why don't you write to your half-uncle William, and ask him, not exactly to adopt you, you know, but to put you in the way of making a fortune for yourself? Since he has made a fortune of his own, he certainly will be able to show you how he did it; that wouldn't be asking much of a favor of him, I'm sure."

"Supposing that he has made a fortune, which, you must remember, Prudence, is an entirely gratuitous supposition, it would not. But how would you address the letter; just to 'William Strahan, South America'?"

"Why, of course," Prudence answered. "That's where he is, isn't it?"

"Yes; at least he's more likely to be in South America than anywhere else—that is, if he's alive, you know. But South America is a biggish place, Prue."

"But you might try," Prudence persisted; "it couldn't do any harm, and he *might* get it, you know—and then think how comfortable everything would be. He would take us right home to live with him, of course; and I always have so longed to live in a tropical country. You don't know, Jack, how I suffer in winter from cold feet at night!" And then, as it struck Prudence that Jack but very recently had acquired a position that entitled him to confidences of this nature, she blushed delightfully, and went on

with some confusion: "Just think of the oranges, and the pineapple palms, and the delicious sunshine, and the deep blue sky."

"Pineapple palms is good," Jack replied, unfeelingly. "What you seem to stand in need of, Prudence, is a post graduate course in geography and pomology; in both of those branches of learning you are decidedly weak. I don't think that I need write my letter to Half-uncle William to-night; so suppose you put on your hat, and we'll take a turn in that square where the stunning statue of Garibaldi is, while I smoke a pipe. Under the trees out there, with foreign languages going off all around us, it will be like a bit out of an opera."

PART II.

I.

JACK was punctual in informing the Wall Street banker of the change in his address, and for a week he entertained a lively hope that each morning would bring him a letter from that gentleman containing an offer of a three-thousand-dollar clerkship. By this time his earlier hope of a junior partnership was abandoned. But the letter did not come. Then he sent a polite note of reminder; and as, at the end of three days, no answer came to this missive, he decided that he had better call in person. He waited an hour, and then accomplished an interview of two minutes. This time it was a quite decisive interview. The banker declared positively that he could not put Mr. Rayford in the way of obtaining any employment in New York; that the beginning of summer was no time to look for work in New York, anyway; and that he must beg Mr. Rayford not again to intrude upon his valuable time. He relented a little as he saw how white and drawn Jack's face looked, and said that if anything did turn up he certainly would communicate with Mr. Rayford at once. And then, with a show of regretful cordiality that was not entirely assumed, he shook hands with Mr. Rayford, and politely showed him to the door. It really did annoy him to turn the young fellow adrift—but what else could he do?

For the first time since they had arrived in New York, the dinner that Jack and Prudence ate that night was a melancholy one. When Jack came home and told her what a knock-down he had had, Pru-

dence had done her best to comfort him. In truth, to her the blow did not seem nearly so serious a matter as it seemed to him; for by heredity and training they looked at the economic affairs of life from widely different points of view. Jack had been brought up to regard running in debt as a crime only a trifle less deadly than those expressly forbidden by the Ten Commandments; and he had been accustomed all his life to rigorous effort to keep his outlay within the limits of a small but certain income. Prudence, whose conscious years had been passed in the household of her many times bankrupt step-father, regarded running in debt as one of life's necessary evils; and her only notion of regulating her outlay was to spend what money she was lucky enough to have until it all was gone. When this point was reached, her simple financial creed told her that unless what she wanted was to be found in the stock of her step-father's store, she must go without it. And out of the up-and-down life that her step-father had led her—of comfort when, with fresh credit, he had taken a fresh start; of downright privation when, as bankruptcy drew near again, ready money was all gone and the stock in the store was nearly exhausted—she had acquired a philosophic indifference to poverty, and a most unphilosophic faith in the certainty that something was bound to turn up just as the situation was becoming desperate.

But on this dismal night, when she tried to comfort Jack by proving out of the shifts of her past very shifty life how certain it was that bad luck couldn't last, Jack refused to recognize the soundness of her reasoning and declined to be comforted. From the stand-point of his training and experience, the man who accepted without serious alarm a situation that involved a steady outlay, to meet which there was not even a prospect of an income, was moving with a dangerous rapidity in the direction of positive crime. The enunciation of this novel doctrine interested Prudence: it struck her as both curious and original.

On the whole, it was a good thing for Jack that Prudence did not share his economical views. Having been all her life accustomed to believe that there was no need to worry so long as there was any ready money in the house at all, she was not seriously cast down as the summer

days slipped away and Jack's manifold efforts to get a standing-room in New York slipped away with them. She was stayed by an absolutely unquenchable belief that his genius was of the towering kind that in the end must command success. Holding to this conviction, she was not in the least dismayed by his repeated checks in his effort to live out his handsome destiny. And this confidence in him, and the constant cheerfulness that Prudence logically maintained because of it, did give substantial comfort to Jack as the days went on until they became months and he still remained stranded in enforced idleness. While such love for him and faith in him continued, he thought, he had no right to despair. Therefore he answered advertisements at the average rate of three a day; and did his best to stand pluckily up to the steady fire of failure, and to emulate with a pretended cheerfulness her cheerfulness that was entirely genuine. His pretence did not for a moment deceive her; but she, pretending that she was deceived, deceived him very satisfactorily.

In the early days of his apprenticeship to answering advertisements—the dead season of summer having not quite set in—he had been offered two or three berths that later he would have accepted very gladly. The best of these was that of entry clerk in a wholesale dry-goods house at nine hundred dollars a year. He had declined that position promptly. It was absurd, he thought, to work in New York for three hundred dollars a year less than he had been paid in the country; and especially absurd to accept a place that would give him only twenty-six dollars a year more than his actual board and lodging. He and Prudence laughed a good deal over the way that they would dress and pay all their incidental expenses out of that margin. He remembered these jokes rather bitterly, one day late in September, when he found himself seriously considering the advisability of accepting—of course only until he should be able to get something better—the position of invoice clerk, with a firm of exporters just starting in business, at a salary of ten dollars a week—to which was added the problematical inducement of a chance to grow up with the house. He told the two exporters—they were pleasant young fellows, not much older than himself—that he would give them an an-

swer the next day; and they urged him to make it an answer in the affirmative, for they liked his looks, and his references—to the car-building firm in the country—were as good as references could be. The thought had entered his mind more than once to try to get back to that pleasant resting-place in life that he had abandoned so lightly; but for very shame—after all the tall talk that he had indulged in before starting out on his own account into the world—he would not bring himself as yet to make the admission that his effort to better himself had been a lamentable failure.

When he came home and told Prudence of the offer that he had received, her counsels, for once, were in keeping with her name. The practice of her shifty step-father had been always to take what he could get. "Little things," said this expert in bankruptcy, "were not to be sneezed at when you couldn't get big ones." Prudence had a great respect for the business capacity of her step-father, and in the light of his words of wisdom she advised Jack to accept the very small thing that now was offered to him, and to make the most of it until he got something better—as he certainly would, she added with entire honesty, in a very little while. Ten dollars a week would pay more than half their expenses, she pointed out; and that would make what was left of their ready money—there still remained to them rather more than a hundred dollars—go more than twice as far: which piece of arithmetic was absolutely incontrovertible. In short, Prudence manifested an amount of worldly wisdom that really was quite astonishing; and that, in the end, Jack admitted was wholly convincing. And the upshot of her preaching was that he went down town the next morning and accepted his ten dollar a week clerkship, and straightway entered upon the discharge of his duties.

Jack found that getting to work, even in so poor a way, did him good. He was a capital book-keeper, and he naturally enjoyed doing what he knew he could do thoroughly well. And when the young exporters discovered that he was living in the thick of Spanish Americans, and that he could talk Spanish fairly well—for Prudence had lived up to her high resolves in regard to that language and had made Jack live up with her—they

became quite excited over the possibility of fresh captures through his exertions of Spanish-American trade. They would make it an object to him to rustle, they declared; and they did make it an object by offering upon the fruits of his "rustling" a very liberal commission.

II.

It is not to be supposed that two such friendly young people as Jack and Prudence could remain in so friendly a household as that of the Casa Napoleón for a whole summer long without coming into tolerably close relations with the rather variegated company dwelling there. About these young people there was a frankness and an innocence that Madame—in a confidence to M. Duvent—declared were *très piquante*; and that certainly had the effect of attracting toward them the better sides of the not especially frank and by no means innocent company that abode in the little hotel.

There was something humorous—that is to say, for the true meaning of this word has been obscured by ill use of it, something on the border line between tears and laughter—in the way that the several shady characters frequenting the Casa Napoleón made their good-will manifest. M. Duvent, who came to the hotel so regularly because of the opportunities which he there found of meeting rich young Spanish Americans whom he might profitably introduce into the respectable gaming establishment of which he was a part, talked to Jack in a very fatherly way about the dangers of a great city, and especially warned him to give gambling a wide berth. From the fund of his own ample experience, he drew such a picture of the evils of gaming that Jack was seriously shocked by it. It was the more to M. Duvent's credit that he acted this fatherly rôle not long after Jack came to the Casa Napoleón, and while he was still in possession, as was known to his mentor, of several hundred dollars. That Colonel Withersby did not attempt to secure any of these dollars on a call loan—and a tremendous amount of calling usually had to be gone through with before these loans, which the colonel had a fine knack at negotiating, could be made to come back again—was due in part, probably, to the fact that when he first met Jack he had just returned from striking it rich in Bogotá. But to the credit of the

colonel be it said that, later in the summer, when his Bogotá dollars were all gone, and while some of Jack's American dollars still remained, he deliberately abstained from rectifying his frontiers at the expense of Jack's very defenceless territory. He'd be —, said the colonel, in his bluff military way, in the course of a frank talk with Mrs. Mortimer, in which his impecuniosity had been touched upon and this method of relieving it had been suggested, if he'd got as low down yet as to make a strike that way. And Mrs. Mortimer applauded his good resolution.

Not less well disposed toward Jack and Prudence were the ladies of the establishment. Polly Harrison (professionally known as Violet Bream), who was as kind-hearted a natural-born soubrette as ever mistakenly attempted high tragedy, quite fell in love with Prudence—and was so entirely sincere about it that she was not in the least jealous when Mr. Claude Dunbar, that is to say, Ned, her husband, frankly admitted that he was in love with Prudence himself. And these good souls took Jack to their hearts also—for it made them think, as Polly explained to Prudence, of the very happy time when they were ten years younger, and were newly married themselves. "You see how handsome my dear boy is now," Polly said, proudly; "but I wish that you could have seen him then! And if your husband is as good and as kind to you as mine has been to me," she went on, and there was a little tremble in her voice that made the heart of Prudence thrill sympathetically, "you need not fear any troubles that may come to you." Miss Bream and Mr. Dunbar were playing a summer engagement at one of the minor theatres, and they were kindness itself in giving Jack and Prudence box-office orders. It grew a little monotonous, to be sure, after they had seen the same farcical performance ten or fifteen times; but it was better to see it over and over again, Prudence said, than not see anything; and she added, a trifle ambiguously, that it was not right to look a gift theatre ticket in the mouth.

Mrs. Myrtle Vane betook herself, about the 1st of July, to Saratoga—whence she wrote to her New York and Western papers letters which were badly constructed, and which contained a good many grammatical eccentricities, but which were as full of "spice" as letters possi-

bly could be. And as neither the editors nor the readers of the journals which she had on her string, as she expressed it, had even a rudimentary knowledge of literary style, and were accustomed to grammatical forms fit to send a thrill of agony through the dry bones of the late Mr. Lindley Murray, her letters, as usual, were a great success. Before she left town, Mrs. Vane made very friendly advances toward Prudence; and when she returned to town early in September, she greeted her young friend with effusion. Prudence was quite overawed by coming into such cordial relations with a literary person; and she felt that there must be something all wrong with her own literary tastes, because the reading of Mrs. Vane's newspaper letters always made her feel as though she must at once give herself a thorough washing.

Mrs. Mortimer staid in town all summer. The summer was her season of harvest, for then it was that the rich Cubans—fleeing from the heat of their island home—came northward. Mrs. Mortimer manifested a great friendliness for Prudence at first; but later she rather drew away from her. Possibly, perceiving the sweet innocence which was in the nature of Prudence, and which shone out in all her acts and words, this drawing away was a sign of a still better friendliness. It is certain that this lady, whose most striking characteristic was not shyness, was truly shy in her dealings with this young girl. Sometimes Prudence, looking up suddenly, would find Mrs. Mortimer's eyes fixed upon her with an expression of sadness and longing that was almost tragical, and that Prudence could not even remotely understand. It occurred to her that perhaps Mrs. Mortimer had had a daughter once who, had she lived, would be about the age that she, Prudence, was now; and it is not impossible that Mrs. Mortimer at these times really was thinking of some such innocent young life that long ago had come to an untimely end. As the summer advanced, bringing the rich Cubans with it, Mrs. Mortimer maintained over Prudence a dragon-like guard; breaking up all attempts on the part of these foreign gentlemen to open conversations with her—which she was disposed to encourage, for the sake of practising her newly acquired Spanish—and in all ways very vigorously standing them off. Colonel



"SOMETIMES PRUDENCE, LOOKING UP."

Withersby and M. Duvent frequently chuckled over these demonstrations. "She's a keen one," said the colonel. "Protection to home industries is her rule; and you can bet your life that she's not going to stand any nonsense like free-trade." And M. Duvent, stroking his gray imperial, answered: "Oui, monsieur; she 'as the level 'ead, this madame." Yet for once these keen judges of human nature, failing to take into consideration a range of thoughts quite beyond their comprehension, arrived at conclusions which were not absolutely correct.

But the most surprising proof of friendliness manifested toward Jack and Prudence was found in the fact that Don Anastasio—who made out the bills, under Madame's supervision—refrained from adding to Jack's account any of the ingenious overcharges that he was in the habit of adding to accounts in general, and

in the concoction of which long experience had given him great skill. Possibly, at first, Madame may have checked him in this matter; but as time went on no supervision of this sort was required to keep him honest in his renderings. Indeed, when Prudence fell ill, very

many of the perfectly legitimate extras which ought to have gone into Jack's bills staid out of them—and with Madame's entire consent and hearty approval. They were very far from being saints, Madame and Don Anastasio, but beneath the hard coating of guile with which time and, more especially, twenty years of inn-keeping had overlaid and chilled their hearts, there still remained a soft spot in which was warmth; and this warmth went out freely to "the children"—as they presently fell into the way of calling the very guileless young couple whom fate had driven within their doors. When Jack at last settled to work with the firm of young exporters, Madame made a little feast for them; and as the very crown and glory of this feast brought up with her own hands from the cellar a bottle of her rare old burgundy that had been eighteen years in glass—which neither Jack nor Prudence in the

least appreciated, and which, to save it from the desecration of being mixed with water, she and Don Anastasio were compelled to drink hurriedly themselves.

Especially was Don Anastasio delighted with the efforts which Jack and Prudence made, and which by the end of summer had achieved a reasonable degree of success, to acquire the Spanish tongue. That they seriously wished to speak his own beautiful language was a form of flattery, as delicate as it was unintentional, that went straight to his heart. It was his strong desire, he told them, that they should know and love his very dear friend the Señor Estrano, who was due to arrive at any time now, and he much preferred that Spanish should be the speech in which this friendship should begin. The Señor Estrano, it was true, did speak English—indeed, he was an Englishman, Don Anastasio thought—but long use of Spanish had made it his most familiar language; and then, if they would pardon him for saying so, Spanish was the only language in which could be adequately expressed the feelings of the heart.

Of his dear friend, Don Anastasio never tired of talking. There was not a virtue under heaven that he did not attribute to him—in war he was a very Paladin; he was as generous as he was brave; he was tenderness and goodness personified; he was *muy simpático, muy fino*—which words, Don Anastasio explained, meant vastly more than their literal English equivalent of very sympathetic and very fine. And when the Señor Estrano actually arrived, it was as though a whirlwind had struck the Casa Napoléon—so tumultuous was the outburst of Don Anastasio's joy. Such huggings, and hearty pattings of each other's backs—punctuated by pauses in which they affectionately held each other off at arms'-length that they might also feast their eyes—as these two warm-hearted old boys indulged in made a spectacle the like of which Jack and Prudence had never beheld. It gave them a wonderful notion of Spanish-American warm-heartedness, and also added to the very cordial feeling on their part toward the Señor Estrano that had been created in advance of his coming by Don Anastasio's laudations of his many excellences.

As they came to know him better, this feeling toward Don Anastasio's friend steadily grew warmer and stronger. He

was a simple-minded, sweet-hearted man, very gentle in his ways; and in his thoughts and actions there seemed to be at all times a tender and considerate kindness. Toward Prudence he presently manifested an affection so fatherly that even Mrs. Mortimer was not suspicious of it; and Jack and he—Prudence declared that they were wonderfully alike—were warm friends in no time. When he found that Jack was having a hard time of it, and that he could help him by making his purchases of supplies from the firm of young exporters, he jumped at the chance thus offered—only regretting that his heaviest orders must be placed with firms with which he had standing contracts. Jack was sorry too; but he was most devoutly thankful for the hundred dollars or so that came to him thus in the way of commissions—for at this juncture he had arrived at the point when his reserve of ready money was all gone, and the problem confronted him of meeting a fixed outlay with just half its amount of fixed income.

III.

But a much more serious trouble came to Jack about this time: Prudence fell ill. For a good while past, as he perceived in looking backward, she had not seemed quite herself. Slowly, so slowly that he scarcely had noticed it, she had fallen into a low way. She lost her appetite, and her spirits flagged. Madame perceived this change more clearly than Jack did; for Jack was away all day, and Prudence did her best to be as cheerful as possible when he came home at night. It was Madame who advised Jack that a doctor should be called in—she knew a very good one, she said, who charged but little and who was not pressing with his bills. And when the doctor came—and looked very grave over the case that he was called to deal with—Prudence thankfully gave up trying to seem well for Jack's sake, and took to her bed and staid there. There was a great languor pressing upon her. She spoke little and slept a great deal. The doctor confided to Madame that he would feel much more comfortable if his patient would develop a raging fever—or any other decisive symptom that he could decisively lay hold upon.

Quite a commotion went through the Casa Napoléon when it was known that the little body, whose hold was so firm

upon so many hearts, lay ill. Polly Harrison, who heard about it just as she was starting out to buy a new bonnet—and a new bonnet was a good deal of an event in Polly's life—went instantly to Perceval's and bought a mould of beef jelly that she carried to Prudence with her own hands, and with her own arms hugged her, while she besought her to get well at once. Polly put aside the remainder of her bonnet money, to be used in the interest of the invalid as occasion might require. Mrs. Myrtle Vane, being short of cash at the moment, sat down quickly at a writing-table and wrote such a spicy article about a divorce suit then pending in the courts that the editor of a prominent newspaper gladly gave her fifteen dollars for it for use in his next Sunday edition—and the very first thing bought with that fifteen dollars (the whole of it being sacredly set apart as a relief fund) was a bottle of Madame's rare old burgundy, which Mrs. Myrtle Vane herself carried to Prudence and presented with every mark of sincere affection. Colonel Withersby, who was just returned from a flying trip to Valparaiso, where he had made a turn in tramways that had filled his pockets most refreshingly, was all unused to expressing sympathy such as the present case demanded, and was rather put to his trumps—until the happy thought occurred to him, evolved out of his memory of the joy that his mother had derived from a like present, to send Prudence a large, illustrated family Bible. Being by the grace of heaven a member of the polite nation, M. Duvent knew precisely what to do, and did it promptly. On his way to his respectable gaming establishment he purchased a huge bouquet and a five-pound box of bonbons—which offering he at once sent to Prudence, by one of the employés of the gambling rooms, with his card.

Mrs. Mortimer alone failed to take part in this general manifestation of sympathy. But she waited for Jack on the stairs, and said to him, in a voice that trembled and broke a little: "I haven't sent anything to your wife, Mr. Rayford, because I thought that—that—with my money, you know, I had better not. But if I can do anything myself," she went on, eagerly, "if I can help nurse her—that is, if you'll let me come near her—or do anything at all, oh, you don't know what a comfort doing it will be to me! I



"SHE MAINTAINED HER WATCH IN THE PASSAGEWAY."

might do errands, perhaps; and, if you would rather not have me come into the room, I can sit in the passage and be ready to get somebody when she calls. I may do that, mayn't I, Mr. Rayford? And you don't mind my loving her, do you? Please let me love her—she won't know about it, and it can't do her any harm." And as Mrs. Mortimer turned away, Jack perceived—he could not make head nor tail of her extraordinary outburst—that her far from genuine complexion had been temporarily ruined by entirely genuine tears. He thanked her very warmly; and when he came in again he found her sitting in the passage just outside the door of the little room in which Prudence lay. She wouldn't enter the room; and during a good part of the ensuing three weeks she maintained her watch in the passageway. The Cuban season was not ended, either.

The three weeks that followed were the blackest that Jack had ever known. Prudence did not get actively worse, but each day she was a little weaker than she had been the day before.

"God send that she may develop a fever!" the doctor said—"what I want is something that I can take hold of. I can't fight this sort of thing, for there is nothing in it to fight."

Jack explained matters to the firm of young exporters, and they were as good-hearted about it as they could be. They told him to stay at home until his wife was better, and they sent his salary of ten dollars up to him every Saturday night—which was a good deal for a young and by no means flourishing firm of exporters to do. Jack scarcely left the little room all day long. Only, acting under the doctor's imperative orders, he went out every afternoon and walked for half an hour in Washington Square. It would not do for him to fall ill too, the doctor said; and Jack perceived that this statement was strictly true.

During these short absences Madame would sit by Prudence and watch her; or Polly Harrison, or Mrs. Myrtle Vane. Jack had asked Mrs. Mortimer to take this place, but she had declined. It was better, she said, that she should stay outside. And every day the Señor Estrano came and sat, sometimes for an hour at a time, beside the bed on which Prudence lay, looking at her the while with loving, longing eyes—as though by the sheer strength of loving her he would make her tighten again her slowly loosing grasp on life. And Don Anastasio also would pay Prudence short visits—and would go away again, with eyes unduly red for reading, to seek comfort in the *Siete Partidas* of Alonzo the Wise. But it was cold comfort that Don Anastasio found in the wisdom of the King of Arragon. Great though his wisdom assuredly was, it did not suffice to put brightness into the shadows which fall as a young life fades out from time into eternity.

It was late in the third week that the doctor, coming to make his morning visit, saw a gleam of hope in the fact that his patient unquestionably was feverish. But with his hope came also great anxiety. As he went away he confided to Madame that, one way or the other, the case would be settled within twenty-four hours. If Prudence had enough strength

left in her to pull her through this crisis, all would be well; if she had not—and the doctor nodded in a way that made Madame understand.

For Jack that was the worst day of all. Prudence was not exactly delirious, but she grew more and more excited as the fever increased; and she talked—and this was so hard for Jack to bear—in much the lively way that was natural with her when she was quite well. She seemed to forget all their troubles, and rattled on about their expeditions around New York, and their theatre-goings, and the good time that they were having generally. In the afternoon her thoughts took another turn. She remembered that they were getting steadily poorer, and that now, because of her illness, their outlay would be increased. She fretted over it all, and devised feverish plans for extricating themselves from the tangle in which they were involved. Then the thought of Jack's long-lost and highly mythical half-uncle drifted into her mind, and with it her desire that Jack should write to him. "Have you written to him yet, Jack?" she asked; and Jack, with whom tact was not a strong point at the best of times, and who now was very little short of heart-broken, said bluntly that he had not.

"Oh, Jack, it is cruel of you not to write that letter when I want you to so much. I'd do it for you, Jack, if you asked me to. Do be a dear boy and sit down and write it now."

Just then the doctor came for his afternoon visit. Prudence turned to him and said:

"Doctor, won't you please make Jack write the letter. It worries me so much that he does not do it. Writing it can do no harm, you know; and it may do us so much good. Please make him do it, doctor." On her face there was a look of great trouble and anxiety.

"Certainly he must write it, and at once," said the doctor, briskly. "I meant to speak to him about it myself, Mrs. Rayford. It is most important that that letter should be written this very moment." And then he whispered to Jack: "I don't understand, of course; if it is a letter that can be written, write it; if not, pretend to write it. Don't you see?—the crisis has come."

"All right, dear," Jack said. "I'll go at it now, and you shall see me do it."

"Oh, thank you, Jack," Prudence answered, and the troubled expression left her face. "Write it, and then read it to me; and then, do you know, I think I'll go to sleep." There was a look of satisfaction in the doctor's face as Prudence spoke of going to sleep; and his satisfaction increased as he touched her hand and found that it was slightly moist.

Jack went to the bureau on which the little portfolio that belonged to Prudence lay, and braced himself to the writing of the letter. There came into his mind their light talk about it, that June day when they first took possession so gayly of the quarters where such bitter sorrow had come to them. He knew what Prudence wanted him to write, and with the very blackness of death around him he wrote.

"Now read it to me," Prudence said; "and be quick, Jack, for I am so sleepy."

And Jack read:

"CASA NAPOLÉON, October 17th.

"To William Strahan, Esq., South America:

"DEAR HALF-UNCLE WILLIAM,—I am the son of your half-sister Mary, who married John Rayford, my father. Just at present I stand urgently in need of your assistance. My wife is sick, and I have very little money. Please let me have at once a check for \$1000; and please make arrangements promptly for adopting us as your son and daughter, and for taking us home to live with you. An early answer will oblige your affectionate half-nephew

JOHN RAYFORD."

"Thank you, Jack," Prudence said, drowsily. "That is a very nice letter, and I am sure that it will make everything right. Just kiss me, please; and then I'll take a nap." Jack laid the letter on the bureau and bent to kiss her—her forehead was cool and moist—but she was already asleep. The doctor



"MY DEAR FELLOW," HE SAID, "WE HAVE TURNED THE CORNER."

beckoned him softly out of the room. Being safely out in the passage, with the door gently closed behind them, the doctor was jubilant. "My dear fellow," he said, "we have turned the corner. Your wife is not likely ever again but once to be as near to death as she was twenty minutes ago. I got there just in time. If you hadn't humored her by writing that letter she would have slipped away from us. But now, I think, she's safe. She will sleep for an hour, longer perhaps, and when she wakes up she will be as weak as water; but she will be started on the way to get well. The very best thing that you can do now is to go out into the fresh air. I will call Madame as I go down, and as soon as she comes, do you go. You need it. I'll come round again this evening, of course."

All that Jack could say was, "God bless you, doctor!" and when Madame came smiling up the stairs, and actually

put her arms around him and kissed him, he pretty well broke down. Then he went out for his walk. His entire fortune at that moment consisted of ninety-four cents—and he was the very happiest man in New York!

IV.

When Jack came back, after an hour of vigorous walking, Prudence had just roused up, and was taking the beef tea that Madame had ready for her. "It is really absurd, Jack," she said, "I don't feel strong enough to lift my little finger, and yet I feel better and more like myself than I have felt for weeks. But, oh, I am sleepy!" And she drowsed off once more into sleep.

All had gone well, Madame whispered. Prudence had slept so soundly that she had not even stirred when Don Guillermo had come in before Madame could stop him. She had told him the good news, and he was very glad. Madame put her finger on her lips and left the room. She bore the good news down stairs triumphantly—it was just dinner-time—and Colonel Withersby, still flush with the winnings of his Valparaiso tramways, at once ordered champagne for everybody, in order that the general happiness might be fittingly celebrated.

Jack softly took off his shoes and put on his slippers, preparatory to settling down to his watch by the bedside. He stood by the bureau, on which the gas-light, shaded from the bed, shone brightly. He looked for the absurd letter that he had written, for the doctor had said that the writing of that letter had saved his wife's life, and thereafter it would be as long as he lived the most precious of his possessions. But he was surprised to find that the sheet that he had written was gone; and still more surprised to find in its place a sealed letter directed to him in a strange hand. And when he broke the seal he read:

"CASA NAPOLEÓN, October 17th.

"MY DEAR HALF-NEPHEW,—You will be more than this to me now, for you shall be truly my son, and your dear wife, whom I have learned to love so well, shall be my daughter. I do not know how this strange happiness has come to pass; but there will be plenty of time to tell it all when we get home to Venezuela. I am glad that you know Spanish; but had you

known it better you might have guessed how easily our Spanish friends would turn into Estrano my name. A warm *embrazo* awaits you when you have read this—in the arms of your half-uncle, who is also now your father.

WILLIAM STRAHAN.

"P.S.—The check that you ask for is enclosed. There is much more ready for you in the bank."

And so black Care, and blacker Sorrow, in the self-same day were driven out from the lives of Jack and Prudence; and in their place came Love, and with her Joy.

Of the tumult that reigned for a time in the Casa Napoleón when this wonderful glad news was known, words cannot tell. Colonel Withersby declared seriously that he meant to get drunk, and to stay drunk for a week; and he kept his word. M. Duvent was so upset that, for the first and only time in his life, he made that evening a misdeal. Miss Violet Bream and Mr. Claude Dunbar, otherwise known as Polly and Ned Harrison, voted that they were entitled on the strength of the good luck that had overtaken these friends of theirs to a spree of their own; and, having a night off from the stage, made their spree take the characteristic form of going as a part of the audience to another theatre, and having a jolly little supper all to themselves afterward. Mrs. Myrtle Vane exhibited her joy in the form of self-sacrifice; for she did *not* write it all up for the Sunday papers. Mrs. Mortimer was not heard from—for in the midst of the excitement she quietly left the hotel.

As for Madame, she was as radiant as though this great good fortune had come to a daughter of her own. And Don Anastasio, quoting from the twentieth law of the Fourth Partida of the wise Alonzo of Arragon, declared that he who cares with the love of a father for a child that is not his own wins to himself thereby that child's love and duty; and he added that of such strong friendship as thus assuredly would be formed King Alonzo had written in the seventh law of that same Fourth Partida: "Neither for sickness, nor for poverty, nor for any other ill shall true friendship be broken; but, rather, by the stress and trial thus laid upon it shall true friendship be made yet more strong, and shall friend yet the more closely cleave unto friend."



PLAZA MAYOR, LIMA.

IMPRESSIONS OF PERU.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

I.

A LETTER I received on landing at Callao ended with the following words: "Hoping that you are enjoying your trip and getting a true impression of these republics, *gleaned from the many untruths you are doubtless flooded with*, I remain, etc." That, indeed, is my aspiration; but the task is not easy, especially if you listen to what people tell you without controlling their contradictory statements by a reference to facts where facts are accessible. In Peru facts are not so accessible as they might be. For the want of means of communication, it is a long and difficult business to travel through the country and see things for one's self. On the other hand, the poverty-stricken government is too poor to publish an official journal, much more to issue a geographical and statistical synopsis of the country. The consequence is that for most travellers Peru is represented by Lima and the port of Callao alone, and the rest of the country, whose boundaries even are undefined, is left to the legends and imaginations of enthusiastic explorers. For my part I make no pretensions to being an explorer. All that I saw in Peru was that which any industrious observer might have seen. My impressions were unbiassed by prejudices or preconceived opinions. I simply saw and was interested.

My route toward the Peruvian capital lay along the coast northward from the nitrate desert of Tarapacá, where I had made my last halt for observation and study. After a farewell breakfast with an English gentleman resident at Iquique in the flesh, but still wandering in memory through the galleries of the Louvre and the cloisters of Verona—a friend of a few days' standing, whom sympathy had at once made, as it were, a friend of old years—I left the brown nitrate port almost with regret, and went on board the steamer *Cachapoal*, bound for Panama and intermediate ports. This is one of the saddening moments in the traveller's existence. As you mount the gangway, followed by the boatman with your baggage, you feel the brusque change, you think of the pleasant people on shore who have kindly entreated you, and whom you will probably never see again. Then, after the brief diversion of finding your cabin, and immediately corrupting the steward, with a view to securing creature comforts during the voyage, you wander up and down the deck full of *ennui*, not knowing anybody, examining the queer-looking people who are your chance companions, and wondering who they are. One passenger, a dilapidated and anæmic youth, has already settled down in the corner to read Zola's *La Tierra* in a Spanish translation, decorated with a gaudy

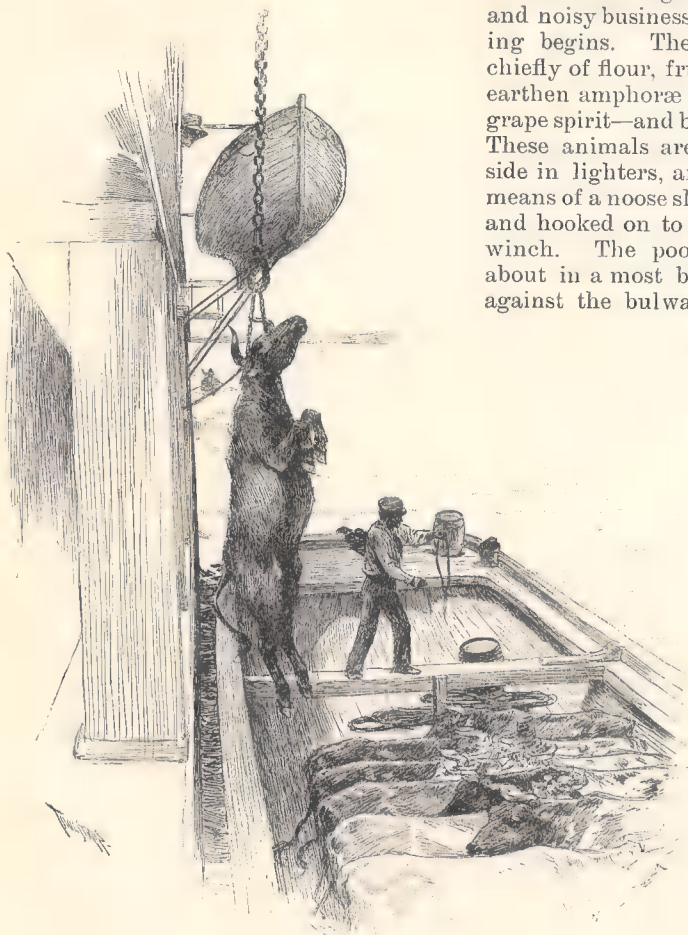
chromo-lithographic cover, representing the man-brute kissing the woman-brute in a corn field. In another corner half a dozen men, with rough, lumpy faces, hoarse voices, and badly cut clothes, are discussing politics and indulging in audible and frequent sputation. These gross persons I afterward discovered to be Peruvian deputies and senators. On another bench three priests are saying their prayers. Amongst the deck passengers I notice a whole family busily engaged in making up their beds with good mattresses and nice clean white sheets. Father, mother, son, and two daughters are all chattering over the work, which is being done in a very satisfactory way. Later in the day I found the whole family in bed with their boots on.

We have now started. The silence of

the ship impresses one. There is no sound but the regular thud of the engine and the rush of the water that dashes against the ship's side, like an enemy ever to be repelled, and ever returning to the charge. The sun is shining brilliantly; the Pacific continues its long and indolent roll; the red-brown barren coast closes the horizon and deepens in the distance into rich purple tones. Day after day the scene is the same—brown and arid hills along the coast; occasionally a white patch of guano; now and again a town and port, and a narrow fertile valley running down to the sea. The ship anchors at a certain distance from the shore. The captain of the port comes on board and exercises his authority. Then the boatmen scramble up the ship's side to take passengers ashore. Then the lighters are moored alongside, and the monotonous and noisy business of loading and unloading begins. The merchandise consists chiefly of flour, fruit, barrels of wine, tall earthen amphoræ of *pisco*—a very savory grape spirit—and bullocks by the hundred. These animals are brought to the ship's side in lighters, and hoisted on board by means of a noose slipped under their horns and hooked on to the chain of the steamwinch. The poor brutes are knocked about in a most barbarous style, banged against the bulwarks, swung in mid-air,

and dropped on the deck with a crash that stuns them, and necessitates their being restored to consciousness by the violent twisting of their tails. From Valdivia to Callao the coast steamers always carry each more than three hundred head of cattle, the southern Chilian ports supplying the northern mineral and nitrate zone, and the southern Peruvian ports exporting their beeves to Callao and the capital.

At last we reach Callao. The ship is moored to a decent quay; we say good-



LOADING CATTLE ON A STEAMER.

by to the genial Yankee captain, with whom we have become very friendly, and once more we and our baggage land on a foreign shore without chart or compass. Callao offers no special interest. It is a small seaport, with quays, warehouses, rail tracks along the wharves, and rather picturesque streets lined with more or less shabby houses, many of them having iron gratings over the windows, in the old Spanish style. There is nothing to see and nothing to do until the train starts, except to breakfast. This function I accomplished in an establishment where three-quarters of the customers were Englishmen. The shops, too, I noticed, bore Italian, English, and German names. Callao, like most seaports, is polyglot.

The journey from Callao to Lima takes half an hour by train, and you have the choice of two lines, one English and one American, but both provided with American rolling stock. The landscape is green and fertile, and the eye, wearied by the long spell of arid rock and sand which has prevailed since we left Valparaiso, greets with pleasure the delicate green of the banana leaf, and the more familiar but not less welcome sight of a field of common grass. So we arrive at Lima in the very primitive railway station of the English company, hire a negro coachman, and ride to a hotel, reputedly the best in the town. At first sight it seems to be a pleasant house. The dining-room is in a court-yard dotted with flower beds and shaded with luxuriant climbing plants, between whose leaves the sunlight filters. On the first floor, around a balcony, are the bedrooms. A second and a third *patio* are similarly arranged, and would delight an artist in search of picturesque bits, the more so as one of the menials is a Chinaman as ugly as a *netské*, another a negress, and others semi-Indians, *Cholos* and *Cholitas* with copper skins, black, lank hair, and imbruted, moony countenances. There are no bells



CHOLO TYPES.

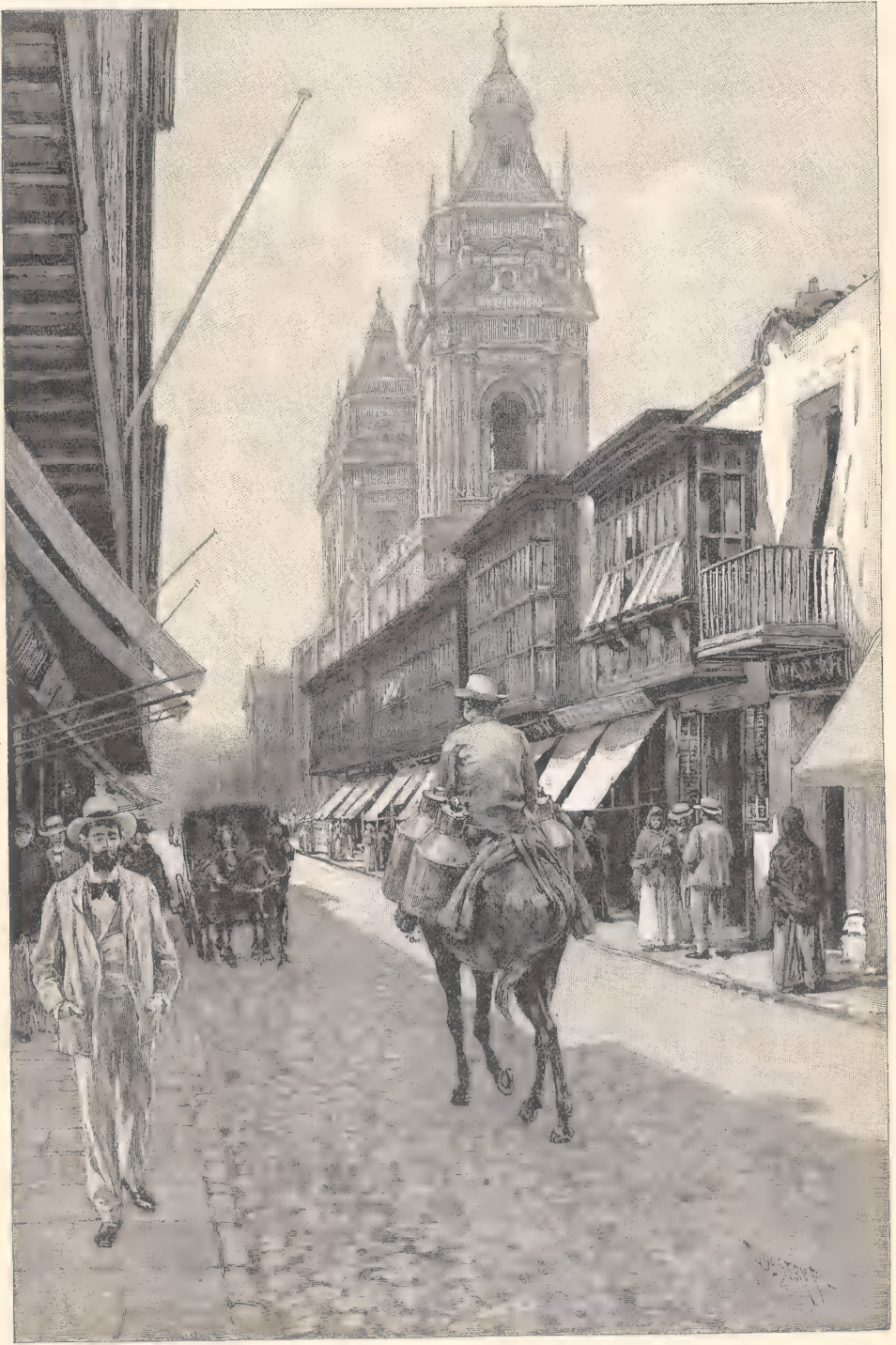
to call these indolent creatures; you stand outside your door and clap your hands in Spanish fashion, and then wait patiently to be waited on. In reality this picturesque establishment proved to be a poor and irritating hostelry; but with the aid of those two talismanic words, so consoling in all Hispano-American countries, *caramba* and *paciencia*, I managed to exist. The fat old French washer-woman who directed the hotel seemed proud of it, and she informed me that Sarah Bernhardt, who had occupied the front rooms toward the plaza during her visit to Lima, was enchanted with the place; so, of course, I had nothing to say but *caramba!*

Lima is picturesquely situated on the banks of the Rimac, a mountain torrent, at the end of a valley whose enclosing hills rise on one side of the town. The streets run at right angles for the most part, the main thoroughfares being longitudinal. The centre of movement is the Plaza Mayor, which is planted with trees,

and has a small garden and some marble statues in the centre. But, like many things in Lima, the plaza is bereft of its former glory, the Chilians having removed many of its ornaments, and even its benches, to the plazas in Santiago and Concepción. On one side of the Plaza Mayor are the cathedral and the archbishop's palace; on another, the Casa Verde, or Gobierno, where the President lives, and where all the affairs of the republic are managed; on the third side are the Municipalidad, arcades, and shops; and on the fourth side likewise arcades and shops. These arcades are called Portal Escribanos and Portal Botoneros. Here are the dry-goods stores, the money-changers, and the tobaccoists, who also sell newspapers and lottery tickets, while over the portales are the French and Italian club-houses, the English Phenix Club, and just round the corner the principal Peruvian club, called the Union, a very pleasant house, with a long glazed balcony overhanging the street. The Casa Verde is a low building, painted dark green, with white facings; it occupies one whole side of the square, but has no architectural merits, and no particular interest beyond the fact that the old vice-roys lived there, and that the great captain Pizarro was assassinated in one of the rooms. The cathedral is a very large and curious building of grand proportions, with an imposing façade, approached by a flight of stone steps, and flanked by two towers in the Spanish Jesuit style. The doors are studded with big Moorish nails, like those that you see in old Spain, in Toledo and Cordoba. Indeed, everything is a reflection of old Spain, and the peculiarity of Lima is precisely this fact, that it has remained to the present day a sixteenth-century Spanish town, the best specimen of the kind in South America. But, like Constantinople and other Eastern towns famed for their picturesqueness, Lima will not bear close examination. The cathedral is built of mud, timber, bamboo cane, common bricks, sun-dried bricks, and such light material, faced with stucco, all in a bad state of repair. Inside it has a vaulted Gothic roof, with mouldings of white plaster; but where the plaster has peeled off you see that the whole roof is a mere light framework of wood, covered in with fine bamboo canes and twigs laid closely together lengthwise, and strengthened by

cross-pieces. On the inside these canes are coated with white plaster and on the outside with brown mud, and this is sufficient; for at Lima it never rains, and the moisture of the winter mists is not sufficient to penetrate through the thin layer of earth that is spread over the flat roofs of the houses. All the churches in Lima, more than seventy in number, are built in the same way; and some, like those of La Merced and of the Nazarenas, have most elaborate façades, adorned with ornate twisted columns, niches, statues, and entablatures, all in stucco-work. The church of Santo Domingo has a very lofty tower, likewise of timber, lath, and plaster, painted white to imitate marble, and enriched with tier after tier of lapis lazuli pillars, composed of stucco painted blue and veined with yellow. This tower, like the Giralda of Seville, is surmounted by a metal figure. These churches are all rather gaudily decorated inside with a profusion of side altars, images dressed in rich stuffs, flowers, candles, and drapery, just as in Spain. Indeed, as you walk about Lima you are constantly making the remark how like it is to Seville or Toledo, only it is not so good. The splendor of the churches of Lima now exists only in memory, for during the war with Chili all the church plate was sent to the melting-pot, and most of the gold and silver ornaments in private hands also. The demagogue Nicolás Piérola distinguished himself in collecting ecclesiastical riches at that time.

On the whole, the finest church in Lima is that of San Francisco, which, together with the convent and the adjacent chapels of Soledad and Milagro, forms an immense pile near the Rimac. Here, again, the architectural proportions and general silhouette of the buildings are very imposing, and if you judged from a distance or from a photograph, you might easily imagine the structure to be of rich white and black marble. But no. It is the eternal stucco, plaster, and paint over a basis of brick, the arches and framework of the upper belfries and turrets being timber and cane with stucco mouldings. Many buildings in Lima bear the marks of the passage of the victorious Chilians or of civil revolutionary strife. The façade of the cathedral is pitted with bullet holes, but the towers of San Francisco have suffered worst of all, probably beyond repair. It appears that in the



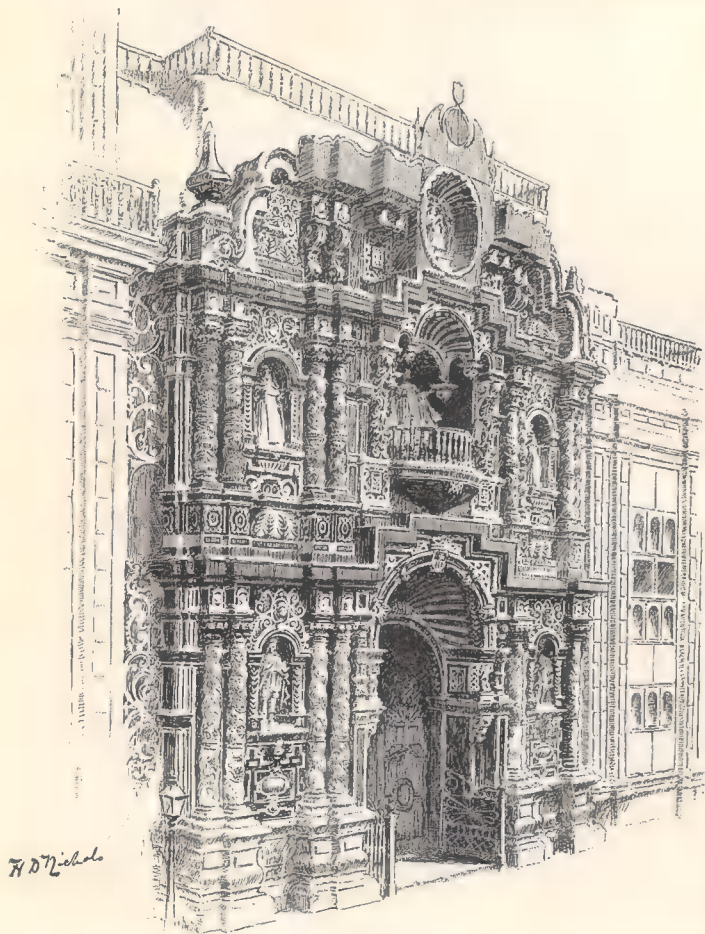
THE CATHEDRAL, LIMA.

course of a recent revolution one of the leaders took up a position in the towers of San Francisco, where he was bombarded by artillery from the Casa Verde. Such souvenirs as this are common in Lima. From one of the towers of the cathedral is a projecting beam, from which more than one unsuccessful political aspirant has been hung and left to rot. On the summit of the hill of San Cristobal is a fort which the demagogue Nicolás Piérola built, ostensibly to repel the Chilians, really to dominate the town; but his game was spoiled by the energy of the Urban Guard of foreign residents, who marched up the hill and spiked the guns, in which state they still remain. Now the poor towers of San Francisco look very battered and shabby: The convent, too, retains none of its former splen-

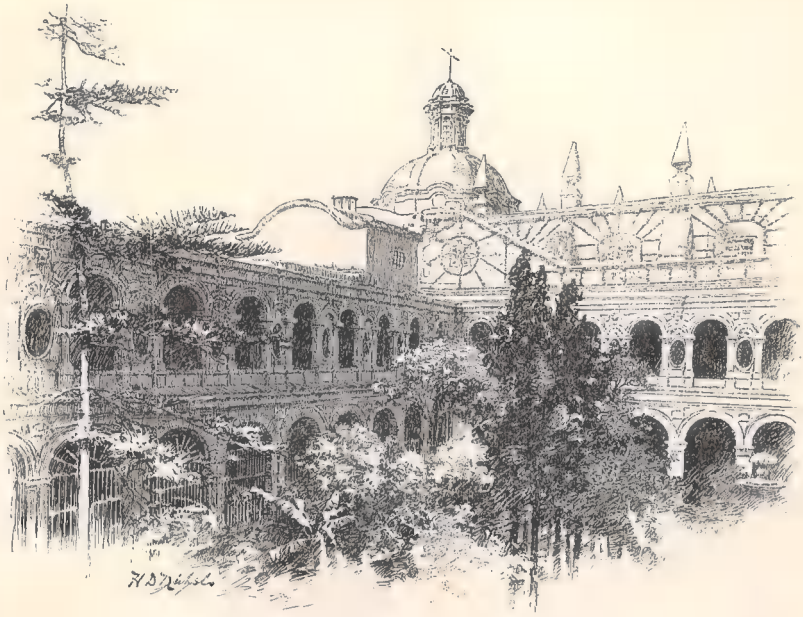
dor, and for want of care it is beginning to fall to ruin. Nevertheless, it is one of the most interesting monuments in Lima. The cloisters are especially noticeable. They are built with a lower and an upper story around a garden planted with bananas, floripondios, and brilliantly flowering shrubs, now growing a little wild. The lower cloisters are lined with panels of *azulejos*, the finest and most perfectly preserved that I have seen, even finer than the panels in Seville. From the upper cloister a staircase leading to the choir of the church is surmounted by a Moorish dome of geometrical design, composed of pieces of wood joined together with groove and slot, of the same kind of work as the domes and ceilings of the Alhambra, and of the Alcazar at Seville. The choir of the church is placed at the

end opposite the altar, and elevated after the manner and model of the choir of the church of the Escorial, and adorned with richly carved stalls and wooden statuettes. Here the Franciscan monks, with their brown hooded robes and sandalled feet, shuffle along and do their devotions, while the body of the church is given up to the public. The monks are no longer numerous, not more than fifteen or twenty, I am told, just sufficient to prevent the convent from being closed, and I am further informed that even this small number has to be imported. Nowadays monks, priests, and translations of French novels are the principal products exported by Spain to her former colonies.

Other old build-



CHURCH OF LA MERCED, LIMA.



THE CLOISTER OF SAN FRANCISCO, LIMA.

ings of interest in Lima are the Capillita del Puente, the oldest church in the town, dating from Pizarro's time, but remarkable only for its antiquity; the Senate House, which is the room where the Inquisition used to hold its sittings; the old Puente de los Desemparados, which connects Lima with the suburbs of San Lazaro and Malambo, the latter inhabited chiefly by negroes and Chinese; and the house of the Torre Tagle family, a photograph of which is bought by every tourist. This last is to the artistic eye the finest house in Lima, and the model from which all the other houses have deviated with disadvantage. It is built of stone, with a delicately carved doorway reaching to the roof, and flanked by two glazed balconies, or *miradores*, resting on elaborately carved brackets, while the lower windows are barred with iron-work. This house, which has been kept in good preservation, except in that the wood-work and carving have been painted instead of oiled, and so have lost their sharpness, remains a model of Hispano-Moorish domestic architecture, and as such is worthy of the attention of the house-builders of America. The Senate House also contains a magnificent piece of sixteenth-century work in the ceiling, com-

posed of rafters and consoles of hard native iron-wood most magnificently and elaborately carved and admirably preserved. Unfortunately the modern Limeños have done all in their power to make the rest of the room ugly; the walls are papered red; at one end of the hall is a vulgar tribune, where the senators perorate and gesticulate with the aid of the traditional glass of sugar and water; along each side are two rows of chairs of American manufacture, with cast-iron legs and revolving seats; and on the wall, in an indifferent gilt frame, hangs the portrait of President Pardo, who was shot a few years ago just as he was entering the room.

The modern monuments of Lima are not numerous. The finest is the monument and column in memory of the heroes of the war of independence and of the great day of May 2d. This is the work of French sculptors and bronze founders. The cemetery is also one of the show-places of Lima, and vies with that of Milan in the number and costliness of its sculptured tombs, due almost exclusively to Italian chisels. The Alameda de los Descalzos, with its beautiful garden promenade lined with colossal statues, and the Exposición, with its highly ornate stucco



TORRE TAGLE HOUSE, LIMA.

from the railways. They respected nothing, but left Peru in a state of material and financial desolation, of which traces are visible on all sides in Lima itself, in the pleasure resorts of Miraflores, Chorillos, Baranco, and Ancon, and even for miles up the Andine valleys, where roofless houses and piles of ruins attest the passage of the victor and the persistent poverty of the vanquished.

Lima has been called the Pearl of the Pacific and other flattering names. In the old days of the viceroys it was beyond doubt the finest, as it was the richest, city in New Spain; but now it is a sadly sullied pearl, a moribund and inert place, where everything bears witness to decadence, poverty, and almost despair. The streets swarm with beggars, and the majority of the one hundred thousand inhabitants of the capital live in an indigent, primi-

palace and its fine but deserted gardens, perhaps complete the sights of Lima. Alas! the Limeños will tell you, their city is not what it used to be before the war. The Chilians sacked and plundered right and left; they killed the elephant in the Exposición gardens and stole the lions; they carried off the benches and statues, and even the trees, from the public promenade; they appropriated looking-glasses and clocks in private houses, books and pictures in the libraries, ornaments from the churches, and even rails and sleepers

tive, and thoroughly unhygienic manner, which would be unendurable were it not for the clemency of the climate, which enervates and conduces to a languid and indolent state, comparable in some respects to the fatalism of the Turk. Indeed, the street life of Lima frequently reminded me of that of Constantinople, which is likewise a city of stucco monuments, barred windows, and overhanging *miradores*. In the first place you find a similar abundance of money-changers, who have their counters open to the

street, and display to the covetousness of the impecunious a selection of gold and silver coins and bank-notes, mixed up with jewelry, plate, and miscellaneous bric-à-brac. The Lima money-changers also deal in lottery tickets and in "huacas"—the generic name for those mummies, bits of canvas, domestic utensils, and hideous crockery-ware which form the basis of Peruvian antiquities. These "huacas" ought to be dug up among the ruins of the ancient Inca cities, but much of the pottery is now made in a modern manufactory at Paita. I have always noticed that the scarcer money is in a country and the worse the state of its finances, the more numerous are the tables of the money-changers. The evidence of Lima confirms this observation. The finances of the country are notoriously in a fearful state. Although the mountains of Peru are full of gold, silver, and other precious metals, there is not a native gold coin to be found in the country, except as a historical curiosity; and the very small amount of coin in circulation is of the most primitive and inconvenient kind, consisting of coarse copper one and two cent pieces and very heavy silver dollars, too weighty to be carried in a civilized man's pocket. The consequence is an extensive credit system and the use of bank checks. The Limeños prefer to run into debt freely rather than be burdened with a few pounds of silver dollars.

In the second place you remark the rareness of carts, and the use by preference of mules and donkeys as beasts of burden. All day long the streets are full of itinerant venders, many of whom come in from the suburbs and the country. The milk-woman, a negress or a *Chola*, with dark skin, long braids of black hair, and a white straw Panama hat of masculine shape, sits enthroned on the top of her cans, and often carries a baby in her arms; or, if her Indian blood be very

strong, the baby will be hung on her back in a pouch. The water-seller, or *aguador*, rides on the hind quarters of a donkey, with his water barrels in front of him. The bakers use square panniers made of parchment stretched on a wooden frame, and for supplementary loads a long sack is suspended on each side of the mule or donkey. Fruit-sellers are to be found at every street corner, squatting in the shade, with piles of grapes, *paltas*, peaches, *granadillas*, mangoes, bananas, and other fruit before them. The Desemparados Bridge is a favorite station for the fruit-women, and also for all kinds of peddlers, amongst whom the Chinaman is conspicuous. In Lima the Chinese are very numerous; some of them sell water-ices and others fruit, which they carry in Oriental style in baskets suspended from a long bamboo pole balanced on their shoulder;



MILK-WOMAN.

they also do all kinds of odd work as porters and servants, but their specialty is keeping cheap restaurants. The Limeños eat, but do not dine. I may even go further, and say that they never will dine so long as the Hispano-American system of leaving house-keeping entirely to the servants remains unreformed. At present the better classes of society give the cook two, three, or more dollars every day, and with that sum the cook provides whatever he thinks proper, unadvised, unenlightened, and uncontrolled. Most of the people, however, live like pigs, do no cooking at home, and send out to the

tions written on black or orange-red paper. Some of the merchants and shopkeepers are well-dressed and good-looking Chinese, with elegant pigtails, nicely shaven blue temples, and glossy skins; but the vast majority of the yellow race in Lima are coolies of the lowest class, who wear cotton trousers, black or chocolate-colored blouses, and Panama hats. Many of them have no pigtail, but allow their hair to grow shaggy. Others, again, are miserably emaciated and jaundiced by the abuse of opium. There is a Chinese theatre at Lima and a pagoda. The origin of the colony is the importation of coolies

in former years to work the guano deposits and for agricultural labor. This system of contract labor, which was virtual slavery, was abolished by law only a few years ago; but most of the emancipated slaves have remained in the country, where they now intermarry with the native *Chola* women, and form peaceable and industrious citizens and model fathers. I am informed that John Chinaman's qualities as a husband and a family man are now highly appreciated by the native ladies of the lower classes, although formerly he was looked upon with horror.

Negroes also abound in Lima and all along the coast of Peru. They are likewise emancipated slaves and their descendants, and form a very turbulent, shameless, and foul-mouthed class, especially in the seaports, where they serve as stevedores. In Lima they are coachmen, laborers, and loafers, and, together with their large woolly headed

nearest restaurant to buy a dish or two of something that defies analysis. John Chinaman is the exclusive restaurateur of the poor, of the working-classes, and of the market people. Around the principal Mercado de la Concepción, in particular, Chinese restaurants and shops abound, each one decorated with vertical inscrip-

women and grinning children, they impart a West-Indian aspect to certain quarters of the town. Besides Chinese and negroes, you see in the streets of Lima all kinds of cross-breeds and all shades of skin, from Ethiopian black, chocolate, copper, red-brown, and yellow, to the sal- low white skin of the aristocratic and



WATER-SELLER.



ON THE DESEMPARADOS BRIDGE, LIMA.

worn-out Peruvian, and the opaque pure white of the far-famed Limeña beauties. The intermixture of the black, white, and yellow races with the native Indians has produced more than twenty degrees of hybridism, to distinguish which requires an expert. In Lima the pure Indian from the mountains is rarely seen, and when he and his wife do go down to the capital, they prove to be a stolid and imbruted couple, not worthy of any particular interest. They are, however, good Catholics, bow religiously before the gaudily dressed images exhibited at the church doors, and deposit their obole in the tray which the priests present to them.

Given this excessively mixed population, it may be readily conceived that the streets of Lima present a sufficiently varied and picturesque scene. The town itself offers from almost any point an equally picturesque frame for the picture. The perspective of the streets is always amusing, thanks to the projecting *miradores*, to the towers of the churches, which

always appear in the distance, and, in the longitudinal streets, to the line of hills and the Cerro de San Cristobal, which rise above houses and towers. The movement is composed of the elements already enumerated, an occasional cart with three mules harnessed abreast, a whistling tramway, a closed carriage drawn by two horses (in Lima open carriages seem to be unknown, whether they be public or private conveyances), and foot-passengers, consisting largely of women wearing black *mantas*, which form at once bonnet and shawl, being drawn tightly over the head and pinned behind in one or two places. This black *manta* is the universal costume of the Lima women of all classes in the early hours of the day; no other dress is seen in the churches; and it

is only in the afternoon that you see the ladies clad in the current modern finery which Paris invents and distributes to the whole world. Toward five o'clock the Plaza Mayor and the main streets, called Mercaderes and Bodegones, attain their maximum of animation, which is almost exclusively pedestrian, for the Peruvians are now too poor to keep carriages. In the Mercaderes and the Portales of the plaza the ladies flit from shop to shop, buying, or longing to buy, the European manufactured goods displayed in the windows, handling the *moiré*, the *surah*, the *faille*, and the various bright-colored cotton stuffs that are marked down to tempt them as a "*colosal baratura*." The men, sallow-faced, anæmic, poor in physique, with languid eyes and showy cravats, stand on the corners talking politics or scandal, and staring at the women as they pass. The newspaper boys cry, *El Pais*, *El Constitucional*, *El Nacional*, *El Comercio*, and, with regrettable lack of commercial morality, many of them try to palm off yesterday's issue by artifices of guileful folding so as to hide the date. Monotonous voices murmur at every few yards: "Mil quinientos soles para mañana," "Diez mil soles para miércoles," "Plata para luego." These are venders of lottery tickets—another evidence of poverty and bad finances, and another point of resemblance between modern Lima and modern Madrid. Yet another point of resemblance is the groups of bull-fighters, with short jackets, tight trousers, flat-brimmed hats, and heavy watch chains, who stand on the street corners and talk with the *aficionados* about their feats and *suertes* in the rings of Madrid and Seville; for Lima is a great place for tauromachy, and its Plaza de Acho is one of the largest in the world. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that in the days of the Inquisition the Hispano-American heretics used to be burnt in effigy in the middle of the bull-ring.

Every traveller who visits Lima writes enthusiastically about the charms of the ladies, and attempts to analyze the characteristics of their features and gait. All that has been said in praise of the Limeñas is well merited, except the comparisons which would give them a unique position in the hierarchy of feminine beauty. Pretty ladies with white skins, regular features, fine liquid black eyes, and a well-ordained distribution of flesh

are to be seen by the score in Lima; but, as a rule, it seems to me that their beauty is shown to singular advantage by the extreme simplicity of their costume, which allows only the face to be seen, the whiteness of the flesh and the brilliancy of the eyes being set off by the contrast of the dull black *manta*. In modern Parisian costume the Limeñas look less remarkable, and from the point of view of combined beauty, elegance, and vivacity, I should be inclined, so far as concerns South America, to give the first place to the beauties of the Banda Oriental, and especially of its capital, Montevideo. Nevertheless, far be it from me to disparage the Limeñas.

As regards society in Lima I have nothing to say, having had no adequate means of observing. For that matter, I think that in most books of travel the chapter on society might be omitted with advantage, because it generally misinforms the reader and irritates the natives. In this democratic nineteenth century, "society," in the old and aristocratic sense of the term, is disappearing. People of a certain class and certain means do certain things at certain times because other people of the same class and the same means do likewise. There is a universal tendency toward the equalization of luxury and of the exterior manifestations of refinement. Social habits are formed on the models established by two or three great centres of civilization, and all the life that you find elsewhere is a more or less pale reflection of the real article. With the increase of facilities of communication originality of all kinds decreases, and the search for local color becomes more and more hopeless. Well-to-do Peruvians and Chilenos send their sons to be educated in Germany or France; their women folk play Beethoven's sonatas and applaud tenors and prima donnas during the Italian opera season; the men wear tall hats and drink American cocktails, mixed at their Union Club by the imitative talent of a semi-Indian waiter; the ladies wear tall hats or short hats as the fashion may direct, and devote much attention to the "*ultimas novedades de Paris*." The Peruvians also follow the modern fashion of deserting their roomy and comfortable town houses and spending the summer at inhospitable sea-side places like Ancon, Chorillos, Barranco, and Miraflores, where they live in wood-

en shanties amidst the naked ruins that still remain to remind them of the victory of the invading Chilians. The whole civilized life of Peru is imitative and without spontaneity or originality. The women swoon over *Il Trovatore*; the men consider Georges Ohnet to be a great genius; and the boys swear only by Jules Verne.

One of the rare salient characteristics of the Limeñas is their fidelity to the Church. They are all assiduous worshippers, and the churches are always full of devout women, whose piety is never aggressive, but always indulgent to the impiety of others, and in itself naïve and spontaneous. The loving and mystic temperament of the Limeña is a survival of the ages of faith when saints lived and were canonized, like the patroness of Lima, that Santa Rosa whose short and simple life is related so touchingly in the old chronicles. The biographer not only tells us about the goodness, the mortifications, and the charity of Santa Rosa, but also celebrates the grace of her walk, the smallness of her hands and feet, the delicate turn of her neck, the cameo-like fineness of her profile, the brilliancy of her eyes, "black, large, and veiled by long lashes, on the tip of which a tear trembled, ready to fall." The admiration of the contemporaries of Maria Flores, canonized under the name of Santa Rosa, seems to have been addressed as much to



her beauty as to her virtues. Her presence in a society constantly perturbed by conspiracies and intestine wars is certainly curious. Santa Rosa remains now, as she was three hundred years ago, the favorite model of the painters and image carvers; and amongst all the dolls that adorn Peruvian churches the figure of the tender flower saint is always the best, and often quite a work of art, in spite of the wigs, skirts, and stoles of brocade and the crowns of paper flowers that are lavished with too generous profusion. In front of the chapel of Santa Rosa a group of kneeling women is never wanting, and the fête-day of this saint is the grandest in the year. The recent celebration of her third centenary was the occasion of a whole month's rejoicings in the streets of Lima, which were decorated with lanterns, banners, and garlands of flowers in a most picturesque manner.

Besides the churches, the Limeñas have many houses of retreat—"casas de ejercicios"—where they may retire to pious meditation amidst very crude frescoes and images. There are also several convents for women. The monasteries, on the other hand, are but a shadow of what they were in the colonial times. Their decadence is irremediable, and a law now



LLAMAS ON A PLANTATION.

in force is gradually pronouncing the suppression of the old national religious associations, though the foreign orders are allowed to bring recruits from abroad. At the same time the clergy is losing the authority it held so long as the Church remained haughtily impartial toward the different factions which dispute so bitterly for power. During the last revolution, which took place in April, 1890, while I was in Peru, the leader of the disorder, the demagogue Piérola, had been the declared candidate of the clergy, and several priests were his most fervent canvassers for votes. I remember particularly one bronzed and fat priest whom I used to see every night on the plaza till past midnight, always busy in the interests of Piérola.

II.

Lima, with its motley population, its churches, its busy old bridge, its irregular rows of houses built of adobe bricks, cane, and mud, its *miradores* and balconies, its shops, its innumerable drinking saloons placed under the patronage of Eiffel, Edison, Crispi, Bismarck, and all the celebrities of the two hemispheres, its portales, its indolent men and placid women, and its general air of bankruptcy and want of energy, is not a desirable place to stay in for any length of time.

The climate, too, though not absolutely unhealthy, is decidedly enervating; and if one lived in it for a few weeks even, one would probably become as lazy and slow as the natives themselves, who even do nothing with effort. I therefore availed myself of every opportunity of making excursions into the country, one of the most interesting of which was a visit to the hacienda of Caudivilla, a very extensive sugar plantation and refinery in the valley of the Chillon, situated not far from Ancon. The estate consists of four square leagues of ground on both banks of the river, about three-fifths of which are devoted to cane plantations, and the rest to alfalfa, corn, and pasture. The mill, built in 1866, is provided with machinery from Philadelphia; it has a productive capacity of 3000 Spanish quintals a month, and appears to be a model establishment of the kind. A North-American engineer is in charge of the machinery. The buildings are very commodiously arranged around a square, enclosed with high walls and monumental gates. On one side of the square is the mill; on another the offices and a roomy dwelling-house, with comfortable accommodation for visitors, and all facilities for exercising liberal hospitality; on the third side are stables, a hotel and restaurant for employés, and a *tambo*, or

store; and on the fourth side *bodegas*, or warehouses for bagging and stocking the manufactured sugar. The square is traversed by a broad-gauge railway and by movable Decauville tracks, along which the cane is brought in from the plantations on trucks, and unloaded directly into the conductor, or piled in a heap when the trains come in too rapidly. This corner of the yard always presents a busy scene when the mill is at work. Men and boys, negroes, Chinese, and Peruvians, are seen hurrying to and fro carrying bundles of canes in their arms and depositing them in the conductor, which creeps along with its endless load like a monstrous serpent, and disappears through a hole in the wall into the hopper of the crushers. The *tambo* is an interesting and exceeding profitable element of the estate. Here, as in the *pulperias* of the nitrate *oficinas*, everything may be bought, from a sewing-machine and a silk dress down to a box of matches or a shoe-string; also bread, meat, wines, spirits, and all kinds of provisions. But while in the nitrate *oficinas* the workmen are obliged by the administration to buy what they need in the *pulperia*, the workmen at Caudivilla are at liberty to spend their money as they please and where they please. The *tambo* is simply a store like any other, only it is better provided with merchandise, and it is the only establishment of the kind for many miles around. The Indians come down from the Sierra to buy things at the Caudivilla *tambo*, and the article which they chiefly consume is rum of 30 degrees proof, distilled in the sugar refinery to the amount of between 8000 and 10,000 gallons a month, all of which is sold in the *tambo* or in Lima, chiefly to Indians and natives of mixed race, who call this spirit "chacta."

An establishment of this kind, employing in all about 800 men, has to be self-sufficing; and so, besides the mill proper and its appurtenances, there is a fitting shop, a wheelwright's shop, and a saddlery,

where harness is made and repaired for the teams of mules and oxen. There is likewise a doctor attached to the establishment, and an apothecary's shop, both gratuitously at the disposal of the hands; also a school and a Catholic chapel, the revenues and properties of which belong to an itinerant priest. On the estate are several villages, where the men live with their wives or concubines in singularly primitive conditions, and form a strangely mixed community of Chinese, negroes, and mixed breeds. Not many years ago this *hacienda* was cultivated by gangs of cooly and African slaves, who were locked up at night in large yards, like stables, which now remain useless. The modern villages are composed of blocks of bamboo cane huts, plastered over with mud and roofed with cane, also plastered. The canes of the side walls are not cut to equal lengths, but left like a fringe. The huts inhabited by the Chinese are distinguished by vertical inscriptions in black ink on bright orange-red paper, and many



SIERRA INDIAN.

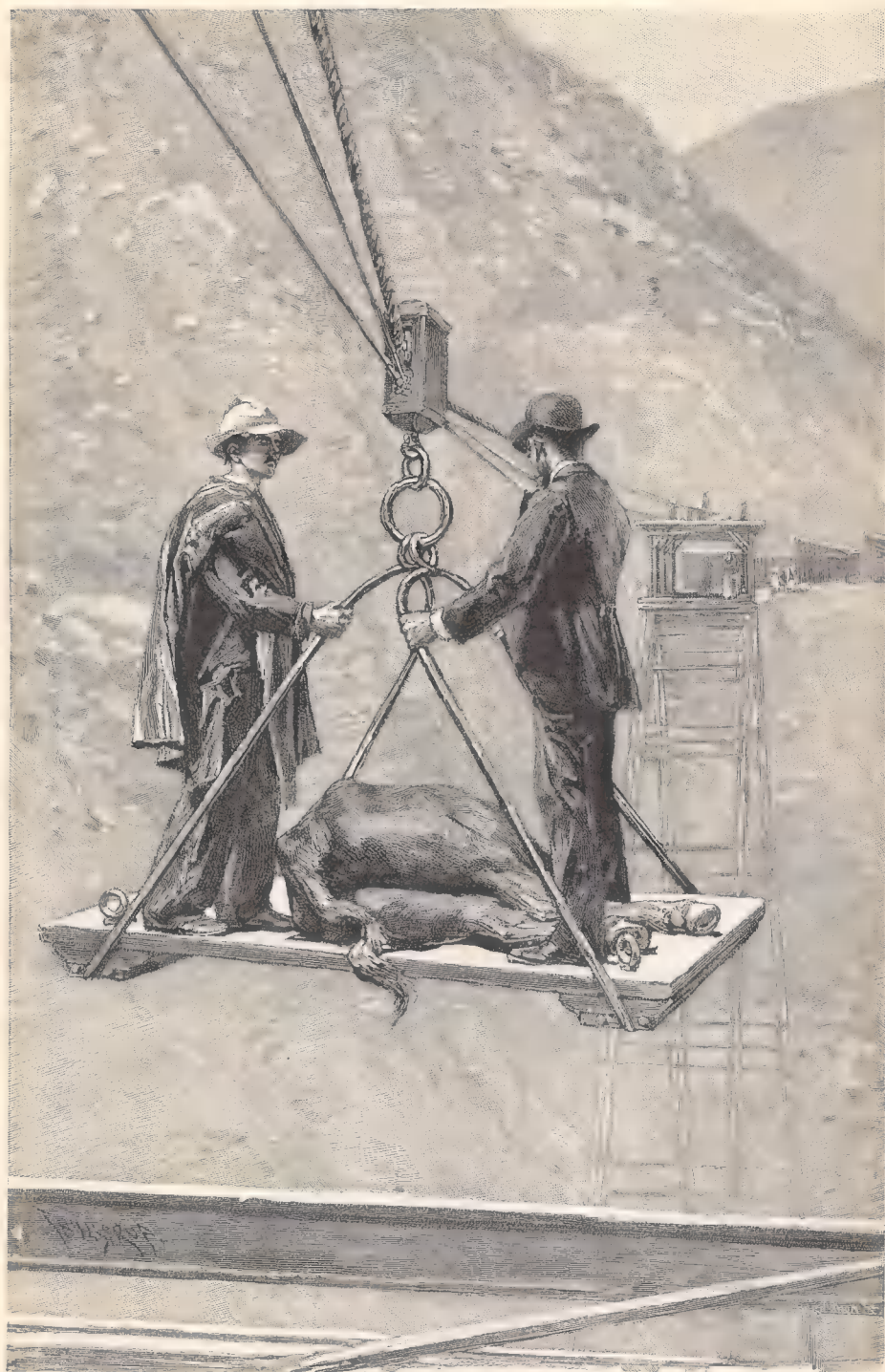
of the Chinamen are traders, and sell drink and various articles to the negroes and Peruvians. The explanation of this competition with the retail store of the estate is that the *tambo* does not give credit and John Chinaman does. The Chinese have two pagodas on the Caudivilla estate, one of them very nicely fitted up with images, lanterns, carvings, kakemonos, and ritual objects. The Chinese from the other estates in the Chillon Valley go to the Caudivilla pagodas on grand days, and celebrate with gongs and cries the feasts of their creed. All this seems strange and amusing, and looks well enough in a picture; but in reality it is a scene of squalor, in the midst of which are human beings living in conditions scarcely worthy of brute beasts. In Peru the conflict of labor and capital has not yet been even dreamed of. The wages paid on this estate may be taken as indicating the high average in agricultural Peru. The mill hands earn from 50 to 70 cents Peruvian currency a day, and receive gratis a ration of rice. The firemen, who feed the furnaces with *bagazo*, or refuse cane after it has been crushed, receive 60 to 90 cents, with a ration of beans and rice, and once a week meat. The field hands, who work in the pampa cultivating or cutting the cane—men and women alike—receive a ration of 1½ pounds of rice a day and wages of from 50 cents upward. The cane-cutters work by the piece, and can gain a maximum of \$1 20 Peruvian currency a day; but their weekly maximum never exceeds \$7. All the workmen are lodged gratis, in those wonderful cane and mud huts already mentioned.

The sugar plantations are distributed along both sides of a private railway, about five miles long, which connects the mill with the main line to Lima. As far as the eye can reach, the pale yellow-green vegetation stretches over the plain, interrupted here and there by a patch of bamboo cane, and ending abruptly where irrigation ceases and the arid foot-hills rise in brown masses, with dark blue shadows lurking in the hollows of their rugged slopes. In this rainless valley everything depends upon irrigation; where there is no water, there is no vegetation; and so, at the edge of the plain, the moment the land begins to rise, there is not a speck of green to be seen. Nevertheless, in the days of the Incas, whose

ruined towns abound on the lower slopes of the hills all along these coast valleys, the higher ground was cultivated by means of terraces and irrigation, the water being probably brought from reservoirs of rain-water higher up. This problem, however, has not yet been satisfactorily solved, and on some of the hill-sides where the Inca terraces remain, it seems impossible to have conveyed water by means of canals and *acequias*. On the Caudivilla estate there are the ruins of a considerable Inca town, which appears to have been strongly fortified. Huge masses of adobe walls are still standing, and any one who takes the trouble to violate the graves may dig up mummies, pottery, slings, and domestic implements and ornaments to his heart's content.

Besides the mill and the sugar plantations, the Caudivilla *hacienda* has several accessory establishments—one devoted to corn and pasture; another to raising cattle, including *ganado bravo*, that is to say, wild fighting bulls for the Plaza Acho; and another to poultry farming, including the rearing of fighting cocks. The wild bulls sell for \$200 to \$300 Peruvian currency, according to their bravery. Cock-fighting is a very popular sport in Lima, and Caudivilla furnishes the pit with some of its greatest champions. When I was there I was asked to inspect nearly fifty birds under the care of José Maria de la Columna, better known as "Papito," a colored man who has achieved fame in Peru by riding wild bulls round the Plaza Acho amidst the frantic applause of the admiring multitude. "Papito" is never seen without a champion under his arm. The Peruvian system of cock-fighting requires the use of small razors, which are tied on to the bird's spurs according to the method employed by the Madrid *toreros* in their favorite Sunday morning amusement.

The valley of the Chillon is mainly devoted to the production of sugar, most of which is consumed in the country. The methods of culture, by means of irrigation, the use of Chinese and negro labor, and all the general features above noticed, will be found on the other *haciendas* of the region, but nowhere more completely than at Caudivilla, where they may be seen any morning concentrated in the mill yard in a striking manner. The whole scene is full of contrasts and strange neighborhoods. On the roof, be-



THE OROYA RAILWAY—CROSSING THE VERRUGAS BRIDGE.

tween the smoke-stack and the steam escape pipe, some turkey-buzzards, the scavengers of the Peruvian coast districts, sit gravely meditative and unmoved by the steam-whistle, whose echoes wander amongst the mysterious walls of the Inca ruins on the mountain-sides. In a shady corner of the yard is a group of saddled mules and men in ponchos—the *caporals* or overseers who have succeeded the slave-drivers of old. At the door of the *tambo* stand half a dozen pack-donkeys belonging to some Indians who have come down from the Sierra to buy fire-water. Then you will see several hundred head of cattle—wild bulls, oxen, sheep, and llamas—driven through the yard on the way to new pastures, the herd and the herdsman suggesting the days of the patriarchs. And yet on the other side of the yard, only a few metres distant, there is a roar and grating of most modern and most scientific machinery—vacuum boilers, triple effects, spiral worm alembics, density gauges, and hydrometers which we have already seen John Chinaman consult with intelligence. Finally, to complete the picture, a locomotive

and a train of cars piled up with cane steams up to the conductor, and John Chinaman handles the brakes, his yellow face all grimy with coal-dust. And this is rural life in Peru, in the coast valleys at least.

Another very interesting excursion that I made was a journey along the famous Oroya Railroad as far as Chicla, the actual terminus. This line starts from Callao, and from Lima follows the valley of the Rimac to the summit of the Cordillera. When completed it will descend the Atlantic slope, and place the capital in communication with the Amazonian provinces, of which Peru at present has little more than nominal possession. Lima is 448 feet above the sea-level. Starting from the Desemparados station, just above



THE OROYA RAILWAY—HAND-CAR DESCENDING.

the bridge, we skirt the torrent through a fertile valley devoted to cereals, sugarcane, pasture, and castor-oil, and closed in on either side by hills, which become more and more imposing until, at Chosica, 25 miles from Lima, and 2832 feet above the sea-level, we are well in the mountain region. This lower valley of the Rimac offers very beautiful views, the rich vegetation of the irrigated ground contrasting with the barren enclosing hills, to which the brilliant sunshine imparts soft and velvety tints of brown, red, and purple. At Chosica our party breakfasted very excellently in the station hotel, which is frequented by consumptive patients, who benefit by the purity and lightness of the air. At this point we notice that the higher peaks of the mountains above are covered with a delicate coat of pale green verdure, while on the lower slopes the cactus alone grows. As we mount, the vegetation becomes more abundant and the variety of green more curious and beautiful. At Agua de Verrugas, 48 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Lima, and 5840 feet above the sea-level, our train comes to a halt; there is a laguna in the line; a sudden flood from the top summits has rushed down the Verrugas ravine with tremendous force and carried away the central pile of the bridge, a structure of iron some 300 feet high. This Verrugas bridge, 174 metres long, was the finest and most important on the line; now the two shore ends alone remain, and means having not yet been forthcoming for reconstruction, a wire cable has been thrown across the ravine, and passengers and goods are swung over the terrible yawning abyss on a square board or in a cage-car. The members of our party looked forward with some apprehension to this aerial voyage, for they imagined at first that they would be carried on a square, flat board, like the silver ingots and other goods that came over while we were waiting; the more so as several people, including some *Chola* women and children, crossed over in this primitive and perilous fashion. However, we were destined to a better lot, and a sort of horse-box with seats was hoisted on to the cable, and we found ourselves on the opposite bank of the chasm before we had hardly started, the journey lasting only thirty-seven seconds. We then continued our upward route as far as Matucana, 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Lima, and 7788 feet above the

sea-level, and there we staid the night, in order to get accustomed to the rarefied air, which affects many people in a very painful manner at the higher elevations, producing horrible pains in the head, suffocation, bleeding at the ears—all of which symptoms are known in the Peruvian Andes by the name of *sorroche*.

From Matucana we continued our journey the next morning through magnificent mountain scenery to Chicla, 78 miles from Lima, and 12,220 feet above the level of the sea. This last rise of 4432 feet was accomplished in three hours, the locomotive climbing along the mountain-side over a distance of about 24 miles, now zigzagging up a precipice, on whose face you see three lines of rails and three tunnels, one above the other, now skirting the torrent, now crossing it on a spider-web iron bridge. Meanwhile the masses of the mountains have become grander and bolder, and at the same time the vegetation is more luxuriant, while on the very topmost peaks a little snow, or rather congealed rain, is occasionally to be seen. One hill is covered with aloes; another, cut into steps by the old Inca terraces, is diapered with the various shades of green of many kinds of ferns, dotted here and there with brilliant flowers; indeed, the whole country is like an immense rocky garden that seems to contain half the flowers that we have ever seen, morning-glory, convolvulus, lupines, nasturtium, heliotrope, filling the air with its perfume, scented geranium, pinks and carnations in the greatest variety of colors and markings, nux-vomica, calceolarias of the most delicate canary yellow, buttercups, gold and silver ferns, and many kinds of creepers, with flowers of the most beautiful colors. At the time of our visit—the month of March—just toward the end of the rainy season, this floral vegetation was in all the splendor of a new growth, and the verdure on the mountain-tops still fresh and pure. Never have I seen grander and more charming mountain scenery than this.

Our descent from Chicla to Lima was accomplished by means of two hand-cars coupled together, and each provided with a brake. These cars, put on the track at Chicla, run by gravitation alone all the way to Lima, the only interruption being the gap due to the destruction of the Verrugas viaduct. Passengers are conveyed in ordinary trains, but as there are only

two trains a week, our party was carried up by a special engine, and the return trip was made on the hand-cars. So we sped along, admiring the scenery and noting the rare incidents of the landscape—a water-fall; a bridge; an artificial tunnel cut through the rock, so as to divert the Rimac torrent from its old bed, in which the rails are now laid; a tunnel high up above our heads, through which we came only a few minutes ago; a condor soaring across the valley; a train of pack mules and donkeys winding along at the bottom of the ravine, a thousand feet below us, under the charge of some Indians; a *Cholita* standing to watch us shoot past, her long black hair bedecked with large passion-flowers; the green mountain-sides terraced to an incredible height by the old Incas; here, an Inca acequia running sinuously along a steep slope hundreds of feet above the torrent; there, a brown mass of Inca ruins. And so we reach the lower valley, and enter Lima just as the late afternoon sun is gilding the stucco towers, and casting long purple shadows over the Cerro de San Cristobal.

The Oroya road is a very remarkable piece of engineering work, executed perhaps not wisely but too well. The difficulties surmounted are enormous. The constructor, an American, Henry Meiggs, used to say, I was told, at certain arduous points, "The line has to go there, and if we can't find a road for it, we'll hang the track from balloons." This remark illustrates the boldness and almost recklessness with which the line has been built; and even now, fine as the work is, it is in constant danger of destruction in many parts. Every year sections of the line, bridges, and viaducts are swept away by floods and landslips which cannot be foreseen. A water-spout bursts on a mountain-peak, an immense volume of water, mud, and bowlders dashes down, and half an hour later all is calm again; but the railway track has disappeared, or one of the bridges will be found, twisted into a knot, half a mile away from its proper place. For this reason the line must always be very expensive and difficult to keep in repair. The working of it is also very expensive on account of the high price of coal, and the quantity wasted by the continuous firing required to force the train up the steep gradients. Experiments, however, are now being

made with cheaper fuel in the form of petroleum residuum from the Talara wells. As it is, the locomotives have 22-inch cylinders, and the steam pressure all the way has to be kept at 140 pounds to the square inch. The maximum train is five cars, weighing 8 tons each, and carrying 10 tons of cargo; and in order to drag this weight from Lima to Chicla, the locomotive burns 7 tons of first-class English coal. The maximum gradients are 4 per cent., and the maximum curves 120 metres radius. This radius is found in all the tunnels, of which there are 40 between Lima and Chicla, the longest measuring 296 metres. The number of bridges is 16, the longest being the Verrugas viaduct, now destroyed. The total distance from Callao to Chicla, where the rails end, is 86½ miles.

The Oroya line, on which the Peruvian loan of 1870 of £5,520,000 sterling was expended, was not finished for want of funds, and the portion of it that was completed has never paid. The original idea was to carry the line to La Oroya, in the transandine province of Junin, and the survey and much of the earthwork and tunnels were executed before the money gave out in 1873. The summit tunnel through the Paso de Galera, between 1100 and 1200 metres long, is open, and from the plains it appears to be an interesting piece of work, being on a vertical curve, with 3½ per cent. gradients on the Pacific slope of the Cordillera, and just enough for drainage on the Atlantic slope, where the line runs for 6½ kilometres with gradients of from 2 to 4 per cent., and then for the rest of the distance to La Oroya, 43 kilometres, over easy ground. The summit tunnel of the Paso de Galera is the 58th from Lima; it is distant from Callao by the rails 104 miles, and stands at a height of 4814 metres, or 15,700 feet above the level of the sea, thus making the Oroya the highest of all the projected transandine railways.

A little more than twenty years ago, Peru, being an independent republic, and recently victorious in a final war against Spain, was seized with the then prevalent railway fever. Having obtained money from the Old World by three loans, issued in 1869, 1870, and 1872, she proceeded to build railways, but in so ill-advised a manner that out of the ten lines commenced or completed only two proved to be of use, but scarcely of profit, and most

of them were left in the hands of their respective contractors, in order that out of the returns the latter might repay themselves the balance due for their construction. This Peru was herself unable to do, all the capital of the three loans having disappeared at the end of 1872. In 1876, her finances having gone from bad to worse, Peru was unable to pay the interest of her debts, and accordingly made default. Then, in 1879, happened the disastrous war of Peru and Bolivia against Chili, which ended in Peru losing the rich provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta, whence Chili now derives the better half of her revenues. Peru also lost with these provinces the greater part of her guano deposits. These events resulted in numerous financial claims against Peru on the part of individuals, such as railway contractors, of mortgagees like the Messrs. Dreyfus and Company, and of the Peruvian bondholders, the latter alone having a claim of £32,953,000 sterling, the amount of the three loans of 1869, '70, and '72, plus unpaid interest since 1876, which at the end of 1889 brought the total claims of the bondholders, in round numbers, to £56,000,000 sterling. With the loss of the two provinces containing the nitrate and guano deposits, Peru lost three-quarters of her revenues; the war and the consequent paper money crisis almost annihilated private capital; the commerce of the country was ruined and the custom-house receipts reduced; and the public functionaries of late years have been as badly off as their colleagues in the Ottoman Empire, who only get paid now and then.

A contract (known as the Grace contract) between the bondholders and the government for the relief of Peru was ratified in January, 1890, and the work ought to have begun at once on a scale of unparalleled extension. The contract is a long document, and contains many clauses and saving clauses, but in substance it amounts to this: The Republic of Peru is declared to be relieved of all responsibility for the loans of 1869, 1870, and 1872, which is explained to mean that the name and credit of Peru are henceforward rehabilitated in the financial markets of the world. In return for this absolute and irrevocable release the Peruvian government cedes to the bondholders the property and proceeds of all the railways of the state for a period of sixty-six years, dating from January, 1890. These lines are from Mol-

lendo to Santa Rosa and Puno, Callao to La Oroya (the rails only as far as Chicla), Pisco to Ica, Lima to Ancon, Chimbote to Suchiman, Pacasmayo to Guadalupe and Yonan, Salaveray to Trujillo and Ascope, and Payta to Piura—in all 1222 kilometres. The two lines first mentioned are alone of any real importance and value; all the lines need repairs, and several of them almost complete reconstruction. After the lapse of sixty-six years these lines, with prolongations, repairs, stations, rolling stock, etc., which the bondholders bind themselves to make and maintain, return to the Peruvian state free from all claims, debts, and liabilities. The bondholders are bound, under penalty of fines or loss of privilege, to build, within limits of two, three, and four years, lines from Chicla to La Oroya and from Santa Rosa to Cuzco, and within six years to build 160 kilometres of railway in any or either of a number of directions specified in the contract. There is also a clause giving the bondholders all the guano existing in Peruvian territory up to the amount of 3,000,000 English tons, and a share of the guano sold by Chili in accordance with the stipulations of the treaty of Ancon. This guano cession seems, however, to be rather illusory, and not wholly based upon fact. The Peruvian government further binds itself to pay to the committee of bondholders thirty annuities of £80,000 each, by mensualities reserved out of the customs receipts of Callao; the first annuity to be due three years after the ratification of the contract. This annuity the Peruvian government confesses to be unable to pay with its present resources, but trusts to an increase of commerce concomitant with the execution of the contract. The bondholders have further obtained from the Peruvian government a concession to build a line from Puno to Desaguadero, and from the Bolivian government a concession for a line from Desaguadero to La Paz, with a branch to Oruro; from the Peruvian government a concession for building a line from La Oroya to one of the navigable rivers of the interior of Peru—the Ucayali, for instance—with a grant of 6000 hectares, or about 15,000 acres, of unappropriated land for each kilometre of finished railway; and finally from the Peruvian government a grant of 2,000,000 hectares, or about 5,000,000 acres, of unappropriated lands at the free disposal of

the state, "provided the concessionnaires shall undertake to avail themselves of the said lands, devoting them to agricultural development or other industrial enterprises, to commence the colonization within the first three years, and to have them settled upon within the maximum period of nine years. The immigrants brought to Peru by virtue of this concession shall be of European races, and shall pay no tax whatever....in all other respects they shall be subject to the laws of the republic."

All these concessions and privileges are, by virtue of the contract vested in the bondholders, formed into a joint-stock company called the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation (Limited), and registered in London, "it being understood that the rights and obligations of this contract can *only be transferred to English companies organized and established in London.*"

Such is the sum and substance of this unprecedented and specious arrangement, the execution of which, it is announced, will not only recoup the bondholders in time for their past sacrifices, but also confer the greatest benefits on Peru itself. This is doubtless true, provided the contract can be carried out. But the more we examine its clauses and the special conditions of Peru, the more remote and improbable its realization seems. The first requirement for its fulfilment is money—immense sums of money. Will they be forthcoming? Evidently Peru is a country abounding in natural riches, and the utilization of these riches would be a legitimate and tempting field for foreign capital if there were guarantees of good administration, and if the difficulties of working were not so great and numerous. The obstacles to the development of Peru are, in the first place, the Peruvians; and, in the second place, the remoteness of its riches from the paths of commerce. In all these South-American republics the old creole population, whether Peruvian, Chilian, Argentine, or Brazilian, is useless for progress; it furnishes the class of aristocrats, politicians, officials, and government employes who are non-productive and obstructive, and in most cases nothing better than national parasites; it furnishes the thieving dictators and Presidential embezzlers, who fill each capital and every public office with a horde of intriguers in and out of uniform. In the

Argentine: owing to prodigious and incessant immigration, the creole element is rapidly getting crowded out, and the country is being carried on to greatness and prosperity by the new blood that is flowing into it week by week, and which, thanks to the nature of the country and to the extension of cheaply constructed railways, has been able to spread gradually and naturally from the sea-coast and the province of Buenos Ayres to the Cordillera and the confines of Patagonia. In Peru all the conditions are different, as a glance at the map will show. Roughly speaking, the country may be divided into three regions, namely, the coast valleys, the mountain region, and the transandine or Amazonian provinces. The coast valleys produce sugar, cotton, rice, maize, and other cereals, and all the fruits that man can desire; but, there being no rain, all culture depends upon irrigation, and the irrigation in turn depends on the water supply of a number of short rivers of small volume. *All the land in the coast valleys is occupied to the full extent of the water supply*, and cultivated in a rough but more or less effective way, mainly by Chinese and colored laborers, who live, as we have seen, in a very rudimentary manner, and earn 40 to 50 Peruvian cents a day. In this region there is no room for immigration. Higher up in the mountains there is a certain amount of available land, not, however, of a nature adapted to modern agricultural methods, and much of it requiring the terrace and irrigation systems which were employed by the Incas. This land, too, in spite of expensive mountain railways, would always remain at a disadvantage for want of easy communications with a market. There remain then the Amazonian provinces, about which recent travellers have written so enthusiastically and so instructively. At present this vast territory, watered by the great tributaries of the Amazon, the Marañon, Huallaga, Ucayali, Urubamba, Inambari, etc., is most inaccessible. The Peruvian officials, who are sent there to exercise a nominal rule, and often to find Brazilian officials in practical command, reach their seat of government most easily by steamer to Panama, across the isthmus, round to Pará, then up the Amazon by steamer, and the rest of the journey as best they can. The cocoa, caoutchouc, cinchona, and other products of these

rich tropical regions inhabited by Indians are carried on rafts down the tributary streams until an Amazonian factory and steamer are reached. It is simply a wild country where the vegetation is so luxurious that if you cut a path through the virgin forests that cover the ground, it will be grown over and disappear entirely in a fortnight. Nature is here so full of exuberant strength that she becomes the enemy instead of the friend of man, and the only hope of clearing the land for agriculture would be by organized armies of thousands of colonists working simultaneously and collectively. According to the most impartial and practical witnesses, the task of reducing this tropical nature to subjection would inevitably fail unless organized on a vast scale, and by powerful companies having thousands of hands at their command. In any case, the first thing to do is to render these provinces accessible, so that colonists may reach them, and so that their products may be brought to a seaport.

Is this seaport to be on the Pacific or the Atlantic coast? To carry the merchandise to the Pacific by means of a transandine railway, with necessarily high freights, would seem to be too expensive. To carry it by water to the sea by the Amazon would mean entering into competition with Brazil and the flourishing republics of the Atlantic coast. All these considerations render the Amazonian provinces a relatively uninviting field for immigrants so long as there is good

and productive land and security for life and property in more accessible spots and in less enervating climates. As the 2,000,000 hectares of land granted to the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation must necessarily be selected mainly on the eastern slopes of the Andes, and as the contract requires the colonization to be commenced within three years, and the lands settled within the maximum period of nine years, whereas limits of time ten times as long would scarcely be sufficient, we may justly regard this clause of the contract as of no practical importance. Peru's dream of colonization will not be realized in so near a future as the contract specifies.



The special clause of the contract transferring all subcontracts to English companies organized and established in London is of a nature to discourage all other nationalities except the English, and even to create material difficulties in the case of applications on the part of companies or individuals independent of the Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation. In other words, while the contract is being carried out, or falling through, there must necessarily be a period of suspense and hesitation. The immense monopoly in question practically reserves the Peruvian territory for a certain number of years to English companies, formed or to be formed, but of whose eventual activity, given the present state of the country, there is no guarantee. To make this contract absolutely practical, the Peruvian bondholders should have undertaken to administrate Peru, and relieve it of the burden of the farcical government which it enjoys under the name of a republic. Peru is not a new country, but an old and decrepit one, presenting many points of resemblance to modern Spain. Its history is more or less a repetition of that of Spain, and its regeneration presenting similar difficulties. In Peru we find remnants of the past civilization of the Incas, whose irrigation works, now fallen to ruins, suggest comparison with the works of the Moors, which made fertile vast territories in Spain that are now as barren as the brown *quebradas* of the valley of the Rimac. In Peru, too, there is a degenerate plebs, indolent as the Andalusian peasantry, a clergy opposed to progress, intriguers and demagogues that find their parallel in Don Carlos and his partisans. The Peruvian nation, especially since the victory of the Chilians, has not the energy and hopeful confidence of youth; it is sluggish and inclined to linger in the old ruts, looking only to present and personal interests, and not to the future collective welfare of the nation. One of the greatest curses of Peru, and the phenomenon which chiefly contributes to make it the most backward and decadent country of the civilized world, is its government. The politics of Peru is as bad as it can be, for the questions at issue are almost always of persons rather than of principles. The Presidents have too much power, and they openly take advantage of their position to enrich themselves. Their political friends do

likewise, and from the ministers down to the most modest custom-house employés, all make the best use of their time while it is their turn to be in office. The provincial governors have but one obligation, namely, to work with the central government in all political matters; provided that condition be fulfilled, they are free to administer their provinces as they please, rob, tyrannize, and grow as rich as they can.

Take the army, again; the rank and file are Indians, *Cholos*, and even negroes, who are mostly impressed into the service, and therefore never lose an opportunity of deserting, especially in the country stations. Hence the necessity of having, almost literally, more officers than men, in order that the former may be strong enough to control the latter by numbers as well as by discipline. In the villages and *haciendas*, where the military do the duty of rural police, you will generally find that the officers have a majority of one over the men they command. These Indian and Cholo soldiers, whom you see standing at the street corners in Lima, doing police duty and blowing their melancholy watchman's whistles, make a lamentable army indeed, as was proved in the late war. The poor ignorant and imbruted creatures took no interest in the cause; indeed, the general impression amongst them was that Chili was a revolutionary leader, and they spoke of the national enemy as "General Chili." Their souls having no joy in the enforced career of arms, the fellows fought well enough when there was no means of escaping from the foe, but if there was the slightest opening they preferred to run away. The Chilians, knowing this, constantly manœuvred so as to give the Peruvian army a chance to flee, and thus economized their own men and their powder too.

In the actual condition of Peru it is difficult to obtain any trustworthy statistics or information about anything. Since the war no census has been taken; outside of Lima taxes are collected with difficulty, and so even approximate estimates are impossible. However, two and a half millions is supposed to represent the present population of this vast territory, which has 1200 miles of coast-line, and a superficies of more than a million square kilometres. This population consists of the creole governing, proprietary, and of-

ficial classes, ordinary Peruvians, Indians, cross-breeds, Chinese coolies, and negroes. There are the rich and the poor, both apparently satisfied with the existing decadent state of the country, or, at any rate, making no effort to improve it. Truly the field is not a tempting one for colonists. As for commerce, there is just as little inducement as there is for colonization. During the last ten years many foreign merchants have left the country, and in reply to inquiries from would-be commercial immigrants, most of the embassies, I find, frankly recommend people not to go out either to Lima or to other towns. And yet the fact remains that Peru is marvellously rich in mineral deposits. Gold, platinum, silver, copper, tin, lead, iron, cinnabar, quicksilver, and coal all exist in abundance. Very rich petroleum wells are now being worked in Talara. All these riches must one day be utilized, and could be utilized at present if capital could be brought into the coun-

try and energetic men to direct the enterprise, and if at the same time a decent and settled political administration could be obtained, which latter condition seems very doubtful. The field for mining industry in Peru is immense, and not so encumbered with prior claims and occupants as it is in Chili, but the difficulties of transport are enormous. Nevertheless there are both English and American engineers and capitalists who are gradually working up fine businesses in the mountains, introducing improved machinery, and conquering obstacles of all kinds with genuine Anglo-Saxon pertinacity. On the other hand, considering all the circumstances already briefly set forth, and awaiting the grand and ardently desired opening up of the country, there are perhaps more facilities and surer results in the immediate future to be obtained in Bolivia, and on the other side of the Andes, in the Argentine provinces of Rioja and San Juan.

THE AWAKENING.

BY NANNIE MAYO FITZHUGH.

ABOVE her cradled child she bends, the while
 Her new-stirred heart with joy goes forth to meet
 The waking moment when her eyes shall greet
 The glad and sudden welcome of his smile;
 Yet stills her breathing lest he feel and move,
 Knowing, though waked to love, he wakes to pain,
 So I to thee, whose soul till now hath lain
 Content, and dreaming not if there be love,
 Am mute, and hush the pulsing of the deep
 And changeless current from my soul to thee;
 And would not that thine eyes unfold and see
 What tender longing waits upon thy sleep,
 Though from thy waking measureless my gain,
 Who wakes to love, he needs must wake to pain.

This is the world through which, but now, serene
 I moved, a soul apart, nor cared to know—
 So all unmindful I of joy and woe—
 Life's dearest gift within my touch, unseen.
 Oh strange new world! in which no soul may say
 "I go my way alone": behold, there stand
 Twin spirits, Pain and Love, with hand in hand,
 Beside each traveller, girded for the way.
 Dear heart, whose waiting met my gladdening eyes,
 Shall I not welcome Pain for Love's dear sake?
 Like as a child to suffering grown awake,
 Who would not in the joy of love's surprise
 Return to sleep, so I to cry am fain,
 "Since thence comes need of Love, thank God for Pain!"

ANOTHER CHAPTER OF MY MEMOIRS.

HOW I BECAME A JOURNALIST.

BY MR. DE BLOWITZ.

MORE than one account has been published of the circumstances under which I adopted a journalistic career. As none of them resembles the truth, or was obtained from me, I do not think I shall be blamed if I, in turn, give my version of the story. The fact that it has been considered of sufficient interest to be told entitles me to come forward and state the facts without being accused of presumption. Instead of the fantastic tales which have been published, there will be told in the following pages, I venture to say, a simple narrative, every line of which is derived from *une source absolument autorisée*. No doubt it is always easier for an author to amuse the reader by writing as fancy or caprice may dictate. At the risk of being dry and bald, however, I will confine myself to telling accurately what happened, my greatest ambition being to leave no one the chance of misrepresenting as his whim, fancy, or passion may dictate facts in which I am so deeply interested.

In 1869 the second French Empire was still in power, but it showed signs of yielding to the numerous and combined assaults of the liberal opposition. When a throne has been seized by a bold stroke, when it has been retained by repression, when the hold over the country rests on the docile vote of the unthinking masses, there can be no abandonment of the absolute prerogatives the ruler has bestowed on himself. The slightest concession becomes a weapon in the hands of the assailant, and the autocratic fortress only remains impregnable so long as no breach can be made. In 1869, however, the torrent of the opposition had been dashing for seventeen years against the foundations of the second empire, and the attentive eye could already discover wide breaches made in the fortification which surrounded the throne of Napoleon III. At Paris, however, the central power remained under great illusions, and played with the fire of liberal reform. In the provinces, on the contrary, the representatives of the government felt that their power was diminishing. They came into

collision with audacious opponents, and in consequence of the opposition they met with they became more overbearing, more tyrannical, and, for that very reason, more unpopular. From this vicious circle was no retreat or escape but by revolution or reaction.

For many years I had been living at Marseilles. I had married a native of the great southern French city. Her father had been *trésorier payeur de la marine*; her uncle, on the father's side, a brigadier-general. Her mother was a descendant of a noble family in the Var; and her maternal uncle could show, by a somewhat elaborate genealogy, that his ancestors were connected with the Bourbons. I was not at that time naturalized, and I considered it almost a duty to stand aloof from the domestic politics of France. Nevertheless, in consequence of the relations into which I was brought by my marriage, I was supposed by everybody to belong to the legitimist party, at the time militant around me. The elections of 1869 were at hand. It was apparent the contest would be violent in the extreme. All sides were preparing for the fight. The opposition formed a league called "the Liberal Union," within which there was room made for the three parties—the legitimists, the Orleanists, and the democrats. The government did what it could to strengthen its position. It re-enforced its *préfets*; it decorated with the Legion of Honor its chief political supporters, or dismissed auxiliaries of whom it was not sure. In the great centres it established newspapers to all appearance violently democratic, but the real purpose of which was to sow dissension among the parties forming the Liberal Union.

During the day the editors or their staffs wrote articles denouncing the empire and the royalist party. At night these same journalists repaired to the *préfectures* to receive their instructions. This was the state of affairs more especially at Marseilles. There the candidature of M. de Lesseps, in opposition to M. Thiers and M. Gambetta, was very popu-

lar. Gambetta and his pretensions were made the subject of endless jokes and laughter on the part of the pseudo-democratic official press. M. de Lesseps's candidature was represented as quite independent. This was his only chance of success, for if there had been a suspicion that it was official, his position would have been irremediably compromised. Strange to say, I was the man who almost unwittingly dealt the fatal blow to his chances. Even at this time the uncontrollable desire to get at the bottom of sensational reports haunted me. While it was strongly suspected at Marseilles that M. de Lesseps was an official candidate, and while the government was making every effort to prove the contrary, one of my friends had gone to Egypt. I kept up a correspondence with him. In writing me he recounted, with much detail, incidents which threw a strong light on the whole subject. An orderly officer of the Emperor had arrived in Egypt. A special train was placed at his disposal by Ismail Pasha. This officer had lost no time in posting on to M. de Lesseps. At the urgent request and in compliance with an almost formal order of the Emperor, the constructor of the Suez Canal, who, as such, had already become popular, consented to become a candidate for Marseilles. Without considering the consequences, I lost no time in communicating this information to one of my friends—the editor of a legitimist newspaper. The news burst like a tempest on the public of Marseilles, and swept away in its irresistible whirl the candidature of M. de Lesseps. The very next day the socialist newspaper, in obedience to orders, made an incredibly violent attack on me. I was terrified at what I had done. I was somewhat in the position of an elephant from whose back a cannon has been discharged, and which first feels the shock without knowing whence it comes. I was a foreigner without protection, at the mercy of a government still feared. My friends begged me to take no notice of the abominable calumnies directed against me by the sham-democratic newspaper, which for years since that time has been the source whence the abuse poured upon me has been drawn. I was innocent enough to raise an action in the law courts, in which I was successful. When the case came to an end, however, the newspaper had ceased to appear, and

the editor, as the reward of his electioneering services, had obtained the post of *subpréfet* in an out-of-the-way corner of the Basses-Alpes. In the election M. de Lesseps had the support of a wretched minority; and it was M. Gambetta who was, to the surprise of everybody, returned by a majority of two to one. He entered the Corps Législatif triumphantly. The journal and its editor disappeared, but the defeated *préfet* survived, and it was on me that he sought to avenge his defeat. In a long report, which I have since had it in my power to peruse, he applied for my expulsion from France. Not more than an hour after it was written he saw my wife in the street, and was not ashamed to hold out to her the very hand which had just signed that miserable denunciation. The same evening I was informed of the facts, and hurried off to Paris to ward off its consequences. M. Thiers took the matter in hand, and the demand for my expulsion was put aside. My friends advised, nay, besought me to leave Marseilles, and toward the end of 1869 I took their advice, and retired to a small property in the Drôme, near Valence. Such was my first experience of journalism, and it might well have led me to abandon the career. But another destiny was in store for me.

I lived for some months in my retreat, reading books, but chiefly the newspapers of France, Germany, and northern Europe, to pass away the time. I had no other resource. When the Hohenzollern question came up, I wrote regularly to M. Thiers, who continued to show me great good-will, giving him the news which reached me. I knew that since the hurried conclusion of peace between Prussia and Austria in 1866 the Germans expected a conflict with France, and were preparing for it. I knew that the southern states of Germany were under the watchful and suspicious surveillance of Prussia, and I also knew that if there should be a war the result would cruelly disappoint the hopes of France. I never ceased writing to this effect, and bringing facts confirming my opinions to the knowledge of M. Thiers, whose own experience had led him to similar conclusions. When the war did break out I contemplated with terror from my retreat the complete and fatal ignorance prevalent in France, and the false feeling of security which was to be so promptly and terribly

dispelled. One piece of disastrous news rapidly followed another—Reichshofen; Spiekern; the abandonment of the first lines of defence; the retreat; the admitted want of food, arms, and supplies; the telegrams of MacMahon, "I am defeated, send me supplies"; and lastly, the astounding despatch from Napoleon III.: "We have been surprised in the very act of forming. The enemy had also mitrailleuses," left no doubt as to the future toward which France was drifting. They showed the recklessness of some, the presumption of others, the criminality of all. They were everywhere received with anguish. The provinces were both exasperated and struck with terror. The *préfets* hid themselves. Their orders were set at defiance. Their safety was doubtful. Around those supposed to belong to the opposition, the recruits of the future began to gather. I ventured to leave my retreat; but as I predicted the fall of the empire, I was again denounced. A new inquiry was opened, in order to remove one who dared to make such predictions from the soil of France. The proceedings had just been commenced when the disaster of Sedan was followed by the fall of the empire.

M. Péigné-Crémieux, the son-in-law of M. Adolphe Crémieux, was appointed *Préfet* of the Drôme. On his arrival at Valence, I applied for my complete naturalization. Some weeks later I became a French citizen, and received a letter from M. Adolphe Crémieux, then Minister of Justice, who said: "Your application for naturalization in the midst of our great disasters is for me the signal of a new life for us. A country which in the midst of such catastrophes recruits citizens like you is not to be despaired of." As always happens, having been persecuted by the empire, I was ranked in the now dominant party, and those who had stood aloof from me showed a great desire to be on better terms. However, my friends dissuaded me from returning to Marseilles.

The history of Marseilles after the fall of the second empire, from the 4th of September, 1870, to the 4th of April, 1871—that is to say, for seven months—if chronicled from day to day faithfully and with its striking details, would certainly form one of the most characteristic and picturesque chapters in a systematic account of the revolutions of the nineteenth century. As yet it has not been told, and I can

only refer in this place to its incidents as affecting myself, and as having determined conclusively the course of my life. After the fall of the empire, the city fell into a state of grotesque and lamentable anarchy. Numerous bodies were hastily formed under the pretext of drawing the Germans from the south of France. They were kept together to protect the country from an improbable and chimerical invasion. One of the leaders had proclaimed himself commissary of the government. He had brought together into a noisy and discontented but purely home-abiding National Guard all the "foaming dregs" of Aristophanes. From that element of roughs, rowdies, loafers, and thieves he drew the pretorian group who surrounded him, and by means of whom he terrorized the city. It had not as yet been pillaged, because many of these freebooters were afraid of being anticipated by some of their fellow-plunderers. In fact, they watched each other with a vigilance which far surpassed anything that could have been done by a regular police. There was, of course, an appearance of something being done. One great object was to create military *entrepôts* where the *bons citoyens*, the true, good citizens, those who inspired terror in the others, could send boots or shoes pasted together by machinery; coats with seams basted with electric speed; gunpowder flasks as solid as sardine boxes; cartridges which sometimes went off, but never propelled a bullet, harmless to all but those who used them—supplies, in short, prepared with a rapidity only surpassed by the speed with which they became useless. The central power was kept in complete ignorance of all these doings. The Civic Guard—for this was the name bestowed on an undisciplined rabble—had taken possession of all the administrative centres of the town—the telegraph and the post-office, the mairie, the préfecture, and the railway station. The utmost care was used to isolate Marseilles, to cut it off from all communication with the central power. The leaders from this time dreamt of forming a league independent of the central government, based on an ill-defined idea of a southern secession, which was to complete the dismemberment of the French father-land. Gradually, however, the central government was made aware of what was passing. It became alarmed. An attempt was made

to regain the possession of power in the great southern seaport. The spontaneously created commissary-general was dismissed, and a M. Gent was appointed *préfet* of Marseilles, who had the sacred title of a *proscrit* of the 2d December. It was thought, no doubt, that this pontiff of the revolution would disarm the people who had Marseilles in their grasp. He was on the point of leaving for the city, and special troops were despatched to protect him.

As I had now become a naturalized Frenchman, I considered it a duty to assist my adopted country as I best could. I accordingly went from Valence to Avignon to take the same train to the south with the new *préfet*, and to judge with my own eyes of the state of things at Marseilles. At Avignon we were informed that the Civic Guard had determined to offer resistance, and that the Nerthe tunnel had been undermined, in order to blow up the train bringing the new *préfet*. The Civic Guard of Marseilles anticipated the nihilists of later days in giving this welcome to Czar Gent. However, the train started from Avignon, and was not blown up under the Nerthe. On arriving at Marseilles, we found the railway station in a state of siege. No one could get admission unless in the uniform of a National Guard. Whilst my baggage was being examined I looked at the armed patriot who had undertaken the task. He replied to my scrutiny by a jeering glance. It was a coachman whom I had dismissed for theft some months before. Naturally he had joined the Civic Guard. Slapping his gun with his hand, he said to me, "*À bien-tôt !*" When I left the station I saw the new *préfet* in an open carriage, escorted by—that is to say, a prisoner in the hands of the Civic Guard, who were conducting him to the *préfecture*. An hour afterward, in the drawing-room of the house, a revolver was fired at him, and he was wounded in the thigh. Thus the armed band who had for a time ruled the town protested against the new *préfet*. However, the new magistrate met with a share of respectable support. Under the pretext of giving some of the most dangerous leaders military rank, they were sent to parade in the camps, and the town became more tranquil. An organized resistance was gradually formed in France. The north had Faidherbe; the west, Chan-

zy; the east, Bourbaki; D'Aurelles de Paladine marked with one bright page, Coulmiers, the gloomy record extending from Reichshofen to the surrender of Paris. Already, however, amid desperate efforts, civil war was descried rising amid blood and fire behind the struggle with the foreign foe.

It was foreseen that those who held the reins of power would no longer yield them up to make way for an Assembly constituted by regular election. At the beginning of the month of January, 1871, I was sent on a secret mission to M. Thiers, who was then at Bordeaux. The game seemed lost, and it was desired to know from him what should be done to repair the serious losses sustained. Bordeaux at that time presented a strange spectacle. The Tours government had been removed thither. It held the provinces, while the government of national defence was shut up in Paris. Gambetta was the soul, the head, and the arms of this organization, and his dictatorship, except in a few southern towns like Marseilles, met with no opposition. Even these towns pretended to obey him, and the dominant party at Marseilles, which, like himself, contemplated a resistance to the elections, feigned to follow his initiative, while putting forward obstacles to the free exercise of the national will. The winter was severe, and Bordeaux was under snow at the time of my arrival. Having become the seat of government, it was invaded by a motley army. Thither had repaired adventurers of every class, men and women in want of bread, place-hunters, amateur strategists, the inventors of explosive engines destined to annihilate whole armies at a blow—in short, all who were hungry and would fain die of indigestion. The hotels of every class, even the private houses, were crowded, and I drove for hours through the town in a snowy February night knocking at every door in vain. My cab horse was utterly exhausted. I was cold and hungry when at last I reached a paltry public-house where there was a chance of accommodation. I took the place of a traveller who was still in his room, but on the point of leaving. Miserable as the place was, officers of every rank were among the guests. There were in Bordeaux at that time commanders and captains enough to command an army, and, in fact, one was about to be organized to utilize the officers whose

sheathed sabres clattered idly on the pavement of the town. The war ministry and a section of the government were installed at the *préfecture*. There was not enough room there for all the offices. The rooms and lobbies had been divided by screens, on which could be read, written in chalk: "Infantry Division," "Cavalry Superintendence," "Field Artillery Supplies," etc. From morning till night military men moved about in the uniforms of all branches of the service. There were officers who displayed ostentatiously scarfs supporting their wounded arms, or walked bareheaded, showing the black or white bands which marked the wounds inflicted by the enemy's sabres. All were in want of places, promotion, or decorations. They reminded you of cripples who on the dusty roads of Italy follow with gymnastic bounds the carriage of the traveller. Others, again, arrived fresh and smart at the seat of the ministry, who had organized "*corps francs*," but they inspired so little confidence that they were forbidden to cross the Gironde bridge, and were confined to the suburbs. They took the title of commandants, and had donned the most fantastic and brightest uniforms I saw. One wore a beaver with large tricolor plumes, a doublet of blue velvet ornamented with lace, bagged trousers of red velvet, and boots with gold-lace fringes falling back over the tops. These heroes had more the appearance of riders at a circus than of soldiers, and when you saw them sauntering in front of the paper partitions which separated the military offices, you could not help expecting every moment to see one of them take the great hoop spring through the fragile walls of lath and paper which surrounded him. I never could have imagined such a scene for those who had the good of the country at heart. It was impossible not to look behind the comic foreground of the picture and see the humiliating reality beyond.

Some days later I saw M. Thiers. He occupied a small drawing-room in a flat of the *Hôtel de France*, where he held his audiences. He looked older, and was irritable, and discontented with men and things. He had just made a tour through Europe to seek help for France. Everywhere he had been received with the deep respect due to his person and to the noble and unfortunate client whose cause

he defended. But his eloquence was met by distinct refusals, politely masked under sterile expressions of sympathy. Everywhere, thanks to the skill of Count Bismarck, France was blamed in ambiguous words for having provoked the war, and with having desired it. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that this journey led to no result. It had shown Europe the necessity of not allowing France to be altogether annihilated. Years afterward, M. Bismarck said to me: "At Versailles, at the time of concluding the peace, I lay awake night after night. I had hurried things to a conclusion. Thiers had touched the heart of Europe, and I expected every minute to receive some potentate's telegram intended to interfere with our arrangements, and to bring about complications which would have troubled the *tête-à-tête* I had so elaborately prepared." M. Thiers criticised chiefly the military arrangements made on the Loire. He had covered the walls of his drawing-room with military maps, and standing with his left hand in his waistcoat, and his right hand stretched toward the maps, he pointed out, with all his habitual vivacity, how the forces on the Loire should have been distributed to secure success, or at least to avoid checks.

"I have come here," he said, "to throw myself into the lion's jaws. I am watched as an enemy, and if I were to attempt to leave, I should be arrested. Ranc is dreaming of nothing else, and he controls the police. I have risked my health and my life in travelling through Europe. I have undergone more bitter disappointment than the heart of man can endure, and they have found no better means to deprive me of the merit due to my enterprise than to maintain that I left Paris under the pretext of wandering over Europe, but in reality to escape being shut up in the French capital. Gambetta fears and hates me. He sees in me an adversary who is a danger to his dictatorship, and he is right!"

In his usual way while speaking, he walked to and fro rapidly, from one end of the little room to the other, noiselessly in his slippers, stirring his soap lather, whetting his razor, hanging his small looking-glass on the window which looked into the street. Then he began to shave. Suddenly he started backward, the razor in his hand, with a scared look, one side of his face shaven, the other

white with soap. He exclaimed: "There he is!—sure enough!—Ranc!—this man who is constantly passing under my window, to watch me, and find some pretext for putting me in prison. He must not see me;" and he remained motionless in the darkest corner of the little room. In a few minutes he went back to the window and began to shave again. When he had done, he said: "Go back to Marseilles. Convince our friends that at present nothing but the republic is possible. The end of the fight with the foreign invaders is not far off. But we shall let loose all the forces of civil war if we do not declare beforehand that it is the republic we want. These people who have the reins of power do not want to loose their grip. The time is approaching when France should go to the ballot-boxes for the election of an Assembly. The whole question is there. Unless this is accomplished, we are lost. Everything should be done by those who want order with peace to carry out the elections when they have been decreed. I trust we shall meet again in happier days, and I never will forget that you became a Frenchman in the time of our misfortunes, or the services you have done us, and are now doing us." Later on, it was this idea of Crémieux and Thiers as to my joining the ranks of the forlorn that Edmond About expressed with picturesque concision in saying, "Il s'est fait naturaliser vaincu."

Marseilles had remained in a state of anarchy. The wretched rabble who ruled were not inclined to loose their hold. The new *préfet* was really their prisoner. The war was virtually at an end, but they continued to accumulate stores, and they manifested a bellicose ardor all the greater because they knew that thenceforth no one would take them at their word. The idea of the southern league was more triumphantly revived than ever, and they manifested a determination to resist the elections, which were to put an end to their odious tyranny. Happily the journey of M. Jules Simon to Bordeaux put an end to the dictatorship of Gambetta. A kind of legality seemed to be established. The peaceful citizens, feeling their safety at stake, went to the poll. The deputies were appointed. But even in ascertaining the result, the armed pretorians interfered. They wanted by force to uphold the defeated candidates.

The Assembly met at Bordeaux. It intrusted M. Thiers, elected in twenty-seven departments, with the melancholy duty of concluding the peace. This having been done, Marseilles protested more than ever. It objected to this as a humiliation. The government left Bordeaux. M. Thiers, who was at its head, took up his abode in Paris. No one dared to disarm the Civic Guard, which remained in command of the town. There was no attempt made to use the intervention of the army. It was feared there would be civil war if it obeyed, and a more serious disaster if it refused to interfere. Admiral Crosnier was ordered to Marseilles, and it was proposed to give him a guard of marines. But just at this time the *émeute* of 1871 broke out at Paris. In the Place Vendôme French blood was spilled; not, however, so much by Frenchmen as by the cosmopolite revolutionists who had made Paris the scene of their operations. M. Thiers left for Versailles. Mont Valérien fortunately remained in the hands of the French army. The Commune followed. It had almost immediately its *contre-coup* at Marseilles. On the 23d March, five days after the proclamation of the commune at Paris, it was proclaimed at Marseilles. The *préfecture* was placed in charge of the revolutionary forces. The *préfet* was taken prisoner. The enemies of order from every foreign country, the flower of the terrorists of the whole globe, were sent to the city. It was the Pole Landeck who, with the help of the ready, docile pen of a Marseilles *avocat*, Crémieux, published incendiary decrees, urged the army to revolt, and proposed to sack the town. General Espivent de Villeboisnet, perceiving symptoms of insubordination among the soldiers under his command, who, for the most part, were young recruits, took measures to protect them from the mutinous contagion to which they were exposed by the revolutionary propaganda. He removed his head-quarters to Aubagne, at a distance of fifteen or twenty kilometres from Marseilles, and between that town and Toulon. The commune then called out the whole National Guard. It was discovered, however, that the "*mauvais bataillons*" had received instructions to appear with guns loaded as their watchword. In consequence that part of the National Guard, thenceforth described as "the National Guard of Order," was told

not to obey the summons. The revolutionary corps only turned out, and filed off, with cries of "Vive Paris!" "À bas Versailles!" The commune was as powerful and triumphant as it had been at the arrival of Préfet Gent. The préfecture was in its hands. It occupied the barracks. At the Hôtel de Ville a mulatto named Job laid down the law. The railway station and the post-office were in the hands of the revolutionaries. They had possession of the telegraph offices. They suppressed every suspected letter. They retained every telegram which might have informed the regular government at Versailles of the frightful state of affairs in the great southern city. It was while things were in this state that I met M. Ternant, the director at Marseilles of the Eastern Telegraph Company, who received his despatches by the government wire, and transmitted them by his own cable to Oran. I had let to this company the place of business they occupied near the Bourse, in a house that belonged to us, alongside of the State Telegraph Office.

M. Ternant and I resolved to throw a ladder from one house to another, and this being effected, to open a direct and secret communication with the outside. The thing was done. Ternant set himself to work. It was Lyons that first replied, and put us in communication with Versailles. While the communards thought they had a complete hold of the wires, we were able to inform the government of their doings. M. Thiers fully appreciated the danger. If the commune had triumphed at Marseilles, the whole of the south of France would have burst into insurrection, and no one could calculate what would have been the extent of the disaster. Accordingly, in reply to the first telegram, he gave orders through us to General Espivent to recover possession, at whatever cost, of the town. Until that time the general had refused to return to Marseilles, unless promised the co-operation of a part at least of the National Guard. He knew that the soldiers, deceived as to the state of matters, would reverse their guns if they did not see the National Guards alongside of them. From that time my plan was laid. I invited about twenty persons who belonged to the National Guard of Order to meet at night in my house, which could be entered and left from another street through

the garret. Those whom I invited all came. The state of affairs was alarming. A frightful catastrophe might be expected at any moment. The citizens were without defence, and the town might be given up to pillage and incendiarism. The protests of the consuls had proved unavailing. The rabble had one fixed idea—that they must without delay take advantage of a power that otherwise might slip out of their hands. Accordingly the little group of orderly citizens who met at my house formed an energetic resolution. They decided that, in company of two delegates, I should leave that very night for Aubagne, in order to bring back as soon as possible General Espivent. Commandant Nivière was one of those who accompanied me. He belonged to the Battalion of Order of the Plain. I have forgotten the name of the other delegate. A dozen young men who were at the meeting undertook to keep up the communication between Aubagne and Marseilles. Ten or twelve others belonging to the National Guard undertook to get 1500 National Guards to come out on the entrance of the troops and join them.

We started for Aubagne, where we arrived just at daybreak. I was bearer of the telegrams received from Versailles, and the engagements in writing undertaken by the National Guards. We had narrowly escaped the Civic Guards, who had been sent to take us into custody as we were leaving by the back entrance to my house. My wife was informed that thoughts were entertained of placing her in confinement as a hostage, and in consequence she took refuge with her adopted daughter at Aix. All this occurred on the 2d of April. On the following day I was present at a council of war. The general was attended by Colonel Munier, now a general and the commandant at Bayonne, the commissary Vigo Rousillon, Commandant De Villeneuve, brave soldiers, some of whom had stopped at Aubagne on their way to Africa, while the others formed part of the brigade. All were anxious to do what they could to help. None, however, knew Marseilles. Their strategic combinations, in consequence, ran the risk of being unsuitable. It was indispensable that the town should be taken at once by securing possession of decisive positions. Otherwise all would be lost, for no prolonged assistance could be relied upon if the issue appeared doubt-

ful. As specially acquainted with Marseilles, I was admitted to the council at which the arrangements were made. The secret was well kept. The same men who made me acquainted with what was going on at Marseilles, on the 3d of April left Aubagne on foot at ten o'clock at night, and took to the houses of the members of the National Guard an order to be ready to repair to certain places of meeting at half past four in the morning. The troops left Aubagne at one o'clock. At half past four they advanced in three directions, and seeing the National Guard ready to support them, they passed through the tunnel of the station and took possession of the barracks. They placed two cannon, with the necessary ammunition, on the top of the hill of Notre Dame de la Garde, two pieces were placed on the walls of the station, one on the Place de la Justice, and two at the entrance to the Rue de Rome, on the Place Castellane, where General Espivent had fixed his head-quarters. It is not necessary that I should go into the details of that horrible day. Everybody did his duty, and I was, I trust, no exception to the rule. I had given my word of honor to the general that all his orders should be transmitted. And this was in fact done, for the young Marseillais who had placed their services at my disposal discharged their duties as orderly officers with the greatest coolness and courage and devotedness.

Those who lived in the quarters of Marseilles where the fighting took place; those who heard the shot whistling through the air; those who, under a bright and splendid southern sun, crossed the deserted streets of the terror-stricken town, where no sound was heard but that of the bullets rebounding from the walls and pavement; those who saw young soldiers falling around them, killed by French weapons handled by men who were invisible; those who saw the marines from Toulon rush out with a bound on the préfecture which the rebels had armed with mitrailleuses; those who saw these marines with hatchets cutting down the gates amid a shower of bullets—will never shake off for a moment the deep and terrible impression left on their memories by the horrors of this dreadful and appalling mid-day dream. The struggle was continued into the night, but by that time it was confined to the préfecture, where the insurgents, hunted from court to

court, from cellar to cellar, by the light of torches and lanterns, defended themselves desperately till daybreak. Next day, the 5th of April, the battle had been won; the commune of Marseilles had been extinguished by the defenders of the legal government of France. Admiral Crosnier was set free. He was ordered to Toulouse; but by a mysterious fate, the secret of which he never revealed, if it was more than an exaggerated feeling of honor, this brave sailor, the victim of a revolutionary revel, some weeks afterward died by his own hands. On the 5th of April we continued still to patrol the town. A few shots were fired through closed blinds. There were many threats uttered, but the town remained quiet, and the population returned to work. General Espivent and my comrades of the National Guard appointed me to report personally to M. Thiers at Versailles what had taken place, as, having been an eyewitness, I could narrate the facts better than any one else. Accordingly I set out for Versailles on the 6th of April as delegate of the National Guard of Order of Marseilles specially authorized to make a verbal report to the government on the events of which Marseilles had just been the scene. I went directly and without stopping to Melun. There I understood and perfectly realized for the first time why the people of the south of France were to be excused for not having participated in the warlike outburst which had animated the north, east, and west. Melun was occupied by the Germans. Soldiers who wore the pointed brass helmet guarded the entrances to the bridges that crossed the Seine. The people of Melun walked about with a depressed look. They did not dare to speak a word to each other. Their appearance brought home to me the horrors of an invasion in all their crushing significance. I could account for the irresistible fury with which a down-trodden people will rush to arms when goaded and irritated by the pressure of the enemy's heel on its neck.

I had to stop at Melun. At Paris the commune was at its apogee. I was not going to plunge unnecessarily into danger, so I had to reach Versailles by a roundabout way. It was impossible to find a conveyance. I was recommended to apply to the German officer in command, and as I could speak his language, I was able to procure a cart and horse on

payment of an extravagant sum. I was joined by an upper employé of the finance department, who was also on his way to Versailles. Two chairs were put into the cart and fastened to it, and it was in this conveyance that I reached my destination on the evening of the following day. The confusion was a hundredfold greater than at Bordeaux. The National Assembly was sitting there. The government of M. Thiers was also there. Politicians, those who had claims against the state, the *intrigants* in quest of places, pleasure, and rest, had, as usual, repaired to the seat of power in a suffocating crowd. There was not an empty corner. The smallest accommodation, every morsel of food, was an object of contention. It was only by exciting the compassion of a head waiter at the Hôtel des Réservoirs that I obtained permission to pass the night on a chair. Thanks to my costume, I was stared at as if I had been some newly discovered animal. I had set out in the dress of a National Guard, with a revolver stuck in my belt. I was tanned by the sun, and my face, unshaven and ill-washed, bore traces of the fatigue I had undergone. I was advised to go at six in the morning to the préfecture where the government was sitting, and where M. Thiers and M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, Secretary-General of the government, held their audiences at that early hour. I went. The door-keeper admitted me with some suspicion, although I had intrusted my revolver to the keeping of a waiter at the hotel. My name, however, was sent in to the Secretary-General, and I was requested to wait.

"Leave at once," said General Espivent when I quitted him. "You are taking to the government the news that tranquillity is restored in the principal town of the south. You have been the active and devoted servant of those who have been successful. You will be received with open arms."

I had left at once, and presented myself, and this was my reception. At the request of the door-keeper I sat down, looking in the direction of the room occupied by M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire. I was convinced that in a few moments I should see him come out "with open arms" to hear my account of the dark days through which I had just passed. Alas! I waited hour after hour, crushed and dispirited, worn out by fatigue, want

of sleep, and hunger. I was not in the best temper. I was still in the anteroom at noon—always waiting. I was getting unsteady from weakness. I got up in a temper, and asked the door-keeper when I could come back. I was told that there would be no further audience till next day. I went out. Great grief is silent, so is great anger. I was exasperated. I thought over all the efforts I had made to make those in authority aware of the truth, and to do justice to those who, perhaps in an obscure way, had devoted themselves to the cause of order, and I felt bitterly that I was neglected. After doing so much, it was hard to be left sitting on the stool of an antechamber while crowds of audacious *intrigants* seemed to mock me as they passed through a door kept shut in my face. Tired and vexed beyond expression, I went through the town in search of better accommodation than I had on the previous night. I scarcely ate, and it was not till ten o'clock at night I could find a sleeping-place. I paid in advance, and without undressing I lay down. It was nine days since I had been in bed. I fell into a lethargic slumber. When I woke it was dark. On the table, by the light of a wax candle, I saw that meat, bread, and wine had been put out for me. I could remember nothing. I was in a fever. I drank only a few drops of wine. The door was locked outside, and I concluded, dreamily, that I was in a prison. I undressed and went to bed, and again fell asleep. Some one woke me; I jumped up with a start. It was the good woman who had let me her room. She had been alarmed about me, and had gone to fetch a doctor. It was six o'clock in the evening, and I had been asleep forty-four hours. The doctor ordered a bath, a bowl of bouillon, a soothing medicine, and rest. I wrote a letter, however, to M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, and two days later—that is, five days after my arrival in Versailles—I again returned to the préfecture. M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire had fixed an hour for the interview. This time I was received. He was standing in an unfurnished room, where there was no chair and no means of sitting down—a precaution taken against unwelcome or long-winded intruders or applicants. He was a tall, burly, broad-shouldered man, with gray hair, a powerful bony head, drooping slightly toward the left shoulder. He had thick eyebrows, un-

steady and somewhat dull eyes, and a powerful mouth. His face was completely shaven. He was dressed in black, with a wide loose overcoat, and he wore slippers which resembled shoes, or perhaps it might be more correct to say shoes which resembled slippers. His arms fell loosely from his shoulders, and he swayed from right to left as he rested alternately on either leg. He listened, and acknowledged by words, indistinctly muttered, "Oui, oui," that he had heard what was said to him. From time to time while I spoke he half opened the door, to show that the crowd of applicants was increasing. At last, suddenly turning round, he interrupted me. He said: "That is good—that is good. Come back and see me." Before I knew what had happened I was again in the anteroom.

Two days later, however, he sent me a message, asking me to come back at eight o'clock in the morning. When I saw him he made no remark, but took me at once to see M. Thiers. Without sending in his name, he opened the door of the cabinet occupied by the President of the republic. It was a room very simply furnished. In one of the corners there was a small, narrow, and low camp-bed, covered with brown leather. The floor was littered with maps, and M. Thiers was on his knees stooping over a plan of Paris, which he was carefully examining.

M. St.-Hilaire, turning toward me, said, "He is a great strategist."

M. Thiers looked up and recognized me. Still on his knees, he said: "Oh yes! You have come from Marseilles. Fortunately it is all at an end there. You have been directed to make a report to me; you must see Calmon. I have no time at present. I cannot attend to it until I have recovered Paris from the *mauvais citoyens*." Addressing M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, he added: "Tell Calmon to hear what he has to say attentively. He will speak to me about it afterward." Then he stooped down again over the plan he was studying.

I next saw M. Calmon, under-secretary at the Ministry of the Interior. He was of middle stature, with a narrow and bald head. He had a quick, penetrating glance and a sarcastic smile. He did not want so much to know who had done their duty as to know who the men were who had neglected it. I could give

him no satisfaction. I had not gone there to make complaints. We had done all that was possible. There was no one to blame. Finding this to be my opinion, M. Calmon listened very inattentively. His lips assumed an expression of indulgent banter. What, after all, was this revolution in the provinces, a parody of the true, the great commune, the only one entitled to the attention of the government. I felt my position ridiculous. I cut down what I had to say, and left hurriedly, convinced that my best course was to return to Marseilles. I regretted bitterly that I had undergone so much useless fatigue, and exposed myself to such disappointments. That very evening, however, I received a letter stating that the report of General Espivent had been sent off, and requesting me to see General Leflo, the Minister of War, to whom it was addressed, and to whom I was requested to give explanations not included in the report. I waited for some days before calling at the Ministry of War. When I did go, I was received at once by General Leflo. He had got the report and had read it. He sent for the plan of Marseilles, and asked me to explain what had happened. He gave great praise to the arrangements that had been made, but when I told him that we had gone down right in front of the *préfecture* at Marseilles, where the insurgents held out, he started up.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you went past it? It is a miracle you ever went a step farther. The insurgents must have been driven quite mad by fear, otherwise they would have shot down every man of you. Ah! these young soldiers showed pluck, wonderful steadiness not to fall back! Come again to see me. Come back, and I promise you that I too will do my duty."

Some time after this I was led to take a step which had no small influence on my destiny. At Marseilles, the commune having been put down, those citizens who had taken refuge in the cellars to escape danger had crept forth from their places of concealment. These valiant persons were wonderfully unanimous in the view they took of what had happened. To justify their own cowardice they called in question every daring act attributed to those who had taken part in the struggle. The danger had been ridiculously exaggerated. I was specially singled out for

attack, and even now there are people at Marseilles who have not pardoned me for the share I took in saving them. It was noticed that my name had been placed at the head of the general's report, and that I was referred to specially in words more than flattering. My success did not gratify all my fellow-townsmen. It was openly said that I remained at Versailles in order to get a decoration at the expense of my comrades, for whom it was my mission to secure justice. Hearing all this, I went at once to M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, the chief secretary to the Minister of War, or at all events the official intrusted with the duty of considering claims to decorations. I was received frankly enough by M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, but he became cold, and drew himself up almost haughtily, when I told him that I had come to speak of the recompenses to be given to the Marseilles National Guard of Order. He was so besieged and worried by applicants for decorations that he could not help showing bad humor when any new claimant turned up.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, interrupting him. "I think you misunderstand the object of my visit. I have not come to ask a decoration; my object is quite different."

He looked surprised and pleased. He became quite charming when I explained to him that as mandatary of my comrades it was my duty to ask that my name should be scored out in the proposed list of decorations, if there should be one. He took a note of my request, and said he would keep it in mind. It was then the beginning of May, and through him I learned that the nominations would not appear until the month of June. I had no farther occasion to prolong my stay at Versailles, away from my family, and I accordingly wrote to M. Thiers to ask for an audience to bid him farewell. I do not know if others believe they have presentiments of their future. Certain it is that I never had any. I seize rapidly and in all its details the situation in which I am placed. I improvise as rapidly as my thoughts supply a plan of action which the circumstances immediately suggest. But I do not see far into the future as to anything in which I am personally concerned. I may have anticipated by reasoning the course of events flowing directly and within a short period from the circumstances I have observed,

but certainly I never have been able to raise the curtain which hid the future of my own life. I have sometimes an uncomfortable feeling of treachery when I see those who meditate foul play, but beyond this sensation I am never suspicious, and those whose custom it is to stab from behind have always found me an easy victim. To compensate for this drawback, I enjoy an immense indifference to the blows dealt against me, and a power of instantaneous recovery from attachments, however ardent, as soon as I feel that I have been betrayed by those on whom I have committed the mistake of erroneously bestowing my affection. I accordingly went into the study of M. Thiers persuaded that it would be for the last time. I found him standing; and he came forward, and received me in a way that was more than friendly.

"My reception has not been encouraging to you," he said, "for you have not come back. I was in the deepest anxiety when you saw me last. I thought all was lost. Now I know that we shall get over this trial. I am more my own master than heretofore, and I am ready to hear what you have to tell me. I am aware of the great services you have rendered. I have had letters from friends at Marseilles which leave no doubt of the fact."

He then put a number of questions to me, but while he listened to my replies he assumed a more serious look, restraining himself, and assuming toward me a more official tone. It so happened that I could not remember a French phrase I wanted, and I made use of a Provençal localism to express my thought. The words were welcome to a man born in the very heart of Provence. They put him in a charming humor. His eyes sparkled under his glasses. The exuberance of the sunny south had full play, and seeing him in this happy frame of mind I abandoned the manner of an official reporter, and described events on both their burlesque and gloomy sides—events which would have tempted the brush of Callot, who illustrated so strikingly the lights and shadows of revolution. Gradually both of us joined in friendly bursts of laughter.

"Well," said M. Thiers, becoming once more serious, "what are you to do now?"

"I came, Monsieur le Président, to bid you farewell, for I am going to-morrow to return to my family, whom I have left behind me in the south."

"You must not do that," he said, briskly. "My friends do not recommend you to go back at present, and tell me I must keep you here. Remain a little longer, as it is in your power to do so. Everybody in this place speaks well of you, and I myself have long highly appreciated you. The step you took to avoid being decorated was very favorably commented on. Do not be impatient. Come back and keep me acquainted with your movements, and shortly I will look after your affairs. You may be very useful to us."

This visit, of course, changed all my plans. I knew that some new field was opening for me, but I did not attempt to foresee what it was to be. My own schemes and combinations have never led to anything as regards myself, and I have always allowed my steps to be guided in the main by the blind chance of fate. But I had noticed that M. Thiers listened with greater attention than before to my account of the events at Marseilles, and that in the course of the visits I paid him he was not displeased to hear my opinion of men and things. He himself at times gave vent to his thoughts in my presence. As one instance, I may mention that I knew before anybody that he meant to place General Cissey, whose military advice he thought highly of, at the head of the Bureau of War. In order to give additional interest to my interviews with M. Thiers, and knowing that the miserable siege of Paris, above all things, absorbed his attention, I got into the habit of going round the lines of attack to note what was being done. As I was provided with passes, I went to Mont Valérien and to the batteries erected on the neighboring heights. I went in the afternoon to witness from the interior of the batteries on Mont Valérien the melancholy spectacle of the struggle, so full of agonizing incidents, to recover possession of Paris from the madmen who persisted in retaining it under their yoke. The commune had secured a gun-boat, which often lay under one of the arches of the Point du Jour, where it was sheltered from the fire of Mont Valérien. From the batteries it was watched closely. You heard the cry, "Point," and while the projectile whistled through the air or burst on the ground there was another order, "Fire," and you could see the shell dashing furiously into the Seine and throwing back its waters, while the mischievous gun-

boat slunk back, without veering, under cover of the bridge. I shall not attempt to describe the impression produced on me by passing events. It was French cannon that were fired on both sides as soon as the roar of the German artillery had ceased.

There were days more gloomy than others. You saw a litter pass rapidly through the court. You heard the question asked, "What is it?" and the reply, "A man wounded." "Where?" "In the leg." "Seriously?" "Yes," and everybody felt vexed and grieved, and turned round to conceal tears. When I told these things to M. Thiers he seemed much affected. He would also turn away his head, and I left without farther conversation. On one occasion, however, he could not restrain his grief and anger. On the previous evening I had gone from Versailles to St. Germain. At the latter place I was standing under the windows of the Pavillon Henry IV. In front of me Mont Valérien could be dimly seen in the distance. The fire was still directed from it on Paris, and there was a cross-fire from the batteries covering the Seine. The flash of the cannon could be traced on the horizon, and their roar was repeated in echoes throughout the valley. At my feet was Pecq, occupied by the Germans. Their bugles were sounding the call to retire for the night. In the first-class saloon below which I stood, the windows of which were thrown wide open, in the midst of the clattering of glasses and the explosion of champagne bottles, there was a company of young French men and women sitting round the table, laughing and making jokes and singing indecent songs. Yes! these things I have seen with my own eyes. When next day I told what I had witnessed at St. Germain, M. Thiers was ferocious with indignation. He exclaimed, "Such things make one despair of human nature."

Some days later, I think it was on Sunday, the 21st of May, I had gone to Brimborion, where a battery had been erected under the orders of Commandant La Bedolière. This officer, who was leaving for Versailles, took me on the right side of the battery to a casemate which was not in use, which overlooked Paris. Inside there was a young American lady looking through a loop-hole. We spoke for a few minutes of what was to be seen. Suddenly the young lady,

looking again through the hole, exclaimed: "What is this? Look here! I think some one is waving a white flag over the ramparts." I took up my glass, and I saw a white flag waving violently, no doubt at the end of a stick which I could not distinguish. At the same time there was a great stir among the soldiers, who were encamped all round on both sides of the Seine, and we could see great files formed and marching off. Again the demon of journalism took its hold of me. I turned to the young American lady, whom I have not seen since then, and—I hope she will pardon me—I said to her: "Remain here, madam, and be good enough to notice attentively what happens. I shall be back in half an hour."

I left the casemate, and rushed to the Sèvres road, where I had left my cab. I said to the driver, "You shall have a good *pourboire* if you will drive me full gallop to the Versailles préfecture."

He did all I wanted. As chance would have it, I met M. Thiers in the court-yard of the building, just on the point of taking his constitutional daily drive. I ran up to him. "Monsieur le Président," I said, "the troops are entering Paris."

M. Thiers gave a sudden start. "Where do you come from?" he asked.

"From Brimborion. A man"—it was afterward known to be M. Ducatel—"was waving a white flag on the ramparts, and the troops are now moving."

"So much the better," said M. Thiers, composedly. "When was it?"

"I think about four o'clock."

"That is right. I was afraid they would not be so punctual, and I was awaiting the news, but you must say nothing about it. Keep that in mind."

He left me very quietly. But ten minutes afterward I saw him leave in a carriage, accompanied by two officers of his military household. They were soon at full gallop, and took the road for Paris. Next day it was generally known that the "Versaillais," as they were called, had entered the capital. Then opened the gloomiest page in the history of France. On one side were the vandals of the commune, doing their best to burn Paris to the ground, murdering innocent hostages, unchaining all the horrors of civil war; exhibiting all the heroism, every act of ferocity and cowardice, into which human nature when unrestrained will rush. On the other side were the troops, irritated

by the struggle, humiliated by the duty that had fallen upon them, exasperated by so many horrors. Torrents of fratricidal blood deluged the pavement of the great French city. While the struggle was going on, there could be seen arriving at Versailles, escorted by the soldiers, gangs of prisoners, the savage rabble who had plundered and spread conflagration, and who, in blind obedience to their leaders, had committed unparalleled acts of barbarism. They arrived on the great Place d'Armes, under a bright and broiling sun. The perspiration ran from their faces, blackened with gunpowder and dust. Their clothes were in tatters, smelling of smoke and petroleum. There were women, with features distorted by hatred and anger; precocious children, casting a stealthy look around them; and old men, crushed by defeat, with patches of clotted blood on their white hair and beards, marking them out as apostles of revolution. Some, who had been jolted amidst the lumber heaped on the carts, were taken out and put flat on the ground. They lay, stiff and motionless, with their eyes wide open and staring, as if, after a long fit of madness, they had lost all consciousness of an outer world. The captives were separated into groups, and sent to improvised prisons, where an attempt was made to shelter this army of disorder. They had added shame to defeat, who had with fire and sword ravaged Paris. They had done what no foreign enemy had dared to do, inscribed "*Delenda est Carthago*" on its walls. A few years only have passed, and yet these things are already forgotten. The authors, the instigators, the men who took part in these most horrible of crimes, raise their heads, and claim the inner side of the pavement. They make a boast of the patriotism of which they dare to assume the monopoly. But those who lived in the midst of these horrors, those who saw into their depths and witnessed the widespread misery and agony they caused, have preserved a fresh and never-to-be-effaced remembrance of the feelings they aroused in every healthy and honest mind. It will be for the historian to tell with calm serenity what occurred on those momentous days of grief and discouragement. It has been a great source of regret to me that circumstances retained me at Versailles, and that I could not from day to day watch close at hand the ex-

ecrable misdeeds, the infamous enterprises of these ignorant reformers, who, for the enjoyment of a temporary triumph, gave the reins to human passion without examining the problems they raised, and without even making an attempt to solve them.

M. Thiers had not thanked me for bringing the news of the entrance of the troops into Paris. He had given way to a feeling easily explained in wishing to show me that he was expecting the information I brought him. In reality he was very thankful to me for the effort I had made to put him first in possession of important news. Some days afterward he made me tell in detail all that had occurred. He was very much amused with the stratagem I had employed to keep the young American lady inside the casemate.

After some reflection he said: "Certainly it is a latest news department that would best suit you. In a day or two I think I shall be able to say something of your future career." When I saw him again he told me he thought of giving me a consulate. "It will be only a starting-point," he said. "I will send you to Riga, with the rank of consul-general; but, depend upon it, you will not remain there long. I send you there simply to hierarchise you."

I concluded that the affair was settled, and began to study the situation and business of Riga. But M. Thiers reckoned without his host. He had not the power, as he supposed, to give me the appointment. His government had been brought together hurriedly. He had distributed the portfolios among the parties of whom the majority of the Assembly was composed, and he had given the larger share to his supporters; but unity by no means reigned in the cabinet. He had put the Ministry of Public Works into the hands of M. de Sarcy, an avowed legitimist. This gentleman was somewhat advanced in years, and not ready in accommodating himself to new situations. He stooped; he was thin; he had a long face, an aquiline nose, and a scrutinizing glance; he was always engaged in mustering obstruction votes, and while flattering M. Thiers, readily raised obstacles to all his plans. The Minister of the Interior was a friend, but access to the department was guarded by the high functionaries of the empire, who defended it against invasion. M. Durangel, hard, im-

penetrable, sharp as a blade of steel, controlled political affairs. He was under the belief that the republic was an accident, a mere temporary state of things, to be replaced shortly by the restored empire. M. Jules Favre was Minister of Foreign Affairs; the Count de Pontecoulant was the chief of the cabinet of the ministry. Both belonged to the new *régime*. On M. Jules Favre chiefly fell the part of Jeremiah—that of making lamentations. He had to bring before the Assembly unsatisfactory settlements, painful transactions, and humiliating concessions. When he went up the steps of the tribune to make a speech, you could not fail to be struck with his long, lean form, always dressed in black clothes much too wide for him; his gray bristling beard; his olivaceous complexion; his quivering lips; his long, emaciated head, with its thick-set, stubborn, bristling hair, always in wild confusion. When you heard his soft, harmonious, sad, whining voice, pouring out long sentences with an academic cadence, the room seemed gradually to be hung with crape, and the air to echo with half-stifed sobs. Seven years afterward Prince Bismarck said to me: "When I was at Versailles, and M. Jules Favre saw that I persisted in speaking a language he did not understand, with his hair bristling and his arms folded, he would go into the darkest corner of the room. He then produced on me the somewhat enervating impression of a huge bat."

While the Chancellor spoke, I could indeed imagine this great tear-shedder spreading his wings and throwing a dark shadow over the National Assembly. His prophetic vocation, and the all-absorbing labors it implied, certainly prevented him from making himself acquainted with the urgent business of his ministry. M. Desprez, M. Meurand, M. Jagerschmidt, and others were really at the head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. M. Meurand zealously protected the consular fortress against the invasion of any new element. He did it with all the rabidness of a man who was resolved that his masters on returning to power should not be able to accuse him of having badly administered their fortune. When M. Thiers proposed me for the post at Riga, without openly thwarting him, he postponed the affair.

The *Journal Officiel* had appeared. The month of June had come. My associ-

ates at Marseilles, those whose names had been proposed on the list referred to, were all decorated. I was not included. This was all right. It was what I had requested. I could say nothing. All the same I could not help thinking that my advice had been too literally accepted, and that as the whole of my comrades had been decorated, I should have had the same satisfaction. The day after the *Journal Official* was published I saw M. Thiers. He was in very good spirits.

"Well," he said, "you should be very well pleased. All your friends have been decorated and you are left out."

I felt that he was bantering me, and I made no remark.

He went on: "You have done something for your friends if not for yourself. You might repeat with Virgil, '*Sic vos non vobis!*'" Then, changing his tone, he said, "I have got St.-Hilaire to write to Meurand. He proposes you should be sent to Roustchouk, with the title of consul. But it is to Riga I want you to go, and to that post you will be appointed."

Two days afterward one of my friends came in haste to my house. He said: "Do you know you have been decorated, and on the best possible grounds."

The *Journal Official*, in fact, after my nomination used these words: "gave evidence of the most disinterested devotion to the cause of order . . . exposed himself to the greatest danger on the 4th of April in conveying the orders that had been intrusted to him." I take this opportunity of reproducing this statement of the considerations on which my decoration was granted. Let those note them who, after my time, have to defend my memory, should it ever be attacked.

As soon as the communications with Paris had been opened, I went into the town. I called, among others, on my old and dear friend Mr. Frederick Marshall, whose eldest daughter was at the time very ill. Of her let me say one word. She was a girl of fifteen, of high spirits, and of bright and poetic beauty, with qualities of heart and soul which made her too good for this commonplace world. It was at this house I met for the first time Laurence Oliphant, then the special correspondent of the *Times*. Sitting with him for hours near the couch of the sick girl, I soon yielded to the charm which Oliphant inspired in all

who had the good fortune to be brought into intercourse with him. He had come to France in compliance with an order from the head of the sect to which he then belonged, the "Brethren of the New Life." He fulfilled his mission with the ardent docility of a well-initiated and sincere disciple, and from the somewhat lofty stand-point of a man who had drunk too deeply of the sweets of life not to despise them. His observations were sharp and severe, but his political doctrines were of unswerving rectitude, and his judgments on men and things were both caustic and infallible. His letters in the *Times* were read with avidity, combining as they did accurate observation with a lively style. This, at all events, is what I have heard, for I never read them myself.

We very soon became intimate. He was not long in seeing that he had no hope of inducing me to accept his doctrines of religious philosophy. With regard to me he abandoned all idea of proselytism, and became chiefly my guide and master in political matters. At Versailles my affairs made little progress. The month of July came and was almost at an end, and yet M. Thiers had not succeeded in carrying the day against the resistance of M. Meurand, who persisted in his desire to send me to Roustchouk, which, he said, was an excellent "poste d'observation." I was quite disheartened.

On the 21st of July Mr. Marshall said to me: "I must tell you something that has just happened. Mr. Hardmann, who is Oliphant's colleague at Versailles, is obliged to leave for England, as his wife has to undergo a surgical operation there. He will not return for a fortnight. Oliphant is very much put about. He cannot be both at Versailles and in Paris, and he is looking out for some one who could at least do a part of Hardmann's work. I did not venture to ask you to take Hardmann's place, but Bobby [the name of endearment given by her family to the sick girl] thinks the work would amuse you, as you see M. Thiers daily, and you complain of having little to do."

"She is quite right," I replied. "She has the second-sight of a soaring spirit. The proposal not only pleases me, it does me an immense service, for in this way I can see M. Thiers without the unpleasant necessity of reminding him of his promises."

Marshall lost no time in giving my

reply to Oliphant, who was very much pleased. We met, all three. Then Oliphant, who as yet had not spoken to me of his business occupations, gave me the necessary explanation of the duties discharged by Hardmann, but he asked me to undertake only that share of them they had in common. He requested me to begin next day. I listened attentively to what he said, but he saw that I had some difficulties which I did not venture to express.

He said at last: "You seem to have some hesitation. Is it the remuneration you do not like to speak about?"

"Not at all," I replied, promptly. "In this case there is no question of money. I can assure you it is something much more embarrassing. But before beginning, I should like to know something more about the paper. I should like to see a number of the *Times*."

All were amazed.

"What!" exclaimed Oliphant, "you do not know the *Times*?"

"Excuse me," I replied, "I know the *Times* very well. I know quite well what it is. I have a friend at Marseilles—M. de Prat—who concludes all his political discussions with the words, 'You cannot call that in question, it is the *Times* that says so.' The phrase has become proverbial among his friends. But I have lived long in the remote southern provinces, and I have never seen a copy of this paper."

Oliphant broke into a loud laugh. Then he went out of the room, and came back with a copy of a number of some twenty pages, which he spread out on the floor, covering the best part of it. I was amazed.

"A friend of mine," I said—"M. Ernest Roudel—has always told me I ought to write to a roomy daily paper. I think that size would satisfy him."

Mr. Oliphant then explained to me the mechanism of the paper—the telegrams; the leaders; the record of Parliamentary proceedings; the law and police reports; the money market and commercial intelligence; the foreign correspondence; the letters addressed to the editor; the court circular and fashionable news; the reports of speeches out of Parliament and of sermons by eminent preachers; the paragraphs; the literary, dramatic, musical, and artistic criticisms; the column of births, deaths, and marriages; the

meteorological reports and storm warnings; the sporting news, including horse-races, yachting, cricket matches, etc.; the articles on geographical discoveries and on scientific questions; and reviews of important books.

I was shown the long compact columns of advertisements, all carefully scrutinized, classified, and arranged under headings, where supply and demand are brought into juxtaposition with the regularity of machine work; where no advertisement unworthy of the newspaper is at any price allowed to find admission; precautions being taken to insure the *bona fide* of the advertiser. All this explained to me the success of the great English newspapers, how they came into possession of the vast resources at their disposal, and the benefits they confer on the people, for whom they are at once a curb, a power, a stimulant, and a glory. I was delighted to find employment, even for a time, on the greatest of such journals.

Next day I went to Versailles. I found M. Thiers irritable, and little inclined to hear what I had to say. I thought the moment unfavorable to tell him of my temporary appointment, and said nothing about it.

The National Assembly as it then was had been the product of an instinctive movement of self-preservation on the part of the nation, still quivering from the wounds it had received. It had on one side the imperial party, of which the mutilated fragments writhed under the disasters of the war they had provoked, and the mutilations to which they had exposed the country. On the other side was the republican party in a state of wild excitement, inflamed by the desire of victory, and of effacing by the renewed glory of France the last vestiges of imperial domination. The country at that time was leaning toward the royalist candidates, who had opposed the empire, and who continued their opposition to the warlike republicans. It returned to the Assembly a conservative majority, with the evident purpose of securing peace, and of saving what remained of the state from the German conquerors and the French republican strategists. Accordingly, as soon as peace had been concluded, as soon as the National Assembly had taken the steps to enforce its execution, all parties expressed the opinion that its mission was at an end, and that the

convocation of a constituent Assembly was at hand. But the National Assembly had declared itself sovereign. It had resolved to retain the power of dissolution, and believed it even had a right to dispose of the future destinies of the country. M. Thiers appeared to be the great obstacle to the realization of the ambitious plans which each of the parties secretly cherished. The Bonapartists had reformed their ranks under the direction of M. Rouher; the Orleanists rallied under the orders of the Duc de Broglie; the legitimists had at their head M. Chesnelong, M. de Mun, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and M. Cazenove de Pradines—"le glorieux amputé de Patay"; and it was announced to M. Thiers that Gambetta and General Faidherbe, with a view to the approaching elections, proposed to place themselves in every department at the head of the lists, in order to obtain *plebiscites*. It was, I may remark in passing, the royalists who established the *scrutin d'arrondissement* against Gambetta, while afterward it was the republicans who established it against Boulanger; and the plebiscitary idea, a bequest of the empire, is destined to tempt more than one ambitious adventurer who dreams of enslaving an unconscious nation.

M. Thiers understood very well that this two-headed *plebiscite* was directed against him. He was very indignant, and accused the royalists of perfidy, the republicans of ingratitude, and the Bonapartists of impudence. I left him without daring to speak of my new occupation; but on retiring I felt quite discomfited to have come back with empty hands. Reflecting, however, on what M. Thiers had said, I drew up a note, which I sent to Mr. Oliphant. He was very much pleased with it.

"It is an excellent despatch you have just given me," he said. "There is nothing to alter in it. All that has to be done is to send it off as it stands. You are a born journalist; you show all the symptoms of the vocation."

He then sent off my first telegram to the *Times*. I was to see M. Thiers next day, but Oliphant wrote on the following day, from the information I supplied, an admirable letter, which made it unnecessary for me to go to Versailles. In the afternoon of that day I was walking in the boulevards, and I bought a number of the *Liberté*. In the "latest news" I saw the tele-

gram I had sent on the previous night; and published in all the evening papers under the words, "A telegram from Paris to the *Times* says." It was one of the strongest emotions I ever experienced in my life. The power of the telegraph in its connection with journalism flashed upon me at that moment, and I felt I could turn it to account. I then resolved that I should remain in Paris and become a journalist. I telegraphed to my family to join me, and they did so. When I told my wife what I had done, she listened to me with amazement, and I must add she heard of my resolution with some chagrin. She was the daughter of a functionary who had known nothing of the world of journalism. From the first she saw that my resolution was not to be shaken, and it required no small firmness on her part to look with equanimity on what seemed the doubtful prospect before us. The encouraging words of my friends Marshall and Oliphant helped to console her, and gradually she took a deep interest in my work, which has not diminished since then. The day after the publication of my first telegram I went to see M. Thiers, not without some apprehension. He was awaiting me with impatience.

"Tell me," he said, briskly, "how it comes about that the *Times*, and, following it, all the French papers, were able to publish a conversation which I have had with no one but you?"

There was no room for hesitation. I told him the truth. It was a theatrical surprise. He too saw at once the strength it might give him in an indirect but striking manner to introduce his ideas into the public mind. At the same time I believe he felt that he would be relieved from continuing the struggle against M. Meurand, who defended his position with the utmost tenacity, not from any dislike to me personally, but because he felt that, by the breach I should make, the army of candidates would make their way into the consular citadel, which he was protecting against a capitulation. M. Thiers put a great many questions to me. He was disappointed when I told him how temporary my appointment was.

The conversation I had with him supplied me with matter for a new telegram, and for a fresh and no less admirable letter by Oliphant, and it was in this way that we were able to carry on our common work. Some days afterward I asked

permission from M. Thiers to visit with Oliphant the prisons in which the communists were confined. M. Thiers gladly granted the permission. I must explain that Mr. Hardmann, carried away by his feelings and without taking into consideration the frightful difficulties the government of Versailles had to overcome, had hastily and in perfect good faith given an account in his letters of these temporary and defective makeshift buildings which had produced a deep impression on public opinion all over Europe. M. Thiers was delighted to see the errors set right which had found their way into these letters. It was in the company of Colonel Gaillard, who at that time assisted General Appert, that we went through the prisons of the Orangerie, the Chantiers, and the camp of Satory, where the communists were confined. General Appert, who afterward discharged the duties of Russian ambassador in a way which gained general esteem, was at that time intrusted with the organization and direction of the temporary prisons. He displayed in this duty all the humanity compatible with the circumstances. The events had taken everybody by surprise. Each day that passed between the 21st and the 26th of May, between the incendiary fires, the massacres, and the fusillades—the most horrible episode in modern history—had sent swarms of captives to Versailles. They were huddled together in the only way possible.

The first thing to be done was to see that they did not die of hunger. Between the early state of things and that in which the prisoners could be regularly lodged in a habitable prison there was a wide distance, and six weeks after the arrival of the communists at Versailles, when we visited them, they had not yet been classified into groups. What was this commune? Never will it be possible to know its true history. The simple reason is that it sprang from a jumble of hallucinations. It grew rapidly into power amidst a frenzy of physical and nervous excitement, fanned into the wildest fury amid the fire, the smoke, and the bloodshed of a struggle without a purpose. When we visited the prisons the commune was not yet extinct. We saw it, still hideous, grotesque, and sublime. In the prison of the Chantiers we saw a young female prisoner squatting on the floor who attracted special attention. She was one of the most beautiful

women I have ever seen. Her long black tresses fell over her bare shoulders, and as she had torn her dress to shreds, not to wear the clothes of the "accursed Versailles," you could see her naked body through the rents. She was tall and graceful, and on seeing visitors approaching she reared her head proudly, like a war-horse about to neigh. Her bright eyes glistened, a blush overspread her face. She compressed her lips, ground her teeth, and burst into a shrill, defiant, vindictive laugh when she recognized the officer of the prison who accompanied us. In the last struggle of the commune she had been fighting at the side of her lover. She had seen him fall, and, armed with a dagger, had rushed upon the captain who had just taken the barricade, and furiously stabbed him, plunging her weapon again and again into her victim. Before she could be removed from his body she had cut, bit, and torn it with all the fury of a hyena. She was taken to the prison covered with blood, which she had dabbled over her body and clothes. She had to be bound and gagged before she would allow the blood to be washed off. Hideous!

At Satory, while we were passing through the camp, one of the prisoners jauntily came up to Colonel Gaillard, smiling most graciously. I never saw a more ridiculous caricature. He was thin, bony, and narrow-shouldered. His head was compressed, and his features looked as if they had not been meant to take their places in the same face. He was in rags, but he wore like a Castilian beggar soiled linens—on which it would have been necessary to write, "This is a shirt"—a long, loose overcoat, and tall, dilapidated black hat. He was a student, nicknamed "Pipe-en-Bois," who had discharged the duties of secretary to the Delegate of Foreign Affairs. On one occasion he had offered a pot of beer to Lord Lyons, to pass the time while waiting in the Grand Salon d'Attente at the Quai d'Orsay. The offer had not been accepted, but had been acknowledged with a smile. He came up to Colonel Gaillard.

"They tell me, colonel," he said, "that we are to be taken down to be called as witnesses before the court-martial. Can you inform me how long we shall be kept there?"

"I am sorry I cannot, as I do not know," was the colonel's courteous reply.

"Excuse the liberty I took," continued Pipe-en-Bois, drawing together his overcoat; "it was only to know what linens would be required."

Grotesque!

The commune was also sublime. A prisoner, a man, had been taken with arms in his hands, imprisoned, and condemned to death. His wife made heroic efforts to save him, and succeeded in securing the sympathy of a man who had influence in these times. Her husband was saved from capital punishment, and was condemned to transportation. Left alone and abandoned, without resources, she had formed an intimacy with the man who had saved her husband. After living for years with this lover, to whom she was deeply attached, she besought him, to apply for a pardon for her husband. Although he felt he was destroying her happiness and his own, he did so. The husband returned full of love for the wife who had saved him from execution and procured his liberation. On the way home, however, he learned the truth. He changed his name, disappeared, and lived in hiding for many years. Then, when divorce became possible in France, he wrote to his wife: "Apply for a divorce against me; I will do all I can to secure one for you. Marry him and be happy."

Sublime!

Olipphant wrote admirable letters on this visit, in which he gave a most accurate description of what he saw, and they produced a great impression. The *Times* then asked permission to send Mr. Charles Austin, a clever and humorous writer, to the fortified prisons in the south of France as special correspondent, and his communications to the paper completely rectified the misimpressions that had prevailed with respect to the treatment of the French political prisoners.

It was just at the time when my new occupation had the greatest charm for me that Mr. Hardmann returned to recommence his duties. The waking was hard to bear. M. Thiers thought of applying on my behalf to the *Times*. He was now accustomed to see me. I was one of the political elements which gravitated around him. He was unwilling that any change should be made. Olipphant, however, objected. He said it would be a sure way of losing all chance of admission on the staff of the paper. M. Thiers accordingly abandoned his scheme. Riga,

this eternal phantom of the snowy North, came once more to the front. This time M. Thiers promised formally to hand me my letter of appointment within eight days. Riga! It appeared to me now a place of exile. I had drunk too deeply of the sweets of a life the very struggles of which were full of delight. I clung to it. I made some advances to the Paris newspapers. I soon felt that to become a French journalist, talent, even if one has it, does not suffice. Many other qualities are necessary, and these I did not possess. Extreme suppleness, readiness in understanding the public taste and in conforming to it, are indispensable in a French editor. He must possess besides the art of repelling a public adversary by alarming the individual, skill to command influence by asserting the possession of it, a natural way of using the editorial "we" without a smile, a perfection of style which throws into the shade the interest of the facts and the skill with which they are grouped, a brilliancy of detail which dazzles and distracts attention, something which is at once aggressive, bold, and sceptical. All these gifts the French newspaper man possesses instinctively, and brings them to perfection by living in a special *milieu*. I felt that I was destitute of all these qualifications, without which no one can reach an eminent position on the French press. Sadly, then, I determined on the course I should take. I resolved to see M. Thiers in the course of the day, and to remind him of the letter of appointment he had formally promised to obtain for me. Breakfast had just been finished, when suddenly Olipphant made his appearance. He had a telegram in his hand.

"Hardmann," he said, "was called back the day before yesterday. He will not return to Paris. I telegraphed yesterday to the *Times*, and I have this moment received a reply. A proposal is made to give you a permanent appointment. If you accept, you will remain in the mean time with me, and the other matters can easily be regulated."

My satisfaction was so apparent that I had no need to reply. I set out for Versailles, where I announced to M. Thiers that Mr. Hardmann had again left, and that I was once more to take his place. He told me my appointment to Riga was ready, and that he would delay its announcement till he heard from me again, for I did not tell him that I was perma-

nently engaged by the *Times*. I must confess that for a long time I concealed the fact from him, and that frequently by asking for my appointment to Riga I overcame the difficulties that arose between him and me. When he became aware of the truth, he, in turn, said nothing of it to me, but I felt that "Riga" was of no more use. Fortunately at this time I had multiplied my sources of information. Frequently the relations between M. Thiers and me became less cordial, for I had to give news which embarrassed him, instead of the one-sided information which he communicated to me to help his policy. Here is one instance. One evening M. Thiers, who had by this time taken up his abode at the Élysée, had a private reception. M. Timachief, the Russian minister, was for a short time in earnest conversation with him. The President was evidently annoyed. I went to another part of the room not to overhear what was said. As I was leaving, M. Thiers said to me:

"The Russian minister congratulated me yesterday morning on the discipline I have introduced into the republican party. He said the European monarchic governments were much impressed by it."

I did not for a moment call in question the accuracy of the statement, but it was in no respect consistent with the attitude of the two speakers I had seen in conversation. I accordingly resolved to wait for a time before writing on the subject. As it happened, on making my way out of the palace I overtook Count —, the *préfet* of one of the chief French departments, who had stopped at the gate and was busy writing notes in the light of the gas lamp. I went up to him. I said:

"My dear *préfet*, the detectives will take us into custody. They will think you are making plans of the palace to carry out some plot."

"Their imagination will bring them no reward," he said. "I was simply taking a note of some remarks made by M. Thiers, whom I found very indignant, and on good grounds too, *ma foi*. It appears that M. Timachief, the Russian minister, used strong language in speaking to him this evening about the revolutionary speech made at Romans by Gambetta, which, he said, would spread alarm in the European monarchies." After a moment's reflection he added, "I

think it would be a service to everybody if you were to mention the fact."

I remained with him for a few minutes, talking of general subjects; but on leaving I lost no time in writing that M. Timachief, after having congratulated M. Thiers on the discipline he had introduced into the republican party, had on the following night—that on which I wrote—protested strongly against the disquieting attitude it had assumed. I am going, for the benefit of younger journalists, to give a hint which a good many of them whom I know would do well to keep in remembrance. When a man gives a correspondent an important piece of news, the latter should remain with him for a time, but change the conversation, and leave him while it has turned on something quite insignificant. If the correspondent take his departure abruptly, a flash of caution will burst upon his informant. He will reflect rapidly, and will beg the journalist not to repeat what he has said till he sees him again. The information would be lost, and the correspondent would suffer an annoyance that might have been saved if he had heard nothing. A newspaper has no use for confidential communications it cannot transmit to its readers.

Taking this view, I published my double information. An explosion followed. The conservatives were delighted, and set M. Thiers at defiance. Prince Orloff was irritated. M. Thiers was so much exasperated that he went so far as to say to me:

"I never spoke of that to any one. You should have communicated with me before repeating what had been only partially told to you." He thought I had overheard his conversation with M. Timachief.

I was indignant. I gave way to one of those fits of nervous excitement which at times will master us. I replied, in a loud voice, "The ruler of a state commits a great imprudence when he receives a journalist who can repeat aloud what is told him in a whisper," and I burst out of the room furiously.

Three weeks afterward I met M. Thiers in the Galerie des Tombeaux. He came up to me smiling. "You are certainly a good journalist," he said; "but your nerves are so highly strung that I shall never think of making you an ambassador." Then he asked me to come and see him, as he had an interesting piece of news to give me. Peace was restored between us.

This is a sufficient illustration of the difficulty a newspaper correspondent has in both serving his friends and telling the truth, and how prudent it is for him to accept no favor which can give those who bestow it a right or claim to control him.

A short time after I had officially entered on my duties as a *Times* correspondent, Mr. Oliphant took a holiday, and, with the approval of the newspaper, intrusted me with the non-telegraphic correspondence. I was delighted to see my first letter copied into the newspapers of every country. I had the same satisfaction in 1872, when I gave an account of my interview at Antwerp with the Comte de Chambord. Not long afterward a lucky accident secured for me the approbation and good-will of Mr. John Delane, who for thirty-two years was editor of the *Times*, and who, I need scarcely say, was the most competent judge of the merits of a journalist, and the honor and glory of the profession.

In the year referred to, Mr. Delane came to Paris, and I then saw him for the first time. I accompanied him to Versailles, and we were present at a sitting of the Chamber, which was entirely taken up by an admirable speech of M. Thiers, delivered amidst the greatest excitement. We returned together to Paris, and the same night Mr. Delane left for London. It was toward the end of April, and I went with him to the station. At that time there was no proper arrangement for the publication in Paris of the debates at Versailles. The summary appeared very late, and the report of the proceedings given by the *Soir* could not be had in Paris in time to be made use of by us.

"What a pity," said Mr. Delane, on leaving me, "that things are so badly organized! If we could have given that speech from one end to the other in to-morrow's paper, what a glorious thing it would have been!" When he had left, a wild idea came into my head. Following an old habit which I still retain, I sat down and shut my eyes. I then strove to call up the image of the Assembly, with M. Thiers in the tribune, and as I had listened very attentively to what he said, it seemed as if I could hear him speaking, and that I could write down his speech. I went at once to the telegraph office in the Rue de Grenelle. I got writing materials in an empty room. There I put

in operation my mnemonic process. Alternately I shut my eyes to see and hear M. Thiers, and then opened them to write out the speech for the wire. I was able to recall and report all his speech, which was, of course, instantaneously transmitted to London. When Mr. Delane next morning opened the *Times* in England he found in it two columns and a half reporting the speech he had heard on the previous afternoon at Versailles. The direct wire the *Times* obtained two years afterward—in May, 1874—and which has now been so generally imitated, was the result of the effort I made on this occasion to outstrip the Paris journalists in reporting their own news.

Mr. Oliphant had come to Europe from America in compliance with orders he had received from the founder of a sect, whom he spoke of as "the prophet Harris." Under orders from him, he left the *Times* and Paris, and went back to America. He had for years led a troubled life in London. He had in turns amused and scandalized his countrymen by the publication of a satirical sheet, the *Owl*. He was beginning to reflect on the vanity of a life leading to nothing great or noble when he made the acquaintance of Mr. Harris, who was looking out in Europe for converts and recruits to join a colony they had founded in the United States. His doctrine soon took a firm hold of the imagination of Oliphant. He recognized "the prophet" as one whom it was his duty to serve and obey. In proof of this, he submitted to the hardest and meanest work. Thus, as a laborer, he drove carts filled with manure for the new colony—the "Brethren of the New Life." Harris had sent Oliphant back to Europe on the outbreak of the Franco-German war, and it was then he entered the employment of the *Times*, at first as a special war correspondent, and afterward as chief Paris representative of the paper. He had married a charming wife, whom he easily converted to the new faith; she, in fact, accepted her husband's teaching with the docility of a loving heart, blind to the errors of the apostle. From the commencement of our official relations I had taken special care to make known to my colleague what were my religious opinions, in order to avert any controversy or misunderstanding between us.

The first time he began to explain his doctrines I interrupted him. "Excuse

me," I said, "I think we might settle for good this question of proselytism, which might cause differences between us. I cannot accept the views of your prophet, which are based on pride. He has proved to you that you are greater than other men because you have submitted to drive a dust cart. I prefer the word of Christ, who taught us not to consider ourselves greater or better than other men, because we are dust ourselves. Humanity oscillates between atheism which rejects reason, and reason which bows to faith. Those who would substitute gravitation for the law of God, those who would explain the everlasting harmony of the world by successive aggregations arising out of chaos in fulfilment of an unconscious and sublime *ordonnance*, claim a greater effort from me than those who ask me to believe in one God and in the doctrine of the Trinity. When I have admitted that God created the world, I have expressed a belief certainly which makes revealed religions appear infinitely less miraculous, and a thousandfold more acceptable, than the theory of spontaneous creation and automatic development. That from the midst of the people of God trodden under the hoof of the pagan conqueror in the corrupt Græco-Roman world there should have arisen a prophet who, instead of hatred and revolution, preached charity, forgiveness, brotherly love, and good-will toward all men, was itself a greater miracle than any of those

attributed to Christ during His sojourn on earth. Unless you can teach me a religion which inculcates precepts more sublime than those of the divine philosopher of Nazareth, which your prophet does not do, leave me my faith without seeking to trouble it. You may make an unhappy man, but you will not make a disciple."

Oliphant did not reply. He was perhaps pleased I had spoken with so much sincerity, and the subject was never again referred to. He was a man who could not submit to discipline in the ordinary business of life. He lost his temper if he received any orders, and he resigned at the first remark that interfered with his arrangements. It was Mr. Hardmann, whose place I had taken two years before, who succeeded him, and with whom I was associated as assistant correspondent.

The limits of this article compel me to close at this point my account of my entrance on journalism. I have attempted to record in their simplicity facts which interest me closely, and which have been told by others with amplifications not intended to give the truth, but to misrepresent it at my expense. I have never courted applause or feared criticism. I know that a reader will not continue to peruse what bores him. I have accordingly no apology to make to those who have followed me to the end for having dwelt so long on my unimportant personality.

SLEEP'S CONQUEST.

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

INVISIBLE armies come, we know not whence,
 And like a still, insinuating tide
 Encompass us about on every side,
 Imprisoning each weary outpost sense,
 Till thought is taken, sleeping in his tents!
 Yet now the conqueror, with lofty pride,
 Becomes our guardian, with us doth abide,
 And plans all night our wondrous recompense.

He takes away the weary, worn-out day,
 And brings To-morrow—bride without a stain;
 Gives us fresh liberty, a chance to mend;
 Life, hope, and friends enhanced with fresh array.
 Then, when we fail, he conquers us again,
 Paroling us each day until the end.

ATONEMENT.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

WHAT ails you, my heart?
Are you sick? Are you sore?
Are you dead, or alive?
Though your plight I deplore,
I know not, for my part,
Why so poorly you thrive.
What ails you, my heart?

In your dawn, O my heart,
Like a musical wave
Of a fairy-land lake,
You danced blithe and brave.
Without thought, without art,
For sweet singing's sake,
You sang, O my heart.

In your morning, my heart,
You were loved, and did love,
With a glorious passion,
Part as angels above
Love God, and in part
In the sweet human fashion
Of youth, O my heart.

In your noon, O my heart,
You yearned for the light,
Your desire was for fame
In the battle for right.
You played a high part;
You won a pure name;—
Then what ails you, my heart?

What is lacking, my heart?
What you craved has been given.
You have wrought; you have learned;—
Then what secret unshriven,
What ill beyond art,
What page yet unturned,
Mars your peace, O my heart?

Yet hear, O my heart!
Success is illusion,
To love is to lose,
And content is confusion.
Ask the gods to impart
All you fain would refuse—
All you fear, O my heart!

Ask for death, O my heart!—
For that death, bitter-sweet,
That is quick in the grave,
And outlives life's defeat.
Only then will depart
This peace of the slave,
And true peace come, my heart.

Immortal, my heart,
Is your birth—is your fate.
Infinitely aspire
In bonds finite who wait.
Buy nor sell in earth's mart,
For the rose of desire
Is surrender, my heart!

A MODERN LEGEND.

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER.

FAR in the days of old, in the midst of the dark fir forest, there was born a little girl, and the parents called the child Elva. Contented was she through her babyhood. Well did her parents love her, but seldom would she regard their caresses. Crowing gently to herself, playing with her own pink toes, would she pass many a serene hour. Never would she cry, like other children, for the bright wool that hung from the ceiling, or the hunting-horn on the wall; and at times the neighbors whispered that her gray eyes, large and fair, saw not our homely, wholesome earth, but a strange and lonely sphere.

Yet was the child quick to learn, alert and strong. Soon she no longer played with her toes; they were hidden in neat wooden shoes. And in the shoes she stood up straight and lithe, she walked, she ran, she grew strong in the good pure air. When with the other village children she was silent. Far away she loved to wander. Haymakers on the

edge of the forest, reaping with rhythmic motion among the harebells and the fragrant grass, would see her ever and again. Gay as a sprite did they report her, dancing through sunny fir glades, clapping her hands in soft and measured cadence, and murmuring eagerly as to a companion unseen what was half song, half speech. Once, a hunter came to the village, affrighted yet rejoiced; he had seen the nymph of the mountain lake, flung naked on a bed of moss, kissing with passion her own white arms, and burying her face in leaf-brown hair.

Happy was Elva in the forest. For her sweet self did all things therein live and rejoice. For her the birds trilled their music; what were they to each other when she was by? For her the wild thyme cherished by the turf and the great fir-trees cherished by the clouds flung forth their mingled fragrance, and for her joy alone the river glistened in the sunlight; nay, the great sun in heaven veiled himself in clouds to shield her, or

clothed himself in glory that her eyes might be glad.

Often, however, as she grew older, would she glide into the village school, and listen while the master told legends of saint and sage. Well she loved to hear them, for in every story it was her life she lived, and through her mind was thought every thought, and all passion lived through her soul. And she said, "Behold I am great, and in the life of man there is naught I fail to live."

Thus in her proud content grew she to maidenhood. None loved her, for she was silent, and most men thought her dull. Yet none disliked her, for she was fair to see and courteous withal. But now did a strange thing happen. For her mother lay upon her death-bed, and she summoned her daughter to her, and in solitude they two spake together unwonted words.

"Elva, my daughter," murmured the mother, "since thou didst lie in this bosom, thy heart hath never touched mine own. Duteous hast thou been ever, but thy service hath been lip-service, and thy love like the frosty light in the northern sky. And now I pass into the great darkness, whither thou mayst not yet follow, and who knows if ever we may meet once more? For through that darkness I see many a gray road stretching out and away; and on one of those roads, the darkest and the outermost, I see approach from afar a shape which is like unto thy shape, my daughter, and it walketh swiftly with shrouded head, and whither I cannot tell. But now, since my soul must travel elsewhere, once, but once before we part, kiss me warm, heart to heart, my daughter, my beloved."

Then Elva bent down to kiss her, and her lips were even as ice.

And the mother sobbed: "Nay, but kiss me with thy heart. Bring me not ice-cold touches, but lips warm with thy heart's blood."

Then Elva drew herself up, and replied in a voice that was clear, yet trembled: "Behold, I cannot! Thou askest my heart. Should a man give away that which alone he hath of all this world's goods? Behold, my heart is my own, and I keep it forever."

And her mother cried aloud, and said, "Thou hast kissed me with the kiss of death"; and her soul departed, and travelled alone into the dark and lonely land.

But Elva fled from the body of her mother out into the forest. When she returned many days were passed, and her fair young lips had lost their red, and their full curves were white as snow. And men said, "It is for grief," for none knew that with cold lips she had kissed her mother, and that therefore the warm blood had ebbed from her mouth.

Now Heinrich, the son of Anton, had looked with wistful eyes for many a day upon the face of Elva, for she was fair and well-liking. But ever he had said to himself, "Nay, for she is cold as stone, and thinketh of herself alone." Now when he saw her white lips he said: "I did err; behold how she mourneth her mother! Her heart lieth deep, but beateth true, and my life is hers if she will have it;" for her beauty was fair to see.

So they met one day without the village, and it was the time of sunset. And he stood dark against the sky of gold, and pleaded for her love, and his voice was tender.

Then Elva said: "Whether this that I feel for thee be love, I cannot tell; but this I know, that if it be not love, then love is not for me. Take me if thou wilt; I am thine." And she shivered as with cold.

Then Heinrich seized her hands and drew her close, while deeper grew the gold of the sky. And he drew her eyes up into his own till he met the soul within them.

The sky throbbed with one last pulse of light; and suddenly Elva shrieked aloud into the dusk and silence. For a horror came upon her. For as she gazed into the eyes of Heinrich, the eyes were no longer those of Heinrich, but those of Elva. Behold, it was her own face that gazed upon her own, and she knew her soul behind it! Yea, herself faced herself, and found the creature loathsome. She turned and fled, and the twilight gathered swiftly.

Down the village street ran gayly a little maiden; winsome was she to behold, and the heart of Elva clave unto her.

"Whither goest thou, my little one?" she asked, for she thirsted to hear her voice.

And the child replied, "I fetch water for the evening meal."

But as she spoke, the ears of Elva received the echoes of the voice of Elva.

In new terror she hastened to her forerest refuge. And as she approached it she beheld from afar an old man bent, with sticks upon his back. And she rejoiced to behold him, and her soul clave unto the man. But as he came nearer, once more the horror enwrapt her; for there was a man no more, but again the form of Elva. She paused, and the form paused before her, and they looked each other in the eyes.

"Why dost thou torment me?" said the woman.

"Thou hast created me; I shall never leave thee," said the phantom.

And Elva fled into the night, and the shadows received her.

Now she waited for the morning; for "then," she said, "I shall hear the birds." In due time there came a sheen of fainter dark, and a soft twitter rose from the sleeping wrens. The sheen grew radiant, the sun burst forth, and the birds chanted their chorus of thanksgiving.

But to the heart of Elva they sang with Elva's voice; and the sound was hateful unto her. She wandered through the forest; in the skurrying of the woodland creatures she knew her own foot-fall, and the fir-trees spoke her sorrow, and the very clouds reflected her garments. And she howled aloud, "I shall go mad, go mad!" And her own voice replied from bird and fir-tree, from all voices of the earth and air, "Go mad, go mad!"

Thus came she in her wanderings to a way-side shrine within the forest, and before the time-worn Christ she threw herself on her knees, and she hid her face, and prayed a bitter prayer.

"Behold, the universe is but the measure of my mind, and there is naught without but hollow space, and that space itself is I! And this world, which is myself, is unto me a loathing and a bitterness. O Thou, if Thou art Thou, remain Thyself, that I may know there is somewhat that is not this self of me!"

Then she lifted her eyes upward. And lo! the form upon the rood was herself. And it gazed at her stern and silent with the eyes that were her own.

Then was she driven farther into the forest, and from that day she abode there, and of her comings and goings no man knew. Only the children, wandering far afield, would bring back tales of a strange woman, wild, sad, and fair. Sometimes a child would tell how she had laid her

hand upon its forehead, turned its face toward her own, and gazed long within its eyes; then moaning had she turned away.

But one day the youngest child of Heinrich whispered to its mother, "Mad Elva kissed me to-day." And from that time a change passed over her, and she was seen ever and anon near the haunts of men. Haymakers, though they came early to their work, would find the hay already spread under the level sun. At times a weary housewife near the outskirts of the village would find, descending at morn, that the thread was spun upon her distaff. And on the graves in the church-yard by the hill-side rested ever fresh wreaths of forest flowers.

Late one autumn there came a time when the wreaths withered and the winds were bleak. In those days there came a saint to the village; he walked in, foot-sore and weary, and the simple people pleased him, and he abode with them for a season. They told him what they knew of the life of wild Elva. One day he set forth to seek her. The first snows were fallen, and the air was bitter. And he found her lying on the white snow, with the fir branches above. Her eyes were hard and fixed, and she beheld him from afar.

"Yet a little nearer, holy father," she muttered—"nearer, and I shall know thee as thou art. Yea, verily, I lurk in many forms; they approach and the form departeth, and the same soul shineth forth. Thou too art Elva! Now the time is come, and we shall die and depart in the darkness, yea, and shall wander over the gray roads, a silent throng, with the same soul, drear and dead. Not even in the silence shall I lose ye, or ye me. For we are one, and that one is all."

Then the saint bent over her, and he spake to her with authority: "I bid thee in the Holy Name, tell me in what manner the Lord hath dealt with thee."

And she answered and said, "In return for my sins was laid upon me the burden of my utmost desires, and my exceeding love was turned to exceeding hate, and sweet to bitter."

"Yea," replied he, "the self thou didst cherish and didst seek, thou didst loathe and didst strive to flee. But it met thee in all created things. Tell me now, hath the loathing that followed love endured unto this day?"

And she answered slowly, as in pain:

"Not so. But a great tenderness and a great compassion feel I for this world of men; for the ache of my soul is the ache of the soul of the world. Mine its loss, its death, its sin; and I know its exceeding sorrow, and gentle is my heart thereto. But nearer to the proud and sinful love of my youth that bitterness of hate than this tenderness of compassion."

Then the saint knelt before her in prayer, and on her lips he laid the cross. Into her glazed and troubled glance there came a fear and then a hope. Soon he saw that she was dying.

"What seest thou, my daughter?" said he at last.

"I see," she murmured, "the fir branches above. After many years they greet me with healing."

"And what hearest thou, my child, my beloved?"

"I hear the murmur of the wind, and

no human sound is in it; and sweet is the music unto mine ears."

Thus her life ebbed away; and it was almost gone.

"What seest thou, my daughter?"

And she made answer: "I see a great throng of shining ones, and my form is not among them: blessed be God!"

"What hearest thou, my child, my beloved?"

And she answered him, "I hear my mother's voice."

Thus Elva died, and the villagers buried her. They proclaimed that she was a saint, inasmuch as her lips, white in life, in death were red as blood. But the old saint would not have them thus honor her.

"Yet hath she escaped," said he unto them: "but even as by fire was the soul lost that it might be found."

So only the children of Heinrich heap-
ed red roses on her grave.

SAINT ANTHONY.

A CHRISTMAS EVE BALLAD.

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

I.

MORE than eight hundred years ago—
How changed is the world since then!
Man's nature remains the same, we know,
Man's joys and sorrows, man's weal and woe.
But how changed are the ways of men!
Who cared in those days for the weak or the poor,
For the patient dumb beast or the child?
For the wretches whose work-day worth was o'er,
Or the leper sin-defiled?
Not Baron or Burgher. Our Mother the Church
Was sole friend to the poor and the old;
She stretched out her arms from the convent gates;
She gathered them into her fold.

It was Christmas Eve; a snow-storm passed
O'er the hills that o'ertop Vienne.
The flakes fell fast, and a furious blast
Swept over the landscape, while gathering fast
Rose a mist that obscured the hills, and cast
Deep gloom over gorge and glen.

The women and girls in the low-built town
Watched the flakes as they hovered down.
"Our Lady," said they, "is spinning to-day,
And the fluffs of her wool fly over our land,
Catch one, and should it not melt in your hand,
It may bring you luck," they say.

But not long lasted so gay a mood;
For, "Where is my child?" shrieked a mother, aloud.
"And where is my child?" "And mine?"
Were echoed in chorus by all the crowd.
For each had some loved one in mist and cloud
Herding the goats or tending the swine.

Soon the church was filled with mothers and wives
 Wrestling in prayer for the precious lives
 Bound up in the bundle of life with theirs.
 Oh, blessed are prayers when love would fain
 Bring solace to sorrow or soothing to pain!
 For it is when all human efforts seem vain
 That God strengthens our weakness and answers our prayers.

By-and-by came dropping in
 The dear ones for whom they prayed,
 And many a fond caress was given,
 And many thanksgivings went up to Heaven
 For rescued man and maid.
 Not so many thanks as there had been prayers:
 We think lightly of blessings, but magnify cares.

All who had been prayed for were housed and safe
 Ere the curfew rang its call—
 All who had been prayed for—not all—for yet
 Out on the mountain-side, cold and wet,
 Frightened, bewildered, and shivering, sat
 Two orphan children—little Linette
 And her younger brother Paul.

II.

Deep in a cave the little ones hid, weeping;
 Their swine close huddled near them in a crowd.
 Paul, into Linette's sheltering bosom creeping,
 Bewailed his hunger and the cold aloud.

"Look up! take heart, dear Paul!" she answered, brightly.
 "Erelong I'm sure we'll safely reach the town."
 And here she chafed his aching feet, and tightly
 Wrapped them more closely in her tattered gown.

"And listen, Paul (for I must keep on praying),
 For the far tinkle of the convent bell.
 I heard one day a Reverend Father saying
 That good Saint Anthony loves swine-herds well,

"That all his life he cherished living creatures.
 He sent his holy relics to our town.
 You know, Paul, how he looks, how kind his features,
 And how the pig peeps out beneath his gown.

"Take courage! I am here. Keep close beside me.
 Dear God, take pity upon Paul and me!
 Paul has but me to save or help him. Guide me!
 For we are orphans. We have only Thee."

So she knelt, praying—praying, but still trying
 With words of love Paul's courage to uphold,
 Who all the while she spoke sat softly crying,
 And growing drowsier in the biting cold.

"Paul, it is Christmas Eve, I now remember;
 Perhaps our pigs may speak to us," she said.
 "They say beasts talk on this night in December,
 When Jesus lay a babe in cattle shed.

"Oh, Paul, suppose it's true! Our swine might tell us
 How to Saint Anthony's to find our way.
 We'll tell the Reverend Fathers what befell us;
 I know they will not turn Christ's waifs away.

"Father—our only Father; we've no other—
 Hear us and help us. Other help we've none.
 Be good to us, because we have no mother.
 Save Paul! save me! I can't leave Paul alone!"



"FOR HE SAW TWO LONELY CHILDREN SLEEPING SOFTLY SIDE BY SIDE."—[See page 309.]

And so she prayed, most piteously calling
 For help to Him who she believed could save;
 But as she prayed, faster the flakes kept falling,
 And dark, dark night closed round them in the cave.

Her voice grew faint. It rallied, then grew weaker,
 But the brave heart to the last moment prayed;
 While little Paul grew drowsier, and the speaker
 Grew the more earnest as she grew afraid.

At last she ceased. Were both the children sleeping
 That sleep to which no work-day waking comes?
 Would they awake still orphans spent with weeping?
 Or, angel tended, awake in heavenly homes?

Nay, suddenly the cave grew brighter, larger;
 Their tearful, wondering eyes grew fixed and big.
 Five creatures entered it—a gallant charger,
 Two lions, and a raven, and a pig.

They had no fear of lions, for Paul thought them
 Great, warm, soft cats. He seized their mighty paws,
 Lifted their tawny manes, and, smiling, caught them
 By the huge beards dependent from their jaws.

The lions stooped and licked the children's faces,
 The life returned that had so nearly fled;
 And when revived by warmth, with queer grimaces,
 The raven dropped on them a loaf of bread.

They ate. Soft smiles lit up Linette's pale features;
 She thanked the God who sent them help in need;
 And at His holy name the reverent creatures
 Bowed their proud crests, and thus outspake the steed:

"Leave every hundred years," he said, "is given
 To us one hour on Christmas Eve to speak,
 And do, in honor of our saint in heaven,
 One deed of kindness to the poor or weak.

"Mount on my back. The bells will soon give warning
 We must depart. Our moments fleet away.
 All children should be happy Christmas morning;
 The Saviour's Birthday is the Children's Day.

"Paul, take this little pig—'tis lame and weakly—
 And hug it close; its warmth may warm you too.
 Remember how the marble saint smiles meekly
 Down on his pig, and think he smiles on you."

III.

Down the steep hill, half frightened still,
 The children rode the horse;
 The raven fluttered the flakes away;
 The lions slowly broke the way
 Down to the rocky gorge where lay
 Saint Anthony's Convent, lone and gray;
 But a struggling moonbeam cast a ray
 Of light on its tower cross,
 And lit up its gold till it shone afar,
 And Linette thought it the Bethlehem star.

It was Christmas Eve, as I said, and late
 When they reached St. Anthony's Convent
 gate.

Within the chapel was warmth and light
 Such as befitted a Christmas night;
 But every Brother was in his cell
 Waiting the sound of the midnight bell.
 Not one of them guessed, we may well believe,
 How their chapel was filled on that Christmas
 Eve.

Over the altar, clear and bright,
 Saint Anthony stood in the Christmas light.
 With hand outstretched he signed the cross
 O'er children and lions, pig, raven, and horse;
 And then he slowly faded away,
 Like the lingering light of a dying day.

IV.

The gallant charger raised his head,
 And with a faltering voice he said:
 "Patient in hardship and trusty in need,
 I was Sir Anthony's own steed
 When forth he went a Christian Knight,
 For God and honor and truth to fight—
 One of the world's great Champions Seven,
 Whose swords were consecrate to Heaven.

"Living creatures, great or small,
 Feathered or furred, he loved them all.
 A wondrous faculty of speech
 God gave him too, that he might preach
 His will to birds and beasts and fish,
 What each should do, what each might wish.



"HE FRAYED ME AWAY WITH A FEEBLE HAND."

For he believed that to each beast
Is given a germ-soul at the least—
A something that can make us thrill
With joy in God. Albeit still
Much that man knows of good and ill
Is hidden from us by God's will.

"He told us of a coming day
When God would wipe all tears away
From human eyes. 'And,' said he, 'then
You too shall share the joys of men;
That day will bring your own release
From servile fears. Your toil shall cease,
Lions and lambs lie down in peace.—

The Gospel that I here proclaim
In the Babe of Bethlehem's name—
He who, when a tender stranger,
Shared with ox and ass His manger—
Is a message of salvation
Not alone to every nation,
But to God's world-wide creation.'

"My master, Sir Anthony, rode on me
All the days that he fought so valiantly
For the honor and glory of Italy.
Me it was that he bestrode
When to that tournament he rode
Where all the warriors of the East
He challenged at the Emperor's feast.

"There, in bright steel and housings blue,
I and my master overthrew
Seven Grecian Knights, who came
Honor at our hands to claim;
And from the rising of the lark
We held the lists till the day grew dark.

"Some impulse, all unknown to me,
Prompted Sir Anthony suddenly
To cross the seas to that strange land
That lies half buried under sand,

Where Earth the first faint glimmer saw
Of both the Gospel and the Law;
Where first the infant Moses smiled,
And where first spake a Holier Child.
There, following some inward call,
We went in search of aged Paul,
An anchorite who many a year,
In penitence, with fasts austere,
Had dwelt in solitude severe.
Not mine my master's will to cross—
What was I but his faithful horse?
But it has always seemed to me
That God's good purpose it must be
That in a world He once called good,
Every created being should
Be just as happy as it could."

Here his voice failed. His lips were closed,
And the hoarse raven interposed:

V.

"I was soaring high in the air
O'er the sands of the desert bare,
When a fallen Knight I spied
Stretched on the earth by his horse's side.
Down I flew, with glad surprise,
Whetting my beak to pick out their eyes.

"As my shadow fell across
The dying Knight and his dead horse,
He frayed me away with a feeble hand,
And spake in words I could understand:

"Avaunt, thou cruel bird of prey!
Spare my horse—my gallant gray.
Never Knight had steed so good.
I charge thee, by the Holy Rood,
With which I sign thee, touch him not.
But to-morrow to this spot
Hasten back, and thou mayst dine,
Not on his eyes, but on mine.'

"As he spoke thus, in my breast
 Something stirred. I went in quest
 Of a little stream not far away—
 I had flown over it twice that day.
 I dipped my black wings in the pool;
 I drenched myself in the water cool.

I fluttered over him where he lay;
 I sprinkled his face with the cooling spray,
 Till he rose refreshed, as from trance or dream;
 And I guided his steps to the healing stream.
 That night a sand-storm buried the corse
 Of his gallant comrade, the good gray horse."

VI.

Here the lions, interrupting, took the story up, and cried:
 "We too helped the saintly champion after Paul the Hermit died.
 We could tell how, when the raven succor in his weakness gave,
 How on foot he crossed the sand hills to the aged hermit's cave;
 How he cast aside his armor and the sword and lance he bore;
 How he girded him with sackcloth; how a sheepskin cloak he wore;
 How he, tender as a woman, waited on the aged Paul,
 O'er whose eyes the mist of blindness day by day began to fall;
 How life's lowest, humblest duties he accepted cheerfully—
 He, Sir Anthony the Champion! he, the Knight of Italy!
 Wrestling with foul visions sent him by the tempter of mankind,
 Weeping, watching, fasting, praying, we were sure the Saint to find.
 Till one night when we were prowling o'er the sands in search of prey,
 Ere the dawning gave us warning 'twas the hour to steal away,
 Lo! we heard the Champion praying—'Heavenly Father, to this cave
 Send me some one who may help me dig Thine aged servant's grave!'
 Soon we scooped the grave he needed. In it holy Paul he laid,
 And the sign of man's redemption over him and us he made.
 Then we stole away and left him, as beside the grave he prayed."

VII.

Said little Paul, the small white pig caressing,
 As close he hugged it fondly to his breast:

"What did you do to bring the Saint a blessing?
 They say he loved you more than all the rest."

"Nay," said the pig, "I only gave him pleasure.
 What did you think a little pig could do?"

I was his link to earth, his one sole treasure,
 And that he loved me best of all is true.

"'Tis what we *are*, not what we *do* for others,
 That makes us dear to those with whom we live;
 And that is nature's reason why fond mothers
 Raptures of love to helpless infants give.

"The good Saint found me one day almost dying
 Upon the burning sands. He picked me up;
 He bore me home, in his own bosom lying;
 I shared his food, his shelter, and his cup.

"I never grew, was always lame and ailing;
 For this he loved me more, I could discern.
 And how I loved him! Words are unavailing
 To tell the love I gave him in return.

"His last caress to me was faintly given;
 For I was closely nestled at his side.
 Then his worn hands he clasped in prayer to Heaven.
 The angels came for him. And so he died.

"Men came. They found us. Me they cast forth roughly;
 Called me unclean, unholy, and abhorred.
 Said it was shame to see me there, and gruffly
 Chased me away from my dear friend and lord.

"They buried him at close of day. They cleft him
 A tomb in solid rock, and rolled a stone
 Before it. Then they went away, and left him
 Alone with God. But I was all alone.

"I crept back to the cruel stone which shut me
 From the dear friend I had forever lost,
 For those cold-hearted men refused to let me
 Lie by his side, a few brief hours at most.



“As I lay dying, ere my life departed,
A voice that with sweet music seemed to blend
Spake thus to me: ‘Thou shalt no more be parted,
Fond, faithful creature, from thy saintly friend.

“Know that in art thou shalt be found forever
(Whether the artist work in stone or paint)
Beside Saint Anthony. No hand shall sever
His faithful pig from the dumb creatures’ Saint.”

VIII.

Here the pig broke off his story.
Over town and glen and hill
Rang the Christmas bells out. Glory!
Glory! Glory! Peace—good-will!

And the monks, in long procession,
Torches waving, banners spread,
Filed into the Convent chapel
With their Abbot at their head.

As he neared the lighted altar,
“What is here?” the Abbot cried;
For he saw two lonely children
Sleeping softly side by side.
And he added, as the others
Gathered round Linette and Paul:
“They are Christmas gifts, my brothers,
That our Saint has sent us all.
In a vision late I saw him,
And he said: ‘Whilst I approve

All your zeal, one thing is lacking,
Some frail living thing to love.
Such a gift, bestowed by Heaven,
Will your Convent soon receive.
Look for it before the altar
In your chapel Christmas Eve!”
“Glory! glory!” sang the Fathers.
“Blessed children, they shall be
No more orphans. We will call them
Children of Saint Anthony!”
“Glory! glory!” sang the children.
“Glory!” heavenly angels sang.
Glory! glory! from each belfry
Christmas bells in chorus rang.
Glory! Glory! Let all creatures
Join in hope the Christmas strain,
Longing for that glorious Easter
When the Lord will come again;
For which, till then, all creation
Travailleth awhile in pain.



UNLUCKY SPEECHES.—Drawn by GRŒCE DU MAURIER.

— "What a disagreeable thing that insomnia must be—very trying, I think! Do *you* ever suffer from it, Captain Spinks?"
— "Oh dear no. I can sleep anywhere, at any time! Could go off *this moment*, I assure you.....!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

TO be told that the lily is not the flower of vestals but of Venus could not be more surprising than to be assured that the mannerless sex is not that of the troubadour Rudel, but of the Lady of Tripoli to whom he sang. Such a suggestion is of course but a merry fancy. Could any critic, however inclined to misogyny, seriously allege ill manners against the sex of Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother? Yet this is precisely what has been recently done.

One censor enumerates and catalogues and classifies the sins against good manners of which the sex is guilty. He presents a philosophical analysis of the recendite forms of feminine discourtesy. It is the ancient sage again pitilessly exposing the Lamia. It is Circe out-Circed. He details the degrees of offence in young women, in women who are no longer classed as girls, in nearly all women, in women with the fewest social duties. Then the boundless Sahara of ill manners opening before him, and with a certain zest of unsparing scrutiny, he treats of the behavior of women in the horse-cars, at the railway station buying tickets, at the post-office, where the rule is imperative, first come first served, but where this chief of sinners presses for a reversal of the beneficent rule of equality in her favor.

Still more flagrant aspects of misconduct rise upon the censor's view of the sex. The shameful or shocking treatment by woman of those whom she holds to be her inferiors cries to Heaven. Her heartless detention of railway porters staggering under their burdens, her browbeating of "tradespeople," cause the observer of fine susceptibilities and an acute sense of the becoming to lament the desuetude of the ducking-stool. The more general outrage, however, apparently common to the sex from Helen of Troy to Florence Nightingale, is, according to our censor, the spite of women toward each other, which mounts into an ecstasy of rudeness when "woman goes a-shopping."

But our Cato the elder does not permit man truculently to exalt himself by contrast with discourteous woman. He expressly disclaims the declaration of the implication that man is mannerly, while woman is not. In many men he remarks indifference to rudimentary courtesies,

but in many women a gentle regard for others which deserves even eulogy. The sum of the whole matter, nevertheless, is that the average woman is more neglectful of common courtesy than the average man.

"And no wonder," exclaims Cato the younger, "for the foolish fondness of man teaches her discourtesy." If man, instead of giving her his seat in the railway car, and slavishly removing his hat in the elevator, and acquiescing in her tyrannical hat at the theatre, insisted upon his legal rights in a bargain, and required the railroad company to furnish without evasion the commodity of seats for which it has been paid, and brought the manager to task for allowing one of his customers to steal what he has sold to another, namely, a view of the play, the world would tremble on the edge of the millennium of good manners.

This terrible arraignment is a comprehensive accusation of selfishness against the sex. But it seems to be a generalization founded on a local and restricted observation. It is true of the woman of many artists and critics. The women of Du Maurier, for instance, belong to "a set," but they are not representatives of a sex. Becky Sharp is no more a typical woman than Amelia, or Scott's Rebecca. Major Dobbin is as much a type of men as Lord Steyne. Should our social censor sequester himself for a time in any remote rural community, it would hardly occur to him to signalize the sex of the rural wives and mothers as the selfish sex. And in town, although there are a few fleeting hours of flattered youth in which the beautiful and fortunate Helen may tread on air and breathe adulation until she feels herself a goddess, yet a newer and younger Helen is always gently pushing her from the throne. Of all seasons that of blossoms is the briefest, and the maturer Helen, of whom the sex is composed, is not wayward and selfish, is no longer "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," but patient, self-sacrificing, and true.

Man was self-convicted from the beginning. Could there be more ineffable selfishness than Adam's plea in the garden? "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree and I did eat." Had Eve been of no

finer stuff than that, she would have left him there. But his craven answer at once revealed the essential weakness that demanded the devoted stay of unselfish constancy. Were woman the ever-selfish, Eve would have abandoned Adam to himself while she tripped to solitary pastures new. But the same quality that sustains the secluded farmer and his household in the hills supported the timid tiller of the first garden as the sword flamed behind him over the closing gate of Eden. If Adam plained that Eve had lost him paradise, does not every son of Adam own that she has regained it for him?

The watchful traveller in city cars, or wherever his fate may guide, is more struck by the general courtesy than the occasional discourtesy of the gentler sex. The observable phenomenon in city transit is the resolute, aggressive, conscious selfishness of man hiding behind a newspaper, with an air of unconsciousness designed to deceive—that is, to lie—or brazening it out with an uneasy aspect of defending his rights. This is the spectacle, and not a supercilious assumption on the part of the shop-girl. The courteous refusal to take a seat, or courteous acceptance of it, is more familiar than the courteous proffer. Cato the younger suggests that it is a wrong that seats should not be provided, and holds that the company should be compelled to furnish the accommodation for which it is paid. It is a Daniel come to judgment, a wise young judge; but how shall it be done? Shall men keep their seats until by sheer shame and in deference to indignant protest the company does its duty? But would the shame and indignation be due to the consciousness that the accommodation paid for was not provided? Would they not arise rather from the consciousness that it was a peculiar wrong that the gentler sex should be so incommoded? And, if so, while the incommmodation lasts, what but the selfishness of men devolves it upon women? But if men should agree to surrender their seats that women should be first accommodated, is there any doubt that the wrong would be speedily righted? And to what would this be due but to the fact that the selfishness of men would insist upon the comfort of which, while the incommmodation lasts, they deprive women?

Indeed, if all men in crowded cars

should resolutely keep all women standing, the wrong would not be righted, because women would submit with unselfish patience, and because corporations have no souls. The better plan, therefore, is that all men shall refuse to see a woman stand, because if men are really discomforted by their own courtesy they will compel redress.

In a world turned topsy-turvy, where Cordelia and Isabella and Juliet were mannerless, the other sex might be eulogized by distinction as mannerly. But in this world is Philip Sidney as truly the type of the average man as Jeanie Deans of the average woman?

In this comfortable little court of manners which monthly holds its grand asizes, the transition is very easy from the manners of the sex to the manners of the club. They are also, indeed, manners of a sex, for the club is, or hitherto has been, a society of the smoking sex, from which the other is excluded, except in the details of scrubbing and chamber-work in clubs where chambers are maintained for clubmen. Women's clubs are now arising, however, and what can be more suitable and convenient for the gentler suburban denizens than a resort in town where rest and refreshment, and, in case of need, lodging, can be procured? It is one of the happy thoughts of a finer civilization, and tends greatly to soften the rigors of suburban residence.

The code of club manners, like all important institutions, is a growth, a development. It was not arbitrarily ordained, but was moulded by instinct, experience, and convenience. It proceeds upon the assumption that the club is a family. Its affairs are its own, and not the public's, and public curiosity in regard to them is mere impertinence, and is so to be regarded and treated. If the father of a family at any number in any street is compelled in the order of nature and of eternal justice to administer correction to any erring youngling of the household, he does not announce it in the papers; and if any enterprising "commissioner" of any repository of daily news, hearing expressive wails from within a house, rings at the door and asks both what is going on and a few details of fact for an interested public, the repository, the commissioner, and the interested public will probably share the fate which was heralded by the short-

est sermon on record, "Brethren, we are all going to be —, short metre."

This sense of privacy shields the club. If individual discipline becomes imperatively necessary, the member who bruits the fact abroad invites the severest stroke of club discipline—expulsion. In the peaceful precincts of the club it sometimes happens that brethren fall into arrears of dues at the restaurant, or bar, or even of the annual or semiannual payment of dues. As a persuasive reminder, not of delinquency, but of forgetfulness, the name of the member with the defective memory is placed upon a bulletin anticipating his action. It is an individual intimation, not a topic of general comment. The proper committee, indeed, holds the facts in full survey, and if action becomes necessary there is no tumult or uproar. The member disappears from the roll and the club as silently and invisibly as the lovers of the famous Czarina from the palace.

Now if a club-man should repeat the facts out of the club, the offence would be great, and he would be dealt with. But if he should publish them in a newspaper—! What nation is it that has no penalty for parricide because the crime was inconceivable? Such publication would have the air of betrayal of one's own family. To the club itself the discovery that a member was capable of such an offence would be like a revelation that there was a powder-magazine in the cellar. It is tolerably certain that the newspapers which had not sinned by the publication would enlarge to the edification of the public on the gross violation of the sanctities of the club, and point out the impracticability of clubs upon such conditions of individual recklessness and irresponsibility.

But now mark the eccentricities of poor human nature. The newspaper expresses the amazement of a sensitive social conscience at the conduct of a club-man who has published the secrets of his club. Such a member, it is obliged sorrowfully to hold, has wellnigh forfeited his character as gentleman by so shocking a disregard of gentlemanly proprieties. To publish the proceedings of a private club—really the offence is quite unspeakable. There is universal melancholy acquiescence in this judgment of the press. But within a very few days the same press announces that the club has dis-

ciplined the club-man, and publishes the details. That is to say, the press which has regretfully condemned the club-man who published the secrets of the club, itself now publishes those secrets. We are all miserable sinners, at the best, quoth Mr. Jonathan Wild to Mr. Richard Turpin.

There is another question in social ethics which is presented by such an incident. By common consent the vital condition of a club is what is called the gentlemanly honor of its members. It is the general confidence that no club-man will do unclubbable things. But as even club-men are fallible it will happen that a club cannot always avoid the admission of those who should not be admitted. If, however, such are admitted, and it is afterward, by some sad incident, discovered that they are unclubbable, is there any remedy but a capital one? Does gentlemanly honor admit of degrees? Is it not of the nature of an egg, where the tolerable is intolerable? Or like an ear for music, which we have or have not? If, under the misapprehension that one can sing, he is admitted to a glee club, but upon trial it appears that the lowing of heifers or the bray of donkeys is preferable, is he permitted thereafter to low and bray, or is he kindly but peremptorily eliminated from the melodious choir?

For an offence that arises from a natural and permanent disqualification, which for that reason annuls the guilt, but for that reason also assures the continuity of the offence, how can there be any temporary penalty? Must not a club-man who demonstrates his essential and congenital unclubbability be metaphorically clubbed? It is a question of the gravest importance in the ethics of club life. If, for instance, a club-man has shown that he does not apprehend the impropriety of writing letters from the club to the newspapers recounting the gossip of the smoking-room or the disclosures of the bulletin, and if, in consequence, he is requested to absent himself from the club for twenty days, if he be really guilty, can that absolve him? What guarantee has the club that on the twenty-first day he will not return and resume his communications to the public? Indeed the more innocent the offender the more probable the repetition of the offence. But, if guilty, should not return be impossible?

Shall we say that he will have been

admonished by the little episode of involuntary absence? But will that belief make him more welcome in the smoking-room, or open the hearts and mouths of the gossiping circles that he may join? Has absence sweetened the note of the heifer, or freshened the doubtful egg? It is not crime that we are discussing. It is not a moral quality. It is at best tact, for there is no culpability charged in these speculations. Far from it. We merely do not ask the color-blind to match wall-papers and carpets. We do not ask the voiceless to sing. We do not invite the unclubbable to join the club; and if, happily, they have done so, we ask only, does a month's sequestration make them clubbable?

RECENTLY there was a pleasant episode in the ardors of party politics. It was the journey of the President to his home in Indiana. What secret purposes he or any man may have had, we cannot know, and for our present purpose we need not care. It will not be denied by any one of an agricultural turn, or of a love of method, that if a man have fences they must be kept in order. Does it detract from our juvenile enjoyment of the procession of the menagerie coming to town that the solemn elephants heavily treading, and the camels swinging their necks like flexile bowsprits, and the awful roar of invisible lions, and the cheerful bursts of music by the band, are all but advertisements, and that they are deployed only to draw the monthly allowance from our pockets? When Burke pleads in resounding and immortal phrase for conciliation with America, shall we sneer that he is merely trying to upset the ministry and get a place?

One of the most pleasant passages in our early national history is the account of President Washington's tour in New England and his dexterous fence with Governor Hancock, of Massachusetts, about official priority. That episode of the tour was one of those little incidents which show the singular soundness of Washington's judgment, his instinctive perception of the real scope of ceremonial forms in the beginning of the national system, when the official conduct of the President naturally became a precedent. That kind of interest has disappeared, of course, from the journeys of later Presidents. But they are interesting as pre-

sending him personally to the public as the chief of the whole people, and not as a party leader.

Everybody votes for the President; not, indeed, for the individual, but for the Chief Magistrate; and the Chief Executive upon a tour, if he comprehends the situation, appears simply as the incumbent of the great office at the apex of our political system. It is not me personally, the President said in substance more than once, nor me politically, that you cheer and honor, it is the office that I fill—the office which, with you, I reverence and honor as symbolical of the authority of a self-governing people. Indeed, one of the pleasantest incidents of the tour was the evident discord with the general feeling when a voice announced a body of persons wishing as partisans to salute the President. They mistook the occasion. It was not a partisan leader whom the country came forth to see.

It is one of the best results of such an excursion that it unconsciously impresses the crowd with the conviction that essentially, and by intention of the Constitution, the President ceases to be a partisan when he enters the White House. He does not renounce, indeed, his political convictions, and he gives effect to them in the form of laws by his executive action. But every President who, as such, has been peculiarly a partisan leader has injured the office by belittling and cheapening it in public estimation. The three men who have best illustrated its patriotic rather than partisan character are Washington, John Quincy Adams, and Abraham Lincoln. They were all men of very strong character and very positive political convictions. But all of them aimed first at the general welfare, and do not stand in history as distinctive partisan chiefs, although there was and is no question of their party sympathies.

The pleasure of the impression of such a tour as that recently made by the President lies in the momentary revival of this view of the Presidency. Indeed, it may be said that if the official conduct of any President were conformed to the tone and spirit of the remarks made by the President of to-day upon his late journey, the fierceness of party spirit, which it is the aim of our political contests to intensify and aggravate, but which Washington deplored and deprecated as our chief peril, would be very greatly ameliorated.

The President's speeches justly assumed that his fellow-citizens whom he addressed, and who came in multitudes to greet him, were in good faith fellow-citizens, animated by a common patriotism amid whatever differences of opinion. They assumed that all were equally lovers of liberty and justice, and that all sought the common welfare; that however they might differ upon views of public policy, they did not because of such differences become a company of goats on one side and of sheep on the other; that half were not scoundrels, thieves, and knaves of every degree, and the other half saints fresh from paradise.

There is obviously no reason why the tone of the President speaking from a railway car might not be that of every stump in the country. It is equally obvious that if it were so, our politics would be no less interesting and our statesmen no less respectable. Patriotism is not incompatible with the most earnest politics. But the eager citizen who insists that partisanship is patriotism has not yet mastered the whole subject. Parties are full of patriots, but it is not those who are distinctively partisans who are therefore distinctively patriots. Washington was especially a patriot, and his convictions and sympathies were with the Federal party. But he could not be truly described as especially a partisan.

The interest of the late Executive excursion lay in recalling these truths, and undoubtedly the tone of the President's speeches and the character of his reception everywhere were really instinctive. They were due to the feeling that the interest in the President is properly patriotic, and not partisan; that he represents the whole people, and not a part of them; and that now, nearly a hundred years after his death, Washington is still the typical President. Yet if, tried by his standard, as a citizen of strong personal feelings and positive political views, our political standards of conduct make him seem a little ideal, is it because conduct and views like his have become impracticable? If so, why? Confessedly his conduct and views were merely those of a patriot. Are we ready to admit that patriotism like his has become obsolete?

It is very doubtful whether any reader of these words has ever read Mr. Thomas Broadhurst's volume called *Advice to*

Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind. Indeed, as Ser Doney, of Florence, is known to men only because Raphael painted his portrait, so the fact that there was a Mr. Thomas Broadhurst, and that he published such a book, is known probably only because Sydney Smith reviewed it in the *Edinburgh*. The current view of the time between seventy and eighty years ago in regard to the "female mind" and its improvement may be gathered from many sources, and very pleasantly from Miss Austen's novels.

The "subjugation of the sex" was marked by nothing so distinctly as by the difference between the education of men and women. Sydney Smith, who was politically a Whig, but essentially conservative in his impatience of "fanaticism" and "radicalism," was yet a man of sound sense, and he declared that the immense disparity between the knowledge of men and women admitted of no defence, because, he said, "nature has been as bountiful of understanding to one sex as the other." This was said about eighty years ago, and it was coincident with the first serious interest in what was politely called "female education" in this country and the earlier activities of Emma Willard, Catherine Beecher, and Mary Lyon.

The "female mind" is supposed always to have received justice in Boston. Even Ann Hutchinson was exiled not because she was a woman preacher, but because she preached doctrines distasteful to the general opinions. It is, however, only within the year that the School Committee of Boston has approved the report of a subcommittee proposing coeducation in all the schools of the city. The report is stated to have been approved also by five hundred and sixty-five out of eight hundred and sixty-five teachers in the city. The three hundred are a minority showing the tenacity of the old tradition.

The agitation for a girls' high-school in Boston was coincident with the interest in the subject shown by the efforts of the three women whom we have mentioned. Girls, it is stated, had been permitted to attend the schools in summer when there were not boys enough to fill them. But after a debate of some months, or even years, a girls' high-school was established, and such was the onset of girls anxious to learn that it was announced that two hundred and eighty-six candidates

had applied for admission, while the number of applicants for the boys' school had never exceeded ninety, and the largest number of boys ever admitted in one year was eighty-four. The result of this unseemly thirst of the "female mind" for knowledge was such an enormous pressure that after eighteen months the girls' high-school was closed because of the great multitude of scholars. "No funds of any city could endure the expense of it," said the Mayor.

After nearly seventy years the city is advised to open all the schools to girls, and upon equal terms. Yet this time Boston is not the pioneer. In schools of the West and in New York coeducation has been long the custom, and the results are reported to be excellent, not only in educational attainment and discipline, but in manners and tone.

Higher education for "the female mind" and coeducation are not, of course, synonymous. But the question is one of convenience and expediency, not of principle. When the discreet Yorkshire rector "twelve miles from a lemon" said that the immense disparity of knowledge between the sexes admitted of no excuse, and when the noble-hearted Poughkeepsie brewer, Matthew Vassar, who probably had never read Sydney Smith's words, said, "It occurred to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development," the spirit of the age was heard, and the manner in which "the female mind" should be improved,

as Mr. Broadhurst advised that it should be, was certain to be determined by experiment.

The moral of the action of the School Committee in Boston is plain. It is that neither ridicule, nor wrath, nor the stout allegation of what is called the order of nature and the fitness of things and the spheres of the sexes, avails against the steady course of civilization. Equal right, in the American sense, does not mean equality of gifts, of genius, of ability, or mental and moral endowment of any kind. It means equal right of opportunity, freedom from merely arbitrary restraint. This is true, although upon reflection the decision of the question in Boston has been postponed.

The secret and deepest source of the distrust of a change in the educational opportunities of women was apprehension of loss of womanly charm. But it has now long been seen—the witty canon saw—that an intellectually accomplished man is not for that reason unmanly. Why, then, he asked, should such a woman be unwomanly? The question now is, how shall she obtain her accomplishment? It is now agreed that Juliet may study, but shall she study with Romeo? That question gives even Boston pause. But it is a secondary question. The great victory is won. It is no longer supposed that the soft bloom of sex is fed by ignorance. No one who knows the all-accomplished Hypatia, most feminine, most graceful, most lovely and tactful of her sex, believes that simple Susan is a more fascinating woman.

Editor's Study.

I.

Following the Guidon, by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, and *Campaigning with Crook*, by Captain Charles King, are two recent books which are almost as distinctly related as if the second had been written to succeed the first; but of course their relation is purely accidental. As a matter of fact Mrs. Custer's book is the revision of old scenes in the twilight of pathetic memory, and Captain King's is a compilation of sketches written for a Milwaukee newspaper some years after the Indian campaign of 1876; but it happens that this campaign was undertaken after that

which closed so tragically with the death of General Custer, and the historical sequence from one volume to the other is unbroken. One cannot read either without feeling afresh the grotesque and cruel absurdity of our Indian policy. This is especially apparent in Captain King's vivid sketch of the encounter of our troops with the Cheyennes who had left their reservation to join the Sioux butchers of Custer and his men. The Cheyennes were surprised in their advance, and after a sharp fight they were turned back. But as soon as the United States forces had driven these idiotic murderers within the

lines of their reservation, where the United States authorities had provisioned and armed them for their foray, the United States forces were unable to follow and punish them, because they were then again under the protection of the United States authorities. Nothing could be more maddeningly ridiculous than such a situation, and it is no wonder that a thrill of indignation runs through Captain King's whole story of Crook's campaign. The narrative tingles with an outraged sense of the fatuity of respecting their tribal condition, and regarding them at once as wards and enemies. This anomaly seems at last to be reaching an end; but such books as these two make one impatient for the time when it will be little less than incredible that the Indians should have ever been treated otherwise than in servitude.

II.

Another effect of these volumes, which in such singular degree acquaint us with the intimate life of our army, is the lesson in conduct which they teach. Mrs. Custer's book imparts the more fully the charm of that life, on the side of its brotherly devotion and kindness, its community of feeling and interest, and solidarity of ideal. Her picture is lit up with abundance of amusing incident, and of hardship and inconvenience gayly borne. There is the play, all through it, of the humor that every American knows more or less how to smooth and soften insoluble difficulties with, and that her hero, who is forever the nation's hero, used up to the very moment of charging an enemy. No one can know General Custer as he ought to be known to every grateful American, without this witness to his *bonhomie*, his cheery good sense, his love of a harmless laugh; and the sketch of Mrs. Custer's experience in shanty and tent and bivouac, ought to endear him to all women. It is with delicate mastery that she portrays the details of a situation which was always rude, and sometimes squalid in details, and makes you feel how perfectly delightful it was to the heart and soul even of a house-keeper in all that really makes life worth while. The jest with which the general, re-enforced by his brother the colonel, tenderly laughed away a thousand fears and anxieties that beset the young wife in the camp and on the march, and turned all present danger and perplexity into matter of future merriment,

is intimated with a fine intelligence that can be known only at first-hand. The delightful record is all the more winning because of the shadow which coming events cast upon it; the lightest and gladdest incident is touched with a pathetic meaning. But the immediate significance of it is that life is happy and worthy in proportion to its cares and trials, if these are genuine, and are not the factitious cares and trials of

"luxury straining her low thought
To form unreal wants."

Women delicately bred and accustomed to all the elegancies and flatteries of society, welcomed cheerfully if not eagerly the rough sincerities of an existence stripped to the barest necessities or the simplest adequacies, and gladly shared the hard heroic condition of men whose ideal was duty. In the army, with its vague and few and distant rewards, there may be and there are rivalries in devotion and daring, but there is no competition for place and money as there is in civil life; and yet the soldiers' ideal being duty, the performance of duty seems sufficient. It is a state of things which can suggest much to those who are fond of baffling the hope of better things in us with the assertion that it is contrary to human nature to act from any but interested and selfish motives. Human nature is a great mystery, and we have not yet begun to solve it; but it appears that a number of men drawn at random from society, and trained to a belief in duty as the chief good, will keep on not only living it but dying it. We civilians talk much, we almost talk solely, of our rights, but in the army it seems that men talk chiefly of their duties, when they talk at all, and never of their rights. These things are true of all ranks; the ideal is the same from the private to the general, and it seems to correct all the mistaken tendencies of the time before they became soldiers.

If, as Ruskin has fancied, the army should ever serve us as the norm of the civil state, and we should come to have "soldiers of the ploughshare as well as soldiers of the sword," it might not be long before we should be told that it was against human nature to act selfishly, and that to be recreant to the general welfare in any aim or deed was to be guilty of conduct unbecoming a citizen and a gentleman. However this may be,

it is certain and it is significant that those who have attempted to dream out a future brighter than this present have always had something like a military organization in their eyes; but these visionaries have somehow beheld little of the gayety and enjoyment which are quite as compatible with the performance of duties as with the assertion of rights. Here again Captain King's book, and still more Mrs. Custer's book, can teach us something, and can make us see the sort of jovial and kindly intimacy into which people are thrown who are bound by common obligations to self-sacrifice, and how much fun can be got out of giving up one's own comforts and interests. It is not only the dying for one's country—that is, for all the unknown brotherhood—which is sweet and fit; it is also the endurance of a thousand little discomforts, inconveniences, and perplexities, which we groan over and swear at when we bear them for ourselves, but which Crook's men and Custer's men joked over and laughed at when they bore them for others.

III.

The sense of this important and suggestive fact is what gives their highest charm to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's studies of English army life in India; those, we mean, that are not records of the robust flirtations in which battered cantonment coquettes lead tender subalterns captive. In one of the later sketches, where he deals with the honors paid a literary man, a noted novelist, by some young army men among whom accident throws him, the different simplicity of the military and the literary life, the young officers' subtle perception of the old author's subtlety, and their mutual respect and kindness, are valuable facts delicately and truly felt. What strikes and most mystifies the author in these young soldiers, who are so very young as to seem almost boys to him,* is their devotion to duty unmixed with fear or selfishness of any sort; and the hope that it suggests to the reader is the same that so often arises in him from the facts of Mrs. Custer's book and Captain King's book: the hope of a final perfectibility of human nature in the direction where it has appeared so hopeless that those who have ventured even to ask if it might not be bettered have worn the character of dangerous agitators to the eye of after-dinner economists.

A kindred spirit, the spirit of men expected to do their duty because it is their duty, and not because it is the means to success or the way to glory, is what gives meaning to that vivid allegory of Indian service which Mr. Kipling calls "The Galley-Slave." It seems to us on the whole the strongest and best poem in his volume of *Departmental Ditties and Other Verses*, with its intense colors of feeling, and dazzling successes of phrase and rhythm, though there are two fine sonnets depictive of the summer's stressful presence and winter's coming in India, and there are some passages of serious beauty in certain of the ironies and satires of the local economic and social conditions.

There is no allegory about "The Grave of the Hundred Dead," but a grim, naked, ugly truth to what Tolstoi calls "the spirit of the army" turned demon in the breasts of the native soldiery; and we commend the piece to those who would know more of the poet's picturesque force. It is like a painting of Verestchagin's.

IV.

The strange *Poems of Emily Dickinson* we think will form something like an intrinsic experience with the understanding reader of them. They have been edited by Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, who was a personal friend of the poet, and by Colonel T. W. Higginson, who was long her epistolary and literary acquaintance, but only met her twice. Few people met her so often, as the reader will learn from Colonel Higginson's interesting preface, for her life was mainly spent in her father's house at Amherst, Massachusetts; she seldom passed its doors, and never, for many years, passed the gates of its grounds. There is no hint of what turned her life in upon itself, and probably this was its natural evolution, or involution, from tendencies inherent in the New England, or the Puritan, spirit. We are told that once a year she met the local world at a reception in her father's house; we do not know that there is any harm in adding, that she did not always literally meet it, but sometimes sat with her face averted from the company in another room. One of her few friends was Helen Hunt Jackson, whom she suffered to send one of her poems to be included in the volume of anonymous pieces which Messrs. Roberts Brothers once published with the

title of *A Masque of Poets*. Whether the anonymity flattered her love of obscurity or not, it is certain that her darkling presence in this book was the occasion of her holding for many years a correspondence with its publishers. She wrote them, as the fancy took her, comments on their new books, and always enclosed a scrap of her verse, though without making any reference to it. She never intended or allowed anything more from her pen to be printed in her lifetime; but it was evident that she wished her poetry finally to meet the eyes of that world which she had herself always shrunk from. She could not have made such poetry without knowing its rarity, its singular worth; and no doubt it was a radiant happiness in the twilight of her hidden, silent life.

The editors have discharged their delicate duty toward it with unimpeachable discretion, and Colonel Higginson has said so many apt things of her work in his introduction, that one who cannot differ with him must be vexed a little to be left so little to say. He speaks of her "curious indifference to all conventional rules of verse," but he adds that "when a thought takes one's breath away, a lesson on grammar seems an impertinence." He notes "the quality suggestive of the poetry of William Blake" in her, but he leaves us the chance to say that it is a Blake who had read Emerson who had read Blake. The fantasy is as often Blakian as the philosophy is Emersonian; but after feeling this again and again, one is ready to declare that the utterance of this most singular and authentic spirit would have been the same if there had never been an Emerson or a Blake in the world. She sometimes suggests Heine as much as either of these; all three in fact are spiritually present in some of the pieces; yet it is hardly probable that she had read Heine, or if she had, would not have abhorred him.

Here is something that seems compact of both Emerson and Blake, with a touch of Heine too:

I taste a liquor never brewed,
From tankards scooped in pearl;
Not all the vats upon the Rhine
Yield such an alcohol!

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew,
Reeling, through endless summer days,
From inns of molten blue.

When landlords turn the drunken bee
Out of the foxglove's door,
When butterflies renounce their drams,
I shall but drink the more!

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

But we believe it is only seeming; we believe these things are as wholly her own as this:

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnness of industries
Enacted upon earth,—

The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

Such things could have come only from a woman's heart to which the experiences in a New England town have brought more knowledge of death than of life. Terribly unsparing many of these strange poems are, but true as the grave and certain as mortality. The associations of house-keeping in the following poem have a force that drags us almost into the presence of the poor; cold, quiet thing:

"TROUBLED ABOUT MANY THINGS."

How many times these low feet staggered,
Only the soldered mouth can tell;
Try! can you stir the awful rivet?
Try! can you lift the hasps of steel?

Stroke the cool forehead, hot so often,
Lift, if you can, the listless hair;
Handle the adamantine fingers
Never a thimble more shall wear.

Buzz the dull flies on the chamber window;
Brave shines the sun through the freckled pane;
Fearless the cobweb swings from the ceiling—
Indolent housewife, in daisies lain!

Then in this, which has no name—how could any phrase nominate its weird witchery aright?—there is the flight of an eerie fancy that leaves all experience behind:

I died for beauty, but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed.
"For beauty," I replied.
"And I for truth,—the two are one;
We brethren are," he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips,
And covered up our names.

All that Puritan longing for sincerity,
for veracious conduct, which in some good

New England women's natures is almost a hysterical shriek, makes its exultant grim assertion in these lines:

REAL.

I like a look of agony,
Because I know it's true;
Men do not sham convulsion,
Nor simulate a throe.

The eyes glaze once, and that is death.
Impossible to feign
The beads upon the forehead
By homely anguish strung.

These mortuary pieces have a fascination above any others in the book; but in the stanzas below there is a still, solemn, rapt movement of the thought and music together that is of exquisite charm:

New feet within my garden go,
New fingers stir the sod;
A troubadour upon the elm
Betrays the solitude.

New children play upon the green,
New weary sleep below;
And still the pensive spring returns,
And still the punctual snow!

This is a song that sings itself; and this is another such, but thrilling with the music of a different passion:

SUSPENSE.

Elysium is as far as to
The very nearest room,
If in that room a friend await
Felicity or doom.

What fortitude the soul contains,
That it can so endure
The accent of a coming foot,
The opening of a door!

The last poem is from the group which the editors have named "Love"; the other groups from which we have been quoting are "Nature," and "Time and Eternity"; but the love poems are of the same piercingly introspective cast as those differently named. The same force of imagination is in them; in them, as in the rest, touch often becomes clutch. In them love walks on heights he seldom treads, and it is the heart of full womanhood that speaks in the words of this nun-like New England life.

Few of the poems in the book are long, but none of the short, quick impulses of intense feeling or poignant thought can be called fragments. They are each a compassed whole, a sharply finished point, and there is evidence, circumstantial and direct, that the author spared no pains in the perfect expression of her ideals. No-

thing, for example, could be added that would say more than she has said in four lines:

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.

Occasionally, the outside of the poem, so to speak, is left so rough, so rude, that the art seems to have faltered. But there is apparent to reflection the fact that the artist meant just this harsh exterior to remain, and that no grace of smoothness could have imparted her intention as it does. It is the soul of an abrupt, exalted New England woman that speaks in such brokenness. The range of all the poems is of the loftiest; and sometimes there is a kind of swelling lift, an almost boastful rise of feeling, which is really the spring of faith in them:

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heather looks,
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

There is a noble tenderness, too, in some of the pieces; a quaintness that does not discord with the highest solemnity:

I shall know why, when time is over,
And I have ceased to wonder why;
Christ will explain each separate anguish
In the fair school-room of the sky.

He will tell me what Peter promised,
And I, for wonder at his woe,
I shall forget the drop of anguish
That scalds me now, that scalds me now.

The companionship of human nature with inanimate nature is very close in certain of the poems; and we have never known the invisible and intangible ties binding all creation in one, so nearly touched as in them.

V.

If nothing else had come out of our life but this strange poetry we should feel that in the work of Emily Dickinson America, or New England rather, had made a distinctive addition to the literature of the world, and could not be left out of any record of it; and the interesting and important thing is that this poetry is as characteristic of our life as our business enterprise, our political turmoil, our demagogism, our millionairism. "Listen!"

says Mr. James McNeill Whistler in that "Ten o'Clock" lecture of his which must have made his hearers feel very much lectured indeed, not to say browbeaten,—"Listen! There never was an artistic period. There never was an art-loving nation." But there were moments and there were persons to whom art was dear, and Emily Dickinson was one of these persons, one of these moments in a national life, and she could as well happen in Amherst, Mass., as in Athens, Att.

Some such thing we understand Mr. Whistler to teach us in those dazzling fireworks of his which scale the heavens as stars, and come down javelins on the heads and breasts of his enemies. Art arose because some artist was born with the need of beautifying the useful, and other men used the beautiful things he created while they were off killing and tilling, because there were no others to

use when they got back: they *had* to drink out of decorated cups and dwell in noble palaces.

The explanation is very simple and in a way satisfying; and we commend that lecture of Mr. Whistler's above anything else in the queer volume he calls *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*. This art scarcely deserved so much study as is there given it. To make enemies is perfectly easy; the difficult thing is to keep them; the first you know they are no longer hating you, they are not even thinking of you. That seems to deprive Mr. Whistler's controversial sarcasms of importance; to leave them faded, as they were already ephemeral. Any author can test the fact in his own case. Read a bitter censure of your book the morning it is printed, and the world is filled with it forever; read it next month, and there never was anything of it.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 5th of November, 1890.—The conference report on the McKinley Tariff Bill was adopted by the Senate September 30th, and the act was signed by the President October 2d.

The Land Grant Forfeiture Bill passed the Senate September 16th, and was adopted by the House September 25th.

General E. Burd Grubb, of New Jersey, was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, and Edwin H. Conger, of Iowa, Minister Plenipotentiary to Brazil, September 26th.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned October 1st.

The following nominations for Governors were made: New Hampshire, Republicans, September 17th, H. A. Tuttle; Connecticut, Republicans, September 17th, Gen. S. E. Merwin; Massachusetts, Democrats, September 18th, William E. Russell; Colorado, Republicans, September 19th, John L. Routt; Colorado, Democrats, September 25th, Caldwell Yeaman; South Carolina, Straight-out Democrats, October 9th, Alexander C. Haskell.

William J. Northen, Democrat, was elected Governor of Georgia, and George L. Shoup, Republican, Governor of Idaho, October 1st.

The elections held in the United States November 4th resulted in large gains by the Democrats.

Colonel George R. Davis was chosen director-general of the World's Fair September 19th.

The Mormon Conference at Salt Lake City, October 6th, unanimously resolved to sustain the action of President Woodruff in declaring the abolition of polygamy.

A centennial celebration of the introduction of cotton manufacturing in the United States was held at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, September 29th to October 3d.

Lord Wolseley became commander of the British

forces in Ireland September 17th. John Dillon and William O'Brien, members of Parliament from Ireland, were arrested in Tipperary September 18th, for conspiracy and advising tenants not to pay rent. Being released on bail they escaped to France, and on the 2d of November reached New York.

General Leszcynski succeeded General Verdy du Vernois as Minister of War for the German Empire September 24th. A treaty was signed October 2d between Germany and Zanzibar.

A treaty of peace was concluded October 5th between France and the King of Dahomey.

The Portuguese cabinet resigned September 17th, and a new cabinet was formed October 13th, with General Chrysostomo at the head.

Serious election disorders occurred in the canton of Ticino, Switzerland, October 27th and 28th.

At the October elections in Brazil the government was upheld by very large majorities.

A despatch from Erzeroum, September 29th, announced that Russia had massed 72,000 troops on the Armenian frontier.

At Ait Shokhman, September 25th, the Moorish rebels were defeated by the Sultan's forces, and all the leaders who were captured were beheaded.

DISASTERS.

September 17th.—Reports received of disastrous floods in China. Four million Chinese made homeless.

September 19th.—The Turkish man-of-war *Ertoğroul* founders at sea and 500 persons are drowned.—A wreck on the Reading Railroad at Shoemakersville, Pennsylvania; twenty-two persons killed and thirty-two injured.

September 22d.—Floods in the department of Gard, France, cause great damage to property.—A fire in Colon, Isthmus of Panama, destroys the greater part of the town.

September 27th.—A railroad collision at Waucauga, Idaho; twenty persons reported killed.—Four hundred Russian soldiers drowned at Kovno, Poland, by the collapse of the Krasnostaw bridge.

October 2d.—A destructive fire occurred at Sydney, New South Wales; loss estimated at over \$7,000,000.

October 3d.—Five vessels foundered in a gale in the North Sea.

October 7th.—An explosion at the Dupont Powder Works, near Wilmington, Delaware; twelve men killed and over twenty injured.

October 10th.—Ten persons killed by an explosion at Bourges, France.

October 13th.—Eleven lives lost at a fire in a manufactory in London, England.

October 16th.—Seven lives lost at the burning of a hotel in Syracuse, New York.

October 20th.—Fire at St. Louis, Missouri, destroys property worth \$450,000.

October 22d.—A collision on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad; six persons killed and many injured.

October 26th.—A destructive fire in Mobile, Alabama; loss estimated at \$650,000.

October 30th.—Collision off Barnegat, New Jersey, between the Spanish steamer *Vizcaya* and the American schooner *Hargraves*. Both vessels sunk and sixty-five persons drowned.

OBITUARY.

September 18th.—In New York city, Dion Boucicault, aged sixty-eight years.

September 27th.—In New York city, General Abram Duryee, aged seventy-six years.

October 1st.—At Englewood, New Jersey, Rev. George B. Cheever, aged eighty-three years.—At Saint-Raphael, France, Jean Baptiste Alphonse Karr, French novelist, aged eighty-two years.

October 2d.—In Baltimore, Maryland, Philip Francis Thomas, ex-Governor of Maryland, aged eighty years.

October 12th.—In Washington, D. C., William Worth Belknap, ex-Secretary of War, aged sixty-one years.

October 13th.—In Washington, D. C., Samuel Freeman Miller, Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, aged seventy-four years.—At Bar Harbor, Maine, Professor Austin Phelps, of Andover, aged seventy years.—At Oxford, England, Professor James Edwin Thorold Rogers, aged sixty-six years.

October 20th.—At Trieste, Austria, Captain Sir Richard Francis Burton, African explorer, aged seventy years.

October 28th.—In Brooklyn, New York, Butler Gilbert Noble, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, aged seventy-six years.



Editor's Drawer.

THE time of year for reforming the world has come round again. It seems easy to do, or resolve to do, almost anything on the 1st of January. Indeed, the question of re-

form at any time would be easy enough if we knew, or could agree, where to begin. Some say that we should begin with men, that women will be what men wish them to be. That

is the old idea. Others insist that we should begin with women, and that men will try to raise themselves to the higher female level. This is the modern idea. We are in the midst of the latter experiment, and it is half-way a tremendous success. Never in the world before, it would seem, were women so generally beautiful, well dressed, clever, attractive, accomplished; certainly never before did they fill with credit so many occupations, or were they so honorably conspicuous in every calling in life. Every one speaks of it. In business, in letters, in arts, in the scientific professions, in the accomplishments which make life agreeable, they are in the front rank, and in some respects alone in the front rank. We do not speak alone of surgery, or novel writing, or teaching, or scholarship—but women are perhaps the best whist-players. Is it not true that, by a sort of swift intelligence, they succeed in everything to which they give their minds? The attempt to elevate women, as it is facetiously called, is no longer an experiment; but how is it about the attempt to elevate men by this roundabout process? Are the men of the day improving? Are the politicians, for instance, any better; do they read more; do they try to fit themselves by study for legislative and executive positions; are they any better informed on economic questions; are they more sensitive to a reputation for honorable dealing; are they more jealous for the good name of the country in such a matter, say, as the international copyright? And the young men in offices, in shops, in business, are they being raised intellectually, or do they share proportionally in the great movement for the elevation of the other sex? Every one can answer this question for himself by a little observation of the ways in which young men spend their leisure time. And as to the outward refinements of life, manners, and dress? Even in the industrial walks of life, does the young man dress with the neatness and becomingness that characterize the industrial young lady of the period? Are these trifles? It is by the observation of the ordinary in the conduct of men that the philosopher estimates the drift of the age. In this, which has been triumphantly called the woman's age, one is forced occasionally to note what is becoming of the other half of the world.

One of the reforms last year tentatively referred to was in the suggestion that women should propose. For joining in this discussion the Drawer was kindly but firmly taken to task by an English correspondent, who demanded what authority, or basis in fact, the writer had for taking up this proposition. To this pertinent inquiry, the following answer was hesitatingly sent:

"MY DEAR SIR,—Touching the question whether women should propose, I cannot refer you to any sermon or public address or well-recognized authority, but the suggestion has been made in va-

rious newspapers and paragraphs and in conversation; and it is sufficiently in the line of the general emancipation of woman as to rights and privileges to be considered.

"I am surprised that you should think the paper was 'intended' to be humorous. The gravity of the subject would forbid that. And, besides, I think it is the habit of Americans always to label their stories and essays humorous, if they are supposed to be so, in order that there shall be no misunderstanding elsewhere.

"I cannot, of course, say that the practice in regard to proposal of marriage in America is about to change, but you will allow that this is an age of strange things.

"Hoping that England will be spared any agitation on this subject, I am, etc."

But it is idle to suppose that this subject can be disposed of by a letter. *A priori*, why should not women propose? It is generally conceded that women have a very clear conception of what they want, and why should they be more handicapped than the other sex in obtaining it? In the nature of things, why should they be fettered in a choice that is the most important in their lives? Why should they be limited to refusals, or be driven to indirection in obtaining what they know they want? Would they be likely to make more mistakes than men make? It is impossible. All history teaches us that women have been accustomed to scheme and manœuvre indirectly for what they want, and, alas! as much after marriage as before. Does it improve the character to be compelled to manage a husband, as the phrase is? It is well to consider what would be the effect on social life if sincerity and directness were substituted for manœuvring and indirection; that is, if women could be as open and frank in trying to obtain what they desire as men are. In a generation or two what sort of character would men have if they were obliged to dissemble about their affections before marriage, and to resort to deception thereafter in order to get a little pin-money? Manliness would probably disappear. Would womanliness disappear with the coming in of sincerity?

In all the emancipation movements, and the enlargement of woman's sphere, this matter of obtaining what is desired by indirection remains. Why was the type-writer invented? It seemed a most innocent industrial advance and new avenue for women. And now we hear that the Type-Writer is more likely to get married than any other industrial woman. It is one of the most promising of all the indirect ways of escaping from the monotony of single life. Thus, even in our enlarging opportunities, we keep on in the old way. The object is still obtained by indirection. It is no answer to this question, whether women shall propose, to say that every woman can get married who wishes to do so, and that all history shows this. The real question is, is she free to marry according to her taste and inclination; and would she be happier, in the

majority of cases, if she could honorably approach those to whom she is attracted, instead of waiting to be approached by those who are attracted to her?

It is not fair to leave this question hanging in the air without saying that there are old-fashioned people of both sexes who think men and women are radically different, that if they were made alike the world would be a flat affair, and that, as human life is arranged, the pleasure of being wooed is quite equal to the pleasure of wooing.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

LINES

ON HEARING A LADY PRAISE "CRUIKSHANK'S
PICKWICK ILLUSTRATIONS."

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, here's a cup to you, O faithful limner, who
Are by some persons chiefly known by what you did not do.
Be this the meed of praise to Phiz—and you'll agree he's won it:
Pickwick's so truly pictured been, you might indeed have done it.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

AN English correspondent tells of a London sanitary inspector who, in answer to a question, said:

"Yes, the overcrowding among very poor people in London is considerable. For instance, I was called to a house in the poorest part of Westminster, each room of which was let out to different tenants. In one apartment, and that by no means large, five families were living, one in each corner of the room, and one in the middle. Agree? Oh yes, they agreed well enough until the party in the middle *wanted to take in lodgers*, and that led to a row, and my attention being called to the case, I promptly cleared the lot out."

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

A CERTAIN witty bishop found himself, a few months ago, crossing the Bay of Fundy, from Digby to St. John, in company with a certain Mr. Caswell. The Bay of Fundy has a reputation for turbulence only to be matched by the English Channel or the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Caswell was struggling with a violent attack of sea-sickness; but the bishop, who was above such weakness, was very cheerful, and inclined to conversation. He had failed, however, to catch Mr. Caswell's name correctly, and persisted in calling him "Mr. Aswell." At last the sufferer, in a moment of ease, corrected him, saying,

"*Caswell*, my lord; my name is *Caswell*, not *Aswell*."

"Oh!" said the bishop, eying him critically, as a new spasm seized upon his unhappy acquaintance. "Well, Mr. Caswell, don't you think you would be *Aswell* without the *sea*?"

IT WAS GREASE.

THE annoyances to which pedestrians in large cities are subjected, and the sometimes positive dangers to which they are exposed, occasionally give rise to smiles as much as to angry comments.

Two young men, while walking beneath an elevated railway in a town which shall be nameless, were appalled to find themselves the recipients of a bucketful of oily liquid dropped from an engine above their heads.

"Bah!" said one of them, with an angry glance upward. "So this is free America!"

"You are wrong," said the other, ruefully wiping his coat; "it's Greece."

A WITTY BEGGAR.

POVERTY sharpens the wits certainly if the story that has recently come to the Drawer is true. A beggar, whose face had been a familiar one on the streets for several years, applied one day, as the story goes, to one of his frequent benefactors for employment.

"So you are going to work, eh?" said the person applied to.

"Yes; I'm tired of begging."

"Doesn't it pay?"

"No, sir. The milk of human kindness is so watered, these days, it don't declare any dividends."

T-T-T-TU-TACKS.

IN Halifax the other day there was something approaching a tragedy. B—— is a good domestic man, but he stutters. As he was hurrying up the street, one morning, he was met by Doctor F——, a confirmed joker, who asked him where he was going.

"Er-round to P-P-P-Perkins's to g-gug-get some t-t-t-tu-tacks!" he gurgled, hurrying on.

The doctor was seized with a bright idea. He darted off in another direction, through an alley, and reached the hardware store ahead of B——. Rushing up to the clerk, he stuttered, laboriously, "Have you any t-tut-t-tut-tu-tacks?"

"Yes, sir," said the clerk.

"W-w-wow-well, then s-s-sit on them!" exclaimed the doctor, darting from the shop, while the clerk glared after him with murder in his eye.

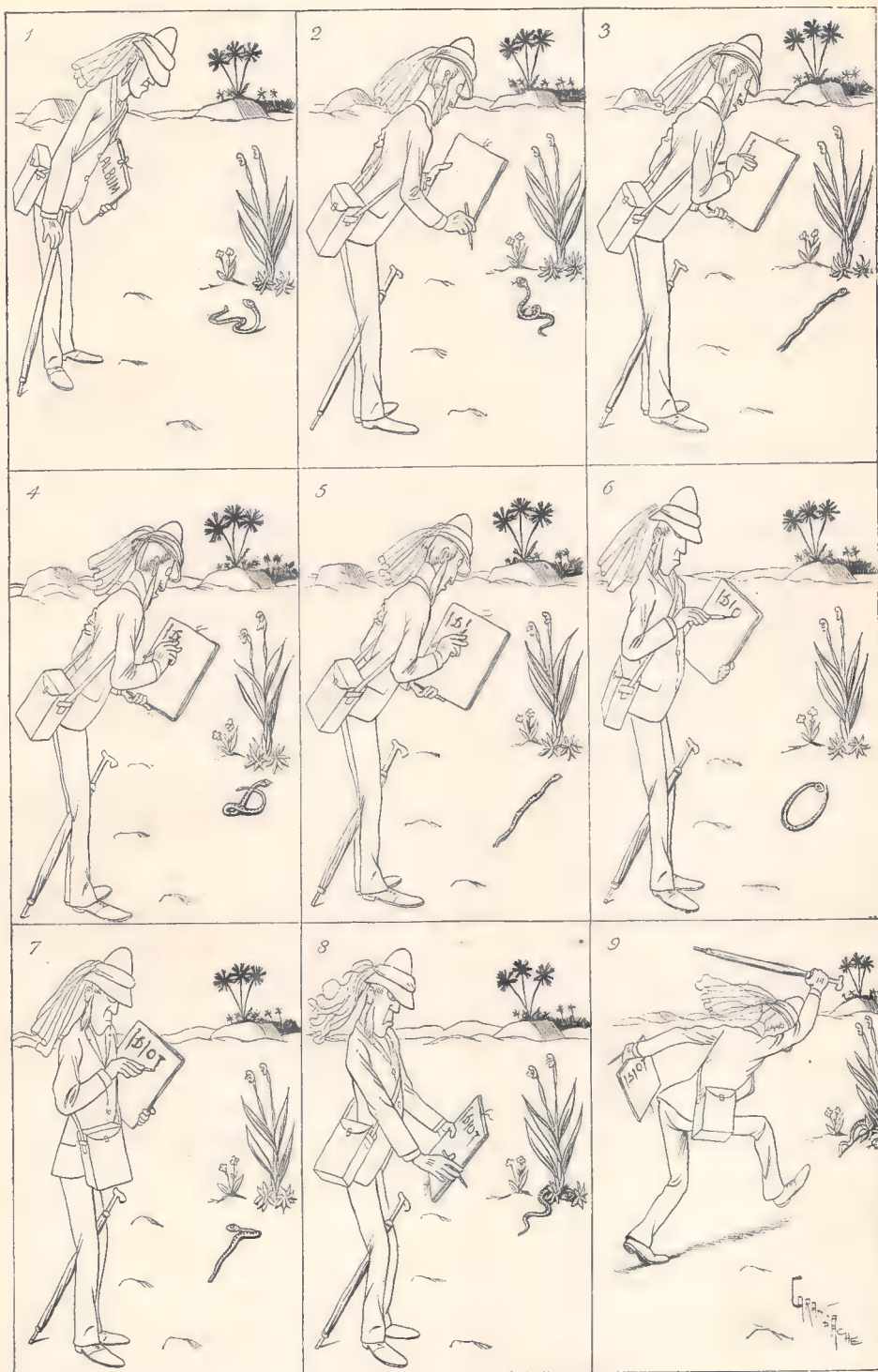
Not two minutes later in came B——. Bustling up to the counter, he began: "Have you any t-t-tut-tu-tacks?" . . .

But at this point, to his horror and unspeakable indignation, he was grabbed roughly by the shoulders and "bounced" from the shop. That clerk would have no such trick played on him a second time.

VERY PROVOKING.

"Do you expect to go abroad this year?"

"No. It is real provoking. I expected to go, but the doctor says now that I am strong enough to stay home."



THE FACETIOUS SERPENT.—Drawn for HARPER'S MAGAZINE by Caran d'Ache.

LEFT IN ABEYANCE.

At a dinner given some months ago to a young artist the question arose, apropos of one of the courses, "Is terrapin fish or flesh?"

"That," said one of the party, "is never to be definitely settled. People will never agree. What is one man's meat, you know, is another's *poisson*."

HOPELESS.

A YOUNG Boston woman, trying to read a poem by an author whose obscurity was only equalled by his fame, is said to have remarked, when she was informed that a key to the author's works had been published:

"Yes; I know. I've tried the key, but it doesn't fit."

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

In a jury trial in a small town not many miles from civilization the rural gentlemen into whose hands the fate of the plaintiff and defendant was placed were so stubbornly divided that they were some twenty odd hours in reaching a verdict. As they left the court, after having rendered their verdict, one of them was asked by a friend what the trouble was.

"Waal," he said, "six on 'em wanted to give the plaintiff \$4000, and six on 'em wanted to give him \$3000, so we split the difference an' gave him \$500."

A CAREFUL JUSTICE.

THE country lawyer is apt, in the course of his general practice, to see more of the humorous side of judicial ignorance than is to be found in the somewhat more limited range of his urban brother. As an instance of this state of affairs, the Drawer has received the following anecdote:

A certain suspect, in a criminal trial before a justice whose acquaintance with Blackstone would seem to be limited, having clearly established his innocence of the charge against him by an alibi, the prosecuting attorney remarked to the Court:

"I think, your Honor, that this trial would better stop right here. The alibi has been fully established."

"I think so myself," replied his Honor, with an approving nod; and then summoning the prosecuting attorney to his side, he said, in a stage-whisper which was only too audible throughout the court-room, "I say, what is the penalty for an alibi?"

A JEST FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A BROKER, calling at the house of a book-collecting friend, was informed by the latter's wife that her husband was out.

"Gone fishing for books," explained the lady.

"What bait does he use?" inquired the broker; and then, without waiting for an answer, he again queried, "Bookworms?"

A WITTY JUDGE.

THEY tell a story in Halifax which will instance the ready wit of Judge Haliburton, the author of *Sam Slick*:

In a certain noted trial there was found some difficulty in getting a jury. One man who was claiming exemption seemed very reluctant to state the grounds for his claim. At last, when pressed, he exclaimed,

"Well, your Honor, the truth is I have the itch."

"Scratch him off, Mr. Prothonotary, scratch him off," was the judge's instant response.

ADMIRABLE DETERMINATION.

ONE of the most distinguished of our artists, while suffering from a severe attack of the *grippe* last winter, still managed to keep on painting. One morning an equally distinguished writer looked in upon him. He was much impressed with the painter's determination.

"Poor W——!" he said, in describing the interview a little later. "He just sat there wiping his eyes, and wiping his nose, and wiping his palette."

MY CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND.

WHEN I was young I wrote a tragedy.

A great success the critics all did vote it.

In confidence my friend remarked to me,

"It was immense, my boy, but—ah—who wrote it?"

HENRY HERBERT HARKNESS.

AN IMPERFECT ECHO.

THE colored race are very fond of imitating those who are chivalrous in their bearing and courtly in their manners. Their imitations may not always be very perfect, and are sometimes quite ludicrous, as in the following incident:

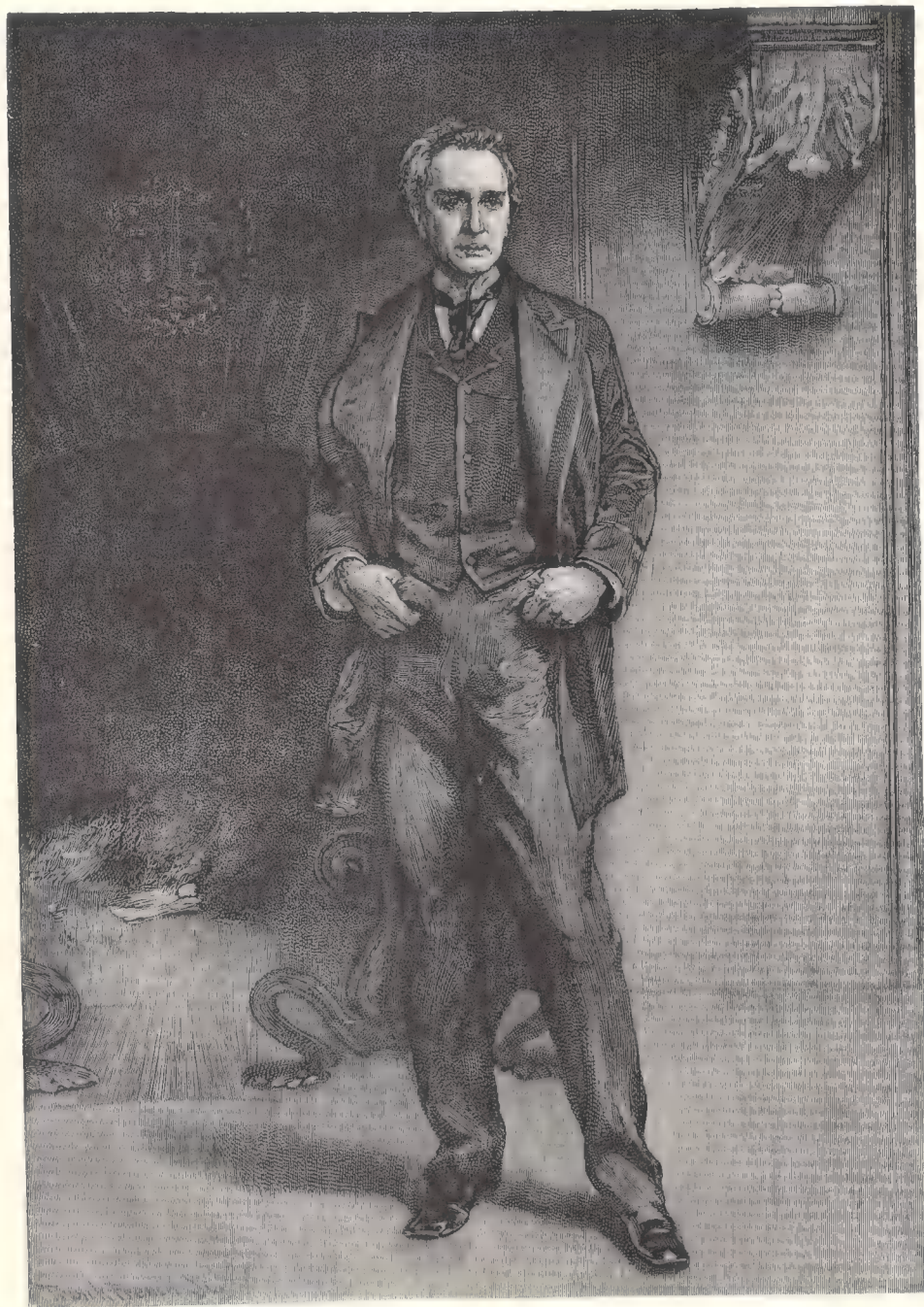
During the plantation days a young gentleman, attended by his colored valet, stationed himself one night under the window of his ladylove, and to the light accompaniment of his guitar, sang the following stanza:

"Your bright diamond eyes
And alabaster neck
Strike arrows to my heart—
O Cupid!"

The valet was an attentive listener, and the next evening, to the accompaniment of his banjo, saluted *his* ladylove with the stanza as he remembered it:

"Your brack di'mond eyes
An' yellor plaster neck
Strike horrors to my heart,
O glue-pot!"

The dusky belle was offended, and could not be pacified, until Sambo assured her "dat dat verse is de identical verse dat Massa Harry sung to Miss Stella only las' night, an' dat's so, fer a fac'!"



HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF EDWIN BOOTH.

At "The Players."

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THAT face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light,
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master-player here,
In the fair temple that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us—
Nay, 'tis the man, could it but speak!"...
Sad words that shall be said some day—
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!



FINLAND.

First Part.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

BY HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.

LAKE SAIMA is poetically called by the Finns the "Lake of a Thousand Isles," and I came to the conclusion, when crossing the country by a new route, that Finland might, with greater truth, be called the "Land of a Thousand Lakes."

Many travellers find it convenient to approach the fen-land from St. Petersburg, for some distance out of which, across the Wiborg province, the train passes through numerous *datchas*, or summer villas, of the well-to-do inhabitants. Beyond are market gardens; and still further, fields of oats, potatoes, and rye, the land being flat, and in many places covered with forest. The Wiborg province is celebrated for its varieties of marble and granite.

As we travelled through this province, its rocky, boulder-bestrewn character was visible as we approached Wiborg, a sight of whose castle recalls somewhat of the history of the country. Finland is now only about 700 miles long, and on an average, 200 miles wide, with an area about a fourth as large again as the British Isles; but the Finnish possessions are represent-

ed as extending, in the ninth century, from the Baltic on the west to beyond the Urals in the east, and southward from the Frozen Sea to the upper basins of the Volga, Oka, and Kama.

The Bulgarians are thought to have driven the Finns from the middle course of the Volga, who, by similarly chasing the Lapps northward, took possession of Finland proper at the end of the seventh or the beginning of the eighth century. But we know little of the country until four centuries later, when, in 1157, Eric IX., King of Sweden, instigated by the Pope, undertook a crusade to convert the Finns, and to stop their piratical depredations. This led to the founding, on the western coast, of the town of Abo. About a century later Birger Jarl completed the conquest, and built Tavastehus, whilst 1293 witnessed the conquest by the Swedes of the region about Wiborg; so that the old castles at these three places, built for the protection of converts and the "chastisement of the pagans," still testify to the two centuries of struggle during which the Christian faith was there taking root.



A BIT OF THE LAKE OF A THOUSAND ISLES.



THE CASTLE AND QUAY, WIBORG.

By the conquest of Wiborg the Swedes were brought into direct contact with the Russians, with whom the first treaty of peace was concluded thirty years later. the river Rajajoki being recognized as the boundary between the two countries. Of this the modern traveller is reminded at Terijoki, a station we passed thirty miles from St. Petersburg, next to Beloostrof, these two, respectively, being now the Finnish and Russian frontier stations.

Wiborg afterward was taken from the Swedes by the Russians, who subsequently restored it to the Finns when the grand duchy was annexed. Wiborg has now a population of 14,000, being the third town in number of inhabitants in the grand duchy, the second in trade, and

the first in shipping.

A journey westward of nine hours by rail brings the traveller to Helsingfors, a clean, well-built town, though there is little about it of historical interest. It owes its name to a colony from the province of Helsingland who set-

tled in Finland, the original town being founded by Gustavus Vasa, though not on its present site, which is on the shore of the Gulf of Finland, and whither the inhabitants removed in 1639. So severely, however, was the city visited by war, famine, plague, and fire, that at the end of a hundred years it numbered only 5000 inhabitants. The place gained importance in 1749 from the erection, a mile and a half distant, of the fortress of Sveaborg, and in 1818 Helsingfors was made the capital of the grand duchy, since which time it has become in appearance almost like a Russian town.

In the suburbs are several gardens, in one of which, called Thölö Park, at the "Alphyddan," or Alpine Cottage, we went



HELSINGFORS,

to dine. We found it prettily situated, about a couple of miles from the town, and here we saw several specimens of indigenous trees, as well as certain others that have been introduced from abroad.

Among the foreign trees cultivated in various parts of Finland are the Siberian Cembrian pine, the Weymouth pine, and the balm of Gilead. The silver-fir and the white fir, though they grow, cannot be said to flourish, even at Helsingfors. The American arbor-vitæ is found further north, on the western coast, but the oak is confined to the south. We saw several specimens of this last on the island of Runsalä, near Åbo. The lilac, the Siberian pea-tree, and the Tartarian honeysuckle have been cultivated almost to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia. The spiræa, barberry, snowberry, and red-berried elder do not extend so far north, whilst the hazel and horse-chestnut appear to be unable to withstand the climate except quite in the south.

Among the rarer trees of Finland may be named the butternut, as also, quite in the south, the walnut and the hornbeam. A beech-tree, however, planted there a hundred years ago, has attained only to the dimensions of a shrub a few feet high. There are other trees acclimatized in Finland and widely dispersed, such as the apple, which yields moderately good fruit in the south. Dwarf apple-trees grow as far north as the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, but do not fruit there. The pear is common in the south, but in a higher latitude does not fruit every year. The common cherry and the bird-cherry are found as far north as Wasa and Kuopio, but not further. The bullace and the wild-

plum have the same limits. Both rough and smooth gooseberries succeed up to Wasa and Kuopio, as do, still further north, black currants and raspberries, but those who long for apricots, peaches, and grapes must have them imported. In the absence of such luxuries, nature kindly supplies the Finlander with numerous berry-bearing plants, such as the whortleberry, cowberry, cranberry, cloudberry, and the dwarf crimson bramble, which last grows up to the arctic circle. The strawberry, though widely diffused in the south, is rare to the north, and disappears entirely before the eyes of the Laplander, who has little of leafy verdure to delight his vision, the last forests of stunted conifers disappearing at Lake Enare, north of which, to the Frozen Ocean, stretch only vast tundras of mosses and lichen.

Finland is visited yearly by about 10,000 vessels, bringing rather more than 1,250,000 tons of merchandise, and carrying away about the same. The exports from Finland are, for the greater part, forest products, half being of planks, deals, firewood, etc., with 3 per cent. of tar. Farm produce, chiefly butter, forms an additional 15 per cent. of the whole; agricultural products 3 per cent. more; game and fish another 3 per cent.; and various manufactures—iron, tissues, and paper—15 per cent. more. On the other hand, the goods brought into the country are fabrics, grain, metals, sugar, cotton, tobacco, salt, wine, oil, and brandy.

The exchanges with foreign countries are made to the extent of 70 per cent. by the ships of Finland, of which the commercial fleet numbers 1600 vessels, having 250,000 tons burden. There is no



FROM THE SEA.

lack of communication by water, by means of which we could have proceeded to Åbo, whither, however, we went in preference by rail, accomplishing the journey in ten hours.

Åbo has a population of 23,000. Many of its houses are large, and being widely detached, they spread over a considerable area. We obtained a good view of the town and its environs on driving up the steep hill whereon stands the observatory, once of some note in northern Europe, and adjoining which there is now a tea garden and public resort.

About midway between the observatory and the sea stands Åbo Castle, which is the oldest building in Finland. It dates back to 1157, to the days of Eric the Saint, the first Swedish conqueror, who, with St. Henry, Bishop of Upsala, introduced Christianity into Finland. Henry has since been regarded as the patron saint of the Finns.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the old castle witnessed the fall of many calamities upon Åbo. The town was ravaged in 1458 with fire, kindled by lightning, and within twenty years it was burnt again. In 1509 the Danes sacked the place, and half a century later three fires occurred successively within six years, after which, in 1614, the castle itself was burnt during a visit of Gustavus II. Adolphus, when the royal kitchen took fire.

A few rooms in the castle are now set apart for a museum of antiquities.

Another part of the castle was used as a storehouse, but the portion that attracted me most was the prison, my first visit to which, in 1874, I had never forgotten.

In those young days of my prison experience I had seen nothing worse than the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and knew nothing of dungeons in baronial castles, save what I had gathered from *Robin Hood* and similar stories of my boyhood. But when I came to Åbo I witnessed what my imagination had pictured. A flight of steps brought us to a damp dark passage, through which we made our way, illumined by the light of a lantern, to a heavily bolted, clumsy door. This was duly opened, and we were invited to enter. Having so done, we found ourselves in a good-sized room, dimly lighted by a window, which was shaded by a high building only a few feet distant. The embrasure of a window exposed a wall I should think twelve feet thick, and on the inner side of which were grated bars, so that the glazing could be opened and shut only by means of a long rod. The floor was of bare earth, and the furniture, if such it could be called, was of the roughest description. A rickety wooden bedstead, an earthen ewer with water, a lump of coarse black bread, and a wooden tub containing salt fish heads showed us prison fare which looked coarse enough; but, to our surprise, we were told that, in spite of such drawbacks, some of the poor come to the jail in autumn, and beg to be allowed admittance, in preference to enduring outside the hardships of a Northern winter. This would have seemed to me hardly credible had I not heard a similar story when visiting one of the prisons in Guernsey.

There is one point in which Finnish prisons take precedence of all others I have visited in Europe, Asia, or America,

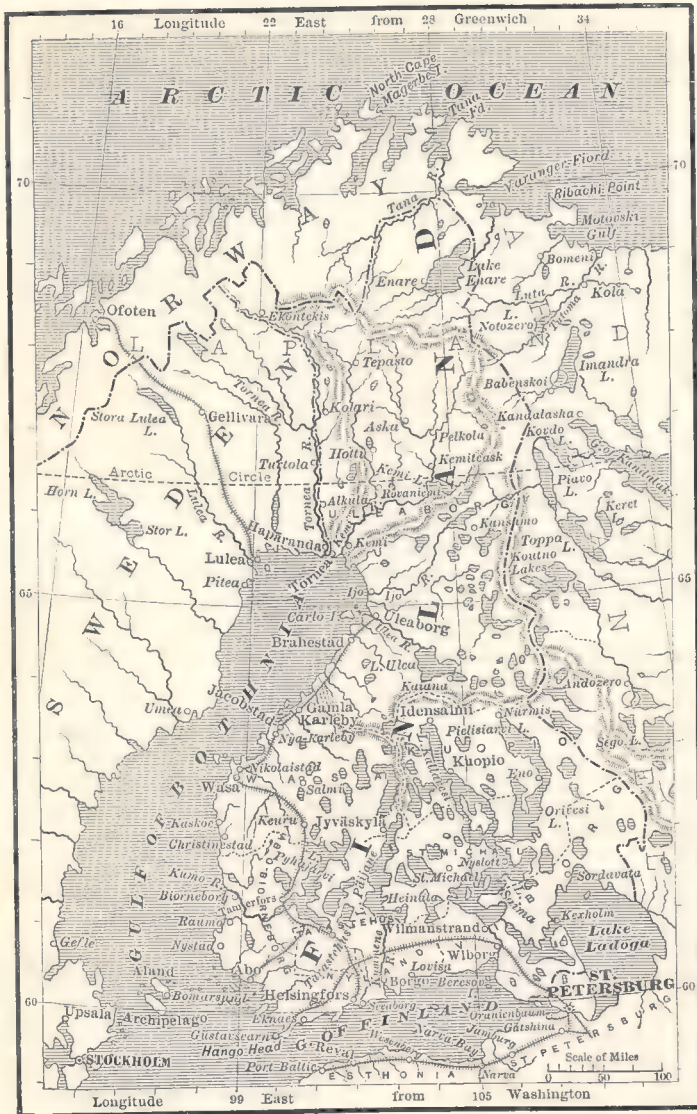
I mean in the chains used therein, and their enormous weight. In two cells at Abo we found a man in each laden with terrible irons, weighing in the first case 3 Finnish lis-punds, or 60 lbs.; and in the second case more than a hundredweight. In the latter instance the unfortunate man had iron bands round his neck and waist, fastened together by a heavy chain, which continued nearly to the ground, and was further attached to two chains securing the ankles. The hands were likewise secured by links riveted to the waistband. I obtained photographs of men thus chained, but not representing

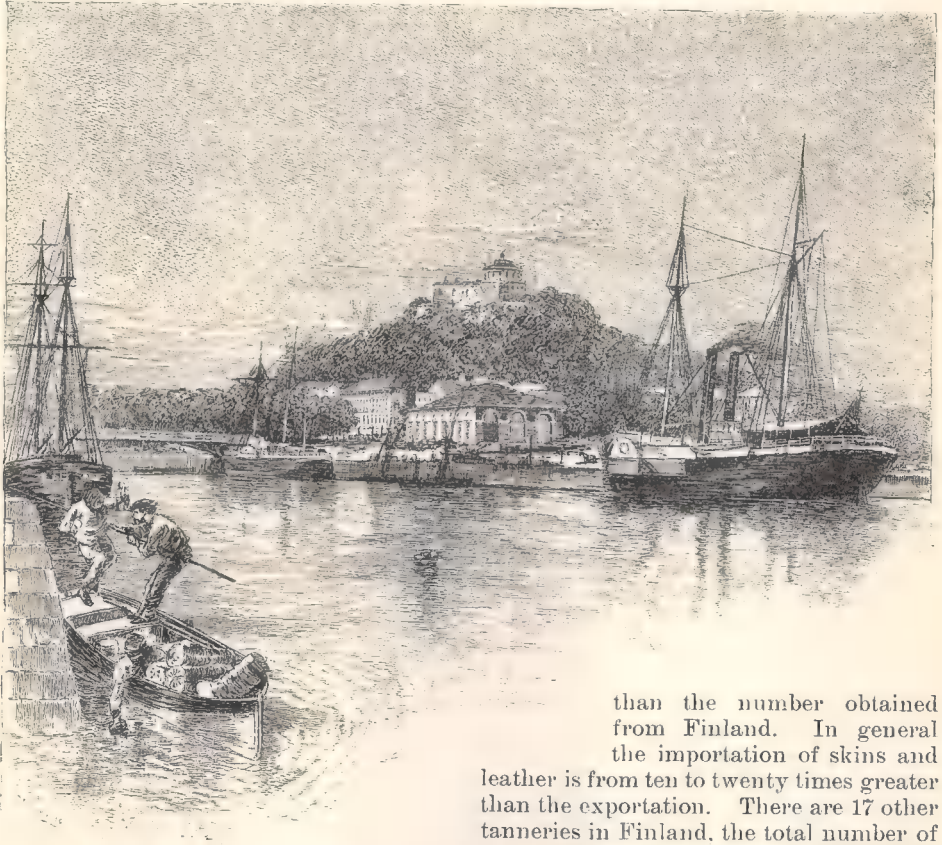
the worst, for I have seen also in Finland thick iron anklets pierced with holes, through which is passed an iron bolt thick as a crowbar, and the 40 pounds weight of which rests on pads on the in-steps. The prison authorities inform me that these irons are used only rarely, and principally for the transport of dangerous criminals. I remember hearing when in Finland in 1876 that it sometimes happened when prisoners were on their way from the country districts in farmers' carts that accomplices waylaid the officers and released their comrades.

It was on a windy morning in August,

1876 (in a previous visit to the country), that I crossed from Haparanda the river which divides Sweden from Finland, to Tornea, the northernmost Finnish town. Tornea first had a local habitation and a name nearly three centuries ago, when, by reason of its brisk trade with the Swedish capital, it was called "Little Stockholm." It was visited by Peter the Great as the most southerly place whence to see the sun at midnight. In 1809 the town was annexed to Russia, and is now visited in winter by the Laplanders, who come with their produce in reindeer sledges, and in summer by tourists, to witness a night without darkness.

My visit was not rightly timed for either sight, but it was in my favor that I could drive very late and early in what was at worst only twilight. I slept the





THE OBSERVATORY AT ÅBO.

first night at a saw-mill, where the manager gave me supper, and I turned into an excellent bed, to be refreshed next morning by a substantial breakfast with my host, his wife, secretary, and niece; after which charming piece of way-side hospitality I continued the journey on rough and lonely roads, where I first made acquaintance with Russian verst posts, but met few of my own species. Such slow progress, however, was made that night-fall found me two stations short of my destination, and I slept at the post-house, reaching Uleaborg next morning.

Uleaborg boasts of one of the largest tanneries, they say, in Europe. It gives employment to nearly 100 workmen, producing goods to the value of £60,000 in a year. At the time of my visit this tannery alone imported, chiefly from America, and for making "Russia" leather, 10,000 skins, which was five times more

than the number obtained from Finland. In general the importation of skins and leather is from ten to twenty times greater than the exportation. There are 17 other tanneries in Finland, the total number of workmen employed being 160, and the value of their products about £75,000 a year. At Uleaborg I went on board a steamer proceeding south to Wasa.

It was our intention on leaving Wasa to proceed across the interior to Kuopio, and then descend by Lake Saima to Wiborg. A journey of eight hours brought us near the southeast border of the Wasa province, at the foot of the "Hameenselkä" hills, running north and south. Ascending these hills from the station soon brought us on to the table-land of granite, from 400 to 600 feet high, of which the interior of Finland is composed. Finland is not a country of mountains, except in the far north of Lapland, where the highest, Haldefjall, attains an elevation of 4000 feet. No summit in Finland south of the arctic circle ascends 600 feet above the sea, the mean elevation of the interior being only about 325 feet.

The indications on the map of mountain ranges serve, however, to mark the water partings, which have a mean elevation of from 500 to 650 feet, and divide

central Finland into three basins. The first comprises 120 large lakes, and many thousand small ones, which more or less drain into Lake Saima, whence the surplus water escapes to Lake Ladoga. Further west is Lake Päijänne, the reservoir of another basin, which sends its waters by the Kymmene into the Gulf of Finland, whilst the least important basin gathers its waters in Lake Pyhäjärvi, near Tammerfors, and flows into the Gulf of Bothnia by the river Kumo.

Thus Finland is emphatically a land of lakes. They occupy twelve per cent. of the total superficies; and to this may be added twenty per cent. of marsh-land and peat-bog, for the draining of which nature and man will seemingly have to unite their efforts for a long time to come. It has been supposed that Finland was once at the bottom of a sea, which, having passed away, left some of its waters in the lowest beds. An old tradition, now verified, it is said, by observation, goes to confirm this hypothesis, in that the soil of Finland is rising—about 40 inches in a century on the coasts of the Gulf of Bothnia, and 24 inches on those of the Gulf of Finland.

The country, however, even if "the last-born daughter of the sea," is not young in the sense of having come later out of the water than the surrounding regions, for its mountains are all of primitive formation, and they contain no traces of animal or vegetable life, no petrifications, no coal. Geologists say that in the primary, secondary, and tertiary epochs, Finland was above the sea-level, but bare and waste, and that during all the tertiary epoch it was, as Greenland is now, covered with an immense glacier, which advanced from the mountains of Scandinavia to the southeast; that under the weight of these masses of ice the earth sank, but that now, the ice being gone, the land is rising again.

On arriving at our first post station after leaving Keuru, we took occasion to order the samovar for tea, and to see the village and the people. The typical Finn

is, as a rule, strongly built, but below the middle height, with head almost round; low and arched forehead, with flat features and prominent cheek-bones, as among the Mongolian races generally; the eyes are mostly gray and somewhat oblique; nose, short and flat; protruding mouth, thick lips, and very thick-set neck. I rarely noticed a full, bushy beard, which, with the Finn, is usually weak and straggling. The hair, however, is not always black, but is also brown, red, and even fair, whilst the complexion is brownish or sallow.

The Finns belong, as their language shows, to the great Altai-Uralian family that still predominates in northern and central Asia, but which, on the west of the Urals, has become crowded among the Indo-Europeans. The remains of the Altai race in Europe are divided into four groups—the Ugrian, comprising the Ostiaks, Voguls, and Hungarians; the Permian, comprising Syrjanen, Permians, and Votiaks; the Bulgars, comprising the Bulgarians, Mordvins, and Cheremiss; and the Finnic, comprising the Finns, Estonians, and Laplanders. These last were probably the first to come into Finland, and in the thirteenth century many Laplanders were settled about Tavastehus. Gradually they were driven north by the Finns, who were divided into three tribes—the Finns proper, the Tavastians, who settled in the southwest, and



FINNISH PRISONER.

the Karelians, who inhabited the east of the country.

The Finnish language is classified among the Uralo-Altaic, and has the peculiar characteristic that all derivation, declination, and conjugation is effected by means of suffixes, and thus the root forms the beginning of every word. The conjunctions are not numerous, as their place is often supplied by adverbial parts of speech. There are hardly any prepositions, their office being discharged, in part, by fifteen case terminations. The language is rich in derived verbs; adds the negative particle, when used, before the termination of the word; recognizes no grammatical distinction of genders;



KUOPIO AND LAKE KALLAVESI, FROM PUJO HILL.

and has no articles. Another peculiarity is that not one purely Finnish word begins with two consonants, nor are there ever in a word more than two consonants adjacent.

As we proceeded on our journey through the night, it became cold and uncomfortable, but we had no difficulty in procuring horses for the post wagon. Our own pair had come the preceding day from Jyväskylä, so that, on their return, they had travelled 120 miles in 36 hours. The cost of hire for each post-horse was $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per mile, but the tariff has since been advanced 60 per cent. Toward morning the aspect of the country improved somewhat and became hilly, but there was little in the post-houses to invite our getting down for refreshments. At length, about breakfast-time, we arrived at the town of Jyväskylä. As we drove forward, the post-road made many *détours* to avoid numerous lakes. In fact, we were never long out of sight of water, which may remind the traveller of the important part this element plays as a motive power in the Finnish provinces. It performs nearly as much in Finland as steam, for, whilst in a given year a force of 27,000 horse-power was worked by 660 steam-engines, 24,000 horse-power was

worked by 2500 water-wheels. Of these water-wheels, 2000 were for grinding flour, and for saw-mills and iron-works nearly 200 each; whilst of the steam-engines, 200 were for steam-boats, 100 for locomotives, and 80 for saw-mills.

From Jyväskylä we travelled, as through the previous night, until the morning of the next day, but arrived two hours late for the steamer at Kuopio. Kuopio is situated on the shore of Lake Kallavesi, which is a northern continuation of the Saima Sea. The town is about a century old, and has a population of 7200. I cannot say much for the beauty of its streets, which, however, are wide and regular. There is a large church in the public square, and, near at hand, a public garden. There are likewise a lyceum, a superior elementary school, and a public library.

Kuopio is, however, one of the most Finnish of all the towns of Finland, the peoples of which have been classified as 85 per cent. of Finns proper, 14 per cent. of Swedish-speaking farmers and peasants, whilst the remainder is made up of about 6000 Russians, 1200 Germans (chiefly in Helsingfors), 1000 gypsies (in Wiborg), and 600 Lapps. The presence of these foreign elements makes itself felt, of

course, upon the natives. The Lapp influence is visible in the north, where traces of their Asiatic origin are the most marked; the Tavastian Finns in the southwest are influenced by their Scandinavian neighbors; and the Karelian Finns in the southeast by the Russians. At Kuopio and Jyväskylä, however, the Finns have it all their own way, and one sees the race in these towns in its purity.

From Puijo Hill, on a clear day, with a good glass may be seen an immense number of sheets of water, frequently dotted with islets. I enumerated seventy-four islands whilst looking to the northwest alone; but the view was somewhat clouded by a

thin blue veil of smoke arising from forest fires kindled to clear the land. To the north, the lakes were seen running into one another; and toward the south, stretched as far as the eye could reach, the Kallavesi main, with tree-covered islets floating on its bosom; whilst in the foreground lay the town of Kuopio, with its lofty church and the Governor's house in process of building.

Next morning we embarked early on board the *Ansio*, bound for the south on what is locally called the Saima Sea. This lacustrine system is the largest in the country, and occupies nearly the whole of southeastern Finland. Its shape is very irregular, and is sometimes stated as nearly 90 miles by 80, but this applies to the lower part only of a large inland sheet of water, covering an area of about 4000 square miles.

Had we desired it, we could have gone further north by steamer to Idensalmi, and thence by a little land travelling to Lake Ulea, beyond which the adventurous tourist may shoot rapids and proceed down the river of that name to Uleaborg. This method of seeing the Finnish interior, after starting from Wiborg by water, I should recommend to the ordinary tourist in preference to crossing the country, as we did, from Wasa. We had, indeed, the satisfaction of pioneering through parts unknown, I believe, to English authors, but the game was hardly worth the candle; and now that the railway has been extended from Wasa to Uleaborg, an inland journey thither might well be prolonged southward either by land, through Tamerfors and Tavastehus, or by one of the admirable steamers that ply round the coast to St. Petersburg.

The greater part of our first day on the Saima was spent in steaming down Kallavesi, Haukivesi, and several other lakes, which form an upper series of waters connected at Nyslott with Lake Saima proper, to Nyslott, or New-castle.

The voyage from Nyslott, as it had been from Kuopio, was simply charming. In the upper basin we sometimes advanced toward the richly wooded head of a lake, where further progress seemed impossible; but before the prow of the steamer could reach



A BIT OF FINNISH LANDSCAPE.

the shore, a small outlet was seen, traversing which, in a few minutes we found ourselves in another lake, still more spacious. In the lower basin for twelve hours we glided in and out amongst innumerable islands of all shapes and sizes, from that of a tea table to an area of many miles, and all of them wooded to the water's edge. One difference between the upper and lower basins was that in the former the ridges connecting higher elevations of land were above the level of the water, whereas in the lower basin these were covered by the lake, and only the projecting elevations of the land appeared above the surface as islands innumerable.

Wide spaces between the islands surrounded us everywhere, the course for navigation being marked out by beacons and broomsticks, the former on islands, the latter on shoals. The beacons are

compactly built of heaps of stones, kept whitewashed, surmounted by poles bearing devices such as stars, square and compasses, triangles, and arrow-heads, by means of which the exact locality of the steamer can be known. In depth the lake varies—in the channel navigated from 10 to 60 fathoms or more, whilst there are subaqueous hills and plains forming shoals, flooded by less than six feet of water. In the winter the whole is covered with one continuous sheet of ice up to four feet in thickness, and with snow for six feet more. But we were there in leafy summer, and when next morning we arrived at Wilmanstrand, and went to the Saima Canal, which brings the traveller to Wiborg, I felt that I had never before seen anything in water scenery to compare for beauty with that of "Finland, the land of a thousand lakes, or the lake of a thousand isles."

Second Part.

SKETCHES IN FINLAND.

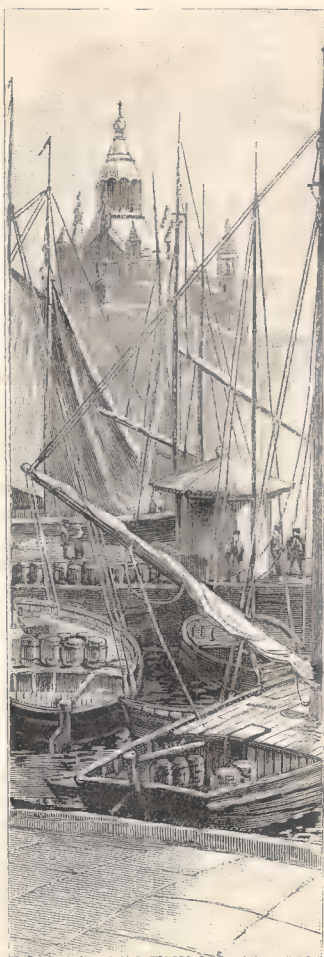
BY ALBERT EDELFELT.

A COMPANY of travellers sailing across the Sea of Aland from the Swedish capital found themselves one bright morning entering the so-called "Outer Archipelago" of Finland. What a difference between this scenery and that which they admired in the neighborhood of Stockholm! The large green islands had given place to desolate, rocky, and bare pieces of land, dotted here and there with grim and solitary pine-trees, some towering up like signals of distress, others crawling over the very surface of the water like so many sable-backed sea-monsters. Between and beyond these rocky islands there is nothing but water as far as the eye can reach. On the islands no vegetation will thrive except a few pine and fir trees; they stand there naked, except for the perching sea-gulls, their sides striped with parallel lines, marking the different heights of the water; cold and barren, like a harsh note that breaks the perfect harmony of the warm deep blue sky, of the clear air, undarkened by haze or mist, and of the sea, smooth as a mirror, on which now and again a light breeze, as it were, rules a series of silvery lines and angles. What unutterable monotony! When we raise our eyes from the

pages of our book, or when we come up on deck after the interval of lunch or dinner, the scene remains ever the same.

The distance between Abo, where the steamer touches in the course of the day, and Helsingfors, the present capital, is traversed in fifteen hours. The route lies for miles and miles along an uninterrupted rocky shore, very much resembling the series of islands and inlets above described, though less monotonous and less barren. There are even certain spots of wonderful beauty. For instance, a few hours before arriving at Helsingfors we pass through a strait seven English miles in length, and often no wider than a canal, whose shores are lined with fir, birch, and alder trees, between which, at intervals, we catch glimpses of fertile fields and pretty farm-houses, painted red or yellow. In this strait ships, smacks, and fishing-boats lie moored, waiting for a fair wind, and on the sloping shores we see country people mowing their meadows or drying their nets. As good luck will have it, we meet in this strait a flotilla of men-of-war and pleasure-yachts, all bearing the imperial flag. Every summer the Czar, our Grand Duke, makes a tour along the rocky shores of Finland.

Anchor is dropped in this agreeable spot, and the members of the imperial family amuse themselves for a few days by fishing and boating. This event fills the strait with life. Little steam-boats flit about in all directions, and on board the imperial yacht may be heard music and part singing, executed by a military band and by a chorus of student singers, who have come from Helsingfors for the occasion. This is a great event for the population of the coast, and the pretext for a general holiday. They row out to the imperial yacht and pay homage and tribute, the latter in the form of flowers and farm or dairy produce, which the members of the imperial family recognize by visits and valuable presents to the farmers in their homes. All along this coast-line of Finland there has lived from time immemorial an active and vigorous population of Swedish origin, composed of pilots, fishermen, and sailors, whose



GLIMPSE OF THE PORT AND
RUSSIAN CHURCH AT HELSINGFORS.

home and only means of livelihood is the sea, now glittering so calmly in the sunshine, but a terrible field of action when the autumnal gales are blowing and when the water is freezing. Farther north, in the district of Oesterbotten, the coast people carry on the dangerous trade of seal-shooting. At the approach of winter all the male inhabitants of the neighborhood leave for the very furthest extremities of the sea-coast, where they build camps, and pass the whole winter hunting. Far and wide they wander across the boundless wastes of ice and water, jumping with great difficulty from one block of floating ice to another, and killing with their guns, or with heavy mallets, the seals that lie

on the edges. This trade demands great strength and intrepidity. Sometimes it happens that the block of ice on which the hunters are standing drifts away toward the open sea, and then the poor fellows are surely lost. At other times a furious snow-storm will overtake them while on the way to their camp, and then many a hardy hunter gets separated from his fellows, loses his way, sees nothing, hears nothing, and at last sinks exhausted and perishes in the snow and ice.

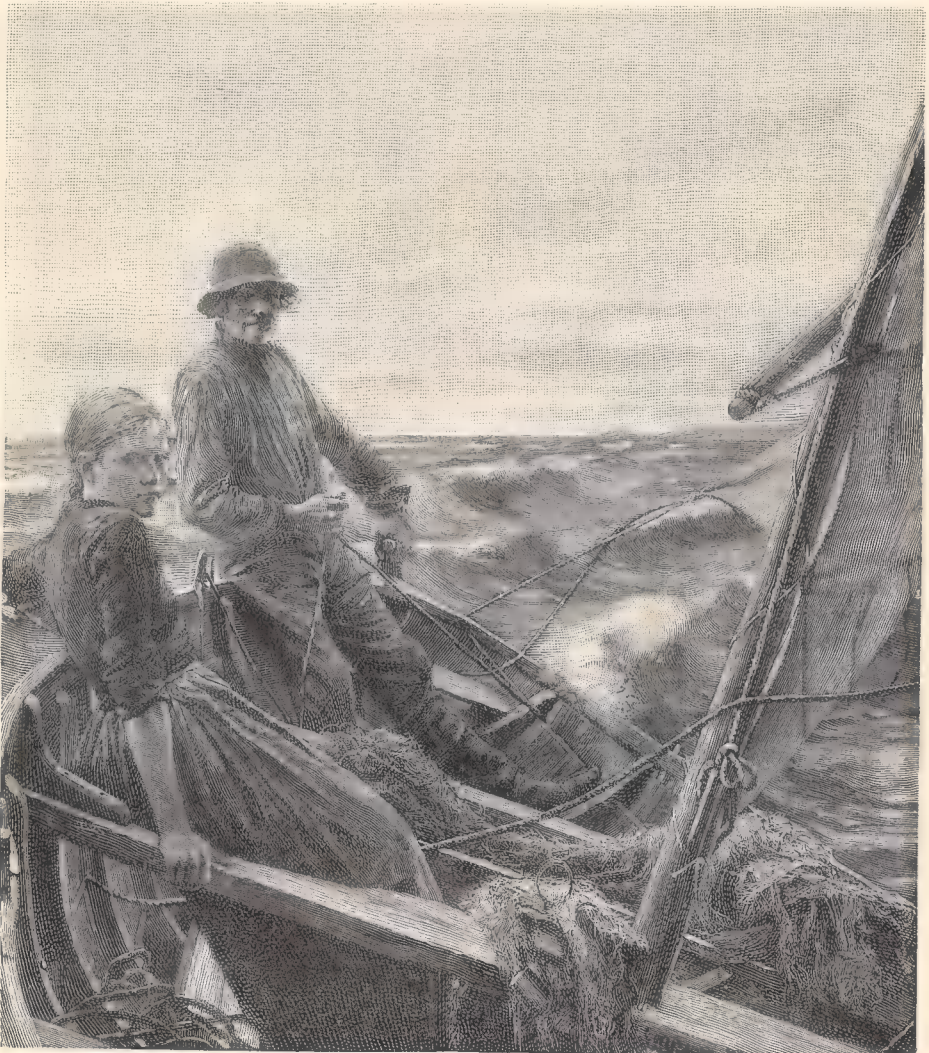
At the last station we have taken on board a pilot to steer us through the numerous shallows. He is an excellent type of the inhabitants of the south coast of Finland, broad-shouldered, strongly built, with a short stubby beard under his chin, and bushy eyebrows shading his small keen grayish-blue eyes. If he could leave his wheel for a while he would tell us many an episode of the brisk and active life of the coast, and probably boast not

a little about his prize sailing boats, and inform us that of all the women of the neighborhood, his girls are the cleverest at handling halyards and sheets.

After leaving this long strait we enter a broad bay, at the extremity of which is Helsingfors. There is no rich vegetation on the islands, no cottages or villages in sight to indicate the neighborhood of a town; but away in the distance the horizon is clear, and suddenly, at the very edge of it, we perceive some houses rising, as it were, from the water, bright and radiant. The outlines of the capital of Finland appear more distinctly as we approach the west end of the town, which

looks exquisitely beautiful in the morning sun. But we do not land here. The steamer steers a wide curving course between some little fortified islands forming the series of forts of Sveaborg which guards the entrance to the town, and then we have a lovely view before us. On the left there is a suburb of picturesque villas grouped on a rocky height; to the right, a narrow neck of land juts out into the sea, with on it some handsome buildings; and on a commanding hill a Russian church, built of red bricks in the Byzantine style. In the back-

ground is the town, and the harbor full of fishing-boats. A row of white or yellow houses, bright and clean, runs along the quays, and the whole panorama is dominated by a Protestant church, after the manner of the Isaac Cathedral at St. Petersburg, a sort of little Paris Pantheon flanked by four little towers. The aspect of the town is gay and clean, and the tourists grouped on the foredeck of the steamer are lavish in their compliments and expressions of admiration. But, to be just, we must confess that these fine white houses do not constitute



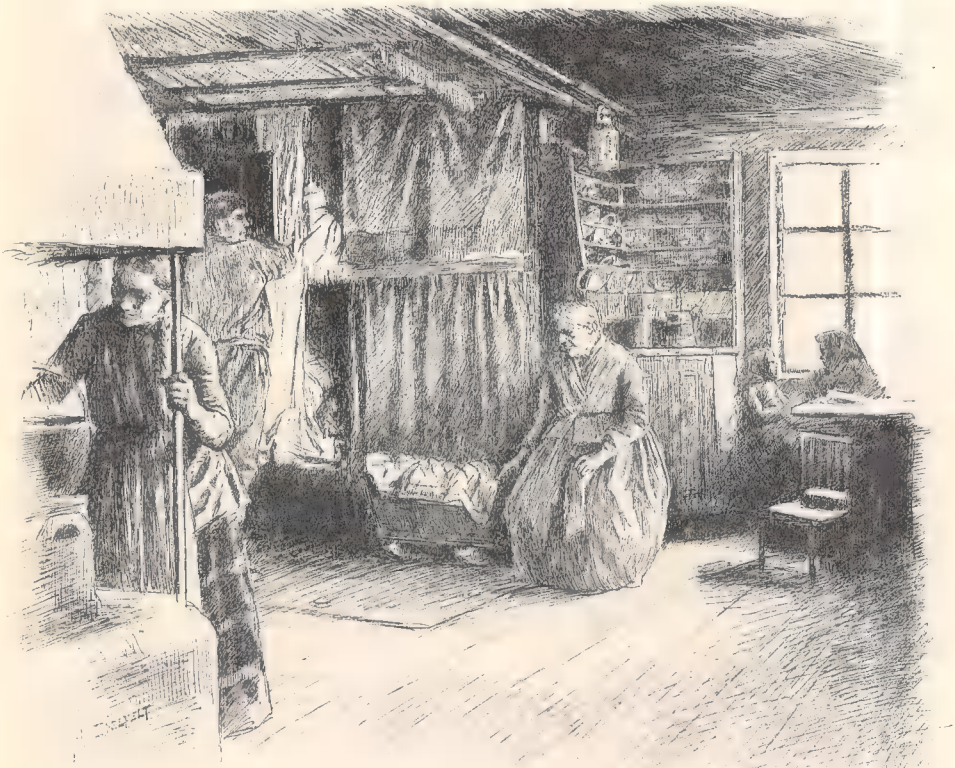
AN OLD PILOT AND HIS BRAVE DAUGHTER.

the whole town; the moment you leave the principal streets you find the usual wooden houses characteristic of Sweden and of the little Russian towns—low houses composed of a single story, and generally painted yellow. The total absence of coal smoke in this country, where only wood is burnt, makes our towns clean, and explains that limpid and transparent sky which seems to spread out its blue expanse immediately behind the houses.

The Empress Catherine II., in speaking of the climate of Russia, used to divide the year into eight months of winter and four months of bad weather. This severe judgment may be to a certain extent exact as regards the winter, but the other season was too badly treated by the great and witty sovereign. In the north of Russia and in Finland the heat during the months of July and August often attains 75° to 85° Fahrenheit; the sky

is bright blue; the fields, full of flowers of pale and unobtrusive colors, smell deliciously; and everybody makes haste to enjoy the brief summer. Those who are not absolutely obliged to work in the towns spend their last dollar in order to live in the country, hire a villa, a cottage, or even a humble fisherman's hut, and enjoy the *dolce far niente* of fishing and sailing.

Winter, on the contrary, is the season to visit the town. Then the pulse of life beats more strongly, and we have learnt so well how to combat and conquer the common enemy, cold, that the inhabitants, and even strangers, are enabled to forget the icy winds, the snow, and the thermometer, which sometimes sinks 20 degrees below zero. Sleighing parties, snow skating, and, above all, the favorite pastime of ice skating, with its fêtes, its illuminations, and its heroes and champions—for Finland has some excellent



INTERIOR OF A SWEDISH PEASANT'S HOUSE.



THE FISH-MARKET AT HELSINGFORS.

skaters, who have won laurels in abundance outside their own country also—all this makes winter at Helsingfors very endurable. The market, which has neither roof nor even stalls to shelter the poor buyers and sellers, proves that humanity can endure a prolonged station in the open air in very intense cold. The big fish-wives, muffled and wrapped up in innumerable shawls, remain there all day long selling their pike, their cod, and other fish, frozen and hard as logs of wood. The variety of types and costumes makes the aspect of the market very curious. There are Swedish fishermen with their sailor look, Finns in short cloaks, Russian soldiers wearing long gray overcoats and with their heads wrapped up in the "bashlik," Russian vegetable sellers in the traditional costume of the mujiks, Israelites in long caftans; and all this crowd of people, smoking all the while like chimneys, dance and stamp on the frozen ground to keep their feet from freezing entirely.

The great variety of race and language amongst the inhabitants of Helsingfors is

seen most conveniently and most strikingly at the market, where business brings together all these men, who are separated by idiom, religion, and manners, and who are otherwise indifferent, if not hostile, to each other. At the time of the great October fair the Esthonians arrive on their big two-masted sloops, and with their woollen stockings, their short jackets, long hair, and narrow-brimmed hats, the whole composing the costume of the peasants of the last century, add a new and picturesque note to a picture already full of interest. The Swedes from the coasts do not mix with the Finns; they do not understand their language; nor do they intermarry with Finnish women, and *vice versa*. For centuries these two races have been rubbing elbows every day without becoming ever confounded. The Russian soldiers, of whom there are 10,000 at Helsingfors, do not at all mingle with the population. Only the generals, who speak French, frequent a little Finnish society. Even the officers of the Finnish battalions, who are obliged to speak Russian, are almost strangers to

their Slav colleagues. A still more curious fact is that the masterpieces of Russian literature reach us through French or German translations, and Dostoïevsky and Tolstoï were known at Paris before they were heard of in Finland, although it is only a few miles from St. Petersburg, and in a country forever united with the destinies of the empire.

At Helsingfors is the only university of the country. It is organized on the German plan, and counts more than 100 professors and 1700 students—a very fair percentage on a total population of 2,200,000 inhabitants. College life here is more like that of Scandinavia than of Germany. The club life and “Kneipen,” with duelling and obligatory affairs of honor, are unknown in our country. The colored cap of the German student is replaced with us by a black cap with a white velvet crown, with a little gold

Borgo is an old town about forty miles from Helsingfors, and certainly the most characteristic of the small towns of Finland. By the side of the old town, with its quaint, irregular houses and its tortuous streets, there are square and picturesque quarters, with houses painted with yellow ochre, and reminding one by their shape of cigar boxes. Situated at the mouth of a little river, and prettily set in a frame of hills and ancient fortifications, covered with venerable pine-trees, Borgo presents a most curious aspect. The old white cathedral; the strange houses of the old town, painted red, ochre, and orange; the sheds and warehouses built along the river, with their foundations in the water itself; and everywhere in the intervals between these odd wooden buildings the fresh greenery of the gardens—such are some of the features which make this little town so character-



BORGÓ.

lyre over the shade. The student lives very independently with his fellow-students from the same town or of the same class; or, if he has a taste for singing, with those who follow the singing lessons; for student singing plays an important part in college life, and in the life of the North in general, where it is an element in every festivity, whether private or public.

The cathedral is a large, square monument, built of blocks of granite, whitewashed, and with pointed gables. The steeple is separate from the church, at a distance of about fifty paces. It is the type of almost all our churches of the Catholic era, that is to say, before Gustavus Vasa.

It was in this church of Borgo that Alexander I., in 1809, opened the Finnish



ELLI, THE MASSEUSE.

Diet, by which he promised to preserve and to respect forever the religion, the laws, and the Swedish constitution of the country, thus, according to his own words, "raising Finland to a place amongst nations."

Borgo is a place of patriotic pilgrimage for the Finns. Here lived Runeberg, the greatest poet and patriot of the country, contenting himself with the modest position of Professor of Greek in the gymnasium of the town. He died in 1877, and was buried in the midst of some enormous pine-trees on the hill facing the town. His house has been purchased by the state, and is now open to visitors, who see it just as it was during the poet's lifetime. Runeberg is the greatest name in Swedish literature, for this Finn wrote in Swedish, his mother-tongue. The poet who so admirably comprehended the honest and patient character of his compatriots, who sang in such noble verse their ceaseless labor to overcome unfertile and

niggard nature, the patriot whose inspiration blazed forth at the memory of their heroic fight for their country in the unequal struggle of 1808, belonged to that strong and virile race of Swedes who live on the coast of Finland, and who from time immemorial have looked upon Finland as their true and only father-land. The Swedish influence in Finland began in the twelfth century, when King Eric came to plant the cross in the midst of the pagan populations. Up till the beginning of the nineteenth century Finnish literature was confined to translations of the Scriptures and of religious books. The Finns, who aspired to a more lofty culture, accepted the language of the Swedish conquerors who had become their fellow-citizens. On the other hand, the Swedes of Finland considered themselves to be sons of the same soil as the Finns. There is, therefore, nothing astonishing in the fact that a Swedish Finn became the poet of the country and created the Finnish



ELLI'S TWO SONS.

nation, which had remained unconscious of itself until the moment when the poems called the *Stories of Ensign Stål* made the chord of patriotism and honor vibrate in the heart of every Finn. Runeberg's birthday is celebrated as a national fête in Finland, and the children learn

his poems by heart not only in Finland, but in the whole of Scandinavia. His statue, made by his son, the sculptor, stands at Helsingfors, and the town of Borgo possesses another statue by the same artist, who is better fitted than any other man to reproduce the features of the great poet.

In order to make excursions into the interior of the country we have only to take the train, which will carry us not only to St. Petersburg, but also northward as far as Uleaborg, the most northern spot in the world that the locomotive has yet reached. We have to go to Uleaborg in order to gain Tornea and Aavasaksa, the mountain whence can be seen the midnight sun on St. John's Eve. This pleasure, however, we reserve for another year, and direct our course eastward, in order to visit the fine country on the Vuoksi River and around Lake Saima. The cars are comfortable and built on the American plan, with doors at the ends. We set-

tle ourselves cozily in a corner, with a ticket for Wilmanstrand. It is not easy to realize the dreamy and discreet beauty of the country from the view out of the car window; indeed, the outlook is sadly monotonous, not to say horribly ugly. Forests of low stunted trees alternate



A PEASANT'S FARM.

with fields or marshes where the vegetation is yellow and gray. The barns visible here and there are, of course, built of wood, and the pointed pine-trees and the primitive fences of pine poles give to the whole landscape a singularly stiff and disagreeable aspect. The heights are not considerable, and the line of the background of the picture, formed generally of pine woods, presents only very slight modulations. The railway stations, of wood also, are very modest; but, nevertheless, with their little plantations and flower beds, they appear like veritable oases in this desert of pale green. If you happen to be travelling on Sunday, you will have the consolation of seeing some curious types; but on week-days there is absolutely nothing to attract the eye.



RUTTA, THE LOCAL BEAUTY.



THE COSTUME OF RUOKOLAKS.

And what types they are! The peasants who live near the railway track offer no artistic interest whatever. Their faces are gray, their hair is gray, and their clothes are gray, and there is nothing striking in their physiognomy. But the Saima country promises better things, and so we make the best of the wearisome monotony until we approach the lake country, when the change in aspect begins to become marked.

Wilmanstrand, a small bathing-place frequented by the middle classes of St. Petersburg during the summer, possesses two attractions for visitors—the exercising ground, where the Emperor comes sometimes to review the Finnish troops, and an imperial palace. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The state has bought, on behalf of the sovereign, a modest villa, which the architects and artists of Finland have endeavored to render habitable by the august visitors. Furniture, hangings, and pictures are all of Finnish origin in this improvised palace, which might indeed serve as a specimen of the industry of the country.



BIRCH-BARK KNAPSACK AND SHOES.

No tourist who pretends to see Finland can dispense with a journey to Imatra, the celebrated cataract of the river Vuoksi. The excursion is very agreeable, the communications being excellent, and the route charming. At Wilmanstrand we embark on a clean and smart little steamer, which will take us to the mouth of the Vuoksi. We are not a little surprised to find on this steamer a mixed crowd of tourists, such as we are accustomed to see in Switzerland, for instance, but which strikes us as being absolutely novel in this part of the world. With the exception of a few English and French tourists, they are middle-class people from St. Petersburg, who have come to breathe the pure air of Finland. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined than Lake Saima, a corner of which we cross on a fine summer's morning. Thousands of islands and rocks are reflected in the calm and limpid water that bathes the sombre or silvery foliage of the overhanging pine and birch trees. The enormous mass of water contained in the en-

tire system of the lakes of Saima finds an issue at Harakka over a small water-fall famous for an abundance of trout. The fishing right has been purchased by some English sportsmen from St. Petersburg, who have built a villa near the spot.

We now follow the course of the Vuoksi for half an hour in a gig. The small cataracts and the rapid current of the broad river give to the moving water tones of cold ultramarine blue. This is not the greenish-blue of the Swiss lakes and torrents, but a blue *sui generis*, the like of which is to be found only in fine Chinese porcelain. The whole country wears an air of gayety and festivity which one scarcely expects to find in such a Northern latitude.

Here we are at Imatra. Enormous rocks narrow the bed of the river, which seems to have split the prodigious mass of stone at one fell swoop in prehistoric times. The water-fall is not steep and precipitous; indeed we might correctly speak of the *rapids* of Imatra, inasmuch as the succession of cataracts extends over a distance of some five furlongs. There is no question of the color of the water here. Immense waves, all white with foam, pile up one on the top of the other, and the tossing and surging water flings its spray over the spectators who are standing on the sides at a considerable height above the bed of the torrent. At a distance of a few versts from Imatra is another cataract of the same kind, Wallinkoski, less violent, but broader, and surrounded by dark pine forests. Here, indeed, we might well believe ourselves to be miles and miles away from all civilization, were it not for a few villas built by Russians, which we see here and there peeping out from a bed of verdure.

We have heard a good deal about the fine popular costumes of this country, but the people met in the environs of Imatra and of its horribly European hotel have caused us nothing but bitter deception. Some children offer us strawberries, and stones worn into round or curious shapes by the waters of Imatra. An old beggar-woman, in the dark and almost monastic costume of the Joutseno, interlarding her monotonous supplications with quotations from the Scriptures, gives us certainly a bit of local color; but we have not yet discovered a single Kar-

elian type, or a single one of those large white head-dresses that are traditionally worn in the country, and are justly considered to date from the most remote antiquity. The hotel waiters cannot give us any information on this subject, and the tourists declare, in so many stereotyped phrases, that national costume is disappearing everywhere, and that our business age is incompatible with picturesque. The St. Petersburg snobs add that the Finn women are horribly ugly, and that we shall not lose much if we do not meet any. Happily the idea came into our heads to consult one of the inhabitants of the country, and, thanks to him, we found the wherewithal to gratify our thirst for local color.

"You have only to go about twenty versts into the interior," he said, "and you will see villages where the old costume is still worn unmodified. I will give you the address of a good peasant woman, who will welcome you with open arms, lodge you, and procure you models."

No sooner said than done. Fifteen versts in a cariole, then across a lake, a

few hundred paces over an isthmus, another half-hour by boat across a lake, and here we are at the address indicated. It is a clean, well-built farm-house, with the entrance and the staircase painted with very bright yellow ochre.

Our hostess, who did, indeed, receive us in the most amiable manner, was a tall angular woman, with long dry hands and an irregular sun-burnt face. Her teeth white as pearls, her small bright blue eyes sparkling with intelligence, and then the large white coif falling in fine folds down her back, completed this sympathetic and original type of the true Karel-ian woman. She was, for that matter, by no means an ordinary woman. By birth a simple peasant, and a simple peasant still, she had acquired a sort of medical authority as a first-class *masseuse*, and that, too, not only in her own country, but also in the neighboring towns, and even at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Her husband had been for years bedridden, crippled with rheumatism, and utterly unable to work; and the poor wife, horrified at the prospect of ruin and mis-



GOING TO CHURCH ON LAKE SAIMA.

ery, set to work to *masser*, to rub and knead the patient with such obstinate perseverance that, seconded as she was by a sort of medical instinct, she succeeded in curing him completely. *Massage*, which has worked so many prodigious cures of late years in Europe, has been known for centuries to the Finnish peasants, who practise it in their vapor baths. The bath of moist vapor, generally known by the name of Russian bath, of a temperature that none can endure except those who are accustomed to it from childhood, is one of the capital features in the life of the Finnish peasant, and procures him the highest imaginable pleasure. The "Sauna," the place where the baths are taken, is a square house, built of wood, like all the houses in the land, only it has no chimney; the smoke passes out through a hole in one of the walls. In a corner one discerns, in spite of the intense obscurity, a large furnace, and opposite the furnace a sort of loft or shelf, which is reached by means of a ladder. The vapor is produced by pouring buckets of water on heaps of burning hot stones placed on the top of the furnace. The Finnish peasant, with his family and his servants and everybody belonging to him, from the octogenarian down to the new-born babe, takes these baths every night in summer during the haymaking and the harvest, and once or twice a week in winter. Such is the simplicity of these populations, and such the respect for the "Sauna," considered as a sacred place, that the promiscuity of ages and sexes never has any bad result from the point of view of morality. A crime committed in the "Sauna" is held to be aggravated tenfold by the holiness of the ground where it is committed. Each one, without troubling himself about his neighbor, enjoys the atmosphere charged with smoke and vapor, beats his flesh with leafy branches of birch, and refreshes himself from time to time with a little cold water. Sometimes during the winter the men rush out of this temperature of 150° Fahr. and roll themselves in the snow, their bodies being red as raw beefsteaks. They maintain that these enormous changes of temperature render them less sensitive to cold and heat. All Finnish children are born in the "Sauna," where also the women doctors exercise their art.

To return to our hostess, the miracu-

lous cure that she had worked on the person of her lord and master being completed, her name began to fly on the wings of renown until it reached the neighboring town of Wiborg. Elli, for this was her name, was sent for by all suffering from rheumatism, first of all, at Wiborg, and then at Helsingfors and St. Petersburg. Her method was verified by the doctors, and the faculty not finding its authority at all impaired by this rival in peasant costume, Elli had finally come to pass her winters in the towns in the occupation of "massing" the rheumatic populations with her robust fingers; but no sooner did the fine weather return than she hurried back to her dear farm. The peasants all over these parts are small owners or free farmers, but, as is the common lot in Finland, all are very poor, and the house of Elli, thanks to the money she had earned by her "massage," had an almost aristocratic air compared with the extremely primitive cabins of her neighbors. For although the most fortunate of these farmers are not so badly off, money is almost unknown amongst them. Foreigners can scarcely form an idea of the indigence of these people, or of their food, so different from that of the continental people. Economy and prudence are not the chief qualities of the Finnish peasant; he eats all that the season's crop produces, without thought for the future; during the summer there is a Belshazzar's feast every day, with milk, curds, and even butter; but in the winter there is nothing but the eternal black rye-bread, potatoes, and fish so salt that it would take the skin off the throat of any but a Finnish peasant.

In her wanderings, Elli, who had never given up the costume of her country, had not failed to attract the attention of artists. She had even posed twice for a lady, a painter at Wiborg. My color box, easel, and umbrella were therefore familiar objects to her, and my trade did not cause her either fear or astonishment. On the contrary, she promised to find me as many models as I pleased, and she kept her word, without counting that she posed for me herself, together with her whole family, her servants, and her neighbors. Never was an artist better received amongst non-artistic people. Money being very rare in these parts, one franc a sitting was a fortune for a poor old woman who could no longer work in the fields.



THE CEMETERY AND BELL TOWER OF RUOKOLAKS.

strongly impressed with the incomparable and melancholy beauty of the landscape. Finnish villages are not built like those of France and Russia, for instance, with a street in the middle; each farm-house stands in the centre of its domain, so that we had to walk many versts in order to reach a neighbor's.

Our nocturnal work had

But, first of all, I had to familiarize myself with the country, and to find good types. So Elli and I started off across the country to see what resources it offered from a picturesque point of view. The summer night, clear and limpid, gave a peculiar charm to our walk, and I felt

a very positive result. The prospect of gaining a few francs procured me models by the dozen, more even than I needed, and the next morning I saw five or six women in the gala costume arrive at Elli's house. I set to work and sketched them diligently, while losing nothing of their gossip.



A HARAKKA PEASANT.

In this remote village, far away from all European influence, old customs are held in honor, as well as the old costume. The costume varies in the different districts, but in a general way, in the whole government of Wiborg, it represents the ancient costume of the Finns. Twenty years ago the men and women alike still wore those long overcoats of white drugget which the high-priest Makarij, in his chronicle of Novgorod, written in the eleventh century, mentions as characteristic of the Finns. The head-dress of the women and the large silver brooch, the apron ornamented with stripes and transversal embroidery, are found everywhere amongst the Karelian races, even in Russia. The costume of Ruokolaks, represented in our illustration, is evidently the gayest and most picturesque of all the national costumes. The black dress hemmed with red, the red and white apron, the white camisole embroidered with red, and the large head-dress ingeniously folded and pinned, without a single stitch of needle and thread, give it something of a Southern and Italian look. Unfortunately the young women of the present day, blinded by the brilliant and horrible colors of printed fichus, are beginning to abandon this most character-

istic head-dress. The wandering peddlers gain perhaps a little by the change, but picturesqueness loses. The peasants still wear shoes plaited out of birch bark. These shoes cost next to nothing, for the peasant can make himself a pair in an hour, and they have the great advantage of allowing the water to run out and of drying very quickly. Birch bark is also employed to make a number of useful objects besides shoes of all kinds, such as bags, which are carried on the back like soldiers' knapsacks, sponges for rubbing and cleaning, etc.

The population of which I am speaking belongs to the Karelian race, the other branch, the Tavastians, occupying the western parts of the country. In spite of their moral qualities, the Tavastians are not sympathetic to look at; their square stature, their heavy features, and their slow movements form the absolute opposite of all that we are accustomed to look upon as the classical type of beauty. The Karelians are generally lean, tall, less blond, brisker in their movements, more talkative, and more prepossessing than their Tavastian brothers. Their hands are remarkable for delicacy and beauty.



A FINNISH PEASANT AT WORK.

You often meet tall, slender, and elegant young fellows, like the two sons of Elli, whom I have sketched just as they were coming home from haymaking. The young girls are never blond and rosy, like the Swedes, for instance, nor has their skin the carmine and tender green tones of that of German girls; it is smooth and dark, and their hair is oftener chestnut than blond. The men have generally travelled a good deal, and most of them are familiar with St. Petersburg and northern Russia.

The days passed quickly under Elli's hospitable roof, and soon Sunday arrived. Everybody was going to church, and I was joyous at the prospect of joining in

Saima. There another boat, larger than the first one, was waiting for us. It was so dry and full of cracks that it seemed to me that we ran the risk of sinking—a detail which gave but little alarm to my companions, for, in the first place, all had taken off their shoes and stockings; and, in the second place, we had quite time enough to arrive at the church, they said, before the boat would have made enough water to sink us. A delightful prospect!

We took leave of Elli, of her family and her farm, with regret, and started northward to see the fine scenery of Punkaharju. The largest of the steamers that ply on Lake Saima landed us very



THE STRONGHOLD OF OLOFSBORG.

the journey. The population met, first of all, on the banks of the lake. The big boat, specially reserved for this purpose, was launched, and then the twenty rowers took their seats. We were sixty in all. Elli's husband took the helm with extreme gravity. The women were completing the details of their toilet, and some of the old ones were helping the younger ones to fold and arrange their coifs, a most difficult operation indeed, which I have never been able to master, in spite of innumerable lessons.

Soon the lake was crossed, and we started off on foot, in a temperature of 80° Fahr., over the isthmus, about a verst wide, which separated us from Lake

early in the morning at Nyslott (new castle), a very small town, remarkable only for its mediæval stronghold of Olofsborg, which is considered to be the most picturesque and the best preserved of our old castles. The peninsula of Punkaharju is twenty versts distant from Nyslott, and the road is very ugly, which fact, doubtless, makes us find Punkaharju all the more attractive. The air is of remarkable purity, and the perfect silence aiding, Punkaharju would be an ideal spot for a sanatorium, a veritable paradise for nervous people especially.

It was here that we ended our excursion, from want of time to continue further toward the north as we had intended.

ENGLISH WRITERS IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. JOHN F. HURST, D.D.

THE more prominent bonds connecting England with India have always been military and commercial. But there are also literary associations which have played no small part in the great drama of English supremacy in Hindustan and Ceylon. In the early operations of the East India Company there was now and then an Englishman combining keen literary taste with an eye to commercial advantage, who helped in both ways to weld the chain which has finally brought India within the enduring control of his little island in the West. The English tradesman pure and simple was not even the first revealer of the boundless treasures of India. This was the work of the scholarly traveller. He was the pioneer who wandered over the country, lingered at those splendid courts, and came home with the story of the industries, the gorgeous architecture, the unrivalled jewels, the flora, and the exhaustless soil. His marvellous accounts stirred the commercial mind, and induced the English capitalists of three centuries ago to undertake the forming of great enterprises in the East. Sir Thomas Roe, not content with exploring the Amazon on the Western continent, never gave a pause to his long pilgrimage until he reached the court of the Great Mogul. The moment when that traveller—the first Englishman to behold the splendor of the Peacock Throne of Delhi—touched the marble floor of the greatest palace in the East, and breathed the perfumed air of its audience-hall, was full of fate to that mighty empire. From that time onward England's eyes were never turned away from the wealth of India.

The East India Company never displayed greater skill in the management of its affairs in India than in its selection of men. Many of its civil servants were skilful with the pen—an ability which served in good stead after they had become domesticated in India. Warren Hastings was hardly less as a literary character than as a civil administrator. His wide reading, his delightful style, his abiding interest in the antiquities of India, then new to Europe, gave him a prominent place in the group of English statesmen who knew how to enjoy with equal ease the delights of literature and the absorbing engagements of civil rule.

Sir Philip Francis, the most probable author of the "Letters of Junius," led a checkered life in India. He had been connected with the War-Office in London, and resigned in 1772. In the following year he was appointed a member of the Council for India.

As the vessel bore Francis and the other members of the Council up the Hugli to Calcutta, it was expected by the strangers from afar that the royal salute of twenty-one guns from the batteries of Fort

William would be given them. But, alas, the number was seventeen.* Hastings had taken great care that the royal salute should not be given. Francis was disgusted. His pride was wounded. When he met Hastings the reception was cold and formal. He took no pains to conceal his sense of injury. A few ounces more of gunpowder would probably have made them cordial friends. But now there could be no friendship. This first affront laid the foundation of

* Busteed's *Echoes from Old Calcutta*, p. 55.



CARICATURE OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

that bitter hostility of Francis to Hastings and his administration, sharpened the pen of Francis for invective and satire hardly less keen than one finds in the "Letters of Junius," and led to a duel between the two in India, which resulted in the wounding of Francis and that trial of Hastings by the House of Commons which shook all England and her distant colonies.

Francis indulged in all the license and splendor which his position, salary, and skill in gaming permitted. It is said that he paid a rent of \$60,000 a year for his house, employed 104 servants, had his grand dinners and balls, but all the while he watched Hastings with an eagle eye. Never has the Indian mail carried back to England more violent attacks on a Governor-General than those of Francis against Hastings. During all the first years of his stay in India he underestimated the genius of his foe. Hastings triumphed in the end. His pen, and that endurance which "resembled the patience of stupidity," triumphed over the malignity of the temper and the ambition and the venomous pen of even Philip Francis.

There is hardly any notable event in Anglo-Indian history with which English literature has not some immediate connection. Even the Black Hole tragedy has its literary associations. That is the best known of all the individual crimes perpetrated by a native of India on English people. Calcutta was captured from the English by the native troops under Siraj ud Dowla (Lamp of the State), the Suba of Bengal. The later judgment of those best able to judge the conditions of the times is to the effect that the young Hindu commander was not responsible for the imprisonment and suffocation of the English people in the Black Hole, but that subordinate officers were the real perpetrators of the tragedy.

J. Z. Holwell was one of the few surviving prisoners. He became the historian of the tragedy, and afterward erected a monument to the memory of his murdered fellow-countrymen. Holwell's history in India was that of a man who seems to have been aroused to intense mental activity by the historical and literary wealth of the country. The very air about him inspired him to earnest research. His *Narrative of the Black Hole Tragedy* was an exhaustive monograph, and is the best original source for



J. Z. HOLWELL.

From an old print after a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

the proper understanding of that blackest chapter of Anglo-Indian history. But Holwell's study of India led him into larger fields. He inquired deeply into the religions of the people, their architectural achievements, their usages, and their far-distant history. His principal works are his *Mythology*, *Cosmogony*, *Fasts and Festivals*, and *Interesting Historical Events Relative to the Province of Bengal*. He was probably one of the best collectors of ancient manuscripts and other literary treasures in India at a time when the European craze for Oriental literary treasures had not as yet made them scarce in India. But his rich gatherings were lost at the capture of Calcutta. In addition to his elaborate books, he wrote monographs on various Indian topics, and contributed largely to awaken in England a literary interest in India. His fame spread to the Continent, where he was recognized, even more than in England, as an author of great worth. Voltaire says of him: "This is the same Holwell who learned not only the lan-

guage of the modern Brahmans, but also that of the ancient Brahmans. It is he who wrote most precious memoirs on India, and who translated sublime specimens of the first books written in the sacred language. We owe much to this man, who has only travelled to instruct. He has revealed that which has been concealed for ages."

An important movement in India in the latter half of the eighteenth century was the founding of the periodical press. The first newspaper established in India was *Hicky's Gazette*, which began its history on January 29, 1780, and soon took its place as an organ for the representation of the large Anglo-Indian colony in Calcutta. The freedom with which it discussed social topics made it a great power. *Hicky's Gazette* was the parent of a large number of newspapers and periodicals, not only in Calcutta, but in other parts of India. These periodicals, which had grown into a very respectable number by the year 1830, became the medium by which young Englishmen of literary tastes made their acquaintance with the public. The *Calcutta Literary Gazette*, established about 1835, and edited by D. S. Richardson, was ably conducted. The editor himself became known in Europe as the author of *Literary Leaves*, *Home Visions*, *The Ocean Sketches*, and the *Selections from the British Poets*. Macaulay, during his residence in Calcutta, was so pleased with this last work that he drafted a plan for a similar book of selections from the British prose writers, but never completed his undertaking. The *Bengal Annual*, of 1833, was a great favorite with ambitious young Anglo-Indians. It had a list of fifty contributors, and there seemed to be no end to the enterprise and daring of those young and aspiring tyros in literature in the far-off land of their adoption.

The military authorship of Anglo-Indians received early attention, and has grown with remarkable rapidity. Since the conquest of India by Clive, and its solidification by Hastings, there has grown up a wealth of books on the military history of the country which would constitute a vast library in itself. The expeditions to Afghanistan and to Burma, the Sikh war, the Sepoy Mutiny, and, indeed, every military movement in the country, have awakened a spirit of historical investigation which has taken shape in large

works. Some of them are not only treasures of history, but even of archæological research. The conquest of the Punjab has not only been treated in a military point of view, but that country having been the scene of Alexander's conquest, the old Greek relations have been discussed, and points of identity between Hindu and Greek civilization established. These works have become a part of the permanent treasure of the world's literature.

Many of the great campaigns have been treated by the leaders themselves. Havlock wrote *The Campaigns in Ava*, Neill wrote a history of the First Madras-European Regiment, Sykes wrote valuable notes on ancient India, and Phayre wrote on the Burma race. The important writings of Sir John W. Kaye—such as his *Essays of an Optimist*, *History of the War in Afghanistan*, *Life of Lord Metcalfe*, *History of the Sepoy War*, *History of the Administration of the East India Company*, and *Lives of Indian Officers*—show how strongly the literary spirit has prevailed among the military leaders who have established English supremacy in India.

To the military treatment of the country belongs also the attention given to the industrial and social life. We do not believe a single industry has been forgotten. Men who have conducted large tea and coffee plantations have written on each subject. No study of cotton culture would be complete without consulting the works of the Anglo-Indian writers. Special antiquity, such as the architecture of the temples, has been treated with scientific thoroughness, and new light has been furnished by Fergusson and other patient English inquirers. The best writers on all these themes have not been mere tourists, like Sir William Jones—they had sympathy with the country. Their duties, either as civilians or soldiers, confined them often to one locality, where the history or some other interest of the place set them to thinking and writing. India owes to England not only a good government, the introduction of Western civilization, the freedom for the propagation of Christianity, but also the revelation of India to itself and to the great Western world.

From Macaulay's connection with India we have the two most brilliant papers on that country which have been written, namely, the essays on Clive and Hastings.



RESIDENCE OF MACAULAY IN CALCUTTA.

The relation of the Macaulay family to India did not begin with the going of Thomas Babington Macaulay as a member of the Council in 1834, and his remaining there four years. His father, Zachary Macaulay, had been a merchant in India, and returned to England. The uncle of the historian had lived on the western coast of India. An aged lady of Madras told me of the insecure life of himself and his children, and proved it by the fact that they often slept in couches lodged in the trees of the plantation, as the only refuge from the prowling beasts of the forest.

In Calcutta I had a conversation with Mr. Andrews, who had been a familiar aid to the historian during his stay in Calcutta, from 1834 to 1838. The reverence with which he spoke of the historian, and of his kindness to him, and the methods of his daily life, was exceedingly beautiful. Of all the memories of Mr. Andrews I doubt not that those of his daily service to Macaulay will remain the most cherished. The residence of Macaulay is one of the most attractive in Calcutta, and is now the Bengal Club-house. The club is a delightful resort. The rooms are spacious and beautiful. The tables are supplied with the best periodicals from every part of the world.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta. The Armenian convent is pointed out as the house where the great novelist first saw the light. The family had long been associated with India. In January, 1766, the *Lord Camden* sailed from England for Calcutta. There were on board eleven men who were to do service in India as writers for the East India Company. One was Ray, the son of Lord Sandwich, and subsequently distinguished as a Bengal author. The other was William Makepeace Thackeray, the grandfather of the novelist. This elder Thackeray was one of the four employed in the Secretary's office. He seems to have given satisfaction to his superior, for in the following year the president informed the board that he was in need of an assistant as cash keeper. Thackeray was appointed to this office. The register of St. John's Cathedral, in Calcutta, contains an entry of his marriage to Miss Amelia Webb, January 13, 1776. The family became permanent residents of that city. The father of the novelist seems to have been of no special prominence. He was buried in the North Park Cemetery, Calcutta, where his tombstone is still to be found.

The cemeteries of India tell many a romantic story, by the bare mention of



SUPPOSED BIRTHPLACE OF THACKERAY,
CALCUTTA.

names, of the close relation between that country and the writers at home. In a cemetery at Puna there lies buried the celebrated African traveller Sir W. C. Harris, who died October 9, 1848. He was author of *Wild Sports in the West and Highlands of Ethiopia*. In the North Park Cemetery of Calcutta there is a black marble slab containing the inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
The Honourable

ROSE WHITWORTH AYLMER,

who departed this life March 2d, A.D. 1800.
Aged 20 years.

This name calls to mind the most romantic period of the life of Walter Savage Landor. Landor left Oxford in 1797. He spent some time on the Welsh coast, where he made the acquaintance of Lord Aylmer's family. An attachment sprang up between Rose, the daughter of Lord

Aylmer, and young Landor. One day she loaned him a book from the Swansea Circulating Library. It was a romance by Clara Reeve. Here he found an Arabic tale which so profoundly impressed him that it suggested his first great work, "Gebir." The attachment between Rose Aylmer and Landor grew stronger. But an event occurred which separated the two. Rose went to Calcutta to visit or live with her aunt, Lady Russell, wife of Sir Henry Russell, who was at the time a judge in Calcutta, and afterward became chief justice, and, later, a baronet. Landor, in his poem "Abertawy," indicates both her unwillingness to go and his own sorrow at her departure:

"Where is she now? Called far away,
By one she dared not disobey,
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,
Where princes stand and judges sit.
Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropped her blossom in the grave;
Her noble name she never changed,
Nor was her nobler heart estranged."

A little poem to "The Three Roses" commences as follows:

"When the buds began to burst,
Long ago, with Rose the first
I was walking, joyous then,
Far above all other men,
Till before us up there stood
Britonferry's oaken wood,
Whispering, 'Happy as thou art,
Happiness and thou must part.'"

In another poem he sketches an incident of their idyllic life at Swansea. They could find no convenient seat. Landor constructed one by plucking up some thorn-rose bushes, for which he had to pay the penalty of a severe scratch:

"At last I did it—eight or ten;
We both were snugly seated then;
But then she saw a half-round bead,
And cried, 'Good gracious, how you bleed!'
Gently she wiped it off, and bound
With timorous touch that dreadful wound.
To lift it from its nurse's knee
I feared, and quite as much feared she,
For might it not increase the pain,
And make the wound burst out again?
She coaxed it to lie quiet there,
With a low tune I bent to hear;
How close I bent I quite forget,
I only know I hear it yet."

The death of Rose in far-off Calcutta was a great blow to Landor. Here is only a part of his famous elegy:

"Ah, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah, what the form divine?
What every virtue, every grace?
Rose Aylmer, all were thine."

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee."

Charles Lamb was so delighted with the tender words that he wrote Landor: "Many things I had to say to you which there was no time for. *One*, why should I forget? 'Tis for Rose Aylmer, which has a charm I cannot explain. I lived upon it for weeks."

Henry Crabbe Robinson wrote to Landor of a visit to the Lambs, as follows: "I have just seen Charles and Mary Lamb, living in absolute solitude at Enfield. I found your poems lying open before Lamb. . . . He is ever muttering Rose Aylmer." Landor survived Rose sixty-four years. Shortly before his death, in Florence, a young Englishman appeared in the old singer's presence, and handed him a letter from Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes). It was the coming of "the youngest to the oldest singer that England bore." The young man afterward wrote the following beautiful tribute:

"And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep,
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.
So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name,
As morning star with evening star,
His faultless fame."

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY.*

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

IV.

ALL day the slow process of the restoration of the household gods went on. For many a year thereafter all manner of losses dated from this period. "Hain't been seen nor hearn tell on sence 'fore the infair," was a formula that sufficiently accounted for any deficit in domestic accoutrement. There was no one in the Pettingill family so lost to the appreciation of hospitality and the necessity of equalling the entertainment given by the bride's relatives as to opine that the game was not worth the candle. But more than once Mrs. Pettingill, with a deep sigh, demanded, "Who would hev thunk it would hev been so much more trouble ter kerry in things agin 'n ter

kerry 'em out!" She did not accurately gauge the force of enthusiastic anticipation as a motive power. Nevertheless she bore up with wonderful fortitude, considering that the triumph of the supper had been eclipsed. The inanimate members of the household were exhibiting a sort of wooden sulks as they were conveyed to their respective places—now becoming stiffly immovable, despite the straining muscles of the men folks; then suddenly, without the application of appreciably stronger force, bouncing forward so unexpectedly that the danger of being overrun was imminent, and cries of "Stiddy, thar! Ketch that eend! Holp up, thar!" resounded even through Rhodes's dreams in the roof-room, as he drowsed peacefully

* Begun in January number, 1891.



"THE SADDLE BORE NO RIDER."—[See page 387.]

under the narcotic influences of hop tea. The loom might have seemed to entertain a savage resentment for its supersedure, and was some two hours journeying back to its place in the shed-room, the scene alike of the blighted supper and its old industrial pursuits. After that the men folks took a vacation, and applied themselves with some zest to apparently incidental slumber; old man Pettingill nodded in his chair on the porch; the others, chiefly volunteering neighbors, fell asleep in the hay at the barn while ostensibly feeding the cattle, leaving the great skeleton of the warping bars staring its reflection in the river out of countenance as it leaned against the fence, with its skeins of carefully sized party-colored yarn the prey of two nimble kittens, who expressly climbed the gaunt frame to tangle them. Even Mrs. Pettingill, sitting on an inverted basket in the yard amongst her gear, looking a trifle forlorn, bareheaded, with her gray hair tucked in a small knot at the nape of her neck, her spectacles poised upon her nose, her hands on her knees, lost herself while gazing at her possessions in the effort to decide at which end she had best begin to rehabilitate the confusion; her eyelids presently drooped, and scant speculation looked through those spectacles. The shadowy great trees waved above her head. Bees robbed the clover at her feet, and flew, laden and drowsily droning, away; the light shifted on the river; the sun grew hot; the far blue mountains were like some land of dreams, so fair, so transfigured, they hardly seemed real and akin to these great, rugged, craggy, darksome heights that loomed beside the little cottage. Everywhere were sleeping dogs; now and then one roused himself to recollections of the infair and the supper, and invaded the shed-room, standing in the door and gazing with drooping tail upon the simple domestic apparition of the loom in its accustomed place, evidently having believed, in his optimistic simplicity, that the good things and the splendor and the delightful bustle of the past evening were to continue indefinitely, and infinitely disappointed to find them already abolished, the fleeting show of a single occasion.

Shattuck would hardly have acknowledged as much to himself, but he certainly felt relieved of an irksome prospect by this succumbing of the Pettin-

gills to the influence of excitement and fatigue. Conversation with his host would necessarily be somewhat hampered by the events of the preceding evening. He could not well have resented the old man's indignation, and yet forbearance and courtesy were of even more poignant intimations. He had winced when the bridegroom had taken leave of him with a punctilious show of cordiality and hospitality and a hearty hand-shake, to show that he bore no malice for those insinuations. For these reasons the guest was not sorry to note the solemn preoccupation in the old man's open-mouthed countenance as he passed out from the porch to the shade of the trees, where he came presently upon Mrs. Pettingill, sitting as motionless as a monument amongst her distorted and dislocated "truck," as in her waking moments she would have phrased her belongings. He lighted his cigar as he strolled down to the river, pausing to strike the match upon the white bark of an aspen-tree. The ferns gave out a sweet woodland odor, faint and delicate, overpowered presently by the pungent fragrance of the mint as his feet crushed the thick-growing herb. The crystal river murmured as it went, and seemed to draw reflective, half-breathed sighs, as in the pauses of a story that is told. Now and again, when the banks were high on either side, the rocks duplicated the sound of the lapsing currents with a more sonorous, cavernous emphasis, as if they sought to enter into the spirit of this sentient-seeming life. The sky, looking down in deep blue placidities, only here and there smote the water to azure emulations of its tint; for the shadows predominated, and the gravel gave the stream that fine brown, lucent tone, impossible to imitate, broken occasionally where some high boulder incited the impetuosity of the current to bold leaps. Then it was crested with snow-white foam, and shoaled away with glassy green waves to the same restfully tinted brown and amber swirls. The overhanging rocks were gray and broken and full of crevices, with moss and lichen. Where they lay in great fractured masses under a giant oak, a spring gushed forth. He heard its tinkling tremor, more delicately crystalline and keyed far higher than the low continuous monotone of the river. He mechanically turned toward the sound, to see Letitia in her light blue dress sitting upon the gaunt gray rocks at the foot of

the craggy masses, a brown gourd in her hand and an empty cedar piggin at her feet. Her eyes were fixed gravely upon him, her face was fresh as the wild roses amongst the crevices of the rocks. She looked not more wilted by the excitements and heat and turmoil of the dancing at the infair than the flower blooming with the break of day. He strolled toward her, and spoke at the distance:

"You're the only member of the family awake now, I believe." He smiled, and flicked off the ash of his cigar.

The expression of her eyes changed as they still rested upon him. "Dun'no' whether I be awake or no," she observed. "I kem down hyar arter a pail o' water, an' 'pears like I can't git away agin. Disabled somehow. Asleep, mebbe, though I moughtn't look like it."

Her uncouth garb and dialect were somehow softened by the delicacy of her proportions, and the perfect profile and cutting of her face. Her speech was hardly more grating upon him, precisian though he was, than the careless, untutored lapses of a child might have been; all the senses of comparison as readily ignored them. She looked so sprite-like as she sat in a drooping, relaxed posture by the spring in the niche of the rocks, one hand behind her head, the other holding the gourd against her blue dress; and the idea of an oread or a naiad suggested to his mind was suddenly on his lips.

Her reply instantly reminded him of her limitations and her ignorance.

"Witched an' bound ter the spot!" she exclaimed, with widening eyes and breathless tone. She lowered her voice: "Did you-uns ever see one?"

Her literal interpretation embarrassed and threw him off his guard.

"Never till now," he said. He was not intentionally flirting with Zack Pettingill's daughter; but elsewhere and to another of her sex the speech would have impressed him as a pretty compliment. In her quality of woman, in her possession of a heart, she was no more represented in his mind than if she had been the flower above her.

She either did not comprehend the flattery or she ignored it. Her mind was fixed upon the water-nymph and the oread. "Bound ter the spot!" she reiterated, with a sceptical air. "Thar's a heap o' ways o' bein' bound ter the spot. Laziness kin hinder ez totally ez a block an'

chain. Mebbe they war 'flicted that-a-way, sorter like me." She stretched both arms upward in an attitude that might have been grotesque in another, but with her was a charming and childish expression of fatigue.

He sat down on the ledge of the rock, took out his watch, and looked at it. "I wish I knew whether the doctor wouldn't come or would," he said, the harassment of the earlier hours recurring to his mind. "I am sorry they ever sent for him. Doesn't he seem a long time coming?"

"Fee Gutbrie axed me that question fourteen hundred an' fifty times this mornin'. I don't set my mind on doctor men whenst folks air well, only whenst ailin'. 'Pears ter me like Mr. Rhodes's main complaint air foolishness."

Shattuck flushed with a sort of loyal resentment for his friend's sake. "You think he is foolish because he wanted to dance with you?" he said, tartly.

She cast a rallying side glance down upon him. "Mr. Rhodes warn't particular 'bout dancin' with me," she protested. "I ain't in no wise a favorite 'mongst the boys. That's what makes me 'low I be so smart!" She turned her head with a bird-like coquetry, more formidable for being so natural.

"Too smart for them?" he said, placated in spite of himself by her naïve arrogations.

She nodded the wise little head that she so boldly vaunted. "They all ax me, 'Hey? hey?'"—she raucously thickened her voice in drawling mimicry—"ter every word I say—every one I ever see but you-uns."

If he could compliment, she could return the courtesy. He was silent for a moment, remembering the criticisms that he had heard last night on her unexpected and contrariwise conversation. She was doubtless far too clever for her compeers and her sphere—even clever enough to know it.

"You don't think it worth while to be a favorite amongst fools. But how is poor Mr. Rhodes a fool?"

"Foolish," she corrected him, as if she made a distinction. "'Kase he wants ter git 'lected ter office, an' he kems 'round sa-aft-sawderin' folks ez laffs, 'an laffs at him, a-hint his back. An' he dassent say his soul's his own! An' he hev ter take sass off'n everybody. He talks 'bout the kentry, an' ennybody kin see he don't

keer nuthin' 'bout the *kentry*. I'd ruther be a wild dog down thar by the ruver-bank, an' feed off'n the bones the wolf leaves, an' be free ter hev a mind o' my own."

Shattuck seemed to revolve this caustic characterization of his friend the politician. He did not care to press her further as to her opinions. He only said, presently, once more looking at his watch, "I think it so strange that the doctor doesn't come."

"Fee Guthrie waited a considerable time ter make sure ez Mr. Rhodes wouldn't die, an' 'twouldn't be desirable ter hang nobody ter-day."

Her interlocutor winced a trifle, remembering his threats last night. Her placid face, however, intimated nothing of any intention that might animate her words; it expressed only its own unique beauty.

He was charmed by it in some sort. He could see by that mentor, his watch, how long it had been that he had sat here listening alternately to the river's song and her low vibrant drawl. But he fancied that reluctance to meet the mountaineers at the house had detained him, or eagerness to descry the first approach of the superfluous physician, rather than the fascination of this rustic little creature, whose words so combined bitterness and honey. He hastened to divert her attention from the last suggestion.

"Where is Guthrie now, anyhow?" he said, affecting to look around as if expecting to see him somewhere at hand amongst the black vertical shadows of the noon and the still golden sunshine.

"Off in the woods somewhere, I reckon," she said; "prayin', mebbe."

"Praying?" he repeated, in astonishment.

"Lawsy-massy, yes! He's a mighty survigrous han' at prayin' an' repentin'. He repents some every day—whenst he don't fagit it."

She laughed in a languid way, once more stretching up her tired arms, the brown gourd in one of her lifted hands, and then she relapsed into silence, her eyes fixed upon the swift flow of the stream. He too was silent, gazing upon the gliding waters. Naught so unobtrusively, so sufficiently fills an interval of quiet as this watching the continual movement of a current. Neither knew or cared how the time went by. Ceaselessly the swift swirling lines made out to

the centre of the stream, and further down swept once more close in to the banks as the conformation of the unseen channel directed the volume and the force. The spring gurgled; its branch, wherein might be seen now and again a darting minnow, with its *svelte* shadow beneath it, flowed timorously down to join the river till a sudden widening and a quicker motion showed that its pulses felt the impetus of the stronger current. A kill-deer, flying so low as to dip its wings, ever and anon alighted on the margin, its stilt-like legs half submerged as it ran hither and thither, now and then bending to dig in the sand with its long slender bill. Suddenly there was a darker shadow in the water. A young woman had abruptly emerged from the undergrowth on the opposite bank, and was crossing the stream on the rickety little foot-bridge, consisting of but one log, the upper side hewn; her balance was a trifle difficult to maintain, since she carried a child in her arms. She looked eagerly toward the two as they sat by the spring, thus essentially differing from "leetle Mose," who, upon perceiving them, turned the back of his pink sun-bonnet upon them with an air of sullen rejection, unaware how the dignity of his demonstration was impaired by the diminutiveness of his head-gear, and, sooth to say, of the head within it. If he had expected to thus formidably crush the two spectators, he was mistaken; but he could not observe how it affected them, for he buried his face upon his mother's shoulder. She seemed fatigued and travel-worn as she came near, and her face bore traces of recent weeping in the pathetic drooping lips, the heavy-lidded eyes, and her pallor. She strove gallantly for a smile and to speak in a casual tone, as she said, "Howdy, Litt?" Then, although nodding to Shattuck, for introductions are not in vogue in this region, she went on, eagerly: "Did Steve kem ter the in-fair? He 'lowed he would." She paused, biting her lips hard to keep back the tears. Letitia looked uncertainly at Shattuck, as if expecting him to reply. The benedict, drearily superfluous to the festivities, had hardly been noticed by her as he lurked about the walls and sought what entertainment was possible to one under the social disabilities of matrimony.

"Who? Stephen Yates? Oh yes," said Shattuck. "He talked to me a long time. You were uneasy because he didn't

come home?" he asked, with facile sympathy. At the kind tones her self-control melted, and the tears began to flow afresh. "The infair broke up with a row, and Mr. Rhodes was hurt," he explained, holding out his cigar with a delicate gesture, and touching off the long ash against a verge of the rock. "Steve Yates went for the doctor on one of Mr. Pettingill's horses. It seems to me that it is time for him to be back, too," he added, his mind recurring to his own point of interest, and once more he looked across the river and up the section of the road which became visible for a little way along the side of a corn field, expecting to see the dust rise beneath the hoof-beats of the messenger's horse or the doctor's wheels. But all was still and silent, only the air shimmered in the heat, and from amidst the blue-green expanse of the corn he saw a mocking-bird rise in the ecstasy of its redundant song, its wing-feathers a dazzling white in the sun, and drop back quivering and still singing upon the unstable perch of a waving tassel.

Adelaide's tears still flowed, although she sought to stanch them now and again with the curtain of her sun-bonnet, which she pressed to her eyes. She had seated herself upon one of the rocks on the opposite side of the spring, and the "leetle Moses," whom she held upon her knee, one arm passed about his sufficiently burly waist, seeing that he was not noticed, indulged his own curiosity, and from the interior of his pink sun-bonnet bent a stare of frowning severity first upon Letitia, and then transferred his callow speculation to Shattuck. Perhaps it was far less Adelaide's natural embarrassment at thus meeting in tears a stranger than her divination of the young girl's mental attitude toward her that roused her pride and the resources of her fortitude. She sought to put away the recollection, hardly less poignant than the reality, of the long sad hours of the wakeful night—spent in reviewing the quarrel, repenting her hasty words to her husband, and anon inconsistently angered anew, because of the memory of his own bitter sayings—the keen expectancy of the lagging morning, the terrible morbid fear that had grown upon her jarred and shaken nerves that he would come back no more. Far, far was all her feeling from the girl's comprehension, and she deprecated that that half-scoffing face should look in upon her

sorrows—disproportionate and fantastic though they might be, but none the less piercing—and seek to gauge them by the narrow measure of her own experience and her own untried, undeveloped gamut of emotions.

"I ain't a-goin' ter git married," remarked the fancy-free scoffer from her perch, "till I kin find a man ez I kin trest wunst in a while ter take keer o' hisself, a-goin' an' a-comin' from a neighbor's house. Mus' be powerful sorrowful ter set at home an' shed tears lest he mought hev stumped his toe on the road. Mighty uncommon kind o' man I want, I know, but"—with resolution—"I be a-goin' ter s'arch the mountings, far an' nigh, till I find him. I'd like ter marry a man ez could be trested ter take keer o' hisself, an' mought even, on a pinch, take keer o' me."

Shattuck, with a smile, glanced across at the weeping wife, who laughed a trifle hysterically amidst her tears, and said:

"Oh, *don't*, Litt!" Then, regaining her composure, she once more pressed the curtain of her calico sun-bonnet to her eyes. It seemed that her dignity required some explanation. "I wouldn't hev minded it so," she said, "ef me an' Steve hedn't hed words. He wanted me ter kem with him ter the infair, but I war 'feared ter bring leetle Mose, fur he mought hev cotched the measles or the whoopin'-cough."

"He's safe now," remarked Letitia. "I be the youngest o' the fambly. I hed the measles thirteen year ago, an' I never *did* demean myself so fur ez ter hev the whoopin'-cough."

Somehow the tone of raillery, the sense of the freedom and the irresponsibility of the young girl, roused a vague sort of protest in the other, only a few years older, but upon whose heart were so many clamorous demands, all the dearer for their exactions. She felt in some sort bound to set herself right. Who had ever a happier married life than she and Stephen, a more contented home? And then the supreme unanimity of their worship of the domestic god Dagon—the extraordinary "leetle Mose!"

"I 'low I wouldn't hev been sech a fool ef 'twarn't so uncommon fur me an' Steve ter fall out," she said, her face resuming its serene curves, her full, luminous dark eyes fixed with a sort of recognition on Shattuck, which his quick senses apprehended as identification from de-

scription. "I oughtn't ter hev set up my 'pinion 'gin his, I reckon. He war mightily tuk up with a man—I reckon 'twar you-uns—ez hed been a-diggin' in the Injun mounds."

Shattuck nodded in response to this unique introduction.

"An'—an'"—she faltered a trifle—"ez hed a mind ter go a-diggin' up the bones o' them Leetle Stranger People o' ourn, ter—ter satify hisse'f what sort'n nation they used ter be, an' ter git thar pearls off'n thar necks."

There was a shocked gravity and surprise even on Letitia's face. Adelaide had looked away toward the road, affecting to watch for an approach, in despair of being able to fitly meet his gaze after saying this, which seemed to affect other people as a commonplace matter, but to her was an accusation of the deepest turpitude. The countenance of the infant Moses, still bent upon him with a sternly investigating stare, was the only one whose gaze had not a covert reproach. He hardly cared to argue with their prejudice. He sought to effect a diversion—in questionable taste he might have deemed it at another time, however little taste might be considered to be concerned in his conversation with the humble mountaineers. He had often heard, and had formally accepted as worthy of credence, the popular axioms concerning the dangers of interference between man and wife. But he certainly did not anticipate the effect of his words when he said:

"I shall have to look out for you, I hear. You are such a friend to the Little People that you have loaded a rifle for me. What sort of a shot are you, now; and how far will your rifle carry?" He cocked his cigar between his teeth, and looked at her with an air of good-natured raillery.

Her face seemed in the shadow of her purple sun-bonnet to be slowly turning to stone, so rigid and white it was. She did not reply, but as he noted her startling change of expression he felt a sudden rush of indignation. The mountaineers, with their unconscious ignorance, their intolerance of all other stand-points save within their own limitations, their arrogations of censorship, their suspicions of occult wickedness in his motives and intentions, their overt assumption of a right to direct the public conscience, had begun

to strongly anger him. His capacity for making allowances was all at once exhausted, and he found the intensity of her look strangely irksome.

"Well, what's the matter?" he asked, a trifle more roughly than he ever permitted himself to speak to a woman; for he was a man of consciously chivalric impulses, which he had willingly permitted to agreeably tinge his manners. He held his cigar suspended between his fingers while he waited.

"Did—did Steve tell you-uns *that* word?" she cried, in a tone like despair.

"Why, yes," he returned, promptly, "and warned me to stand from under."

There was a moment when the vivid sunshine, the cool, dank shadows of the foliage stirring with such soft dryadic murmurs above her head, the song of the bird from the strong, rich effulgence of the shining corn field, the chant of the river, even the cry of her child, were as null to her as if her every faculty were numbed in the centuries of death that crumbled slowly the pygmy burying-ground.

"Did *he* tell that word on me?" she cried at last, her voice rising discordantly. "He hev gone—he hev gone fur good. He warned me ef I teched that rifle ter fire at them that disturbed the rest o' the Leetle People whilst waitin' fur jedgment—or said that word—that he'd turn me out'n his door. But he 'lowed 'twar the easiest way ter go hisself. An' he hev gone—gone fur good." And once more she lapsed into stony immobility.

Mr. Shattuck turned his cigar and looked down at it. It was a casual gesture, but there was a spark of irritation in his eye. He had lost all appreciation of any element of interest in her beauty, in the picturesque charm of the surroundings. The incongruity that he and his semi-scientific researches in his idle summer loiterings should become involved in a foolish quarrel between a mountaineer and his wife struck him as grotesque, and offended his every sense of the becoming. He had piqued himself somewhat upon his sensibilities, his ever-ready sympathy with all sorts and conditions of people. He had fine abilities in many æsthetic ways; he could discern the higher values, to seek to make them his own and assimilate them. He appreciated the correct stand-point; he felt the susceptibility

to the glow of a noble emotion, and he gauged its possession exactly as he did his knowledge of the Italian language—a fine thing *per se*, and one to grace a gentleman. His capacity to enter into and make himself one with the feelings of the mountaineers, to meet them, despite the heights of his learning and his social position, without effort and without affectation, had extorted the admiration and emulation of his friend the politician, versed in all the arts of currying favor. But he was not equal to this crisis, since it bore heavily upon the fund of pride encompassing his own personality. His consideration, his kindness, his whole attitude was to them as themselves, not in any sort as one with himself. He had not a word of pity for her; he did not see, with that fine far sight which he sometimes called insight, her long, desolate future that challenged her eye and turned her heart cold; he had no perceptions of those farthest perspectives of altruism, a share in another's morbid terror—he so despised her folly.

And when once more she broke silence—"He hev gone!"—"I reckon not," he said, coolly, still looking with a smile at the end of his cigar, and presently returning it to his lips.

The nervous strain of the moment seemed hardly capable of extension till that most wearing and jarring sound, a fretful child's discordant wail, rose upon the air. Perhaps her rigid arm hurt Moses; perhaps he detected that something was going awry with her; perhaps he merely felt too long overlooked and neglected; but the great Dagon lifted a stentorian and unwelcome cry, and paused only with an air of vengeance, as if he expected all who beheld to be properly dismayed, seized his pink sun-bonnet by the crown, and cast it from him on the ground with a great sweep of his short arm. As he gazed around, bald-headed, to note the effect, his sullen eye encountered Letitia's, who was for once in her life silenced and amazed by the turn affairs had taken. She made an effort to regain her balance.

"I ain't s'prised none ef ye want some water," she said, producing the great brown gourd, and bending down to submerge it in the depths of the cool, gurgling, crystal spring.

"Leetle Mose," emitting a piercing shriek of anger that she should take the liberty of addressing him, flung himself

with averted face into his mother's arms. The tone went through Shattuck's head, so to speak; his brows knitted involuntarily with pain; he was about to rise to go in-doors, for the possible embarrassments and discomforts of conversation with old Zack Pettingill were little indeed to the hardships encountered in the society of "leetle Mose," upon whom he cast a look of aversion, forgetting that he was a specific unit of that genus, man, for whom he felt so largely.

Feminine ears seem curiously callous to that frenzied infantile shrillness. Letitia, all unaffected, brought the brimming gourd close to the shrieking Mose, who turned to find it beside him. Now the way had been long, and the sun was hot, and had burnt the great Dagon as if he had been any common person. The deep coolness of the gourd—it must have been very large to his eye—allured him. He involuntarily gave a bounce and a gurgle of delight. Few people ever saw "leetle Mose" smile, and a most beguiling demonstration it was. His elastic pink lips parted wide; his few teeth, so hardly come by, glittered; his very tongue, coyly dumb—though it was better tutored than it would admit—might be seen frisking between his gums. He waited expectantly for his mother for a moment, and as she did not move, he permitted Letitia to serve him, reaching out eagerly and holding the gourd with both hands, lifting his pink feet as if he intended to stay the bottom of the vessel by those members, and with several futile, ill-directed bounces he succeeded in applying his soft lips to the verge. He stopped, sputtering, once to look up, with laughing eyes full of gladness and with a dripping chin, at Letitia, and then, as he plunged his head again to the water, they could hear him laughing and gurgling in the gourd that echoed cavernously. The specific unit became all at once more tolerable to contemplate. Shattuck, in laughing ridicule of him, glanced at Letitia. Her eyes did not meet his. She was staring intently at the section of the road visible at some little distance by the side of the corn field. He turned to follow her gaze. He had not before noticed the thud of hoofs; they were upon the air now. From out the deep shadow about the spring naught was visible in the sun-flooded road but a cloud of dust, every mote red in the dazzling radiance. The approach had been obscured

by the intervening undergrowth that grew close about the river where the road came down to the bank. He could still hear the thud of hoofs. Did he fancy it, he asked himself suddenly, "or was there something erratic suggested in the sound?" Certainly the interval was strangely long, reckoning by the distance, while they stood and watched the close undergrowth on the opposite bank, and waited for the rider to emerge from the covert. At last, as the horse appeared, the mystery was solved. He was a bay horse, in good condition, with a long stride, and an old-fashioned Mexican saddle with a high-peaked bow. He came down the slope and waded into the water in a slouching, undetermined way, now and then turning his head to look with wondering dissatisfaction at the heavy, swaying stirrups as his movements caused them to lunge heavily back and forth again—for they were empty, and the saddle bore no rider. He paused to drink in the middle of the stream, but as Letitia ran toward him, calling "Cobe! Cobe!" he desisted, looked intelligently at her, and again at his swaying empty stirrups. He could have told much, evidently, if he had not been dumb. Then he came readily trotting through the water, which swept away from his flanks in foamy circles, and struggling up the bank, letting her catch his bridle and stroke his head. He shook his mane and neighed with satisfaction to be at home again.

Adelaide was standing, her child in her arms, gazing breathlessly at him. Letitia, still stroking the animal's head, had turned a pale face and eyes full of vague appeal upon Shattuck.

"I don't understand," he exclaimed.

"This is the horse he rode," she said.

V.

The news of the horse's return with an empty saddle was received at first lightly enough by others. The treasures of old Zach Pettingill's whiskey keg and his wife's cherry bounce lavished forth on the preceding evening were deemed amply sufficient to account for any eccentricities of equestrianism. But when several days had passed without the reappearance of the dismounted horseman, the slowly percolating gossip touching a conjugal quarrel began to offer another and a more exciting interpretation of the mystery. So general was its acceptance that although a company of men organized a

search and patrolled the roads and the by-paths and the mountain-sides, it was with scant hope or expectation of any definite discovery, and inquiry of the physician whom Yates had been despatched to summon resulted only in a verification of the popular conviction that he had never delivered the message. Thus the fears evoked for his safety were very promptly merged in reprehension, and speculative gossip was mingled in equal parts with pity for his wife.

"Who'd ever hev thunk ez Adelaide Sims, counted the prettiest gal this side o' nowhar, would hev been deserted by her husband 'fore three years war out?" Mrs. Pettingill said, meditatively, her pipe between her lips, as she "walked" a spinning-wheel into the house, making it use first one and then the other of its own spindling legs to achieve progression rather than lifting it by main force. She half soliloquized and half addressed a tall, lank mountaineer who sat upon the edge of the porch, his horse grazing hard by. He had stopped on the pretext of asking for a "bite," saying that he had travelled far over the mountain, looking up some stray cattle of his, and albeit Mrs. Pettingill disapproved of his reputation, the "snack" that she could give him was one of those admirable things in itself that could not go amiss even with a sinner. He had a big-boned, powerful frame and was middle-aged, but despite that his hair was streaked with gray, and the crow's-feet about his eyes gave evidences of the lapse of time, he was the very impersonation of the spirit of "devil may care." He had a keen, hooked nose, an eye far-seeing, gray, and of a steely brilliancy, and the thin lips of his large mouth, mobility itself, curved to a vast range of expression. His manner implied an elated, ever-ready, breezy confidence; his eye now covertly measured you, then gayly overlooked you as of no manner of consequence. His reputation might, indeed, be accounted a doubtful one. He had come before the bar of justice on several counts; the altering of the brand on certain cattle herded upon the "Bald" had been laid at his door; the manner in which a horse had been lost, by a drover passing through the country, and found in his possession, had been called into question; on each occasion his escape had been made good by the lack of adequate evidence to convict, although little doubt existed as to

his guilt. He was one of those singular instances of an undeserved popularity. Better men, amply able to discern right from wrong, often opined that there was no great harm in him, that injustice had been done him, and that much meaner men abounded in the Cove who had never been "hauled over the coals." He had been a brave soldier, although the flavor of bushwhacking clung to his war record; he was a fast friend and a generous foe; what one hand got by hook or by crook—chiefly, it is to be feared, by crook—the other made haste to give away. He had certain magnetic qualities, and there were always half a dozen stout fellows at his back—ne'er-do-weels like himself. He had been suspected of moonshining, but this was not considered a natural sequence of his lawless habits, for many otherwise law-abiding citizens followed this pursuit; in defence they would have urged of their natural right of possession—to make what use they chose of their own corn and apples, as their forefathers had done in the days before the whiskey tax. Buck Cheever's suspected adherence to the popular stand-point on this burning question might have been considered to only lower the tone of the profession.

Mrs. Pettingill regarded him with contradictory emotions. As a religionist, she felt that she would prefer his room to his company; but his room was but scant encroachment, for he only sat upon the edge of the porch, and he by no means asserted any equality of piety or moral stand-point; on the contrary, he seemed to esteem her, and, by her reflected lustre, Mr. Pettingill, as shining lights, and vastly different from the general run of the Cove. His breezy talk was peculiarly refreshing to her in the midst of the ordeal, still in process, of restoring the routine of twenty years, shattered by the havoc of the infair. He had a discerning palate and a crisp and flexible tongue, and she felt, with a glow of kindness, that he said as much in praise of her corn-dodgers, which formed a part of his lunch, as any one else would have said for her pound-cake.

"Mos' folks don't sense the differ in corn-meal cookin'. It takes a better cook ter make a plain, *tasty* corn-dodger, ez eats short with fried chicken, 'n a cake."

"It takes *Mis' Pettingill* ter make this kind o' one," he protested, with his mouth full. "No sech air ever cooked enny-whar else I ever see."

"I hev got some mighty nice fraish buttermilk, Buck, jes churned," she remarked, precipitately. "I be goin' ter fetch ye a glass right off."

Old Zach Pettingill, with his shock head of thick gray hair, and his deeply grooved face, sat in his shirt sleeves in his accustomed chair on the porch, and his expression betokened a scorn of his helpmeet's susceptibility to the praises of her culinary accomplishment, and held a distinct intimation by which Buck Cheever might have profited had he been so disposed, that he was not to be propitiated in any such wise. Little, however, Buck Cheever cared. The lady in command of the larder dwarfed her husband's importance.

"Yes, 'm," he drawled, taking up the thread of the gossip where the victualling interlude had left it; "Adelaide's been left. That's mighty bad. An' I reckon it hurts her pride too." He showed himself thus not insensible to æsthetic considerations.

"I'll be bound it do," Mrs. Pettingill agreed, as she seated herself. She cast a speculative look upon her husband, silent and grum as if he had been thus gruffly carved out of wood. He had been a stumbling-block in many respects in his conjugal career. He was "set" in his ways, and some of them she felt were ways of pure spite. She had never before realized, however, that his continued presence was a thing to be thankful for. Such as he was, she had him at hand. Public pity, which the sensitive feel as public contempt, had never been meted out to her because of his desertion. Thus, although she could with convenience have dispensed with him, and his loud harangues, and his overbearing ways, and his dyspepsia—the Cove said he had been fed till he founeder—which placed an embargo on three-fourths of the dishes on which she loved to show her skill, he was revealed to her suddenly as a boon in that he would yet stay by her, and the phrase "a deserted wife" had no affinity with her fully furnished estate.

"Waal, Steve always 'peared ter me a good match whenst he war young"—she meant unmarried—"though riprarious he war, an' sorter onstiddy an' dancified, but I never 'lowed he'd hev done sech a mean thing. An' that thar baby o' theirs! well growed, an' fat, an' white, an' strong, but, I will say, *bad* ez the Lord ever makes 'em. Waal, waal, a body dun'no'

how thar chil'n will turn out; them with small famblies, or none, oughter thank the Lord—though *that* ain't in the Bible. 'Blessed be the man with a quibble on 'em.' That's what the Good Book say."

This was a new view with Mrs. Pettingill. She had often floutingly wished she had a "sure enough fambly," as if her own were so many rag dolls. "Jes *one* son," she would say; "an' him, through being in love, hed ruther eat his meals at the Gossams'—'long o' Malviny Gossam—whar they don't know no mo' *how* ter cook a corn puddin' or a peach cobbler 'n ef they war thousand-legs; an' jes *one* darter, ez will pick a chicken bone an' call it *dinner*! an' a 'spective husband ez hev sech a crazy stommick that jes 'Welsh rabbit' will disagree with him!" What sort of chance was there here for a woman who knew what good cooking was? "Ef 'twarn't fur the visitors ez kem ter the house," she often declared, "I'd git my hand out."

"Folks raise thar chil'n wrong," said old man Pettingill in a dirge-like tone—"raise 'em for the devil's work like I raise my cattle fur the plough. Marryin' is a mighty serious business. Yes, sir!"

"A true word!" interpolated his wife, desirous of not seeming behindhand in this view of the seriousness of matrimony, in order to intimate that whatever reason he had to be solemn upon the subject, she too had cause to be sobered by it. She knitted a trifle faster, and her needles clicked resentfully.

"Yes, sir," he reiterated. "An' steddier singin' o' psalm tunes over the bride an' groom, an' a-prayin' over 'em, an' hevin' a reg'lar pray'r-meetin', repentin' o' sins an' castin' o' ashes on thar heads, we hev *dances*, an' *dancin'* Tucker, an' all manner o' eatables, an' infairs, ez ef they war a-goin' ter dance through life, when married life is mos'y repentance."

"That it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Pettingill, forgetting her gratitude that she too had not been "left." "Repentance o' ever bein' married. Sackcloth an' ashes is the word!"

Old Pettingill took no notice of this confirmation of the letter if not the spirit of his dogma, save by a surly baited glance, and went on: "Church members though we all war, we stood round an' watched them young folks dance ter the devil till he fairly riz up through the floor an' smit one of 'em down."

"By gosh!" exclaimed Cheever, a sudden fear and wonder upon his face; "which one war smit?"

"'Twar Len Rhodes," his host began, but Mrs. Pettingill's wheeze, persistently sibilant, dominated even his louder tone.

"Don't you-uns be 'feared, Buck. Satan hisself didn't show up. He struck through Fee Guthrie's arm—a mighty survigrous one. Ye know the En'my hev got the name o' bein' toler'ble smart, an' he never made ch'ice o' a spindlin' arm."

Once more Mr. Pettingill resumed, overlooking what she had said: "An' so Mr. Shattuck hyar 'lowed the law would be down on us ef Mr. Rhodes didn't hev his own doctor-man—ez 'peared ter be the apple o' his eye! An' bein' ez my son war the groom, an' the 'casion war the infair, I jes axed Steve Yates ter go fur the doctor, an' go he did."

"An' go war *all* he did," said Mrs. Pettingill; "he never kem back no mo'."

"I be powerful obligated ter him ez he never tuk my bay horse-critter along; sent him home with the saddle onter him and all. I dun'no' but what I be s'prised. Ef he war mean enough ter desert his wife, he air plenty mean enough ter steal a horse."

Shattuck, who was lounging with a cigar in a big arm-chair, looked frowningly at the speaker. He had felt keenly that it should have been upon his insistence that the young man was despatched upon that errand whence he had never returned. He could hardly control his anxiety and forebodings while searching parties went forth, and so earnestly he hoped that no broken and bruised body would be found along the road-side, betokening a fatal fall from the saddle, no trace of robbery or foul deed resulting in death, that when public opinion settled upon the theory of Yates's desertion of his wife he experienced a great relief, a welcome sense of irresponsibility. And yet this was so keen and vivid that he could but reproach himself anew, since he so rejoiced because of the disaster that sealed her unhappiness. His spirits had recovered somewhat their normal tone, but nevertheless he could ill endure an allusion to his share in the circumstances that precipitated the event.

"How air she a-goin' ter git along?" demanded Cheever; a sufficiently uncharacteristic question, since his was not the type of practical mind that is wont to oc-

cupy itself with domestic ways and means. "Goin' back ter her own folks?"

"She 'lows she'd ruther die. She's goin' ter stay thar in her cabin an' wait fur him," said Mrs. Pettingill. "Sorter seems *de-stressin'*, I do declar'! A purty, young, good, r'ligious 'oman a-settin' herself ter spen' a empty life a-waitin' fur Steve Yates ter kem back. He'll never kem. He's in Texas by now," she declared, hyperbolically; for Texas is the mountaineer's *outré mer*. "Litt say she ain't never goin' ter git married," she continued, irrelevantly.

"How long d'ye reckon she'll stick ter *that*?" demanded old Pettingill, sourly, glancing up from under his grizzled eyebrows.

"Waal," his wife defended her, "she hain't never got married yit, and that's more'n *ye* kin say."

And to this taunt the unhappy Mr. Pettingill could offer no response, save an inarticulate gruffness that only betokened his ill-will and the ill grace with which he accepted defeat. The dirge-like monody to which he seemed to have attuned his spirit was but the retroactive effect of the gayety of the infair, the swinging back of the pendulum as far as it was flung forth. More sophisticated people have encountered that melancholy reflux of pleasure, and with the knowledge that the cure lies in "a hair of the dog that bit you," find a revival of their capacities for gayety in new scenes of mirth. But the society of the Cove had not these opportunities for extension and reduplication. There were no more infairs nor dances nor weddings. Mr. Pettingill was constrained to recover the tone of his spirits as best he might, despite the sheer descent from the heights of the gayeties of the feast he had made to the humdrum level of his daily life, with all the zest taken out by contrast. Few people over eighteen have this experience without acquiring with it such philosophy as serves to nullify it, but it made Mr. Pettingill very sour at sixty.

"Where is Letitia?" queried Shattuck, who had missed that element which gave a different interpretation to the whole life of the house, which lent most blithesome wings to the heavy-footed hours. He had wondered all the previous day, but until her name was mentioned he would not ask.

"Litt? She went home with Adelaide," said Mrs. Pettingill, complacently knit-

ting. "Litt air more comp'ny 'n help. I miss her powerful."

"I kin spare her easier 'n ennything round the house," observed her father, acridly.

Mrs. Pettingill burst into an unexpected laugh. Her eyes twinkled with reminiscent raillery as they were fixed upon her husband, who seemed a trifle out of countenance.

"Waal, Litt *do* make remarks," she offered in explanation.

"I have observed that," said Shattuck.

Mrs. Pettingill became all at once grave and concerned. The quality of Litt's remarks was disconcerting, and she deprecated that the stranger should have acquaintance with them. Shattuck reflected her embarrassment in some sort; it suggested "remarks" upon him which he had not had the pleasure of hearing, the very recollection of which in his presence evidently confused their amiable auditor, as if the mere consciousness of them implied discourtesy.

"Naw," she went on, somewhat precipitately, addressing herself rather more directly to Cheever. "Adelaide ain't goin' home ter her folks. Steve lef' his craps all laid by, an' 'ceptin' fur cuttin' wood an' fetchin' water thar warn't much use fur him thar. I dun'no' what Adelaide wanted with Letishy; she jes seemed ter cling ter her. I 'lowed ter Litt ez *she* warn't no comp'ny fur grief. But Litt, she 'lowed ez leetle Moses war apt ter make her sorrowful enough fur chief mourner at a fun'al 'fore he got done with her. His temper fairly tarrified her."

Cheever suddenly seemed disposed to bring his visit to an end. He had an inattentive look during Mrs. Pettingill's last words, an introspective pondering thoughtfulness, inconsistent with his almost suspicious and vigilant habit of countenance. He started as if with an effort to recapture his vagrant wits, and it was a long moment of review before he understood Mrs. Pettingill's commonplace remonstrance, "What's yer hurry, Buck?"

Mr. Pettingill, sufficiently averse for not unnatural reasons of his own to conversation with Shattuck alone, made haste to second her. "Ye 'pear ter be scorchin' ter git away," he said, although under normal circumstances both would have considered Buck Cheever's society no

boon. They were aware that ordinarily he, with his ne'er-do-weel record, would have been flattered by their courtesy. They noted, with a sort of unformulated speculation and curiosity, his indifference to it, the definite intention expressed in his face, the preoccupation with which he looked to his saddle-girth and his stirrup-irons before he mounted. Even to their languid and half-dormant perceptions the fact was patent that he was going because he had got what he had come for. In their simplicity they thought it was his luncheon! Despite his lank length and slouching awkwardness afoot, he was a sufficiently imposing horseman when he had swung himself into his saddle and galloped off down the winding way. He rode with his chin high in the air, his legs stretched down to the extreme length of the stirrup-leathers, not rising to the motion of the horse, but sitting solidly in the saddle as if he were a part of the animal, like an equestrian statue endowed with motion. A gallant horse it was, unlike the humble brutes of the mountaineers, with good blood in his throbbing veins and fire in his full eye, and a high-couraged spirit breathing in the dilatations of his thin red nostrils; he was singularly clean-limbed; his red roan coat shone like satin; he had a compact hoof, a delicate, ever-alert ear, a small bony head, and a long swinging stride as regular as machinery. If it were possible to disconcert Buck Cheever, it might be accomplished by the question how he became possessed of this fine animal—finer even than the mountain men in their limited experience were able to appreciate. He had been known to account for him as being identical with a certain lame bay colt, which he had bought a few years before from Squire Beames in the valley. "I didn't gin much fur him, bein' his laig war crippled, but he cured up wonderful. An' I wouldn't sell him now. He's some lighter-complected 'n he war then, through bein' sun-burned. That's how kem ye didn't know him fur the same. He's better-lookin' now, though I hev ter handle his nigh forelaig keerful."

This "nigh forelaig" was lifted and thrust forth with a vigorous, high-stepping action that would have attested much for veterinary surgery had it been a restored instead of a pristine power. Beneath it the miles of sandy road, now sunshiny, now flecked with the shadows

of the way-side trees, reeled out swiftly; the landscape seemed speeding too, describing some large ellipse.

Cheever's far-seeing gray eye rested absently on the shifting scene as on and on he went—a certain supercilious observation it would seem, since from the backward pose of his head he looked out from half-lowered eyelids. It was too familiar to him, too stereotyped upon his senses, to produce responsive impressions, and he was familiar with few others, and knew no contrasts. Thus the furthest mountain's azure glowed for him in vain. The multitudinous shades of green in the rich drapings that hid the gaunt old slope near at hand with masses and masses of foliage—from the sombre pine and fir, through the lightening tones of sycamore and the sweet-gum, to the silvered verdure of the poplar-tree swinging in the wind—might be a revelation to other eyes of the infinite gradations, the manifold capacities of the color. Not to his. And he was as unmindful of the purple bloom that rested upon other ranges as they drew afar off, of the swift clear water of the river crossing his path again and again, of the cardinal-flower on its bank, so stately and slender, with the broken reflection of its crimson petal glowing in a dark swift swirl below—as oblivious as they were of him. Only he noticed the sky, the clouds, harbingers of change, despite the azure above and the golden illusions of sunshine in which all the world was idealized—change, although the long, feathery, fleecy sweeps of vapor, like the faint sketchings of snowy wings upon the opaque blue, otherwise void, might seem only lightest augury.

"Mares' tails," he soliloquized as he went. "Fallin' weather."

The voice of the cataract had long been on the air, growing louder and louder every moment—only its summer-tide song, when languors bated its pulses, and daily its volume dwindled. He had heard it call aloud in the savage ecstasy of the autumn storms, re-enforced by a hundred tributaries, and bold and leaping in triumph. And he knew it, too, in winter—a solemn hush upon it, a torpor like the numb chill of death, its currents a dull, noiseless, trickling flow through a thousand glittering icy stalactites. So well he knew it that for its sake he would not have glanced toward it.

Nevertheless he drew his horse into a

walk, and gazed fixedly out of his half-closed eyes up the long gorge between the ranges, at the river, at the glassy emerald sheet of the water-fall, and at the little house hard by. Its door was closed, as if it too was deserted, and it seemed doubly small in the shadow of the great mountains, against whose darkling forests its little gray roof and its tendrils of smoke were outlined; but it was only a moment before his quick eye detected the presence of the household. Down by the water-side the three were. The great caldron betokened a wash-day; the fruits of the industry were already bleaching and swinging in the fragrant air on the sweet-betty bushes. The fire smouldered almost to extinction under the caldron; it barely steamed with a dull, lazily wreathing, lace-like vapor; the work was evidently all done. Adelaide sat upon the roots of a tree, her arms bare, her chin in her hand, her eyes, that had learned all the brackish woe of futile weeping, ponderingly fixed upon the never-ceasing, shifting fall of the water. Letitia, too, was silent as she leaned upon the paddle that was used to beat the clothes white, its end poised upon the bench. Moses, seated in a clumped posture, with his legs doubled in a manner impossible to one of elder years and less elastic frame, now and again babbled aloud disconsolately, and ground his gums with the cruelty of rage and with great distortion of his indeterminate features. He had so implacable an air of such crusty gravity as he sat on the fine green moss, with his obedient vassals about him, and his newly washed habiliments, ludicrously small, swinging on the perfumed branches of the undergrowth, that he might have provoked a smile from one less preoccupied than Cheever. The keen eyes of the horseman—very watchful they were under their half-drooping lids—were fixed upon the two young women.

The horse, alternately bowing low and tossing up his head with its waving mane, moved in an easy light walk that hardly raised a mote of dust upon the road overgrown with the encroaching weeds, and betokening few passers. The sound was thus muffled, and Cheever was not observed until he was close at hand. Letitia was first to recognize him, and as she turned toward him, her blue eyes said much, he felt, but in a language that he wot not of. In some sort her inscruta-

bility disconcerted him. He was conscious of being at a loss as he reined up by the river-side. He seemed to forget, to vaguely fumble for the motive that led him here. The dreary indifference on Adelaide's face as she met his gaze restored in some degree his normal mental attitude. He was conscious of a sort of vague wonder that there was no sense of humiliation, of mortified pride in its expression. The supreme calamity of her loss had dwarfed into nullity all the opinion of others, all the bitterness of being the theme of pitying, half-scornful gossip. The Cove was nothing to her, and nothing all it could say. She was bereaved.

As to Moses, he should never feel the loss; she would be to him father and mother too. And if Moses had been unduly pampered heretofore, he bade fair now to break the record of all spoiled babies. Never a gesture was lost upon her, never a tone of his oft inharmonious voice. Now, because the horse which Cheever rode suddenly caught his attention, and his discordant remonstrance with his teeth ceased abruptly, she looked around with a wan, pleased smile curving her lips. The little biped gazed up at the great, overshadowing four-footed creature with a gasp of joy, delighting in his size and the free motion of his whisking tail. A dimple came out in Dagon's pink cheek, although a tear still glittered there. He was suddenly indifferent to his teeth, and showed them all in a gummy smile. Then, with a self-confidence in ludicrous disproportion to his inches, he pursed his lips, and giving an ineffectual imitation of a chirrup, and a flap of the paw, he sought to establish personal relations with the big animal, who took no more notice of the great Dagon than if he had been a way-side weed, but bent down his head and pawed the ground.

"The young un likes the horse," Cheever observed, leniently, conscious of sharing the "young un's" weakness in equine matters, and seizing the opportunity to so naturally open the conversation, for he was not, in a manner, received at the Yates house. "How air ye a-comin' on, Mis' Yates?" he continued, his voice seeking a cadence of sympathy.

"Toler'ble well," replied Adelaide, reticently, scarcely disposed to discuss her sorrows with this interlocutor. She turned her eyes toward the water-fall once

more, and her quiet reserve would have discouraged another man from pursuing the conversation. Cheever, blunt as his sensibilities were, could have hardly failed to apprehend the intimations of her manner, so definite were they, so aided by the expression of her face; but he had his own interest in the premises, and he was not likely to be easily rebuffed.

"I hev been mightily grieved an' consarned ter hear how Steve hev tuk an' done," he went on, his face readily assuming a more sympathetic expression than was normal to it, since, as they were on a lower level, his downcast look seemed but a natural slant, and not the suspicious, sneering, supercilious disparagement from under half-drooped eyelids which his usual survey betokened. "I war powerful grieved," he went on. "I never would hev looked fur sech conduc' from Steve."

She made no answer, but her eyes turned restlessly from one point to another; her face was agitated. It was a critical moment. She could scarcely forgive herself should she weep to the erratic measure of Cheever's shallow commiseration. She felt it an affront to her sacred grief. And she had no pretext to ask him to begone.

Letitia had not been addressed, but she seemed to find that fact no hinderance to assuming a share in the conversation. "Ye war grieved!" she exclaimed, with a keen frosty note in her voice, as she swayed her weight upon the paddle, poised on the wash-bench. "I never war so *tee*-totally delighted with nuthin' in my life. Steve Yates never 'peared so extry ter me. Moses thar air fower times the man he war, an' fower times, I dun'no' but *five* times"—mathematically accurate—"better-lookin'. I never war so glad in all my life ez ter hear he hed vamosed."

A most ingenuously merry face she had, with its red lips curving, and its dimpled cheeks flushing, as she turned her clear sapphire eyes up to the rider, but a duller man than he might have read the daring and the ridicule and the banter in their shining spheres. His look of mingled reproach and anger had, too, a scornful intimation that she had not been spoken to, as he glanced indifferently away, passing her over. This was implied also in the pause. It seemed as if he could not bring himself to make a rejoinder. It was Mrs. Yates evidently

with whom he wished to confer. But conversation with her on this theme was apparently impracticable, and yet on this theme only would he talk. He evidently sought presently to make the best of the situation, and to avail himself of Letitia as a medium for his ideas. He reckoned for a time without his host, for he only received a superfluity of her ideas.

"Waal, sir," he exclaimed at last, in polite reproach, "I dun'no' why ye be glad he is gone. I dun'no', but 'pears ter me ye mought be more cornsiderin' o' Mis' Yates."

"Hev ye lived ez long ez ye hev in this life, an' not f'und out yit ez nobody cornsiders nobody else?" she cried, with affected cynicism. "Waal, ye air some older'n me," she continued, blandly smiling—conscious of his grizzled hair, he was a trifle confused by this limited way of putting the difference in years—"but I be plumb overjoyed o' Steve's caper, 'kase I git a chance ter 'company Mis' Yates. Yeknow"—looking up gravely at him—"I hev hed a heap o' trouble a-fotchin' up my parents in the way they should go—*specially* dad. They air fractious yit wunst in a while. An' now ef they ain't obejient an' keerful o' pleasin' me, I jes kin run away from home an' 'company Mis' Yates. An' ef Mis' Yates don't treat me right, an' Moses gits *too* rampagious, I kin run away ter my home folks agin, an' fetch up my parents some mo' in the way they should go—*specially* dad."

Mrs. Yates gave a short hysterical laugh, ending in a sob. Cheever, his cheek flushing under this ridicule, looked down at the mocking little creature as she still leaned on the paddle as it rested upon the bench. Her face had grown suddenly grave. Her blue eyes, with a strange far-seeing look in them, seemed to pierce his very soul.

"Thar's nuthin'," she said, slowly—"thar's nuthin' ter improve the health an' the sperits an' the conduc' o' yer family like runnin' away. *Tell Steve Yates that fur me!*"

He started as if he was shot. A sharp, half-articulated oath escaped his lips. His manner betokened great anger, and his eyes burned. He could hardly control himself for a moment, and Adelaide, her pale face still more pallid with fear, trembled and sprang to her feet.

"I dun'no' what ye mean by that," he cried, indignantly. "An' ef ye war a

man ye shouldn't say it twicet. I 'ain't seen Steve Yates, an' ain't like ter see him. I hed nuthin' ter do with his runnin' away. Lord! Lord!" he added, bitterly, "I 'lowed some folks in the Cove, specially some o' the name o' Pettingill"—he had forgotten the good corn-dodger—"hed in an' about accused me o' everything, but I didn't expec' Steve Yates's runnin' away 'kase he war tired o' his wife ter be laid at my door. Naw, Mis' Yates"—he turned toward her earnestly—"I dun'no' *nuthin'* o' the whar'bouts o' yer husband. Ef I did, I'd go arter him ef 'twar fifty mile, an' lug him home by the scruff o' his neck ter his wife an' chile."

"I b'lieve ye," said Adelaide, in a broken voice, the tears coming at last—"I b'lieve ye. Don't mind what Litt say. She always talks helter-skelter."

Letitia stood there looking from one to the other, her alert, exquisitely shaped head, with the hair smooth upon it, save where it curled over her brow, and hung down from the string that gathered the ringlets together at the nape of the neck, clearly defined against the dark green foliage of the young pines, that brought out, too, in high relief the light blue of her cotton dress. Her glance was full of gay incredulity, and she evidently found food for laughter successively in the mental stand-point of first one and then the other. It is seldom that a creature of so charming an aspect is the subject of so inimical a look as that which he bent upon her. But he replied gently to Mrs. Yates:

"Don't ye pester 'bout that, Mis' Yates. Ye hev got plenty ter pester 'bout 'thout it. I jes kem ter ax ye how ye war a-goin' ter git along 'bout craps an' cuttin' wood an' sech like. I be mighty willin' ter kem an' plough yer corn nex' week ef 'tain't laid by, an' I 'lowed I could haul ye a load o' wood wunst in a while ef ye war so minded. I 'low everybody oughter loan ye a helpin' han', now Steve is gone."

Once more her tears flowed. The generosity and kindness implied in the offer touched her heart as the deed might have done. And yet her gratitude humiliated her in some sort. She was ashamed to have the cause to be beholden to such as Buck Cheever for a kind word and a professed service. She shook her head.

"Naw," she said, the prosaic words

punctuated by her sobs; "the corn's laid by, an' the cotton an' sorghum an' ter-bacco." She stopped to remember that Steve Yates, constitutionally a lazy fellow, and fonder far of the woods and his gun than of the furrow and the plough, had never failed in any labor that meant comfort to the household, though he did little for profit. She recalled like a flash a thousand instances of this care for her and for Moses. Why, was not one animal of every kind—a calf, and a lamb, and a filly, and a shote—upon the place marked with little Moses's own brand? She wondered how often she had heard Steve say, as he sat meditating before the fire, "By the time he's twenty he'll hev some head o' stock o' his own, ye mark my words." And last year the cotton was soft and clean beyond all their experience, and the flax was fine, and the weaving had been successful out of the common run, and little Moses's homely clothes thus appeared to their unsophisticated eyes very delicate and beautiful, and she had been almost ashamed of Stephen's pleasure in this smart togery—it seemed so feminine. And now he was gone! And here she, the object of this constant, honest, thrifty care of the thriftless Yates, was weeping because of a kind word, and thanking Buck Cheever for remembering that she might need to have wood hauled.

"We don't need wood," she said, "'kase Cousin Si Anderson sent his nevy, Baker Anderson—he's 'bout sixteen year old—ter haul wood an' be in the house of a night, 'count o' robbers an' sech, though Letishy an' me air nowise skeery."

"Naw," put in Letitia, suddenly; "an' I didn't want him round hyar, nohow. I jes kin view how *reedie'lous* I'd look axin' the robber ter kem in an' help wake Baker Anderson, 'kase we-uns couldn't wake him—he bein' a hard sleeper, sech ez Gabriel's trump wouldn't 'sturb from his slumber—so ez we could git the boy ter the p'int o' sightin' a rifle. Naw! Steve war perlite enough ter leave one o' them leetle shootin'-irons ye call pistols hyar, an' plenty o' loads fur it. It's handy fur folks o' my size. An' Moses air men folks enough 'bout the house ter suit my taste."

Cheever made no sign that he heard. His eyes still rested with their sympathetic expression—patently spurious—upon Mrs. Yates. To the hard keen lines of his

face the affected sentiment was curiously ill-adjusted. Letitia's eyes were fairly alight as she gazed at him, gauging all the tenuity of this æsthetic veneer.

"I be glad ter know ye air so well provided fur, Mis' Yates," he said; "an' so will all yer friends be. Ye air mighty well liked in the Cove an' the mountings hyarabouts. I dun'no' ez I ever knowed a woman ter hev mo' frien's. Ye hev got a heap o' frien's, shore."

"Lots of 'em hev been hyar jes ter find out how she takes it," remarked the small cynic. "An' fore they go away they air obleeged ter see ez *I* bear up wonderful."

Letitia had dropped the paddle, and was leaning back against the silver bark of a great beech-tree. She had plucked a cluster of the half-developed nuts from the low-hanging boughs, and as she bent her head and affected to examine them she half hid and half vaunted a roguish smile.

"They hev all kem, sech acquaintances ez I hev got," said Adelaide, flustered by this attack upon the motives of the community, fearful that Cheever might repeat it, and thus eager to set herself right upon the record. "Folks hev been powerful good; everybody hev kem round-about ez I knowed Steve."

"'Ceptin' Mr. Rhodes," observed Letitia. "He war toler'ble constant visitin' hyar whilst in the neighborhood ez long ez Steve Yates held forth. But ez it air agin the religion o' wimmen ter vote, an' they think it air a sin, this hyar wicked Mr. Rhodes, ez air stirrin' up all the men folks ter tempt Satan at the polls, jes bides up thar at some folkses ez be named Pettingill, they tell me, a-nussin' of his nicked head. He knows Adelaide an' me air too righteous ter vote, so he don't kem tryin' ter git us ter vote fur him."

"Whar's Fee Guthrie?" asked Cheever, suddenly, reminded of him by the allusion to the wound he had given to the candidate.

The next moment there was a sneer upon his face, for the young scoffer had changed color. It crept up from the flush in her cheeks to the roots of her hair; but she replied, with her air of mock seriousness,

"I seem ter disremember at the moment."

Adelaide was dulled by the trouble and the preoccupation that had fallen upon her. "He war hyar this mornin', an' yistiddy too," she remarked, all un-

conscious of any but the superficial meaning of what she said. "He 'pears ter be powerful troubled 'bout his soul."

"He seems ter 'low ez he *hev* got a soul," observed Letitia, casually. "The pride o' some folks is astonishin'."

"He 'lowed he war goin' ter the woods ter pray," said Adelaide.

"An' I tole him," said Letitia, "that the Lord mought like him better ef he went ter the field ter plough. His corn is spindlin', an' his cotton is mightily in the grass. But it takes more elbow grease ter plough corn an' scrape cotton than ter pray, so the lazy critter is prayin'."

Her complexion had recovered its normal tints, and she laughed at this fling with a manifest enjoyment, although the other two failed to respond—Adelaide deprecating its tone, and Cheever with an elaborate manner of ignoring that she had spoken at all.

"Waal, waal, Mis' Yates, I mus' be ridin'," he said, gathering up his reins. "Good-by. Ef ye want me fur enny-thing jes call on me, an' ye'll do me a pleasure. Yes, 'm."

Her recognizant response was lost in the tramp of his horse, keen to be off on the first intimation that progress was in order, and in the wail which Moses set up in logical prescience that the admirable quadruped was to be withdrawn from his enchanted gaze. He lunged forward, bending his elastic body almost double, to see the horse go, mane and tail flying, and with the sun upon his neck and his flanks that had a sheen like satin. As the rider was turning at right angles to cross the rickety bridge, he looked back over his shoulder at the group. Adelaide's dark attire and the diminutive size of Moses rendered them almost indistinguishable, but the faint blue of Letitia's dress defined her figure against the sombre green of the banks as if it was drawn in lines of light. She had not changed her posture; her face was still turned toward him. He knew that she was gazing after him as the fleet hoofs of the horse with the "nigh forelaig crippled" swiftly bore him into invisibility. He could not know her words, but he instinctively felt that she spoke of him, and he could only vaguely guess their import. So unflattering were these divinations that he ground his teeth with rage at the thought.

"I wisht I hed never seen her," he said, as the hollow beat of the slackened hoof sounded upon the bridge. "I wisht I hedn't stopped. But *who* would hev thunk ez that darned leetle consarn would hev been so all-fired sharp ez ter guess it? I wisht I hedn't stopped at all."

An incongruous fear, surely, for a man like this, but more than once, as he rode, he looked over his shoulder with a knitted brow and a furtive eager eye. Naught followed but the long shadows which the sinking sun set a-stalking all adown the valley. The world was still. He heard only here and there the ecstatic burst of a mocking-bird's wonderful roulades. Then the horse, with muscles as strong as steel, distanced the sound. Once, as the woods on either side fell away, he saw the west; it glowed with purest roseate tints, deepening to a live vermilion in the spaces about the horizon whence the sun but now had blazed; the purple mountains near at hand hid the fiery sphere; the northern ranges wore a crystalline, amethystine splendor, with a fine green sky above them that had an opaque hardness of color, which gradually merged into amber, giving way at the zenith to azure. In the midst of all a great palpitating star glistened, so white that with these strong contrasts of the flaunting sky one might feel, for the first time, a full discernment of the effect of white.

Another moment the deep woods had closed around, and it seemed that night had come. He presently ceased to follow the road. The jungle into which he plunged had no path, no sign of previous passing, and the earth was invisible beneath the inextricable interlacings of the undergrowth. But if the sense of man was at fault, the good horse supplied the lack with a certain unclassified faculty, and with the reins on his neck and his head alert pushed on at fair speed, stepping gingerly over the boles of fallen trees, making his way around unsurmountable boulders, swimming a deep and narrow pool; and finally, in struggling up the opposite bank, he uttered a whinny of triumph and recognition that bespoke his journey's end. The sound rang through the evening stillness of the woods with abrupt effect, repeated a thousand times by the echoes of the huge rocks that lay all adown the gorge. The place might realize to the imagination the myths of magic castles to be summoned into

symmetry out of the craggy chaos by some talismanic word. It was easy to fancy, in the solitude and the pensive hour, castellated towers in those great rugged heights, a moat in the deep pool, even a gateway, a narrow space above which the cliffs almost met. Buck Cheever wot of none of these things, and no fancied resemblance embellished the stolidity of his recognition of the place as "mighty handy" for his purposes. Perhaps the horse had more imagination, for when his owner dismounted and sought to lead him through this narrow space, that seemed a broken doorway to an unroofed tunnel—so consecutive were the crags, so nearly their summits approached each other—he held back, making a long neck, hanging heavily on the bridle, and lifting each hoof reluctantly.

"D— yer durned hide, ain't ye never goin' ter l'arn nuthin', many times ez ye hev been hyar?" cried his master.

Thus encouraged, the horse slowly followed Cheever along the narrow passway between the cliffs, that finally met in a veritable tunnel, which might have seemed an entrance into a cave, save that at its extremity Cheever emerged into a lighted space and the free out-door air, and stood facing the western skies.

Nevertheless, the ledges of the cliff extended, roof-like, far out above; its walls were on either side; the solid rock was beneath his feet. It was a gigantic niche in the crags, to which the subterranean passage alone gave access, one side being altogether open, showing the tops of the trees on the low opposite bank of the river, the stream itself in the deep gorge below, and many and many a league of cloud-land. This unexpected outlook, these large liberties of airy vision, formed the salient feature of the place, dwarfing for the first moment all other properties. On the resplendent background of the sunset, still richly aglow, the slouching figures of a group of half a dozen men about a smouldering fire had an odd dehumanized effect; familiar though he was with these uncanny silhouettes, he started violently, and hesitated, as if about to turn and flee.

VI.

His gesture elicited a guffaw.

"Hold on, Buck," cried one of the men, affecting to clutch him to stay his flight.

"'Stan' the storm; it won't be long." trolled out another, a rich stave, with the

resonance o' the echoing walls. "What ye feared o', Buck—the devil? He don't keer ter 'sociate none with we-uns ez long ez ye air abroad an' afoot."

"I dun'no' what ails my eyes," said Cheever, visibly disconcerted, and passing his hand across his brow, as he still stood near the entrance, the bridle in his hand, the fine head of the impatient horse at his shoulder.

"Think ye see the devil?" cried another, jeeringly.

Cheever colored, and frowned heavily. The ridicule elicited what other means might have failed to lead forth. He could not brook this merry insolence, these flouts at his momentary fright. He justified it.

"I 'lowed I seen *another man*, what ain't hyar, an' never war," he said, gruffly, looking out at them from his drooping lids, his chin high in the air. The words seemed to have subtly transferred his transient terror. It took a longer lease in the exchange.

There was a momentary silence, while they stared with sudden gravity at him. A sort of remonstrance, a struggle against credulity, was in the square face of one burly fellow, seeming less a dark, illegible simulacrum of a man than the others, since he stood at an angle where the light fell slanting upon his features.

"What man, now?" Derridge said, in a deep bass voice, and the argumentative accents of one who will tolerate in evidence only fact and right reason. His tone seemed to challenge the name of the rash being who, in corporal absence, should venture similitude among them.

"Dad burn ye, shet up!" cried Cheever. "I couldn't see his face. He turned it away. Whenst I looked at him he turned it away."

"In the name o' Gawd!" ejaculated one of the men, in a low-toned quaver.

Another, one Bob Millroy, Cheever's mainstay and lieutenant, glanced over his shoulder. "He ain't hyar now?" he demanded, in expostulatory haste.

"Naw, naw!" exclaimed Cheever, recovering himself, the more quickly since a monition of the possible disintegration of his gang, under the pressure of this mysterious recruit to their number, flitted across his mind. "Naw; he went ez soon ez I kem. Thar, now!" he exclaimed, more lightly; "I know how it happens." He broke into a laugh that

might have seemed strained, save that the rocks made such fantastic riot in the acoustics of the place. "It's Steve Yates. I'm used ter seein' *six* men, an' whenst I count my chickens thar's *seven*. I look ter see jes *six*!" and he laughed again.

"But Steve air over yander in the shadow!" expostulated Derridge, the disciple of pure reason. "Ye couldn't hev seen him at all."

"Waal, then," sneered Cheever, "I seen double. They say thar air good men, an' ministers o' the gospel, ez kin view a few more snakes 'n air nateral ter thar vision whenst the liquor air strong; an' that thar whiskey o' old Pettingill's kin walk a mile, I reckon, ef need war."

The others had hardly recovered from the superstitious thrill induced by the strange agitation that beset him upon his entrance. They were ill-prepared to so summarily cast the subject aside, and stood still, with preoccupied, dilated eyes, mechanically gazing at him as he turned lightly toward Yates, who rose from a saddle on which he had half reclined beside the fire. The young mountaineer's face had a tinge of pallor, despite its sunburn. His dull brown eyes were restless and anxious. He was hardly an apt scholar for scheming and dissimulation, but he sought an air of ease and satisfaction as he asked,

"Waal, did ye hear ennything o' my famby in yer travels?"

Cheever, all himself again, clapped him on the shoulder with a heartiness that made the blow ring through the high stone vault. "I *seen* 'em, my fine young cock, I *seen* 'em. I wouldn't take no hearsay on it. I seen Mis' Yates *herself*, an' talked a haffen hour with her. An' I seen Moses."

Steve Yates made shift to glance at him once, then he turned his eyes away toward the western sky, nodding repeatedly, but silently, to the items of news with which Cheever favored him.

"Mis' Yates ain't wantin' fur nuthin', though Moses wants everything, '*ceptin'* *teeth*; like ter hev took my horse-critter away from me, willy-nilly! Mis' Yates hev got that thar ugly, leetle, frazzle-headed Pettingill vixen ter 'company her, an' Baker Anderson with his rifle bides thar o' nights. Mis' Yates war cheerful an' laffin'. 'Steve will kem back whenst he gits tired,' she say. 'He an' me had words 'fore he lef'. I'll hold out ez long ez he

kin,' she say. 'I don't b'lieve he hev done nuthin' agin the law,' she say. 'But ef he hev,' she say, 'he air better off away than hyar at home, 'kase lynchers air mighty lawless round these parts.' An' she say, 'I know Steve air man enough ter take keer o' hisself an' do fur the bes', an' I'm willin' ter bide by what he do.'"

Alack! that a lie can so counterfeit the truth! To this wily and specious representation Stephen Yates listened with his eyes full of tears, afraid to trust a glance upon the face of his crafty companion.

"She say," Cheever went on, "ef Steve hev done ennything agin the law, I hope he'll make hisself sca'ce.'"

The other men, now affecting to stroll about in the ample spaces of the cavernous place, busying themselves with replenishing the fire or feeding the horses, of which there were a half-dozen in a shadowy nook that seemed to extend downward to further subterranean regions, all gave furtive heed to these domestic reports. Ever and again they eyed the disingenuous face of the narrator with its half-closed lids and flexible lips. Then they would look at one another, and slyly wink their recognition of his craft. One of them, standing with his hands in his pockets and with a fire-lit face above the blazing logs, after a survey of this sort, grotesquely imitated the speaker's attitude and gesture, and silently worked his jaws with abnormal activity, as if in emulation of Cheever's ready eloquence, shook his head in affected despair, and desisted amid a smothered titter from the rest.

"Moses hev got another tooth; mighty nigh ez long ez a elephant's I seen at Col-bury, I told him; an' it seemed ter make him mad—leastwise madder'n he war at fust. He wouldn't take no notice o' me, 'ceptin' whenst I put my finger in his mouth ter view his teeth, an' durned ef he didn't nearly bite it off. Oh; ye needn't ter trouble, Steve; ye air all right, an' hev done the bes' ye could, cornsiderin' all."

"I reckon so! I hope so!" said the plastic Yates, with something very like a sob.

They all sat around the fire late that night, after the supper of venison broiled on the coals, and corn-bread baked in the ashes, and washed down with a plentiful allowance of innocent-looking moonshine whiskey, colorless and clear as spring wa-

ter. The stars seemed very near, looking in at the wide portals of the niche; the tops of the gigantic trees swaying without were barely glimpsed above the verge. The shadows of the men lengthened over the floor, or fluctuated on the wall as the flames rose or fell. Now and again the fire-light was strong enough to show the horses at their improvised manger in the shadowy portion of the niche, where the darkness promised further chambers of the cavern. One steed lay upon the ground, the others stood, some still and drowsing, but more than once the sharp pawing of an iron-shod hoof challenged the abrupt echoes.

Outside, so sweet, so pure was the summer night; the buds of the elder-bush were riven into blooms, the mocking-bird piped for the rising moon, the katydid twanged her vibrant note, and the river sang the self-same song it had learned in the prehistoric days of the pygmies. Even so still, so calmly pensive was the time that the far-away note of the water-fall came to Yates's ears, or it may be to his memory only, which transmitted the fancy transmuted in sound to his sense. He lounged, half pillowed upon his saddle, in the circle about the fire, and strove to drink and laugh and talk with the rest. Many a merry jest had those walls echoed, seeming almost sentient in emulation of the boisterous joy. To-night, somehow, they seemed to have forgotten their jovial wiles. More than once the echo of laughter quavered off into strange sounds that the ear shrank to hear, and one after another of the brawny fellows looked furtively over his shoulder.

A sudden jar—only a screech-owl shrilling in a tree on the river-bank below—but one of the men was on his feet, all a-tremble, crying out, "What's that?" And this was the bold Cheever.

"Put up yer pistol, ye darned idjit!" exclaimed Derridge, the disciple of reason. "Don't ye know a squeech-owel whenst ye hear one? Ye must be plumb sodden in Pettingill whiskey."

Cheever, with a half-articulate oath, sank back upon the saddle upon which he half lay and half sat, and presently evolved an excuse for his nervousness. He had something too in his face that implied a doubt, a need of support, a wish for counsel.

"That gal at Yates's, I mean Litt Pettingill, sorter pertended ez she b'lieved ez

I knowed o' Steve's wharabouts. Now Steve's welcome to shelter with we-uns. But I'd hate it powerful ef jes 'kase he fell in with we-uns that night ez he war a-goin' fur the doctor ter patch Len Rhodes's head, 'twar ter be the means o' draggin' the law down on we-uns, an' gittin' it onto our trail."

"Ye mus' hev said suthin'. *She* couldn't jes hev drawn the idee out'n *nuthin'*," reasoned the deep bass voice of Derridge, who wore a severe and reprehensive frown. "Ye air a smart man, Buck, an' I ain't denyin' it none, but whenst a man talks ez much ez you-uns he *can't* gin keerful heed ter *all* his words, an' ye mus' hev said suthin' ez gin her a hint. Folks kin talk too much, specially whenst they set up ter be *smart*." He was a silent man himself, and was accounted slow.

Cheever sneered. "Ye air powerful brigaty ter-night. I reckon I be ekal ter keepin' a secret from enny gal folks. Leastwise I hev knowed a power o' secrets an' cornsider'ble gal folks. An' they never got tergeth'er ez I ever hearn tell on."

This was logic, and it silenced his interlocutor. They all sat musing for a time, while the smoke mounted into the lofty dome of the niche, and the fire leaped fitfully, casting its flicker on all their faces, and the whole interior, a dull red and a dusky brown, seemed a discordant contrast to the white, lucent light of the unseen moon, stretching across the shadowy landscape. Dew there was on the trees without; it scintillated now and then, and far away rose soft and noiseless mists; more than once the night sighed audibly in sheer pensiveness.

"Boys," said Bob Millroy, suddenly, "I be a believer in signs."

There was a motionless interest in every face turned toward him. A contagion of credulity was in the very word.

"Hyar we-uns hev been," he went on, "a-goin' tergeth'er fur many a day in secret, an' sech ez our workin's air they ain't 'cordin' ter law nor the 'pinion o' the Cove. An' I 'ain't felt 'feard nowise, though some mought say the hemp air growed an' spun, an' the rope air twisted, till this evenin', whenst Buck Cheever seen an' extry man 'mongst we-uns, ez turned away his face. Sence then the fire's cold!"

He spread out his hands toward it as he sat beside it, and shook his head in token

of the futility of its swift combustion, with its flashes and sparkle and smoke, and he chafed them together.

"Lord A'mighty, ye durned cowardly fool!" cried the leader of the party, beside himself with anxiety and many a premonition. "Didn't I tell ye agin 'twar jes Steve, ez I never looked ter view, bein' ez he ain't reg'lar 'mongst we-uns?"

"Ye 'lowed he turned his face away," said the believer in signs.

"Waal, hev Steve got enny crick in his neck that disables him from a-turnin' of *his* face away?" demanded Cheever.

"He war in the shadder; ye never seen Steve," said Derridge, slowly shaking his logical head.

"He turned his face away so ez ye mought not view it," said Millroy, with a credulity that coerced responsive conviction.

Cheever was shaken. He suddenly desisted from argument. "Who air ye a-'lowin' 'twar?" he demanded from the opposite side of the fire.

The ligaments of his neck were elongated as he thrust his head forward. The fire-light showed only a glassy glitter where it struck upon the eyeballs beneath his half-closed lids. Bereft of the expression of his eyes, it was wonderful how much of suspense, of petrified expectation, of the presage of calamity, the hard lines of his face conveyed.

"'Twar him we met up with on the road that night," said Millroy, who from the affluence of his resources of conjecture could afford to dispense with mere proof and fact.

Cheever was conscious that the others were watching him with the urgent anxiety of those who have a personal interest at stake. The sense of emergency was substituted for courage.

"I wish 'twar," he said, coolly. "He ain't dead—a mighty pity! I'd give the bes' horse I ever see"—he nodded his head toward the gallant roan—"ef I could view *his* harnt."

There was an evident revulsion in the plastic minds of his followers. They had no sense of consistency to sustain adherence to any dogma. Millroy was in the minority when he said, still mysteriously shaking his head, "I'll bet the minit ye seen him 'mongst we-uns an' he turned his head away war the minit o' his takin' off."

"Ye air always skeered o' yer shadder,

Bob," said Cheever; "an' I never knowed a feller so rich in signs ez kem ter nuthin'. That man would be powerful welcome hyar in the sperit. I be a heap more pestered 'kase we let him git off soul an' body tergether. I know he war shot. I dun'no' who fired it"—he mechanically closed his right hand as upon the handle of a pistol, his first finger extended and crooked upon the imaginary trigger, while the observant Bob Millroy scanned with unspoken deductions the unconscious involuntary gesture. "I never thunk he war much hurt, though he went scourin' off; he war bowed ter the saddle-bow, but that war ter escape the bullets ez kem arter him. He'll live ter lead a posse an' the sher'ff ter the spot, mos' likely; *I'm* 'feared o' that. I'd delight ter see his harnt."

"Bob oughter hev a muzzle," said the reasonable Derridge, irritably—"ter keep him from spittin' out signs hyar, whilst we-uns oughter be cornsiderin' how the law mought be takin' us, red-handed, with all our plunder ter convict us"—he cast a glance at certain saddle-bags that lay close to Cheever's side. "He jes sets up an' gins us a sign fur this, an' a warnin' fur that, till we air plumb wore out with his foolishness."

"This place be safe enough, I'm a-thinkin'; no use a-worryin' an' a-fussin'," said the unctuous voice of Pete Beckett, always full of a hopeful content, and like oil upon the troubled waters.

The others listened with clearing countenances, but Cheever shook his head. "Revenuers know it; they raided a still hyar wunst." The red fire-light on the circle of faces showed their alarm at the recollection, the prophetic suggestion. "Old man Peake run it."

"Ye 'low ef they war ter s'picion enybody roundabouts, they mought s'arch hyar," said Derridge, drawing the logical conclusion.

"Edzac'ly," said Cheever, impatient of the waste of words by so patent a deduction.

"They do say," remarked Millroy, sepulchrally, "that arter Zeb Tait went deranged, he hid hyar whenst they wanted ter jail him ez a crazy."

"Too crazy ter want ter go ter jail," exclaimed Derridge, satirically.

"An'," pursued Millroy, lugubriously, "he starved hissself ter death in this place; leastwise they fund his corpse

hyar, though he mought hev died from his ailment. But I dun'no' *ef* folks *do* die from jes bein' crazy an' bereft."

"Naw, they don't," said Cheever, suddenly, "else ye'd hev been dead long ago, ez crazy a loon ez ever went a-gibberin' o' foolishness around."

Somehow his magnetic quality was at fault. The others failed to fall in with his humor. They all sat silent, staring at the red coals; the image of the distraught, solitary creature, who had in the secret stronghold of the mountains wrought out his terrible doom, was in the mind of each.

Millroy spoke rather to their thought than to the words of Cheever, when he said, "The buzzards an' the eagles flyin' an' flusterin' round the body led the sher'ff ter the spot."

The prosaic word, full of worldly omen, broke the breathless spell.

"An' the *sher'ff* knows the place, too!" cried Derridge. "Waal"—he turned his eyes, at once furious and upbraiding and full of prescient terror, upon Cheever—"hell-fire be my portion ef I don't think ye hev tuk the mos' public place about the Cove fur these hyar doin's"—he pointed at the saddle-bags. "An' a man in Colbury either dead by this time, with warrants sworn out fur we-uns, or else on our track ter identify us fur the sher'ff."

"I tuk this place 'kase 'twar our reg'lar stampin'-groun'," cried Cheever, lifting his voice to defend himself against the burly, swelling tones of his accuser. "It air ez safe ez enny other. Thar ain't none o' us out o' place 'ceptin' Steve." He winked slyly at the others, for the young mountaineer lay a little in the shadow and a trifle behind him. So blunted was the conscience, the humanity in each, that the sense of possessing a scape-goat, the opportunity of profit on another's injury, had a suave and unctuous influence to heal their dissension. "*We-uns*, why, we-uns air some a-herdin' o' cattle twenty mile away on the balds; some war in Car'liny yistiddy tradin' fur cattle"—he pointed at the mire on the boots of two of the party—"Buncombe County mud! An' *I* hev jes got back from ridin' in open daylight about the Cove, with my mouth an' eyes stretched ter hear how Yates hev disappeared. I be a-goin' home ter-morrer ter git salt fur my cattle"—he put on a waggishly virtuous air. "An' *I*

war thar ter-day, ez my fambly kin testify. 'Tain't safe, though, I know, ter keep this truck hyar long"—he winked at the saddle-bags—"nor ter divide it yit."

The alert expression with which each man hearkened to the allusion of partition was eminently suggestive of the pricking up of ears. Indeed, as they all sat indistinct in the shadow and the flicker, there was something dog-like or wolf-like in the whetted expectancy of their waiting attention.

"I laid off ter hide it hyar fur ter-night an' ter-morrer," continued Cheever, "an' whilst some gyards it, the t'others go off an' show tharsef's in place—'ceptin' Steve"—his thin, expressive lips were slightly elongated. "The news 'ain't got ter the Cove yit, but time it do they will all be fur stringin' him up. *Him—* *known* ter be on that road *that* night at *that* hour, an' 'ain't never showed up no mo'."

A grin of many conceits was upon his countenance, unseen by the subject of conversation, while the men in the full flare of the fire-light had some ado to suppress any facial response of relish. For in this circumstance the dullest amongst them found it easy to discern their safety. Some discussion ensued as to the best method of secreting the treasure until it was safe to divide and use it.

"Jes ter think," remarked Cheever, with jovial hypocrisy, "o' the strange workin's o' Providence. All we-uns war arter war the man's horse—jes ter take the horse-critter an' turn the man a-foot in the road—an' stiddier that we tuk this pile o' money. It 'll buy a hundred sech horses."

Perhaps it was because of the succumbing of their fears in the drowsy influences of the hour, waxing late, perhaps because of the confidence engendered by elation and success, but a new sentiment of security, of capability, was perceptible upon the mere mention of their exploit, and more than one was disposed to dilate upon the future expenditure of his share rather than to devise means to properly secrete it. Here was where they seemed, strangely enough, Yates thought, to misunderstand Cheever. He took little part in the discussion; he listened to each with a sneering negation, half masked beneath his lowered eyelids, and Yates readily divined that none probably would know the hiding-place of the plunder but himself

and Millroy, his loyal henchman, and the only one of them all in whom he really reposed any confidence.

Derridge sat gazing at the embers; once he offered a characteristic observation. "I know 'twouldn't do ter keep it hyar till the s'arch be over," he said, ponderingly, accepting Cheever's suggestion: "an' 'twouldn't do fur all o' we-uns ter light out fur Texas an' sech tergether. The folks would be a-talkin' 'bout our vamosin' like Steve done, an' the sher'ff would be on our track with a requisition. An' it hev ter be hid; not in the woods, 'kase we-uns might lose the spot, or a big rain mought wash the dirt off'n it, or sech."

"I tell ye," interjected Beckett, with a swift look of inspiration. "Ye know old Squair Beamen's fambly buryin'-groun'. Old Mis' Beamen hev got a tombstone like a big box. Lift up the top, and put the truck in thar."

"I'd like ter put ye in thar," replied Cheever, who had stolidly eyed him during this prelection. "I wouldn't hev that truck that close ter a jestic o' the peace fur nuthin'."

"An' I hev hearn o' other truck bein' hid thar," objected Ben Tyson, indignantly. "Them men ez robbed the cross-roads store up on Scolacutto River—thar plunder war fund thar."

"Not fur a long time; 'twar powerful well hid," insisted Pete Beckett, as if stating an essential value. But the other two laughed, and the vexed question seemed hardly soon to be decided.

The waning moon in the skies had swung now so high that her white light lay upon the verge of the niche with a sharply drawn and jagged outline—the shadow of the roofing ledge. Momently this belt grew broader, and the glow of the coals more dully red. The two mountaineers deputed to watch while the others slept, and who beguiled the tedium by a game with a greasy pack of cards, using as a table the seat of a saddle laid between them as they half reclined on the floor, played less by the light of the fire than the clear lustre streaming in at the arched opening of the grotto. The prone figures of the others gave evidence in heavy breathing of their unconscious slumbers. All was silent without; the silver sheen made splendid the woods, although it was invested with some strange yearning melancholy, belonging only to the moon

on its wane. The frogs had ceased their chanting; the katydid was dumb; the earth seemed to sigh no more; the insensate vegetation slept. Once across the white space at the verge on the floor where fell the sharp rugged shadow of the roof there was in the midst of the stillness a sudden movement; it came from the top of the precipice above. The two gamesters sat petrified, the cards in their hands, their burning eyes intent upon the shadow of the summit of the cliff. Nothing—a long moment of suspense. Nothing! And then it came again; the outline of a floating wing—a swift shadow of the nighthawk sweeping in its noiseless flight through the air to seek its unwarned prey. The two men did not so much as glance at one another as they resumed their game; of these thrilling moments, charged with suspense and danger, their lives counted many. So still it was without that it seemed to Yates he might lose in sleep the consciousness of those few momentous hours that had changed the whole current of his life. He went over them again and again in his scanty dreams with a verisimilitude of repetition that sufficed almost to prevent him from discerning his waking thoughts from his slumber. Now and again as he reviewed them he so realized to his imagination a different ordering of their sequence, which might have been so readily effected at the time had he but foreseen, that he had almost the relief of escape. Why had he not refused old Pettingill's request to ride seventeen miles for the doctor? But, indeed, had he not offered the service from the superabundance of his good-nature? "I hope the old man got his horse agin, like Cheever say," he sighed; for in the interim his conscience had been loaded with every ounce that the good bay weighed. And then, again, without the fancy of what he might have done and what he wished, he would recall the circumstances as they had befallen him. Never had impressions been so burned into his consciousness as in those most significant moments of his life. He could even now recollect the glow of friendly feeling with which he said, "I don't b'lieve but what the yerb doctor kin bring Len Rhodes through; but ter pleasure Mr. Shattuck *I'll* ride fur the t'other doctor, Mr. Pettingill—*I'll* ride fur him." He could even feel again his foot in the

stirrup, the quick smooth gallop of the fresh horse beneath him. And then, the winding lengths of the sandy woodland roads, so sweet with the breath of the azaleas, all white and star-eyed in dark bosky places, so fresh with the dew, so idealized by the moon. And thinking no harm! Thinking of Adelaide, with regrets for the harsh words between them, with resolutions that they should be the last. Alack! they were likely to be the last indeed. And of Moses—protean wise! For he could see Moses as a half-grown lad, tall and strong and straight; and then as a bearded man; sometimes as a justice of the peace; sometimes the elastic paternal ambition pre-empted for him a seat in the State Legislature; and then the image dwindled, best of all, to the small limits of the cradle where he slept, so pink and white and warm, the highest potentate in all the land! Thinking of these things Yates was as the miles sped; hearing once afar, afar, a horn wound in the stillness, and then only his horse's hoofs with the alternate beat of the gallop.

He had ridden hard, since it might be a case of life and death, but there was a bad stretch of road ahead, a long hill to climb, and the horse was blown. It was a saving of time, he thought, as he slackened the pace and went slowly, slowly up the rugged ascent. The grass was thick on the margin; he drew his horse to the side where the hoofs might fall on the smooth dank sward. He could scarcely hear his saddle creak. The animal paused at the summit to snatch a mouthful of cool wet sassafras leaves, munching with relish, despite the hinderance of the bit.

Suddenly a wild hoarse scream rang out, startling the night, a tumult of voices, sounded a pistol shot, another, and, as he looked from the summit of the hill down the declivity, he saw a group of horsemen in a wild altercation in the middle of the road. Scant as the moment was, so bright was the moon that he recognized more than one face. And the moment was scant, for the central figure, his whole pose vigorously resistant, fired again, wide of the mark, the ball whizzing by the ear of Zack Pettingill's bay horse. The animal uttered a sharp neigh, almost articulate, wheeled abruptly, and, heedless of either whip or spur, breaking into an unmanageable run, fled frantically homeward. Behind there were swifter hoofs than his. It was hardly a moment before Cheever's

splendid horse was alongside; his burly strength re-enforced Steve Yates's pull on the reins. Whether in the confusion of the moment Cheever and his gang had mistaken the neighing of Pettingill's horse and the sound of his hoofs for pursuit and incontinently fled, or whether they thus divined that they were discovered, Yates did not then definitely understand, nor was it clearer to him afterward. Certainly they dreaded the escape of the witness who beheld the deed and knew its perpetrators by face and name far more than that of the plundered wayfarer, who upon the diversion effected in his favor made good use of his horse's hoofs upon the road that he had so lately travelled. Beyond a pistol ball or two, one of which Yates thought undoubtedly took effect, they did not offer to pursue him. They rode alongside of their protesting and unarmed captive, and discovering shortly how efficacious was the suggestion that he would doubtless be accused of the deed, since so many knew of his errand at this unusual hour and on this unfrequented road, they had him pondering heavily upon the dreary possibilities of circumstantial evidence before they had gone many miles. Not that he did not offer resistance and seek flight. "What's the use o' swallerin' this bullet whether or no, Steve?" Cheever had demanded, as he presented a pistol to his captive's mouth. "I don't want ye ter eat lead, an' how would that mend the matter fur you-uns?" And when Yates sought to urge his horse into a gallop, it was but a shambling in comparison with the smooth swift gait of the splendid animal that Cheever bestrode. He could do naught at the time, not even by screams arouse a way-side habitation, for they had soon plunged into unfrequented forests, and were far away from the haunts of men.

That they had not used him more unkindly than the interests of their own safety necessitated, made no claim upon his gratitude. Perhaps, although he had not the courage to court it, he would have preferred death. He only took advantage of their leniency to stipulate that Pettingill's horse should be turned loose to return. "He mought be viewed 'mongst our'n some time. He's too close a neighbor ennyhow," said Cheever, and so he consented. Even the trivial detail of the creature's bewilderment was still in the young man's mind—how the horse per-

sistently trotted along in the cavalcade, with his lustrous surprised eyes and his empty saddle, his erstwhile rider mounted behind one of the other men. More than once after he was driven back he reappeared from behind a sharp curve of the road, nimbly cantering and with an appealing whinny. Finally blows prevailed, and from the crest of a ridge they afterward saw him ambling erratically homeward along the white moon-lit road, now and again stopping by the way-side to crop the grass or bushes.

"Ef he keeps on that-a-way he'll git home next week," Cheever had commented.

Even now, reviewing the disaster, Yates could not say definitely what he should have done, but it seemed that some rescue would have waited upon his effort had his slow brain but devised it. More than all, above all, the sight of the saddle-bags containing a considerable sum of money taken from the stranger had a horror for him. He dwelt upon the idea that among the people of the Cove he must be believed to have committed the crime, until he had a morbid sense of implication. His mind was, as he knew, but a poor tool for scheming, but he was imperatively, urgently moved by some inward power to make an effort which might result in the restoration of the money to its proper owner. He began to feel that integrity is not a repute; it is an attribute of the mind and a spontaneous emotion of the heart. "'Tain't ter hev folks say ye're honest; it air ter *be* honest."

He felt himself forever blasted; he doubted if, in any event, he would ever dare to return to his home. He had known of men with far less evidence against them than these perverse lies, that masqueraded as facts in his case, strung up to a tree without judge or jury. He would do himself, his wife, his child scant favor in courting that ignoble doom. He only revolved the robbery for the sake of honesty alone, that he might devise some scheme to frustrate the highwaymen and restore the money.

Somehow, as he lay looking out at the gibbous moon, visible now, all distorted and weird in the purple sky, and no less lustrously yellow because of the sense of dawn gradually stealing upon the air, he could not disassociate Shattuck from his train of ideas despite the lack of logical connection. It was perhaps, he thought

dually in recognizing the fact, because it was upon Shattuck's errand that he had gone to this dreadful fate; perhaps because the mention of a box-like tombstone had suggested to him the strange underground sarcophagi, also box-like and of stone, of the pygmy burying-ground in which Shattuck was interested. And suddenly he caught his breath and lay still, thinking, a long time.

So languid-footed was the night, but he smelled the rose in its morning blossoming! A mocking-bird sang, all faint and sweet and fresh, and dreamed again. Stars were fading; the great valley of East Tennessee was beginning to be outlined, with ridges and smaller valleys and rivers and further mountains, with a sense of space and of large symmetry that outdoes the imagination. And still the moon shone in his face.

"Buck," he said, suddenly, for all the others slept, and it was Cheever's turn to watch, "did you-uns ever hear o' the Leetle Stranger People?"

Cheever, smoking his pipe near at hand, as he lay on the floor, lifted himself upon one elbow. He nodded. "Many a time."

"Folks 'low they useter hev this kentry. They seem sorter small ter hev ter die."

"I dun'no' but what they do," said Cheever, impressed by the hardship of the common fate which overtook even such "leetle people." "An' folks hev fairly furgot they ever lived, too."

Yates nodded his head.

"I dun'no' ez I hev hearn the Leetle People named fur thirty year an' better. My gran'mam tole me 'bout 'em whenst I war a boy. What ailed you-uns ter git a-goin' 'bout 'em?"

"Jes thinkin' 'bout home. Thar buryin'-groun' ain't more'n haffen mile from my house," replied Yates, casually. "Ye hev hearn tell how they coffins the dead

in stone boxes, two feet undergroun', an' I reckon that fool talk 'bout Mis' Beamen's tombstone bein' like a stone box reminded me of 'em."

Cheever held his pipe in his hand. The coal had dwindled to an ash as he listened. A thought was astir in his crafty brain. Dull at scheming as Yates was, he could almost divine its processes.

"I dun'no' *when* I hev hearn the Leetle People named afore," Cheever said, meditatively.

"The old folks used ter talk 'bout 'em sometimes," rejoined Steve, apparently inadvertently, "though few knows now they ever lived, nor whar they lie. One grave air right on the south side o' that thar laurel bush—the only laurel on the slope; I know, fur the ground sounds hollow thar; I sounded it one day."

He cast a covert glance at Cheever. The robber's eyes, opened widely for once, were full of light as they glanced swiftly and searchingly at the sleeping men, all unconscious, about them. Then he said, in a casual tone, "I reckon thar's a heap o' lie in all that thar talk 'bout the Leetle People." And his earnest, intent, breathless face belied his words as he spoke them.

Yates sank back upon the improvised pillow of saddle and blanket, breathing quick, feeling alive once more. He had relied on Cheever's ignorance of Shattuck's intention—known, indeed, to few, and infinitely unimportant in their estimation—since the horse-thief's protective seclusion debarred him from much gossip. To this spot beneath the laurel Yates himself had directed Shattuck's attention. Now if the treasure should be concealed there, and Shattuck's enthusiasm should not fail, the discovery would be made and noised abroad, and some right at last would blossom out of all this wrong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

IF I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?

THE FAITH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

THE endeavor now to write anything novel about President Lincoln is much like threshing old straw. While he has been gradually rising to the position he now holds in the world's esteem, it is not strange that those who had any acquaintance with him should each wish to contribute his mite to the aggregate of material concerning a man of such distinguished abilities. No American, possibly no public man anywhere, has had so many biographers; no biographers have ever written with a more imperfect knowledge of their subject than some of the authors of the so-called Lives of Lincoln. Some of these writers had private griefs to ventilate, and, not courageous enough to oppose the general opinion of his sterling worth, have descended in a shamefaced way to make public assumed defects in his character; and others, claiming to be his old associates and friends, have hinted at scandals connected with his origin and early life which had no foundation, and which would never have been heard of but for their officiousness. Their poor excuse is a desire to exhibit Mr. Lincoln as he was, and not as the world would have him to be. There have been in the lives of all great men occurrences upon which friendship lays the seal of silence, and it would have been more to the credit of these writers if they had emulated the dignified silence with which Mr. Lincoln treated unfortunate circumstances which he could neither prevent nor control. Examples of both these classes will be found in any collection of the lives of Mr. Lincoln, and conspicuously in one collection claimed to have been written by the "distinguished men of his time."

One consequence of the *cacoethes scribendi* about Mr. Lincoln is that all the events of his life, the incidents of his professional career, the apt stories attributed to him, many of which he never heard, have been rewritten so many times, with such variations as the taste or fancy of the writer at the moment suggested, that the points of some of the best have been lost, and others so mutilated that they are no longer recognizable. The resignation of the Treasury by Mr. Chase in June, 1864, has not escaped the gen-

eral mutilation. It was an important event; its incidents throw a flood of light over the characters of both the principals. As it has been described, it is a quarrel between two politicians, of little consequence to them, of none to anybody else. One of its versions by an ex-Senator actually begins with the nomination of Governor Tod, two or three days after the resignation—after most of its important incidents had passed. All the accounts that I have seen attribute the resignation to Mr. Chase's desire for the Republican nomination in 1864 for the Presidency, when, in fact, he had given up all hope of it for 1864 more than six months previously.

One of these old friends and associates declares that Mr. Lincoln had no faith. If Paul understood the subject, and faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," then no man ever had a faith more perfect and sincere than Mr. Lincoln. Once, as he lay upon his favorite lounge in the Register's office, whilst the Register and his messenger were engaged in their work, and, as he liked them to do, paying no attention to him, he broke into a magnificent outburst—a word-painting of what the South would be when the war was over, slavery destroyed, and she had had an opportunity to develop her resources under the benignant influence of peace. Twenty years and more afterward this scene flashed upon my memory with the vividness of an electric light as I recognized the word-picture of Mr. Lincoln in the following words of welcome by an eloquent Southerner to a Northern delegation: "You are standing," he said, "at this moment in the gateway that leads to the South. The wealth that is there, no longer hidden from human eyes, flashes in your very faces. You can smell the roses of a new hope that fill the air. You can hear the heart-beats of progress that come as upon the wings of heaven. You can reach forth your hands and almost clutch the gold that the sun rains down with his beams, as he takes his daily journey between the coal mine and the cotton field; the highlands of wood and iron, of marble and granite; the lowlands of tobacco, of sugar and rice, of corn and kine, of wine, milk, and honey." Such was the picture of the

South presented to the eye of Mr. Lincoln's faith.

I have written the following account largely from personal knowledge, from what I myself saw and heard. The principal incidents were written in my journal about the time they occurred. It has been the regret of my subsequent life that I did not at the time know how great a man Mr. Lincoln was; that I did not at the time write out and preserve an account of many other things said and done by him. This occurrence was an exception. I felt at the time that Mr. Lincoln was revealing himself to me in a new and elevated character, and I undertook to record the words in which that revelation was made.

The resignation by Secretary Chase of his position as the chief financial officer of the United States closed his prospects as a Presidential candidate with the Republican, and did not improve them with the Democratic party. It was an act which was calculated to embarrass the President, for which there was no good excuse. He inferred from past events that his resignation would not be accepted; he hoped that it would demonstrate to the country that he had become a necessity of the financial situation, and thereby secure to him its more perfect control.

A question of forgery had arisen in the Assistant Treasury in New York. The Auditor, who signed checks for the payment of money, pronounced two checks returned to him as paid, amounting to nearly \$10,000, to be forgeries. The responsibility for the money lay between Mr. Cisco and the Auditor. If the checks were genuine, the Auditor—if they were forged, Mr. Cisco, must bear the loss.

Mr. Cisco claimed to *know* that the checks bore the genuine signature of the Auditor. He so testified in an examination which took place before a commission of the United States. He declined to admit a possibility that he could be mistaken. His experience, he said, enabled him to identify a genuine or to detect a forged signature with unerring certainty. No one could imitate his signature so as to cause him to hesitate. He was as certain that the disputed signatures were genuine as though he had seen them written.

Friends of the Auditor who were confident of his integrity, finding that the mind of Mr. Cisco was closed to all the presumptions arising from the long ser-

vice and the unblemished character of the accused, availed themselves of the assistance of experts and of photography. An expert wrote an imitation of the Assistant Treasurer's name, which that official testified was his own genuine signature. He was as certain of it as he was of the genuineness of the disputed checks. The evidence of the expert who wrote the imitation, and the enlarged photograph of the signatures to the checks, made their traced, painted, false, and spurious character so apparent that the Auditor was at once discharged, notwithstanding the positive evidence of his chief. The result so intensely mortified him that he promptly resigned his office of Assistant Treasurer, declaring that nothing should induce him to withdraw his resignation.

Secretary Chase was fond of those who recognized his eminence, and were ready to serve him as their acknowledged superior. Those especially who were watchful of his convenience, and of opportunities to contribute to his personal comfort, secured a strong position in his esteem. Maunsel B. Field, an attaché in the office of the Assistant Treasurer of New York, was conspicuously a person of this class. From the first visit of the Secretary to New York after he took office, Mr. Field had attached himself to his personal service. His devotion to that service was perfect; so that afterward, as the visits of the Secretary increased in frequency, Mr. Field attended to his social engagements, and became the authorized agent for communication with him. Mr. Field was a person of polished manners, who had the *entrée* into society. He was also a writer for the newspapers and a Democrat, without much position or following in his party. His service was so attentive that the Secretary came to regard him as a kind of personal society representative. The office of Third Assistant Secretary of the Treasury was created for him. He was appointed to it, and removed to Washington, where he was afterward employed in a confidential relation near the Secretary's person. There were facts of which it is impossible that the Secretary long remained ignorant, which, though not reflecting upon his personal integrity, it was represented, necessarily disqualified him for any position of trust or pecuniary responsibility. From time to time he absented himself from the Treasury, sometimes for weeks

together. No one seemed to know whither he retired, or to have any knowledge of the cause of his absence.

Mr. Cisco had filled his important office of Assistant Treasurer with great fidelity to the country and credit to himself. The fact that he was a member of the Democratic party, most earnest in his co-operation with the administration in all its measures for the suppression of the rebellion, had enabled him to contribute to the success of Mr. Chase's financial measures more powerfully, probably, than any Republican could have done in the same position, while his personal influence upon members of his own party had been strong, and always exerted to promote the cause of the Union. Very strong Republican influences were therefore brought forward to induce Mr. Cisco to reconsider his resignation, but he had apparently determined to return to private life, and peremptorily insisted upon its acceptance.

Always having great responsibility from the amount of public treasure entrusted to his care, the Assistant Treasurer at New York was at that time the most important public officer in the republic, next after the members of the cabinet. The bank presidents of New York city, Boston, and Philadelphia then represented the money of the nation, and acting together, as they usually did, they could promote the early success or delay and obstruct the financial measures of the government. That they had always hitherto supported the Secretary, and co-operated in the execution of his plans, had been largely due to the influence of Mr. Cisco. There had been occasions when these bank officers had attempted to defeat some of these plans, or, at least, to limit their success. But the strength of the Secretary was re-enforced by the persistent influence of Mr. Cisco, always discreetly but constantly operating, so that when Mr. Chase met these gentlemen in the Assistant Treasurer's office, as he so frequently did, his personal magnetism usually brought them to his support. It was therefore most desirable that Mr. Cisco's successor should, so far as practicable, possess his qualities, sustain his relations to the banks, and continue to exercise his good judgment. Such a man was not readily found. Ex-Governor Morgan, then a Senator from New York, a financier of wide experience, and intimately acquainted with all the conditions which

controlled financial movements in that city, took an active interest in the New York appointments. He was, perhaps, the most influential Republican in Congress, who was upon every ground entitled to be consulted in regard to those appointments. He suggested Mr. John A. Stewart, the president of the oldest and wealthiest trust company in the city, an able financier of ripe experience, a pure and patriotic man, as Mr. Cisco's successor. Secretary Chase approved, and the suggestion met with universal favor. But Mr. Stewart would not accept the appointment. He was unwilling to sacrifice his permanent position for one the tenure of which was uncertain, and this consideration was found to be controlling with other eminent financial men possessed of similar qualifications.

While it was generally understood that the Republican Congressmen of New York were looking for a suitable successor to Mr. Cisco, they were amazed by the discovery that Secretary Chase had sent the name of Maunsel B. Field to the President for appointment to that responsible office. The fact became public through Mr. Field himself, who disclosed it to Republicans to whom he applied for recommendations. It produced something like an explosion of indignant opposition.

It seemed impossible to account for this nomination upon the ordinary motives which control human action. It was one which Secretary Chase should have known was unwise to be made. The nominee had not one of the qualities which had made Mr. Cisco strong, or which had led to the selection of Mr. Stewart. He had no financial or political standing, and his natural abilities were of a literary rather than an executive character. It was not surprising, therefore, that Senator Morgan and other Republicans hurried to the President, and indignantly protested against Mr. Field's nomination. They did not measure their words. They claimed that such an appointment would be an insult to the Union men of New York; that it would injure the party and disgrace the administration; and finally they offered to procure a written protest against the nomination, to be signed by every Republican Senator and member of the House in the present Congress.

From the time the opposition to him was made public, the nomination of Mr.

Field became impossible. The natural course obviously was for the President to assume that Secretary Chase had suggested him in ignorance of the objections now urged against him; to request the Secretary to withdraw Mr. Field and make another nomination. But there had already been friction between the President and the Secretary on the subject of nominations, the latter insisting that as he was held responsible for the administration of the Treasury, he should hold the unrestricted power of appointment and removal. The President conceded his claim, but maintained that it should be reasonably exercised, and that he should not be requested to make an appointment to an office in a State the whole Congressional delegation of which opposed it, which would prove injurious to the party, or which was contrary to the traditions of the administration. In other instances the Secretary had shown himself unwilling to admit even these restrictions, and in the case of one appointment made against the wishes of the Republicans of a State, and rejected by the Senate, he threatened to resign his office unless the President renominated the rejected candidate a second time. Although the difficulty in the case referred to was compromised, the President anticipated that Secretary Chase would insist upon Mr. Field's appointment, notwithstanding all the objections—an opinion in which he was confirmed by the fact that the Secretary neither called upon nor communicated with him after some of the New York Republicans had remonstrated against the nomination to Mr. Chase in person.

After twenty-four hours' delay the President, waiving all ceremony, sent a polite note to the Treasury asking his Secretary *to oblige him* by sending him the nomination of some one who was not objectionable to the Senators from New York. Instead of withdrawing Mr. Field's name, Secretary Chase replied by note, asking for an interview. When two parties are seated actually in sight of, and begin to write formal notes to each other, they are neither very likely nor very desirous to agree. The President declined the interview, on the ground that the difference between them did not lie within the range of a conversation. In the mean time the ingenuity of Mr. Field himself devised a way out of the difficulty. Finding that

he would lose the appointment, he brought certain Democratic influences to bear to induce Mr. Cisco temporarily to withdraw his resignation, so that he (Field) might take a place in the New York office, nominally under Mr. Cisco, but really to prepare the way for his own appointment after the adjournment of Congress, and when the defeat of Mr. Lincoln should have been indicated by the early fall elections. Mr. Cisco unexpectedly complied, and the subject of contention was for the moment apparently removed.

Secretary Chase had many subordinates who regarded it as their duty to magnify his office and exalt his name. He was firmly of opinion that no one but himself could maintain the national credit; these subordinates assured him that such was the prevailing opinion, and it had become an article of faith in the department. He had no doubt whatever that the President had embraced it. He believed that his offer of resignation would create a general public demand that he should continue at the head of the Treasury, and upon a recent occasion the President had confirmed his belief in that respect by urgently requesting him to change his purpose to resign. Although there was no adequate occasion for it, he thought the present an excellent opportunity to repeat both the resignation and his former experience. He therefore again tendered his resignation, accompanying it with an intimation that the failure to nominate Mr. Field had rendered his position one of embarrassment, difficulty, and painful responsibility.

The resignation was written and forwarded on the 29th of June. It was not unexpected to President Lincoln, and he dealt with it with wise deliberation. During the day he requested me to call at the White House at the close of business. I found him undisturbed, and apparently in a happy frame of mind.

"I have sent for you," he said, "to ask you a question. How long can the Treasury be 'run' under an acting appointment? Whom can I appoint who will not take the opportunity to run the engine off the track, or do any other damage?"

I was too much troubled and surprised to answer him directly. "Mr. President," I exclaimed, "you will not let so small a matter as this New York appointment separate yourself and Governor Chase? Do not, I beg of you! Tell me where the

trouble lies, and let me see if I cannot arrange it."

"No; it is past arrangement," he said. "I feel relieved since I have settled the question. I would not restore what they call the *status quo* if I could."

"But," I continued, "think of the country, of the Treasury, of the consequences! I do not for a moment excuse the Secretary. His nomination of Field was most unaccountable to me. But Secretary Chase, with all his faults, is a great financier. His administration of the Treasury has been a financial miracle. Who can fill his place? There is not a man in the Union who can do it. If the national credit goes under, the Union goes with it. I repeat it—Secretary Chase is to-day a national necessity."

"How mistaken you are!" he quietly observed. "Yet it is not strange; I used to have similar notions. No! If we should all be turned out to-morrow, and could come back here in a week, we should find our places filled by a lot of fellows doing just as well as we did, and in many instances better. As the Irishman said, 'In this country one man is as good as another; and, for the matter of that, very often a great deal better.' No; *this government does not depend upon the life of any man*," he said, impressively. "But you have not answered my question. There"—pointing to the table—"is Chase's resignation. I shall write its acceptance as soon as you have told me how much time I can take to hunt up another Secretary."

"The Treasury can be run under an acting appointment two or three days," I answered. "It ought not to be run for a day. There is an unwritten law of the department that an acting Secretary should do nothing but current business. No one whom you would be likely to appoint would consciously violate it."

"Whom shall I appoint acting Secretary?" he asked. "I have thought it would be scarcely proper to name one of the Assistant Secretaries after their chief is out."

"If you ask my opinion," I replied, "I should advise the appointment of the First Assistant. I fear the effect of this resignation upon the country, and it would be unwise to increase its evils by departing from the usual course. An intimation from you that nothing but current business should be transacted will certainly be respected."

"That seems sensible; I thank you for the suggestion," he said. "But I shall have to put on my thinking cap at once, and find a successor to Chase."

"Where is the man?" I exclaimed. "Mr. President, this is worse than another Bull Run defeat. Pray let me go to Secretary Chase, and see if I cannot induce him to withdraw his resignation. Otherwise I shall not sleep to-night."

I shall carry the memory of his next words as long as I live. Every time I think of them, Mr. Lincoln will seem to grow greater as a man—to be the greatest American who ever lived. Consider the circumstances. The country was in the fiercest throes of civil war; the President was weighted with the heaviest responsibilities; his Secretary of the Treasury was tendering his resignation when there was no good excuse for the act, manifestly to embarrass him and to increase his difficulties. Then weigh these words:

"I will tell you," he said, leaning back in his chair, and carelessly throwing one of his long legs over the other, "how it is with Chase. It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to fall into a bad habit. Chase has fallen into two bad habits. One is that to which I have often referred. He thinks he has become indispensable to the country, that his intimate friends know it, and he cannot comprehend why the country does not understand it. He also thinks he ought to be President; he has no doubt whatever about that. It is inconceivable to him why the people have not found it out—why they don't, as one man, rise up and say so. He is, as you say, an able financier; as you think without saying so, he is a great statesman, and, at the bottom, a patriot. Ordinarily he discharges a public trust, the duties of a public office, with great ability—with greater ability than any man I know. Mind, I say *ordinarily*, for these bad habits seem to have spoiled him. They have made him irritable, uncomfortable, so that he is never perfectly happy unless he is thoroughly miserable and able to make everybody else just as uncomfortable as he is himself. He knows that the nomination of Field would displease the Unionists of New York, would delight our enemies, and injure our friends. He knows that I could not make it without seriously offending the strongest supporters of the government in New York,

and that the nomination would not strengthen him anywhere or with anybody. Yet he resigns because I will not make it. He is either determined to annoy me, or that I shall pat him on the shoulder and coax him to stay. I don't think I ought to do it. I will not do it. I will take him at his word."

Here he made a long pause. His mobile face wore a speaking expression, and indicated that he was thinking earnestly; but with perfect coolness he continued: "And yet there is not a man in the Union who would make as good a Chief Justice as Chase." There was another pause; his plain homely face was illuminated as he added: "And if I have the opportunity, I will make him Chief Justice of the United States."

I thought at the time, and I have never since changed the opinion, that a man who could form such a just estimate and avow such a purpose in relation to another who had just performed a gratuitous act of personal annoyance intended to add to his responsibilities—already the greatest which any American had ever undertaken—who seemed wholly incapable of any thought of punishment or even reproof, must move upon a higher plane and be influenced by loftier motives than any man I had before met with. In the entire interview there was not an indication of passion or prejudice; there was a complete elimination of himself from the situation. There was nothing but the impartiality of a just judge, the disinterestedness of a patriot, the stoicism of a philosopher. I was silenced, and about to take my leave, when he said:

"Well, then, I understand I can take three days of grace. In that time I shall find somebody who will fit the notch and satisfy the nation. Perhaps I shall find him to-night. My best thoughts always come in the night. As soon as I find him, you shall know. I must first write my acceptance of Chase's resignation."

On the following day, June 30th, the President sent the nomination of Ex-Governor Tod, of Ohio, as Secretary of the Treasury to the Senate for confirmation. There is no occasion now to inquire after his motives. Undoubtedly his first thought was of an Ohio man, his opinion being settled that it was better not to select a Secretary from any of the Atlantic States. The nomination was not well received, and it was a relief to his friends

when, during the evening, Mr. Tod, by telegraph, peremptorily declined it.

Before sunrise the next day I was again sent for. I rode to the White House in the dawning light of an early summer morning, and found the President in his waistcoat, trousers, and slippers. He had evidently just left his bed, and had not taken time to dress himself. As I entered the familiar room, he said, in a cheerful, satisfied voice:

"I have sent for you to let you know that we have got a Secretary of the Treasury. If your sleep has been disturbed, you have time for a morning nap. You will like to meet him when the department opens."

"I am indeed glad to hear it," I said. "But who is he?"

"Oh, you will like the appointment, so will the country, so will everybody. It is the best appointment possible. Strange that I should have had any doubt about it. What have you to say to Mr. Fessenden?"

"He would be an eminently proper appointment," I answered. "The chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance; perfectly familiar with all our financial legislation; a strong, able man, and a true friend of the Union. He is also next in the direct line of promotion. But he will not accept. His health is frail, and his present position suits him. There is not one chance in a thousand of his acceptance."

"He will accept; have no fear on that account. I have just notified him of his appointment, and I expect him every moment."

At this moment the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Fessenden almost burst into the room, without being announced. His thin face was colorless; there was intense excitement in his voice and movements.

"I cannot! I will not! I should be a dead man in a week. I am a sick man now. I cannot accept this appointment, for which I have no qualifications. You, Mr. President, ought not to ask me to do it. Pray relieve me by saying that you will withdraw it. I repeat, I cannot and I will not accept it."

The President rose from his chair, approached Mr. Fessenden, and threw his arm around his neck. It may seem ludicrous, but as I saw that long and apparently unstiffened limb winding like a ca-

ble about the small neck of the Senator from Maine, I wondered how many times the arm would encircle it. His voice was serious and emphatic, but without any assumption of solemnity, as he said:

"Fessenden, since I have occupied this place, every appointment I have made upon my own judgment has proved to be a good one. I do not say the best that could have been made, but good enough to answer the purpose. All the mistakes I have made have been in cases where I have permitted my own judgment to be overruled by that of others. Last night I saw my way clear to appoint you Secretary of the Treasury. I do not think you have any right to tell me you will not accept the place. I believe that the suppression of the rebellion has been decreed by a higher power than any represented by us, and that the Almighty is using His own means to that end. You are one of them. It is as much your duty to accept as it is mine to appoint. Your nomination is now on the way from the State Department, and in a few minutes it will be here. It will be in the Senate at noon, you will be immediately and unanimously confirmed, and by one o'clock to-day you must be signing warrants in the Treasury."

Mr. Fessenden was intellectually a strong man, one of the last men to surrender his own judgment to the will of another, but he made no effort to resist the President's appeal. He cast his eyes upon the floor, and murmured, "Well, perhaps I ought to think about it," and turned to leave the room.

"No," said the President; "this matter is settled here and now. I am told that it is very necessary that a Secretary should act to-day. You must enter upon your duties to-day. I will assure you that if a change becomes desirable hereafter, I will be ready and willing to make it. But, unless I misunderstand the temper of the public, your appointment will be so satisfactory that we shall have no occasion to deal with any question of change for some time to come."

At this point the conversation terminated, and all the persons present separated. The result is well known. Mr. Fessenden's appointment was entirely satisfactory, and the affairs of the Treasury went on so smoothly that no change in the financial policy of Secretary Chase was attempted; and from this time until

the resignation of Mr. Fessenden there was no further friction between the Treasury Department and the Executive.

Chief Justice Taney died in the following October. The friends of Secretary Chase immediately put forth the strongest effort possible to secure for him an appointment to the vacancy. They were assured that no such effort was necessary, that he would receive the appointment without asking for it. They would not and could not accept the assurance. They said that Mr. Chase had made some very harsh observations about Mr. Lincoln which must have come to his knowledge; that nothing would induce him to overlook those remarks, unless there was practically a united demand from all the leaders of the Republican party for the appointment. I am sincerely grateful that I had at that time so true an appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's character that I knew that such remarks would make no impression whatever upon his mind. I was confirmed in my opinion by the information I received of the experience of the friend of another candidate, who attempted to improve his chances by repeating to the President some of these remarks of his former Secretary. The President at first replied that the Secretary was probably justified in his observations, but when the advocate pressed the point more earnestly, he received a reproof from the President which permanently suppressed further effort in that direction.

The appointment was made in November, as speedily as was appropriate after the vacancy occurred. The only direction of the President I ever consciously violated was when, after the appointment, I had the satisfaction of informing the Chief Justice that his appointment had been decided upon on the 30th of the previous June, after which the President had never contemplated any other. Not many days afterward I was shown a copy of a letter such as Mr. Chase alone could have written, in which he expressed his gratitude for the appointment, which he said he desired more than any other. Thus was the *entente cordiale* restored between these two eminent Americans, never again to be broken or interrupted. Among the sorrowing hearts around the dying bed of the republic's greatest President there was none more affectionate than that which beat in the bosom of his Chief Justice.

THE HEART OF THE DESERT.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

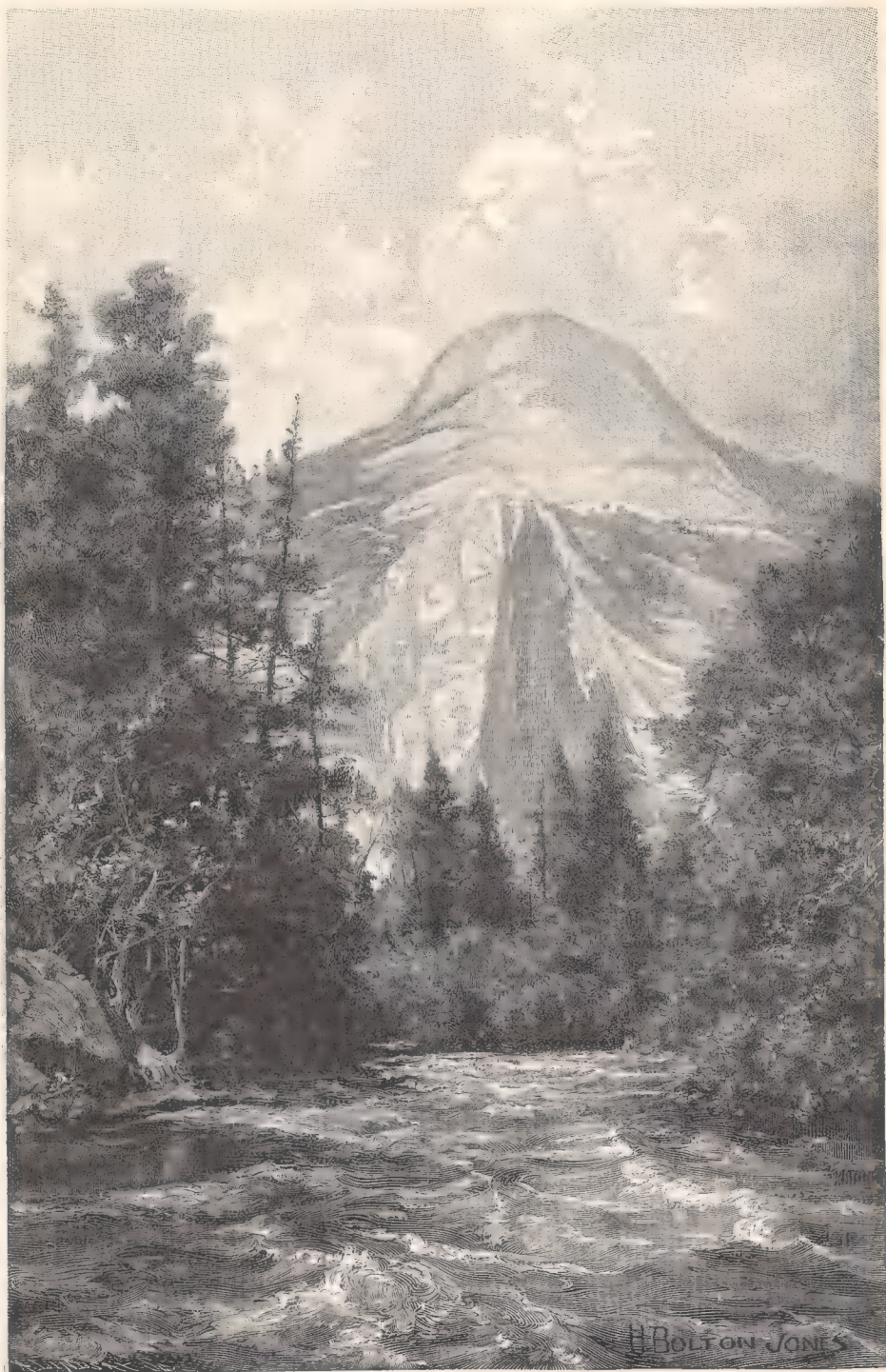
I WENT to it with reluctance. I shrink from attempting to say anything about it. If you knew that there was one spot on the earth where Nature kept her secret of secrets, the key to the action of her most gigantic and patient forces through the long eras, the marvel of constructive and destructive energy, in features of sublimity made possible to mental endurance by the most exquisite devices of painting and sculpture, the wonder which is without parallel or comparison, would you not hesitate to approach it? Would you not wander and delay with this and that wonder, and this and that beauty and nobility of scenery, putting off the day when the imagination, which is our highest gift, must be extinguished by the reality? The mind has this judicious timidity. Do we not loiter in the avenue of the temple, dallying with the vista of giant plane-trees and statues, and noting the carving and the color, mentally shrinking from the moment when the full glory shall burst upon us? We turn and look when we are near a summit, we pick a flower, we note the shape of the clouds, the passing breeze, before we take the last step that shall reveal to us the vast panorama of mountains and valleys.

I cannot bring myself to any description of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado by any other route, mental or physical, than that by which we reached it, by the way of such beauty as Monterey, such a wonder as the Yosemite, and the infinite and picturesque deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. I think the mind needs the training in the desert scenery to enable it to grasp the unique sublimity of the Grand Cañon.

The road to the Yosemite, after leaving the branch of the Southern Pacific at Raymond, is an unnecessarily fatiguing one. The journey by stage—sixty-five miles—is accomplished in less than two days—thirty-nine miles the first day, and twenty-six the second. The driving is necessarily slow, because two mountain ridges have to be surmounted, at an elevation each of about 6500 feet. The road is not a "road" at all as the term is understood in Switzerland, Spain, or in any highly civilized region—that is, a graded, smooth, hard, and sufficiently broad track. It is

a makeshift highway, generally narrow (often too narrow for two teams to pass), cast up with loose material, or excavated on the slopes with frequent short curves and double curves. Like all mountain roads which skirt precipices, it may seem "pokerish," but it is safe enough if the drivers are skilful and careful (all the drivers on this route are not only excellent, but exceedingly civil as well), and there is no break in wagon or harness. At the season this trip is made the weather is apt to be warm, but this would not matter so much if the road were not intolerably dusty. Over a great part of the way the dust rises in clouds and is stifling. On a well-engineered road, with a good road-bed, the time of passage might not be shortened, but the journey would be made with positive comfort and enjoyment, for though there is a certain monotony in the scenery, there is the wild freshness of nature, now and then an extensive prospect, a sight of the snow-clad Nevadas, and vast stretches of woodland; and a part of the way the forests are magnificent, especially the stupendous growth of the sugar-pine. These noble forests are now protected by their inaccessibility.

From 1855 to 1864, nine years, the Yosemite had 653 visitors; in 1864 there were 147. The number increased steadily till 1869, the year the overland railroad was completed, when it jumped to 1122. Between 4000 and 5000 persons visit it now each year. The number would be enormously increased if it could be reached by rail, and doubtless a road will be built to the valley in the near future, perhaps up the Merced River. I believe that the pilgrims who used to go to the Yosemite on foot or on horseback regret the building of the stage road, the enjoyment of the wonderful valley being somehow cheapened by the comparative ease of reaching it. It is feared that a railway would still further cheapen, if it did not vulgarize it, and that passengers by train would miss the mountain scenery, the splendid forests, the surprises of the way (like the first view of the valley from Inspiration Point), and that the Mariposa big trees would be further off the route than they are now. The traveller sees them now by driving eight miles from Wawona, the end of the



THE YOSEMITE DOME.

first day's staging. But the romance for the few there is in staging will have to give way to the greater comfort of the many by rail. The railway will do no more injury to the Yosemite than it has done to Niagara, and in fact will be the means of immensely increasing the comfort of the visitor's stay there, besides enabling tens of thousands of people to see it who cannot stand the fatigue of the stage ride over the present road. The Yosemite will remain as it is. The simplicity of its grand features is unassailable so long as the government protects the forests that surround it and the streams that pour into it. The visitor who goes there by rail will find plenty of adventure for days and weeks in following the mountain trails, ascending to the great points of view, exploring the cañons, or climbing so as to command the vast stretch of the snowy Sierras. Or, if he is not inclined to adventure, the valley itself will satisfy his highest imaginative flights of the sublime in rock masses and perpendicular ledges, and his sense of beauty in the graceful water-falls, rainbow colors, and exquisite lines of domes and pinnacles. It is in the grouping of objects of sublimity and beauty that the Yosemite excels. The narrow valley, with its gigantic walls, which vary in every change of the point of view, lends itself to the most astonishing scenic effects, and these the photograph has reproduced, so that the world is familiar with the striking features of the valley, and has a tolerably correct idea of the sublimity of some of these features. What the photograph cannot do is to give an impression of the unique grouping, of the majesty, and at times crushing weight upon the mind, of the forms and masses, of the atmospheric splendor and illusion, and of the total value of such an assemblage of wonders. The level surface of the peaceful park-like valley has much to do with the impression. The effect of El Capitan, seen across a meadow and rising from a beautiful park, is much greater than if it were encountered in a savage mountain gorge. The traveller may have seen elsewhere greater water-falls, and domes and spires of rock as surprising, but he has nowhere else seen such a combination as this. He may be fortified against surprise by the photographs he has seen and the reports of word painters, but he will not escape (say at Inspiration Point, or Artist Point, or other

lookouts) a quickening of the pulse and an elation which is physical as well as mental, in the sight of such unexpected sublimity and beauty. And familiarity will scarcely take off the edge of his delight, so varied are the effects in the passing hours and changing lights. The Rainbow Fall, when water is abundant, is exceedingly impressive as well as beautiful. Seen from the carriage road, pouring out of the sky overhead, it gives a sense of power, and at the proper hour before sunset, when the vast mass of leaping, foaming water is shot through with the colors of the spectrum, it is one of the most exquisite sights the world can offer; the elemental forces are overwhelming, but the loveliness is engaging. One turns from this to the noble mass of El Capitan with a shock of surprise, however often it may have been seen. This is the hour, also, in the time of high-water, to see the reflection of the Yosemite Falls. As a spectacle it is infinitely finer than anything at Mirror Lake, and is unique in its way. To behold this beautiful series of falls, flowing down out of the blue sky above, and flowing up out of an equally blue sky in the depths of the earth, is a sight not to be forgotten. And when the observer passes from these displays to the sight of the aerial domes in the upper end of the valley, new wonders opening at every turn of the forest road, his excitement has little chance of subsiding. He may be even a little oppressed. The valley, so verdant and friendly with grass and trees and flowers, is so narrow compared with the height of its perpendicular guardian walls, and this little secluded spot is so imprisoned in the gigantic mountains, that man has a feeling of helplessness in it. This powerlessness in the presence of elemental forces was heightened by the deluge of water. There had been an immense fall of snow the winter before, the Merced was a raging torrent, overflowing its banks, and from every ledge poured a miniature cataract.

Noble simplicity is the key-note to the scenery of the Yosemite, and this is enhanced by the park-like appearance of the floor of the valley. The stems of the fine trees are in harmony with the perpendicular lines, and their foliage adds the necessary contrast to the gray rock masses. In order to preserve these forest trees, the underbrush, which is liable to make a conflagration in a dry season, should be re-



1. COAST OF MONTEREY. 2. CYPRESS POINT. 3. NEAR SEAL ROCK.

moved generally, and the view of the great features be left unimpeded. The minor cañons and the trails are of course left as much as possible to the riot of vegetation. The State commission, which labors under the disadvantages of getting its supplies from a Legislature that does not appreciate the value of the Yosemite to Cali-

fornia, has established a model trail service. The Yosemite, it need not be said, is a great attraction to tourists from all parts of the world; it is the interest of the State, therefore, to increase their number by improving the facilities for reaching it, and by resolutely preserving all the surrounding region from ravage.

This is as true of the Mariposa big tree region as of the valley. Indeed, more care is needed for the trees than for the great chasm, for man cannot permanently injure the distinctive features of the latter, while the destruction of the sequoias will be an irreparable loss to the State and to the world. The *Sequoia gigantea* differs in leaf, and size and shape of cone, from the great *Sequoia semper virens* on the coast near Santa Cruz; neither can be spared. The Mariposa trees, scattered along on a mountain ridge 6500 feet above the sea, do not easily obtain their victory, for they are a part of a magnificent forest of other growths, among which the noble

sugar-pine is conspicuous for its enormous size and graceful vigor. The sequoias dominate among splendid rivals only by a magnitude that has no comparison elsewhere in the world. I think no one can anticipate the effect that one of these monarchs will have upon him. He has read that a coach and six can drive through one of the trees that is standing; that another is thirty-three feet in diameter, and that its vast stem, 350 feet high, is crowned with a mass of foliage that seems to brush against the sky. He might be prepared for a tower one hundred feet in circumference, and even four hundred feet high, standing upon a level plain. But this living growth is quite another affair. Each tree is an individual, and has a personal character. No man can stand in the presence of one of these giants without a new sense of the age of the world and the insignificant span of one human life; but he is also overpowered by a sense of some gigantic personality. It does not relieve him to think of this as the Methuselah of trees, or to call it by the name of some great poet or captain. The awe the tree inspires is of itself. As one lies and looks up at the enormous bulk, it seems not so much the bulk, so lightly is it carried, as the spirit of the tree, the elastic vigor, the patience, the endurance of storm and change, the confident might, and the soaring, almost contemptuous pride, that overwhelm the puny spectator. It is just because man can measure himself, his littleness, his brevity of existence, with this growth out of the earth, that he is more personally impressed by it than he might be by the mere variation in the contour of the globe which is called a mountain. The imagination makes a plausible effort to comprehend it, and is foiled. No, clearly it is not mere size that impresses one; it is the dignity, the character in the tree, the authority and power of antiquity. Side by side of these venerable forms are young sequoias, great trees themselves, that have only just begun their millennial career—trees that will, if spared, perpetuate to remote ages this race of giants, and in two to four thousand years from now take the place of their great-grandfathers, who are sinking under the weight of years, and one by one measuring their length on the earth.

The transition from the sublime to the exquisitely lovely in nature can nowhere else be made with more celerity than from

the Sierras to the coast at Monterey. California abounds in such contrasts and surprises. After the great stirring of the emotions by the Yosemite and the Mariposa, the Hotel del Monte Park and vicinity offer repose, and make an appeal to the sense of beauty and refinement. Yet even here something unique is again encountered. I do not refer to the extraordinary beauty of the giant live-oaks and the landscape-gardening about the hotel, which have made Monterey famous the world over, but to the sea-beach drive of sixteen miles, which can scarcely be rivalled elsewhere either for marine loveliness or variety of coast scenery. It has points like the ocean drive at Newport, but is altogether on a grander scale, and shows a more poetic union of shore and sea; besides, it offers the curious and fascinating spectacles of the rocks inhabited by the sea-lions, and the Cypress Point. These huge uncouth creatures can be seen elsewhere, but probably nowhere else on this coast are they massed in greater numbers. The trees of Cypress Point are unique, this species of cypress having been found nowhere else. The long, never-ceasing swell of the Pacific incessantly flows up the many crescent sand beaches, casting up shells of brilliant hues, sea-weed, and kelp, which seems instinct with animal life, and flotsam from the far-off islands. But the rocks that lie off the shore, and the jagged points that project in fanciful forms, break the even great swell, and send the waters, churned into spray and foam, into the air with a thousand hues in the sun. The shock of these sharp collisions mingles with the heavy ocean boom. Cypress Point is one of the most conspicuous of these projections, and its strange trees creep out upon the ragged ledges almost to the water's edge. These cypresses are quite as instinct with individual life and quite as fantastic as any that Doré drew for his "Inferno." They are as gnarled and twisted as olive-trees two centuries old, but their attitudes seem not only to show struggle with the elements, but agony in that struggle. The agony may be that of torture in the tempest, or of some fabled creatures fleeing and pursued, stretching out their long arms in terror, and fixed in that writhing fear. They are creatures of the sea quite as much as of the land, and they give to this lovely coast a strange charm and fascination.



LAGUNA, FROM THE SOUTHEAST.



CHURCH AT LAGUNA.

The traveller to California by the Santa Fe route comes into the arid regions gradually, and finds each day a variety of objects of interest that upsets his conception of a monotonous desert land. If he chooses to break the continental journey midway, he can turn aside at Las Vegas to the Hot Springs. Here, at the head of a picturesque valley, is the Montezuma Hotel, a luxurious and handsome house, 6767 feet above sea-level, a great surprise in the midst of the broken and somewhat savage New-Mexican scenery. The low hills covered with pines and piñons, the romantic glens, and the wide views from the elevations about the hotel, make it an attractive place; and a great deal has been done, in the erection of bath-houses, ornamental gardening, and the grading of roads and walks, to make it a comfortable place. The latitude and the dryness of the atmosphere insure for the traveller from the North in our winter an agreeable reception, and the elevation makes the spot in the summer a desirable resort from Southern heat. It is a sani-

tarium as well as a pleasure resort. The Hot Springs have much the same character as the Töplitz waters in Bohemia, and the saturated earth—the *Mutter-lager*—furnishes the curative “mud baths” which are enjoyed at Marienbad and Carlsbad. The union of the climate, which is so favorable in diseases of the respiratory organs, with the waters, which do so much for rheumatic sufferers, gives a distinction to Las Vegas Hot Springs. This New-Mexican

air—there is none purer on the globe—is an enemy to hay-fever and malarial diseases. It was a wise enterprise to provide that those who wish to try its efficacy can do so at the Montezuma without giving up any of the comforts of civilized life.

It is difficult to explain to one who has not seen it, or will not put himself in the leisurely frame of mind to enjoy it, the charms of the desert of the high plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona. Its arid character is not so impressive as its ancientness; and the part which interests us is not only the procession of the long geologic eras, visible in the extinct volcanoes, the *barrancas*, the painted buttes, the petrified forests, but as well in the evidences of civilizations gone by, or the remains of them surviving in our day—the cliff dwellings, the ruins of cities that were thriving when Coronado sent his lieutenants through the region three centuries ago, and the present residences of the Pueblo Indians, either villages perched upon an almost inaccessible rock like Acamo, or clusters of adobe dwellings like Isleta and Laguna. The Pueblo Indians, of whom the Zuñis are a tribe, have been dwellers in villages and cultivators of the soil and of the arts of peace immemorially, a gentle, amiable race. It is indeed such a race as one would expect to find in the land of the sun and the cactus. Their manners and their arts attest their antiquity and a long refinement in fixed

dwelling and occupations. The whole region is a most interesting field for the antiquarian.

We stopped one day at Laguna, which is on the Santa Fe line west of Isleta, another Indian pueblo at the Atlantic and

zontal ledges in the distance. Laguna is built upon a rounded elevation of rock. Its appearance is exactly that of a Syrian village, the same cluster of little, square, flat-roofed houses in terraces, the same brown color, and under the same pale



TERRACED HOUSES, PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

Pacific junction, where the road crosses the Rio Grande del Norte west of Albuquerque. Near Laguna a little stream called the Rio Puerco flows southward and joins the Rio Grande. There is verdure along these streams, and gardens and fruit orchards repay the rude irrigation. In spite of these watercourses the aspect of the landscape is wild and desert-like—low barren hills and ragged ledges, wide sweeps of sand and dry gray bushes, with mountains and long lines of hori-

blue sky. And the resemblance was completed by the figures of the women on the roofs, or moving down the slope, erect and supple, carrying on the head a water jar, and holding together by one hand the mantle worn like a Spanish *rebozo*. The village is irregularly built, without much regard to streets or alleys, and it has no special side of entrance or approach. Every side presents a blank wall of adobe, and the entrance seems quite by chance. Yet the way we went

over, the smooth slope was worn here and there in channels three or four inches deep, as if by the passing feet of many generations. The only semblance of architectural regularity is in the plaza, not perfectly square, upon which some of the houses look, and where the annual dances take place. The houses have the effect of being built in terraces rising one above the other, but it is hard to say exactly what a house is—whether it is anything more than one room. You can reach some of the houses only by aid of a ladder. You enter others from the street. If you will go further, you must climb a ladder, which brings you to the roof, that is used as the sitting-room or door-yard of the next room. From this room you may still ascend to others, or you may pass through low and small doorways to other apartments. It is all hap-hazard, but exceedingly picturesque. You may find some of the family in every room, or they may be gathered, women and babies, on a roof which is protected by a parapet. At the time of our visit the men were all away at work in their fields. Notwithstanding the houses are only sundried bricks, and the village is without water or street commissioners, I was struck by the universal cleanliness. There was no refuse in the corners or alleys, no odors, and many of the rooms were patterns of neatness. To be sure, an old woman here and there kept her hens in an adjoining apartment above her own, and there was the litter of children and of rather careless house-keeping. But, taken altogether, the town is an example for some more civilized, whose inhabitants wash oftener and dress better than these Indians.

We were put on friendly terms with the whole settlement through three or four young maidens who had been at the Carlisle school, and spoke English very prettily. They were of the ages of fifteen and sixteen, and some of them had been five years away. They came back, so far as I could learn, gladly to their own people and to the old ways. They had resumed the Indian dress, which is much more becoming to them, as I think they know, than that which had been imposed upon them. I saw no books. They do not read any now, and they appear to be perfectly content with the idle drudgery of their semi-savage condition. In time they will marry in their tribe, and

the school episode will be a thing of the past. But not altogether. The pretty Josephine, who was our best cicerone about the place, a girl of lovely eyes and modest mien, showed us with pride her own room, or "house," as she called it, neat as could be, simply furnished with an iron bedstead and snow-white cot, a mirror, chair, and table, and a trunk, and some "advertising" prints on the walls. She said that she was needed at home to cook for her aged mother, and her present ambition was to make money enough by the sale of pottery and curios to buy a cooking stove, so that she could cook more as the whites do. The house-work of the family had mainly fallen upon her; but it was not burdensome, I fancied, and she and the other girls of her age had leisure to go to the station on the arrival of every train, in hope of selling something to the passengers, and to sit on the rocks in the sun and dream as maidens do. I fancy it would be better for Josephine and for all the rest if there were no station and no passing trains. The elder women were uniformly ugly, but not repulsive like the Mojaves; the place swarmed with children, and the babies, aged women, and pleasing young girls grouped most effectively on the roofs.

The whole community were very complaisant and friendly when we came to know them well, which we did in the course of an hour, and they enjoyed as much as we did the bargaining for pottery. They have for sale a great quantity of small pieces, fantastic in form and brilliantly colored—toys, in fact; but we found in their houses many beautiful jars of large size and excellent shape, decorated most effectively. The ordinary utensils for cooking and for cooling water are generally pretty in design and painted artistically. Like the ancient Peruvians, they make many vessels in the forms of beasts and birds. Some of the designs of the decoration are highly conventionalized, and others are just in the proper artistic line of the natural—a spray with a bird, or a sunflower on its stalk. The ware is all unglazed, exceedingly light and thin, and baked so hard that it has a metallic sound when struck. Some of the large jars are classic in shape, and recall in form and decoration the ancient Cypriote ware, but the colors are commonly brilliant and barbaric. The designs seem to be indigenous, and to betray



GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO—VIEW FROM POINT SUBLIME.

little Spanish influence. The art displayed in this pottery is indeed wonderful, and, to my eye, much more effective and lastingly pleasing than much of our cultivated decoration. A couple of handsome jars that I bought of an old woman, she assured me she made and decorated herself; but I saw no ovens there, nor any signs of manufacture, and suppose that most of the ware is made at Acoma.

It did not seem to be a very religious community, although the town has a Catholic church, and I understand that Protestant services are sometimes held in the place. The church is not much frequented, and the only evidence of devotion I encountered was in a woman who wore a large and handsome silver cross, made by the Navajos. When I asked its price, she clasped it to her bosom, with an upward look full of faith and of refusal to part with her religion at any price. The church, which is adobe, and at least two centuries old, is one of the most interesting I have seen anywhere. It is a simple parallelogram, 104 feet long and 21 feet broad, the gable having an opening in which the bells hang. The interior is exceedingly curious, and its decorations are worth reproduction. The floor is of earth, and many of the tribe who were distinguished and died long ago are said to repose under its smooth surface, with nothing to mark their place of sepulture. It has an open timber roof, the beams supported upon carved corbels. The ceiling is made of wooden sticks, about two inches in diameter and some four feet long, painted in alternated colors—red, blue, orange, and black—and so twisted or woven together as to produce the effect of plaited straw, a most novel and agreeable decoration. Over the entrance is a small gallery, the under roof of which is composed of sticks laid in straw pattern and colored. All around the walls runs a most striking dado, an odd, angular pattern, with conventionalized birds at intervals, painted in strong yet *fade* colors—red, yellow, black, and white. The north wall is without windows; all the light, when the door is closed, comes from two irregular windows, without glass, high up in the south wall. The chancel walls are covered with frescoes, and there are several quaint paintings, some of them not very bad in color and drawing. The altar, which is supported at the sides by twisted wooden pil-

lars carved with a knife, is hung with ancient sheepskins brightly painted. Back of the altar are some archaic wooden images, colored; and over the altar, on the ceiling, are the stars of heaven, and the sun and the moon, each with a face in it. The interior was scrupulously clean and sweet and restful to one coming in from the glare of the sun on the desert. It was evidently little used, and the Indians who accompanied us seemed under no strong impression of its sanctity; but we liked to linger in it, it was so *bizarre*, so picturesque, and exhibited in its rude decoration so much taste. Two or three small birds flitting about seemed to enjoy the coolness and the subdued light, and were undisturbed by our presence.

These are children of the desert, kin in their condition and the influences that formed them to the sedentary tribes of upper Egypt and Arabia, who pitch their villages upon the rocky eminences, and depend for subsistence upon irrigation and scant pasturage. Their habits are those of the dwellers in an arid land which has little in common with the wilderness—the inhospitable northern wilderness of rain and frost and snow. Rain, to be sure, insures some sort of vegetation in the most forbidding and intractable country, but that does not save the harsh landscape from being unattractive. The high plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona have everything that the rainy wilderness lacks—sunshine, heaven's own air, immense breadth of horizon, color and infinite beauty of outline, and a warm soil with unlimited possibilities when moistened. All that these deserts need is water. A fatal want? No. That is simply saying that science can do for this region what it cannot do for the high wilderness of frost—by the transportation of water transform it into gardens of bloom and fields of fruitfulness. The wilderness shall be made to feed the desert.

I confess that these deserts in the warm latitudes fascinate me. Perhaps it is because I perceive in them such a chance for the triumph of the skill of man, seeing how, here and there, his energy has pushed the desert out of his path across the continent. But I fear that I am not so practical. To many the desert in its stony sterility, its desolateness, its unbroken solitude, its fantastic savageness, is either appalling or repulsive. To them it is tiresome and monotonous. The vast



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT LAGUNA.

plains of Kansas and Nebraska are monotonous even in the agricultural green of summer. Not so to me the desert. It is as changeable in its lights and colors as the ocean. It is even in its general features of sameness never long the same. If you traverse it on foot or on horseback, there is ever some minor novelty. And on the swift train, if you draw down the curtain against the glare, or turn to your book, you are sure to miss something of interest—a deep cañon rift in the plain, a turn that gives a wide view glowing in a hundred hues in the sun, a savage gorge with beetling rocks, a solitary butte or red truncated pyramid thrust up into the blue sky, a horizontal ledge cutting the horizon line as straight as a ruler for miles, a pointed cliff uplifted sheer from the plain and laid in regular courses of

Cyclopean masonry, the battlements of a fort, a terraced castle with towers and esplanade, a great trough of a valley, gray and parched, enclosed by far purple mountains. And then the unlimited freedom of it, its infinite expansion, its air like wine to the senses, the floods of sunshine, the waves of color, the translucent atmosphere that aids the imagination to create in the distance all architectural splendors and realms of peace. It is all like a mirage and a dream. We pass swiftly, and make a moving panorama of beauty in hues, of strangeness in forms, of sublimity in extent, of overawing and savage antiquity. I would miss none of it. And when we pass to the accustomed again, to the fields of verdure and the forests and the hills of green, and are limited in view and shut in by that which we love, after

all, better than the arid land, I have a great longing to see again the desert, to be a part of its vastness, and to feel once more the freedom and inspiration of its illimitable horizons.

There is an arid region lying in northern Arizona and southern Utah which has been called the District of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The area, roughly estimated, contains from 13,000 to 16,000 square miles—about the size of the State of Maryland. This region, fully described by the explorers and studied by the geologists in the United States service, but little known to even the travelling public, is probably the most interesting territory of its size on the globe. At least it is unique. In attempting to convey an idea of it the writer can be assisted by no comparison, nor can he appeal in the minds of his readers to any experience of scenery that can apply here. The so-called Grand Cañon differs not in degree from all other scenes; it differs in kind.

The Colorado River flows southward through Utah, and crosses the Arizona line below the junction with the San Juan. It continues southward, flowing deep in what is called the Marble Cañon, till it is joined by the Little Colorado, coming up from the southeast; it then turns westward in a devious line until it drops straight south, and forms the western boundary of Arizona. The centre of the district mentioned is the westwardly flowing part of the Colorado. South of the river is the Colorado Plateau, at a general elevation of about 7000 feet. North of it the land is higher, and ascends in a series of plateaus, and then terraces, a succession of cliffs like a great stairway, rising to the high plateaus of Utah. The plateaus, adjoining the river on the north and well marked by north and south dividing lines, or faults, are, naming them from east to west, the Paria, the Kaibab, the Kanab, the Uinkaret, and the Sheavitz, terminating in a great wall on the west, the Great Wash fault, where the surface of the country drops at once from a general elevation of 6000 feet to from 1300 to 3000 feet above the sea-level—into a desolate and formidable desert.

If the Grand Cañon itself did not dwarf everything else, the scenery of these plateaus would be superlative in interest. It is not all desert, nor are the gorges, cañons, cliffs, and terraces, which gradually prepare the mind for the compre-

hension of the Grand Cañon, the only wonders of this land of enchantment. These are contrasted with the sylvan scenery of the Kaibab plateau, its giant forests and parks, and broad meadows decked in the summer with wild flowers in dense masses of scarlet, white, purple, and yellow. The Vermilion Cliffs, the Pink Cliffs, the White Cliffs, surpass in fantastic form and brilliant color anything that the imagination conceives possible in nature, and there are dreamy landscapes quite beyond the most exquisite fancies of Claude and of Turner. The region is full of wonders, of beauties, and sublimities that Shelley's imaginings do not match in the "Prometheus Unbound," and when it becomes accessible to the tourist it will offer endless field for the delight of those whose minds can rise to the heights of the sublime and the beautiful. In all imaginative writing or painting the material used is that of human experience, otherwise it could not be understood, even heaven must be described in the terms of an earthly paradise. Human experience has no prototype of this region, and the imagination has never conceived of its forms and colors. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it by pen or pencil or brush. The reader who is familiar with the glowing descriptions in the official reports of Major J. W. Powell, Captain C. E. Dutton, Lieutenant Ives, and others, will not save himself from a shock of surprise when the reality is before him. This paper deals only with a single view in this marvellous region.

The point where we struck the Grand Cañon, approaching it from the south, is opposite the promontory in the Kaibab Plateau named Point Sublime by Major Powell, just north of the 36th parallel, and 112° 15' west longitude. This is only a few miles west of the junction with the Little Colorado. About three or four miles west of this junction the river enters the east slope of the east Kaibab monocline, and here the Grand Cañon begins. Rapidly the chasm deepens to about 6000 feet, or rather it penetrates a higher country, the slope of the river remaining about the same. Through this lofty plateau—an elevation of 7000 to 9000 feet—the chasm extends for sixty miles, gradually changing its course to the northwest, and entering the Kanab Plateau. The Kaibab division of the Grand Cañon



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.—VIEW OPPOSITE POINT SUBLIME.



TOURISTS IN THE COLORADO CAÑON.

is by far the sublimest of all, being 1000 feet deeper than any other. It is not grander only on account of its greater depth, but it is broader and more diversified with magnificent architectural features.

The Kanab division, only less magnificent than the Kaibab, receives the Kanab Cañon from the north and the Cataract Cañon from the south, and ends at the Toroweap Valley.

The section of the Grand Cañon seen by those who take the route from Peach Springs is between 113° and 114° west longitude, and, though wonderful, presents few of the great features of either the Kaibab or the Kanab divisions. The Grand Cañon ends, west longitude 114° , at the Great Wash, west of the Hurricane Ledge or Fault. Its whole length from Little Colorado to the Great Wash, measured by the meanderings of the surface

of the river, is 220 miles; by a median line between the crests of the summits of the walls with two-mile cords, about 195 miles; the distance in a straight line is 125 miles.

In our journey to the Grand Cañon we left the Santa Fe line at Flagstaff, a new town with a lively lumber industry, in the midst of a spruce-pine forest which occupies the broken country through which the road passes for over 50 miles. The forest is open, the trees of moderate size are too thickly set with low-growing limbs to make clean lumber, and the foliage furnishes the min-

imum of shade; but the change to these woods is a welcome one from the treeless reaches of the desert on either side. The cañon is also reached from Williams, the next station west, the distance being a little shorter, and the point on the cañon visited being usually a little further west. But the Flagstaff route is for many reasons usually preferred. Flagstaff lies just southeast of the San Francisco Mountain, and on the great Colorado Plateau, which has a pretty uniform elevation of about 7000 feet above the sea. The whole region is full of interest. Some of the most remarkable cliff dwellings are within 10 miles of Flagstaff, on the Walnut Creek Cañon. At Holbrook, 100 miles east, the traveller finds a road some 40 miles long, that leads to the great petrified forest, or Chalcedony Park. Still further east are the villages of the Pueblo Indians, near the line, while to the northward is the great reservation of the Navajos, a nomadic tribe celebrated for its fine blankets and pretty work in silver—a tribe that preserves much of its manly independence by shunning the charity of the United States. No Indians have come into intimate or dependent relations with the whites without being deteriorated.

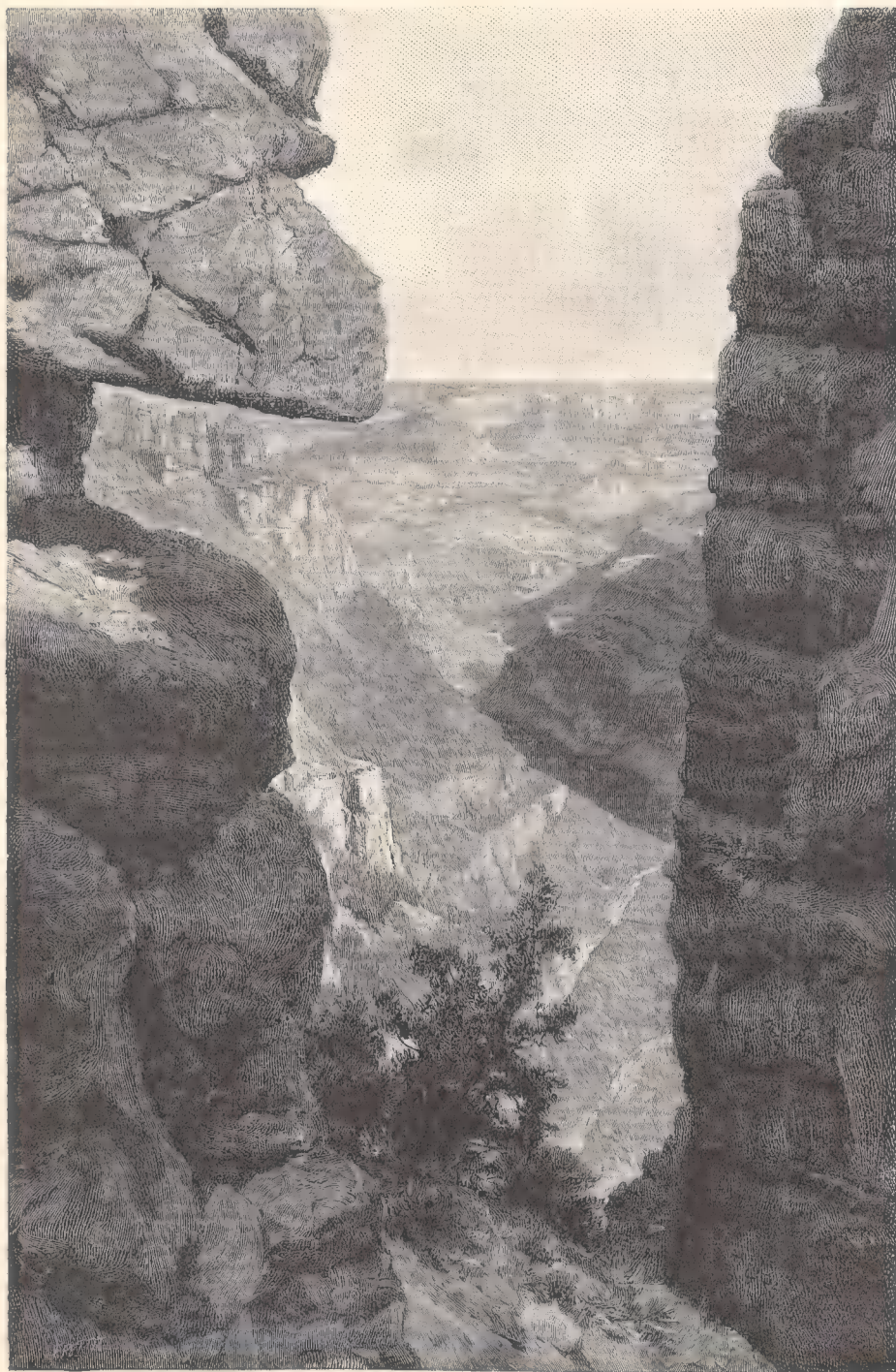
Flagstaff is the best present point of departure, because it has a small hotel, good supply stores, and a large livery-stable, made necessary by the business of the place and the objects of interest in the neighborhood, and because one reaches from there by the easiest road the finest scenery incomparably on the Colorado. The distance is 76 miles through a practically uninhabited country, much of it a desert, and with water very infrequent. No work has been done on the road; it is made simply by driving over it. There are a few miles here and there of fair wheeling, but a good deal of it is intolerably dusty or exceedingly stony, and progress is slow. In the daytime (it was the last of June) the heat is apt to be excessive; but this could be borne, the air is so absolutely dry and delicious, and breezes occasionally spring up, if it were not for the dust. It is, notwithstanding the novelty of the adventure and of the scenery by the way, a tiresome journey of two days. A day of rest is absolutely required at the cañon, so that five days must be allowed for the trip. This will cost the traveller, according to the size of the party made up, from forty to fifty dollars. But a much longer sojourn at the cañon is desirable.

Our party of seven was stowed in and on an old Concord coach drawn by six horses, and piled with camp equipage, bedding, and provisions. A four-horse team followed, loaded with other supplies and cooking utensils. The road lies on the east side of the San Francisco Mountain. Returning, we passed around its west side, gaining thus a complete view of this shapely peak. The compact range is a group of extinct volcanoes, the craters of which are distinctly visible. The cup-like summit of the highest is 13,000 feet above the sea, and snow always lies on the north escarpment. Rising about 6000 feet above the point of view of the great plateau, it is from all sides a noble object, the dark rock, snow-sprinkled, rising out of the dense growth of pine and cedar. We drove at first through open pine forests, through park-like intervals, over the foot-hills of the mountain, through growths of scrub cedar, and out into the ever-varying rolling country to widely extended prospects. Two considerable hills on our right attracted us by their unique beauty. Upon the summit and side of each was a red glow exactly like the tint of sunset.

We thought surely that it was the effect of reflected light, but the sky was cloudless and the color remained constant. The color came from the soil. The first was called Sunset Mountain. One of our party named the other, and the more beautiful, Peachblow Mountain, a poetic and perfectly descriptive name.

We lunched at noon beside a swift, clouded, cold stream of snow water from the San Francisco, along which grew a few gnarled cedars and some brilliant wild flowers. The scene was more than picturesque; in the clear hot air of the desert the distant landscape made a hundred pictures of beauty. Behind us the dark form of San Francisco rose up 6000 feet to its black crater and fields of spotless snow. Away off to the northeast, beyond the brown and gray pastures, across a far line distinct in dull color, lay the *Painted Desert*, like a mirage, like a really painted landscape, glowing in red and orange and pink, an immense city rather than a landscape, with towers and terraces and façades, melting into indistinctness as in a rosy mist, spectral but constant, weltering in a tropic glow and heat, walls and columns and shafts, the wreck of an Oriental capital on a wide violet plain, suffused with brilliant color softened into exquisite shades. All over this region Nature has such surprises, that laugh at our inadequate conception of her resources.

Our camp for the night was at the next place where water could be obtained, a station of the Arizona Cattle Company. Abundant water is piped down to it from mountain springs. The log house and stable of the cow-boys were unoccupied, and we pitched our tent on a knoll by the corral. The night was absolutely dry, and sparkling with the starlight. A part of the company spread their blankets on the ground under the sky. It is apt to be cold in this region toward morning, but lodging in the open air is no hardship in this delicious climate. The next day the way part of the distance, with only a road marked by wagon wheels, was through extensive and barren-looking cattle ranges, through pretty vales of grass surrounded by stunted cedars, and over stony ridges and plains of sand and small boulders. The water having failed at Red Horse, the only place where it is usually found in the day's march, our horses went without, and we had recourse to our canteens. The



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO—VIEW FROM THE HANCE TRAIL.

whole country is essentially arid, but snow falls in the winter-time, and its melting, with occasional showers in the summer, creates what are called surface wells, made by drainage. Many of them go dry by June. There had been no rain in the region since the last of March, but clouds were gathering daily, and showers are always expected in July. The phenomenon of rain on this baked surface, in this hot air, and with this immense horizon, is very interesting. Showers in this tentative time are local. In our journey we saw showers far off, we experienced a dash for ten minutes, but it was local, covering not more than a mile or two square. We have in sight a vast canopy of blue sky, of forming and dispersing clouds. It is difficult for them to drop their moisture in the rising columns of hot air. The result at times was a very curious spectacle—rain in the sky that did not reach the earth. Perhaps some cold current high above us would condense the moisture, which would begin to fall in long trailing sweeps, blown like fine folds of muslin, or like sheets of dissolving sugar, and then the hot air of the earth would dissipate it, and the showers would be absorbed in the upper regions. The heat was sometimes intense, but at intervals a refreshing wind would blow, the air being as fickle as the rain; and now and then we would see a slender column of dust, a thousand or two feet high, marching across the desert, apparently not more than two feet in diameter, and wavering like the threads of moisture that tried in vain to reach the earth as rain. Of life there was not much to be seen in our desert route. In the first day we encountered no habitation except the ranch-house mentioned, and saw no human being; and the second day none except the solitary occupant of the dried well at Red Horse, and two or three Indians on the hunt. A few squirrels were seen, and a rabbit now and then, and occasionally a bird. The general impression was that of a deserted land. But antelope abound in the timber regions, and we saw several of these graceful creatures quite near us. Excellent antelope steaks, bought of the wandering Indian hunters, added something to our "canned" supplies. One day as we lunched, without water, on the cedar slope of a lovely grass interval, we saw coming toward us over the swells of the prairie a figure of a man on a horse. It rode to us straight as the

crow flies. The Indian pony stopped not two feet from where our group sat, and the rider, who was an Oualapai chief, clad in sacking, with the print of the brand of flour or salt on his back, dismounted with his Winchester rifle, and stood silently looking at us without a word of salutation. He stood there, impassive, until we offered him something to eat. Having eaten all we gave him, he opened his mouth and said, "Smoke 'em?" Having procured from the other wagon a pipe of tobacco and a pull at the driver's canteen, he returned to us all smiles. His only baggage was the skull of an antelope, with the horns, hung at his saddle. Into this he put the bread and meat which we gave him, mounted the wretched pony, and without a word rode straight away. At a little distance he halted, dismounted, and motioned toward the edge of the timber, where he had spied an antelope. But the game eluded him, and he mounted again and rode off across the desert—a strange figure. His tribe lives in the cañon some fifty miles west, and was at present encamped, for the purpose of hunting, in the pine woods not far from the point we were aiming at.

The way seemed long. With the heat and dust and slow progress, it was exceedingly wearisome. Our modern nerves are not attuned to the slow crawling of a prairie wagon. There had been growing for some time in the coach a feeling that the journey did not pay, that, in fact, no mere scenery could compensate for the fatigue of the trip. The imagination did not rise to it. "It will have to be a very big cañon," said the Duchess.

Late in the afternoon we entered an open pine forest, passed through a meadow where the Indians had set their camp by a shallow pond, and drove along a ridge, in the cool shades, for three or four miles. Suddenly, on the edge of a descent, we who were on the box saw through the tree-tops a vision that stopped the pulse for a second, and filled us with excitement. It was only a glimpse, far off and apparently lifted up—red towers, purple cliffs, wide-spread apart, hints of color and splendor; on the right distance, mansions, gold and white and carmine (so the light made them), architectural habitations in the sky it must be, and suggestions of others far off in the middle distance, a substantial aerial city, or the ruins of one, such as the prophet saw in a vision. It

was only a glimpse. Our hearts were in our mouths. We had a vague impression of something wonderful, fearful, some incomparable splendor that was not earthly. Were we drawing near the "City"? and should we have yet a more perfect view thereof? Was it Jerusalem, or some Hindoo temples, there in the sky? "It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets were paved with gold; so that by reason of the natural glory of the City, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick." It was a momentary vision of a vast amphitheatre of splendor, mostly hidden by the trees and the edge of the plateau.

We descended into a hollow. There was the well, a log cabin, a tent or two under the pine-trees. We dismounted with impatient haste. The sun was low in the horizon, and had long withdrawn from this grassy dell. Tired as we were, we could not wait. It was only to ascend the little steep, stony slope—300 yards—and we should see! Our party were straggling up the hill. Two or three had reached the edge. I looked up. The Duchess threw up her arms and screamed. We were not fifteen paces behind, but we saw nothing. We took the few steps, and the whole magnificence broke upon us. No one could be prepared for it. The scene is one to strike dumb with awe, or to unstring the nerves; one might stand in silent astonishment, another would burst into tears.

There are some experiences that cannot be repeated—one's first view of Rome, one's first view of Jerusalem. But these emotions are produced by association, by the sudden standing face to face with the scenes most wrought into our whole life and education by tradition and religion. This was without association, as it was without parallel. It was a shock so novel that the mind, dazed, quite failed to comprehend it. All that we could grasp was a vast confusion of amphitheatres and strange architectural forms resplendent with color. The vastness of the view amazed us quite as much as its transcendent beauty.

We had expected a cañon—two lines of perpendicular walls 6000 feet high, with the ribbon of a river at the bottom. But the reader may dismiss all his notions of a cañon, indeed of any sort of mountain or gorge scenery with which he is familiar. We had come into a new world. What

we saw was not a cañon, or a chasm, or a gorge, but a vast area which is a break in the plateau. From where we stood it was 12 miles across to the opposite walls—a level line of mesa on the Utah side. We looked up and down for 20 to 30 miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheatres, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses terraced up to the level of the eye, temples mountain size, all brilliant with horizontal lines of color—streaks of solid hues a few feet in width, streaks a thousand feet in width—yellows, mingled white and gray, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendor. Afar off we saw the river in two places, a mere thread, as motionless and smooth as a strip of mirror, only we knew it was a turbid boiling torrent, 6000 feet below us. Directly opposite the overhanging ledge on which we stood was a mountain, the sloping base of which was ashy gray and bluish; it rose in a series of terraces to a thousand feet wall of dark red sandstone, receding upward, with ranges of columns and many fantastic sculptures, to a final row of gigantic opera-glasses 6000 feet above the river. The great San Francisco Mountain, with its snowy crater, which we had passed on the way, might have been set down in the place of this one, and it would have been only one in a multitude of such forms that met the eye whichever way we looked. Indeed, all the vast mountains in this region might be hidden in this cañon.

Wandering a little away from the group and out of sight, and turning suddenly to the scene from another point of view, I experienced for a moment an indescribable terror of nature, a confusion of mind, a fear to be alone in such a presence. With all this grotesqueness and majesty of form and radiance of color, creation seemed in a whirl. With our education in scenery of a totally different kind, I suppose it would need long acquaintance with this to familiarize one with it to the extent of perfect mental comprehension.

The vast abyss has an atmosphere of its own, one always changing and producing new effects, an atmosphere and shadows and tones of its own—golden, rosy, gray, brilliant, and sombre, and playing a thousand fantastic tricks to the vi-

sion. The rich and wonderful color effects, says Captain Dutton, "are due to the inherent colors of the rocks, modified by the atmosphere. Like any other great series of strata in the plateau province, the carboniferous has its own range of colors, which might serve to distinguish it even if we had no other criterion. The summit strata are pale gray, with a faint yellowish cast. Beneath them the cross-bedded sandstone appears, showing a mottled surface of pale pinkish hue. Underneath this member are nearly 1000 feet of the lower Aubrey sandstones, displaying an intensely brilliant red, which is somewhat marked by the talus shot down from the gray cherty limestone at the summit. Beneath the lower Aubrey is the face of the Red Wall limestone, from 2000 to 3000 feet high. It has a strong red tone, but a very peculiar one. Most of the red strata of the west have the brownish or vermilion tones, but these are rather purplish-red, as if the pigment had been treated to a dash of blue. It is not quite certain that this may not arise in part from the intervention of the blue haze, and probably it is rendered more conspicuous by this cause; but, on the whole, the purplish cast seems to be inherent. This is the dominant color of the cañon, for the expanse of the rock surface displayed is more than half in the Red Wall group."

I was continually likening this to a vast city rather than a landscape, but it was a city of no man's creation nor of any man's conception. In the visions which inspired or crazy painters have had of the New Jerusalem, of Babylon the Great, of a heaven in the atmosphere with endless perspective of towers and steeples that hang in the twilight sky, the imagination has tried to reach this reality. But here are effects beyond the artist, forms the architect has not hinted at. And yet everything reminds us of man's work. And the explorers have tried by the use of Oriental nomenclature to bring it within our comprehension, the East being the land of the imagination. There is the Hindoo Amphitheatre, the Bright Angel Amphitheatre, the Ottoman Amphitheatre, Shiva's Temple, Vishnu's Temple, Vulcan's Throne. And here indeed is the idea of the pagoda architecture, of the terrace architecture, of the *bizarre* constructions which rise with projecting buttresses, rows of pillars, recesses, battlements, esplanades, and low

walls, hanging gardens, and truncated pinnacles. It is a city, but a city of the imagination. In many pages I could tell what I saw in one day's lounging for a mile or so along the edge of the precipice. The view changed at every step, and was never half an hour the same in one place. Nor did it need much fancy to create illusions or pictures of unearthly beauty. There was a castle, terraced up with columns, plain enough, and below it a parade-ground; at any moment the knights in armor and with banners might emerge from the red gates, and deploy there, while the ladies looked down from the balconies. But there were many castles and fortresses and barracks and noble mansions. And the rich sculpture in this brilliant color! In time I began to see queer details: a Richardson house, with low portals and round arches, surmounted by a Nuremberg gable; perfect panels 600 feet high, for the setting of pictures; a train of cars partly derailed at the door of a long low warehouse, with a garden in front of it. There was no end to such devices.

It was long before I could comprehend the vastness of the view, see the enormous chasms and rents and seams, and the many architectural ranges separated by great gulfs, between me and the wall of the mesa twelve miles distant. Away to the northeast was the blue Navajo Mountain, the lone peak in the horizon; but on the southern side of it lay a desert level, which in the afternoon light took on the exact appearance of a blue lake; its edge this side was a wall thousands of feet high, many miles in length, and straightly horizontal; over this seemed to fall water. I could see the foam of it at the foot of the cliff; and below that was a lake of shimmering silver, in which the giant precipice and the fall and their color were mirrored. Of course there was no silver lake, and the reflection that simulated it was only the sun on the lower part of the immense wall.

Some one said that all that was needed to perfect this scene was a Niagara Falls. I thought what figure a fall 150 feet high and 3000 long would make in this arena. It would need a spy-glass to discover it. An adequate Niagara here should be at least three miles in breadth, and fall 2000 feet over one of these walls. And the Yosemite—ah! the lovely Yosemite! Dumped down into this wilderness of

gorges and mountains, it would take a guide who knew of its existence a long time to find it.

The process of creation is here laid bare through the geologic periods. The strata of rock, deposited or upheaved, preserve their horizontal and parallel courses. If we imagine a river flowing on a plain, it would wear for itself a deeper and deeper channel. The walls of this channel would recede irregularly by weathering and by the coming in of other streams. The channel would go on deepening, and the outer walls would again recede. If the rocks were of different material and degrees of hardness, the forms would be carved in the fantastic and architectural manner we find them here. The Colorado flows through the tortuous inner chasm, and where we see it, it is 6000 feet below the surface where we stand, and below the towers of the terraced forms nearer it. The splendid views of the cañon at this point given in Captain Dutton's report are from Point Sublime, on the north side. There seems to have been no way of reaching the river from that point. From the south side the descent, though wearisome, is feasible. It reverses mountaineering to descend 6000 feet for a view, and there is a certain pleasure in standing on a mountain summit without the trouble of climbing it. Hance, the guide, who has charge of the well, has made a path to the bottom. The route is seven miles long. Half-way down he has a house by a spring. At the bottom, somewhere in those depths, is a sort of farm, grass capable of sustaining horses and cattle, and ground where fruit trees can grow. Horses are actually living there, and parties descend there with tents, and camp for days at a time. It is a world of its own. Some of the photographic views presented here, all inadequate, are taken from points on Hance's trail. But no camera or pen can convey an adequate conception of what Captain Dutton happily calls a great innovation in the modern ideas of scenery. To the eye educated to any other, it may be shocking, grotesque, incomprehensible; but "those who have long and carefully studied the Grand Cañon of the Colorado do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles."

I have space only to refer to the geologic history in Captain Dutton's report

of 1882, of which there should be a popular edition. The waters of the Atlantic once overflowed this region, and were separated from the Pacific, if at all, only by a ridge. The story is of long eras of deposits, of removal, of upheaval, and of volcanic action. It is estimated that in one period the thickness of strata removed and transported away was 10,000 feet. Long after the Colorado began its work of corrosion there was a mighty upheaval. The reader will find the story of the making of the Grand Cañon more fascinating than any romance.

Without knowing this story the impression that one has in looking on this scene is that of immense antiquity, hardly anywhere else on earth so overwhelming as here. It has been here in all its lonely grandeur and transcendent beauty, exactly as it is, for what to us is an eternity, unknown, unseen by human eye. To the recent Indian, who roved along its brink or descended to its recesses, it was not strange, because he had known no other than the plateau scenery. It is only within a quarter of a century that the Grand Cañon has been known to the civilized world. It is scarcely known now. It is never twice the same, for, as I said, it has an atmosphere of its own. I was told by Hance that he once saw a thunder-storm in it. He described the chaos of clouds in the pit, the roar of the tempest, the reverberations of thunder, the inconceivable splendor of the rainbows mingled with the colors of the towers and terraces. It was as if the world were breaking up. He fled away to his hut in terror.

The day is near when this scenery must be made accessible. A railway can easily be built from Flagstaff. The projected road from Utah, crossing the Colorado at Lee's Ferry, would come within twenty miles of the Grand Cañon, and a branch to it could be built. The region is arid, and in the "sight-seeing" part of the year the few surface wells and springs are likely to go dry. The greatest difficulty would be in procuring water for railway service or for such houses of entertainment as are necessary. It could, no doubt, be piped from the San Francisco Mountain. At any rate, ingenuity will overcome the difficulties, and travellers from the wide world will flock thither, for there is revealed the long-kept secret, the unique achievement of nature.

BOTH THEIR HOUSES.

A Story of True Love.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I.

"I SHALL not go, old fellow; that is the whole of it."

"I shall be awfully lonely," said Fritz, in reply.

"Of course you will, and of course I shall. But some time or other we must be lonely. Each of us has been lonely before."

"But what will mother say?"

"That I have to find out this morning," said Romaine. "And I will put it through before I am an hour older. I tell you, old fellow, the way is to make up your mind, and then hold on. Wax in your ears, like that old fellow we had to do in the Greek; 'no such word as fail,' and all that. I thought all this out at church, when he was talking about something else. The minute I heard Lucia say that mother was going to turn that black gown again, I said, 'Why should she turn it?' I have seen it turned four times already. And then, of course, it came over me that the gown was to be turned so that she need not buy a new gown. And she did not want to buy a new gown because she wanted me to go to Princeton. Then I said: 'Princeton be hanged! I will go into business.'"

"And you never thought of me, Ro," said Fritz, a little sadly.

"Dear old fellow, yes, I thought of you. But the difference is, you like it and I hate it. You know the difference between an abscissa and a horseshoe when you see them; I have to look in a book to see which is which. You will have your part, which is harder than mine. You will have to live alone in those college barracks, and we shall only have good times together in vacation. I shall stay, and do something I like every blessed day of my life. Do not make it any harder for me. I am going to see mother now."

"In short, my dear mother, for this once I must have my way." And he kissed her tenderly, and stroked her smooth cheek with his hand.

His mother was crying; but when she paused before answering those words, he felt that she yielded the point. He knew

how she hated to give it up; he hated to pain her; but he had determined the night before. He had gone on his knees in prayer that he might carry through his wish; and though he had often prayed before, he had never knelt to pray. The boy determined; he meant to succeed; and he succeeded.

Their father had died so long ago that there was little left to either boy of his presence but the memory of his form. Three little girls and two boys had cowered around Mrs. Montague on the day of the funeral. Of these, the younger did not remember their father at all, and Romaine and Fritz only remembered that he kissed them when they went to bed, and told them how he used to ride to mill with a bag of corn. Then had come happy years to them, and even to their mother—not so desolate and black as she had imagined they would be, in foresight. The girls grew up cheerful and light-hearted. The boys were shifty, obedient, well-meaning, unselfish, and brave. They breakfasted on milk and oatmeal, where, had their father lived, they would have breakfasted on beefsteak, with an omelet. But they were as sturdy and strong on the one diet as on the other. They enjoyed life; they made life cheerful in the household; and, had Mrs. Montague known it, the mere necessity that they should go on all her errands, should split the wood for the fires and kindle them in the morning, should black their own boots, and in general be their own servants, was giving them an education which they would certainly have lost, had not Mr. Montague been thrown from his horse, and had not the handsome salary stopped which he had received as treasurer of the Kosciusko Rolling-Mill.

"Fritz shall study enough for him and me, dear mother; and I will work enough for me and him, and for you and Effie and Lucia and Poll."

"I do not know what you will do," said she, and she kissed him heartily.

"But I do know you are a good boy, and for just this once, I suppose, you must have your way."

But she had a good crying fit after she

left him. She did come down to tea, but she said little. She left them all at their evening occupations very early, and said she had something to do upstairs. This was a thing which had never happened before; nor did it ever happen again. For years, with bated breath, it was spoken of as "the night mamma went up stairs."

But indeed it marked an epoch. The next morning, when they met for breakfast, Romaine had gone down town. He had "gone into business," whatever that meant. He had made the fire; the teakettle boiled—if the proof-reader will let us say so—but he was not there. They breakfasted without Romaine.

II.

For after the boy had milked the cow himself, as he always did, and had made his breakfast of a quart, more or less, of milk and a dozen biscuit more or less, he had left a line for his mother, to say that she might not see him till evening. Nor did she. Every evening, at a late supper, he turned up, always with some amusing tales of the day's experience in this difficult matter of "finding a place." His sisters and Fritz observed, among themselves, that these stories were rather vague, and did not hang very closely together. But Mrs. Montague was somewhat preoccupied. So the boy must "go into business," he must; what "business" was she scarcely knew; but she did know that he might be trusted to do nothing dishonorable, and that when anything permanent came to his hand, she would know as soon as any one. If he were not to answer the wish and prayer of her heart by going to college, it was of little account to her whether he went to work with Mr. Black or Mr. White, Mr. Green or Mr. Brown, or whether he sold stocks or sugar, coffee or coal. She knew that some of her nicest friends were "in business," and that some of the nicest of them had a good deal of money. If this should happen to Romaine, why, there would be some compensation for her distress that he would not go to the university.

Accordingly her distress was all the more agonizing, and the first blow the boy had given her was repeated in one twice as hard, when, at the end of the month, he told her that for all those thirty-one days, Sundays excepted, he had been at work with Mr. Galen, the plumber.

That his father's son should be a plumber! She thought her heart would break; she was sure it would.

But when people think their hearts will break, they do not. The very fact that they can stop to think about it shows that the shock is not fatal. And Mrs. Montague did survive this disgrace, as she called it, to her family for many years. Oddly enough, as will happen to people of her build, she came to persuade herself that she had seen the advantages of the plumber's business, and had been the person to suggest it to Romaine. She sometimes even wondered if it would not have been better if Fritz had gone to the Galens' with his brother—Fritz, who, after some years, was a leading professor in the University of New Padua. The introductory section of this story was needed only that the reader might understand better the relations in which Romaine lived with the people of the little city which was their home, and so might follow intelligently the details of this little story.

The boy had that heavenly gift with tools with which some people are born, and some, alas, are not, like this author, and possibly this reader. It is a gift as distinct as that for music or for painting. From the first moment when he offered himself on trial to old Galen, old Galen loved him, he held the pipe in such a loving way, and used the solder so that hardly a drop fell upon the tiles. Both the younger Galens took to him also. He was not afraid of work; he was not in the least above his business. If the work were dirty, why it was dirty, that was all; there was water enough and soap enough when he chose to be clean. So was it that when he had passed that first month of experiment which old Galen had insisted on, he knew more of the business than nine boys out of ten would have known in three months, and old Galen then gladly made with him the permanent agreement the announcement of which had so distressed his mother.

Then in the evening he was forever reading—hydraulics, hydrostatics, any book on physics in the public library, he devoured them all. If he understood them, well. If he did not understand them, he knew that he did not, and highly resolved that some day he should. By the time his two years with the Galens were up he knew as much of their busi-

ness as they did, and of its principles and theory he knew a great deal more; and he had money enough of his own in the savings-bank to be able to go to New Haven, and for six months to take such a course as he had blocked out to himself at the Sheffield School.

Meanwhile, every house-keeper understands how it was that Mrs. Montague became reconciled to his career. Actually in the house with her was some one who understood the unintelligible—nay, who could do the impossible. This mysterious cobweb of pipes beneath her feet, which modern civilization hides so carefully, because it is all-important that it should be visible—her own son knew about it all. As some sainted “beloved hearer,” sitting Sunday after Sunday in her pew, admires the esoteric wisdom of the dear “rector,” who understands all about foreknowledge and evolution and Gnosticism and sanctification and Tract No. 90 and the fall of man and the Isidorian degrees, of which she knows nothing—nay, is in that second or third power of ignorance that she knows that she knows nothing—so Mrs. Montague admired as she loved this more than prophet, who knew where the traps were and why they were there, who never mistook an outlet pipe for an inlet pipe, and to whom a self-acting valve was as little mysterious as a waffle-iron was to her. More than this, the prophet could do the thing he said should be done. More than this, he was her own dear, handsome boy, who was so sweet and cunning when he was a baby. Most of all—for there was a climax—he sent in no bill at the end of the quarter. All house-keepers will now understand why Fritz’s college charges were paid so easily; all sanitarians will understand why the doctor’s visits became so few. And when Romaine returned from New Haven, when he went into partnership with young Mol. Galen, and they took the old stand, with the new title of “Sanitary Engineer,” one understood how Mrs. Montague delighted in the new rugs Romaine gave her for a birthday present, and how she enjoyed the bays and the landau in which he insisted she should ride on Saturday and go to church on Sunday.

Romaine had been a favorite in the town since those days when he was such a cunning baby. As why should he not

be, indeed? People do not give their plumbing orders to a young man because he was a pretty baby; but when they have always known him and always liked him, and now he understands his business, they are glad they can give him their plumbing orders. The town was growing like fury in wealth and population—growing faster than any town in the State—as every American town always is that one ever hears of. Business came to the sanitary engineers on the right hand and on the left. The State insane asylum was established in Verona, and Montague and Galen’s bid was a mile below anybody else’s bid. And when the work was done, Dr. Berzelius spoke of it in the Convention of Alienists at Saratoga as a miracle of intelligent engineering. Simplicity and strength are as possible in plumbing as in a pyramid; and Romaine said in all quarters that they proposed to finish every job so that they might never see it again. He had an excellent staff under him. His own success attracted young fellows like him from the high-school, who saw now that the profession on which depends the purity of every cup of cold water which one Christian gives another is a profession quite as well worth following as any. So the firm of Montague and Galen was a prosperous firm, extending its business not only over all that State, but over all the region around it.

III.

And while every one with whom we have to do was virtuous, they still had cakes, and what they liked better than ale; that is to say, the plumbers and the plumbers’ boys did their work well for eight hours a day; they slept nine hours every night, and this left them seven hours to each for his meals, for his dressing and undressing, and for any avocations which he might pursue outside his vocation. Saturday afternoon nobody plumbed at all—no, nor soldered. So there was plenty of opportunity for “a little conversation.” “What is it all for,” says Mr. Emerson, “but a little conversation?” And on very much the same lines of time, Romaine’s sisters studied their French verbs, practised their music, kneaded the bread on Wednesday, and attended to their other duties, while they also found several hours a day for “a little conversation.” And the young

people of New Padua also had discovered many agreeable methods for using the conversation hours. Indeed, it was as pleasant a place as I have ever known. There were horseback parties and picnic parties, pond-lily parties and bathing parties; there was a Chautauqua Circle and an Exclamation Society and a Frank Stockton Club. They had everything except hornets' nests to make them comfortable, and they enjoyed life, or, as the vernacular says, they "had a good time," as young people know how. Years went on, and the business of the firm extended with every year—you might almost say that it extended itself. That early phrase of Romaine's, "We never want to see a job a second time," went far and wide, and eventually the firm took it as a sort of trade-mark. It made the heading of their note-paper, so that they had not to seek for business in general. It was only on a great occasion, like that of the completion of the hospital, that they appeared as competitors for a contract. Indeed, after their reputation was established, builders and contractors came to seek them.

Nobody enjoyed this popularity more than Mrs. Montague. Indeed, as has been said, she came to think that it was largely of her own making. She early persuaded herself that it was she who had sent Romaine to Mr. Galen, and had conceived the idea of training him as a sanitary engineer. And now, as her household cares diminished under Romaine's almost lavish provision for her comfort, she felt it her duty to give her leisure time to enlarging the business of the firm. Romaine would have gone wild had he known that such touting and solicitation was going on in his interest as his mother carried forward all the time. But, in truth, it came to be considered a sort of joke among the people of the county. Mr. Whitbread could not stake out the corners of a new wing to the bakery, but Mrs. Montague's bays would be seen at Mrs. Whitbread's door. Mrs. Montague would make a state call on that lady, and before she had gone, would say she hoped Mr. Whitbread would not forget old friends in contracting for the water-works. All this eagerness of hers was bred by a passionate love of Romaine; from her conscientious determination, formed on that first night when he "went into business," and she went up stairs,

that, in every way in which a mother could, she would go into business too, and would loyally support him.

To her point of view all public institutions were accounted as the best conceivable, or of the lowest degradation, according as they did or did not use the traps and faucets in which our firm was interested. She made herself a life member of the Indian Association because when she called at the office in Philadelphia she saw that Mr. Welsh had the right faucets and water bowls; and she threw her whole influence against the State administration because in the Capitol at Harrisburg she saw that theirs were all wrong.

Romaine had to caution her once and again, as far as a son can caution a mother whom he loves. For the rest, when some ill-natured person brought him a bit of gossip about one or another success of hers as a drummer, he had to make as light of it as he could, to persuade himself that the story was an exaggeration, and to hope that such things did not happen often.

IV.

It was necessary to explain Mrs. Montague's methods and her enthusiasm in the cause of sanitary reform that the reader may understand a breach which she brought about, wholly unintentionally, in the social life of our little community. We have always been on good terms with the people in what we call the other village, although, in a way, we pity them. Their population is not so large as ours by five or six hundred; indeed, had our census been as well taken as theirs, there would have been more difference. But they are always fussy about such things, and took more pains with theirs than we did with ours. They have their own post-office, which is foolish in them, and they are apt to drive to the O. and C. depot instead of coming over to our station, which is all a piece of their independent nonsense, for which we do not care a straw. But they are good people all the same, though none of them come to our churches; and when they have to come to our stores, as they do, we are always glad to see them. Some of our ladies exchange calls with some of their ladies. Well, there was a Mrs. Hood over there, a lady indeed, and she had established a seminary for girls. It was a good plan, we all thought, for she had been left at her husband's death with

several young daughters of her own, and we thought they could help in the school, and would count more in the catalogue. Mrs. Hood made a very good school of it; she advertised it in our county paper, which was a good move of hers, and it became very popular. The other village—they call it New Padua, though it should really be only another ward of our city—is but a mile and a half from us. So that from the Montague house, which stands quite high, you could see perfectly easily when Mrs. Hood built a brick L to her husband's old house, and, indeed, the *Argus* announced that this new building was necessary as a dormitory for the seminary. Then was it that Mrs. Montague reflected, for the first time, that Mrs. Hood was a stranger in the neighborhood, that she was a Presbyterian like herself, and that everything made it proper that she should go and call on her, and pay her the civilities which one of the old families ought to be ready to offer. Mrs. Hood's children, it is true, had all been born in New Padua, and it had never occurred to Mrs. Montague before that she owed these courtesies. But she had not had this carriage long, and she had more time now than she once had.

So she made her visit, and was very pleasantly received. Mrs. Hood is a charming person, and she sent for that pretty girl Rosaline French, one of the scholars, when she proved to be a second-cousin of the Montagues. There was some sponge-cake and some phosa, which was then a new brew, to which Mrs. Montague was not accustomed. So the visit went off very nicely, and Mrs. Hood had said she should be glad to be the collecting agent for the Indian Association in New Padua, and Mrs. Montague rose to go. It was then that Mrs. Hood said that Michael had better drive out by the back way, because the front avenue was so lumbered up with timber for the new wing; and then that Mrs. Montague, availing herself of the chance, said so graciously:

"When you come to the finishing, and put in your bath-tubs and your pipes, you must come and make my boy a visit. Here is his card. Perhaps you do not know that Montague and Galen are all my boys. I call the Galens so, for they are very nice fellows. And really, Mrs. Hood, when health is at stake one cannot be too careful."

To which last remark Mrs. Hood assented very cordially, and indeed a little at length, as a school-mistress should.

"And then," said Mrs. Montague, when she described the interview to Fritz, "she had the impudence to say that she should take great care of the plumbing; that she had consulted Professor Thingamy about it, and had made her contract already. Impudent minx! I could have struck her."

It was this interview, more important in village politics than can be imagined, which made a certain division in the social relations which I have described as so harmonious before. Fritz thought best not to tell his brother of it at the time, but Romaine found it out soon enough for all that. As it happened, indeed, I think Romaine knew quite as much about the Hood affair as Mrs. Montague did. For though he had never seen Mrs. Hood, he had seen her oldest daughter, and had liked her very much. There was a party at the Hoods', and in a frolic somebody had proposed blind-man's-buff, and Romaine had been blinded, and had caught Miss Hood. For him that was the beginning. He guessed her—well, I do not know how, for he had really never seen her to know her before. Afterward there happened one of those queer accidents which bring people together. He bought the resin for the firm, and such paints and whiting and chemicals as they used a good deal of, at an old-established drug-store. It had grown up to be a large wholesale business from being the little variety store of the village. A queer place it was. It had the little six by eight panes to the windows which it had in Mad Anthony's time, when Utrecht was laid out—long before the name was changed. When you went in, it was a perfect curiosity shop. There was a tortoise-shell which Hugh had brought up from the pond when he was a boy; there was an alligator which he had shot in the St. John's River years afterward; and scattered along on the shelves the dusty relics of two generations of village shop-keeping—boxes, flower-pots, jugs—all without a label or a mark, but remembered, I suppose, somewhere in old Roger's brain. A shop without a sign, which never advertised, and yet which did half the business of the manufacturers of the county in chemicals and other drugs.

At the door of this museum Romaine

drew up one day, held the reins in his hand as he pushed the door open, and cried, "Mr. Roger, you may as well wire for half a ton of copperas; we haven't as much as I thought." And he had just taken his seat again in his wagon, when a lady called to him from the steps, and to his surprise he saw his pretty friend Miss Hood.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "but Mr. Roger isn't in. I was waiting for him. But I will leave your order with him if you like. He cannot be gone far, for I found the door unlocked as you did."

No, Romaine would not think of troubling her with the order. Indeed, he remembered that he must see Mr. Roger about some resin. He left the horses, and for twenty minutes had a nice talk with her in the snuffy old shop. It was astonishing how well they knew each other when Roger came in from the post-office, where fortunately the mail had been late. And this was only their second time of meeting!

The second time, but not the last. Fortune favors the brave and the young. Romaine was hand in glove with our new Presbyterian minister. He was a very good fellow, who had come to us about the time when the new firm was established. He liked Romaine, and Romaine had frozen to him at once. He was in and out at Lawrence's every other day, to talk about the Christian Endeavor Society and the Sunday-school and the Board of Charities, and he was very fond of Mrs. Lawrence, who often made him stay to lunch. At lunch one day whom should he meet but Miss Hood. It proved that Mrs. Lawrence had been a scholar at the seminary and knew her. Afterward he met her there again, and one day he walked home with her. I do not say that Lawrence tried to make a match between them, or that his wife did. Let us hope they had other business in hand, and left such matters to take care of themselves, which is generally safe. But I do know that, without any arrangement on anybody's part, Romaine was a little apt to find out the days when Miss Hood made Mrs. Lawrence a visit. And if he had then known that his mother had been over to see her mother, and to ask for a job for him, his wrath would have been awful.

He was destined to find it out, however,

by slow degrees. When his mother gave a great party to the Sullys, who came up to Verona when their son was married, she invited half the county and nine-tenths of the New Padua people, but sent no cards to the Hoods. It was a regular out-of-door fête, where there was, as Red Jacket would say, all the room there was; and really, to ask the Higginases and not ask the Hoods was a very marked thing. But Mrs. Hood was even with her, and when, in June, Dr. Witherspoon came to make the annual address at the exhibition, and the seminary sent out an elegant invitation card engraved in Philadelphia, there was one of these cards exhibited in every parlor in Verona except at Mrs. Montague's. And yet, I suppose that there was not a man in the village who wanted so much to be invited in a regular way to the exhibition as poor Romaine Montague. But young people cannot always have what they want, and so he had to sit in the gallery as the exhibition went on, just as all the uninvited towns-people did. And he could not show his face at the reception, as every other young man did, whether he hailed from Verona or New Padua.

V.

But Romaine was not the man to be turned from a plan by one bit of pasteboard more or less—no, not though the pasteboard bore upon it an engraving from Philadelphia. He had found out that he liked Miss Hood better than he liked any other girl that he ever saw; and he did not care if her mother was such a fool as to leave plumbers out from her parties. As to his mother, he had asked no questions when she had omitted the Hoods and the seminary girls from her lists. He had thought it a pity that twenty or more of the young people whom every fellow wanted to see should not be at his mother's party. But he had long since learned that her ways were past his finding out. He would have been glad if he could have had a card to Mrs. Hood's. But if he could not—why, he could not. And he would find out whether her daughter had any objection. He followed up such chances as Mrs. Lawrence's cordiality gave him. He knew he could make other chances. And it was not long, indeed, before he had an opportunity.

Oddly enough, it was all about copperas again. The half-ton had all gone in

some purification that was needed at the town-house, and, with a pleasant memory of the day he ordered it, Romaine drove round again to Roger's. The old fellow came out on the steps as the bays stopped in their quick career. He was still holding in his hand a great bunch of lavender he had brought in from the garden. Under his heavy beetling brow there was a good-natured smile, for Romaine was one of his favorites; and would have been one had he not been so good a customer. He told him to come in, that he had a new line of goods to show him, and Romaine readily assented. To his surprise he found Miss Hood there again, and, for the first time, he united her and Roger in his thought, supposing now that there was some relationship of which he had never heard. The old fellow must be her grand-uncle.

What was the new "line of goods," I never heard. I know that Romaine never knew. What with the lavender, and some thyme and sweet-marjoram which old Roger went and bought, and a botanical discussion about the *didynamia* and *labiata*, and the microscope which was produced, and the length of some doubtful stamens, half an hour went by, and the new line of goods was never produced. Then Miss Hood rose and said she must go. To Roger she said, "Tomorrow morning, if you please, Mr. Roger." And Montague was watchful enough to observe that she did not say "Uncle George" or "Cousin George." Then, as she went to the door, and he with her, it was impossible that they should not see the high black cloud in the west. It was impossible that he should not protest against her walking home. He did protest; he begged her to let him take her home under the protection of his buggy; and she very prettily and very pleasantly acceded.

I do not know whether she had any idea of what was going to happen. I do know he did. He did not care a cent for the shower after she was fairly in the carriage with a rug and the boot over her knees. And he drove very slowly.

Then he said, squarely: "I was mortified and sorry that my mother and I were not asked to your mother's party, Miss Hood. Plumbers have dirty hands while they are at work, but they are very necessary people in modern civilization."

The girl was astonished, as well she

might be; but she was quick and well-bred, and she rallied in time to say that he must not hold her responsible for her mother's visiting list. He observed with interest and with a certain pleasure that she made no pretence of mistake or omission.

"I do not care much for your mother's visiting list," said he, in reply. And then he added: "I leave my mother's severely alone. But I care a great deal about yours, Miss Hood. You are good enough to let me take you home now. I wish I might have the honor and pleasure of calling to-morrow, as the old-fashioned people did, to be sure that you have taken no cold."

She was again surprised. But, as before, she was self-possessed when she answered, and her answer was a difficult one. For she knew that, after what had passed between their mothers, Mrs. Hood would not let him come into the house. She did what was wise, therefore. She answered one part of the question, and let the other go.

"Indeed, Mr. Montague, I rate your profession very highly. I have cause to—have I not?—from the moment I take my bath in the morning till I turn off the cold water when the girls go to bed. You do not know that I have the gymnastics in charge. And with sixty girls there is a deal of hot and cold water. It was Eve's cosmetic, you know."

But he would not laugh; he would have an answer to his question, and he said so. And she, poor child, had to face the music, as our national proverb says.

"Mr. Montague, my mother and your mother do not understand each other, so that I cannot ask you to the house. It is not my house. But—" And she paused, for she ought not to have said "but."

He waited thirty seconds, and the bays walked slowly.

"But?" said he then, with a tone of inquiry.

And now there was a pause of a minute.

"But?" he said again, as before.

"You ought not to make me say, Mr. Montague," said she. "But we are not fools, either of us. I have a great respect for plumbers; I have said that. I will add that I am always glad to see the head of the profession in this county, though I must not invite him to my mother's house. I am glad to see him at the Chautauqua, at Mr. Roger's, at Mrs. Lawrence's. I am

glad to accept his invitation to ride in his buggy when it rains, although I observe that he does not ask me to his mother's house."

This was bravely said and well said. And from that moment all things went well with Romaine and Miss Hood. She had not permitted any nonsense of the novels to stand between her and one of the most intelligent young men of the region. She had not been unwomanly; she had not made any advances. But, as she said herself when the conversation began, she had not acted like a fool, or as the average novel of the first half of the century would have required her to act.

It may be observed here that one difficulty which the American novelist has in creating a plot for his country which would pass muster in Europe is, that the greater part of his country men and women do not act like sheer fools in delicate or difficult circumstances. Now half the received plots require action of this sort, or there is no story. This observation, thrown out by a friend of the court, is commended to the critics.

So, as I said, the affairs of these two people sped well, notwithstanding the objections of the two mothers. If they did not meet at his home or at hers, there were a plenty of places where they did meet. They met at the Chautauqua Circle and at the Exclamation Club. When the young people made a horseback party, and the Hood girls joined, it seemed natural that Romaine, on the Iowa gray, should take care of Miss Hood on that pretty pacer she had bought from Miss Vernon. When Romaine spoke at the town meeting which Mr. Garfield had set agoing, the Hood girls were there; and when Mol. Galen walked home with Bianca and Tom with Portia, who were both grown-up young ladies now, it was quite of course that Romaine should walk home with their sister. In such rides and walks and talks they found out everything about each other. She found that he was generous, impetuous, and true. He found that she was true, impetuous, and generous. They had common tastes, which came out in their botanizing, in her water-colors and his scientific draughtsmanship, in his study of physics and hers of the higher mathematics, where she had the school professors to help her. They read the same books; she knew the last half of stanzas where he could quote

only the first. They had the same memories of Rollo, and had wondered together about the lady and the tiger. Severest test of all, and most charming, she was perfect in her Miss Austen, and in any competitive examination would have done as well as Romaine, if questioned about Mr. Knightley, John Knightley, Isabella, and Mr. Elton. With these like regards for little things, who shall wonder if they agreed on the greatest thing of all? One happy day, as they returned together from an excursion of the Mountain Club, in which, indeed, they had early been lost, so that they heard little of the stratification, and nothing of the erosion—when, as they returned, he asked her the central question, whether she would receive him in her house if she had one, or would come and live in his if he had one, then, without a "but," she said she would, as frankly as he had asked her. And it was not long before she said to him that from that first day at Roger's she had seen how different he was from other men. "From the blindfold day? Did it begin with the blindfold day?" It did with him; he was sure of that. She would not say it did with her, but there was a charming blush when she said nothing. And what "it" was was clear to both of them.

VI.

If Romaine had a hard task when, at sixteen, he told his mother that for one month her son had been a plumber, he had a harder task when, as a young man of position in the town and respected of all men, he had to tell her that he was engaged to be married to the daughter of Mrs. Hood of the "Female Seminary." She did not stop to ask whether a seminary could be male, or how it could be female; she did not devote herself to any such side issue. She cried, with scorn, "One of those Hood girls!" and then declared that she would hear no explanation. There was no excuse and could be none. For her, she should leave the county, or would do so if she could sell the house. No, she did not know the girls apart; she did not know how many of them there were; and none of them should come into her house. If, on these terms, Romaine chose to marry her, he might marry, that was all.

Whether Mrs. Hood expressed herself with a like severity did not appear. So far as the social politics or interests of our

village went, it was of the less importance. We had a strong party, led by the Lawrences and by old Mr. Roger, who thought well of the Hoods, and who repeated Mrs. Montague's ejaculations only with amusement, not to say ridicule. For Romaine himself, he did not seem to suffer so much under his mother's displeasure as she might have wished. Perhaps he remembered that other outburst of displeasure, when he had taken Saturn for the star of his fortune, and had gone into the mysteries of lead and solder.

He told his ladylove of his mother's wrath, in terms as much modified as the truth would permit, as they took a charming drive one day up that pretty pass of Winnococks River, where he knew they would meet nobody. She was tender and sympathetic and wise. So sympathetic was she, and so sorry that she should come in between him and his mother, that he pressed her a little to know precisely what did pass on that fatal first interview, when the peace of two houses was interrupted and the course of true love ruffled. He had never heard the story from his mother—indeed, he had never heard it at all, though he had often heard of it. To his surprise the dear girl seemed confused by his request, and answered it but lamely. Why, indeed, should they not have had their plumbing done by our home talent? Why should they send to Philadelphia, or Lancaster, or wherever they did send to? He did not know who his rival was, and he did not care—or he said to himself that he did not care. All the same, he was surprised, not to say annoyed, that Juliet, who was so frank about everything else, should not answer a plain question. And he said so to her, bluntly.

Juliet was more confused than before. For a minute she said nothing. But after a minute she rallied. She turned in the carriage, so that she could look him in the face, and said: "Romaine, you do not want me to give my mother away, as you boys say in your horrid slang. Really, I do not know just what either of our mothers said to the other. It is better that I should not know, and I think better that you should not know. And I am sure you and I have much more important things to talk of." And she looked so pretty that he could not help kissing her. How could he be expected to? And why should the bays be in such a

hurry? They would not often be in a shady pass as lovely as this. The bays were made to walk more demurely; Juliet and Romaine made their peace under the shade of the maples and in the echoing of the babble of the brook.

But when Romaine gathered up the reins again, and let the eager bays resume their trot, he said, with a good-natured laugh, "All the same, there is a mystery, I see, and I suppose I shall never, never know what it is."

"Mystery there is," said Juliet, "if you choose to call it so. But if you command it, rash boy—as the people in the *Arabian Nights* do always, though for their own ruin—if you demand it, I will reveal it to you that night when your dear Father Lawrence makes us one."

"If that night ever comes," said Romaine, impatiently. "I never knew days pass by so slowly."

"Do not say that of to-day, dear boy. I am sure the sun is setting only too soon."

VII.

Of course Mrs. Hood had to let Romaine come into her house now. There was a certain stiffness about her welcome at first, but Bianca and Portia and the other sisters were always cordial, and Romaine would not be made a stranger. The whole establishment might be called wellnigh perfect of its kind. Romaine did not wonder, after he had seen the arrangements, that the school was so popular. The school-girls seemed to come and go as if they were at home, and surely no one of them could ever have had a home more comfortable, not to say more luxurious. Everything was on that scale of generous living which the true American likes, not to say is used to; and everything had a certain elegance which the true American does not always know how to maintain. It was not that the things were expensive, though some of them were. It was not that they were pretty, though most of them were. The charm of the place was that whoever was the lady director—and director it was clear there was—had put in just what she chose, just what she liked. She had not thought of money one way or the other.

"Wealth, as wealth, is of course simply vulgar," said Mrs. Hood one day, putting in eight words what Romaine felt was the spirit or essence of her vigorous use of money. But, all the same, it was clear

that there was in this establishment money enough to use, and this was another mystery to him. People who had a million in the new four per cents were not apt to keep boarding-schools. And people who lived by keeping boarding-schools were not apt, so far as he knew, to have a dozen good horses in the stables, to have Corots and D'Aubignés on the walls, to have orchids and allemandias from their own greenhouses, and early strawberries from their own hot-beds. But as to the origin of all these things, Romaine asked no questions, not even of Juliet. He was going to take her, priceless as she was, for her own dear sake. He asked no questions about dowries or settlements, and nobody asked him any. He gave little thought to these mysteries. His only eagerness was to have a day appointed for the wedding, and then to drag along the hours by what strength he could till that day should come. He had bought his own house on the Willow Road, just as you drive out from the town to the Bromwich turnpike. Mrs. Hood and Juliet were making visits to Philadelphia to select the furniture. When he could go with them, all went well. When they would not let him go, or when he had to go off to see the work at McGraw College or at Titusville, all was horribly gray and cold. Still the world turned on its axis and revolved around the sun at the rate, for the first movement, of about eleven miles a minute in that latitude, and for the other movement at the rate of sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six miles a minute. So that Master Romaine was scarcely within the truth when he said that time went slowly. It did not go as fast as he wished. But it did move with the same rapidity which is observed by mercantile men when they have large notes falling due.

Meanwhile he was attentive to all the ladies at the seminary. He made friends with Mrs. Hood and all Juliet's nice sisters. He tried to devise little attentions which he could pay to each of them. In a hundred ways he made the sisters understand that it was a good thing to have a new brother. It is said that women despise the girl whom their brother marries, because they never wanted to marry him themselves. This is not always true. And far less is it true, as Miss Brooks could tell us, that sisters despise the man who is going to marry their sister.

"What is that everlasting book?" said Portia one day to Bianca.

"The book fortunately is not everlasting; it is *Geology in Thirteen Lessons*. My class is at the seventh, and I am at the tenth. I have to be well up, for that Beryl Hitchcock is as quick as a flash, and knows much more than the book does."

"It is just so with Rose and Lily in the botany," said poor Portia. "But I switch them off on analyzing, and they go to work on that, and forget that I have not asked any questions. Now you cannot switch them off on analyzing; it would not do to put a pound of dynamite under the school-house to see if the foundations are on a rock. Poor dear Juliet, who will do the hydrostatics when she is away? She is in the experiment-room now."

"Portia, you do not want to talk about experiments," said Bianca, resolutely, for she knew very well that Portia had something on her mind. For herself, therefore, she must postpone the study of the ice sheet till she was alone. "Do you remember what the child said in *Venetia*: 'I do not want to talk of butterflies, nurse. I want to talk of widows.'"

"But, Portia," continued Bianca, knowing her sister was the least bit slow, "I am sure you do not want to talk about widows. You want to talk about brides or bridegrooms, or one bride or one bridegroom."

"I don't," said Portia. "I want to talk about wedding presents. It is so hard to get anything for a man. You know I had made up my mind—" And there followed all the pros and cons about a landscape by Richards, which she had seen, about a complete outfit for a traveling artist, all because poor Romaine had brought to Portia a little water-color sketch of his own; and then about a facsimile of the folio Shakespeare. As Bianca knew, Portia had fully resolved, as much as four times, to buy each of these, for this part of this discussion was not new.

Bianca gently intimated that the things cost no more and no less than they did when Portia made her last decision, and that probably Romaine's tastes and wishes had not changed.

"He has not changed, but I have changed." Bianca looked up, amazed at Portia's tragic air. "You know, mamma said we must economize. Mamma said I could not take Juliet's place, and you could not. She did not know who could.

And she said something about reefing sails which I did not understand. Only this I do understand, and that made me wonder why you bought the caramels yesterday—that we may be poor, very, very poor. Mamma said this about the sails Sunday, and I have walked to the village every day since, to train myself to do so when we give up the coupé.”

Bianca tried to be sympathetic, but she could only scream. “You poor darling, good girl!” said she; “is this your mystery? Dear mamma must be more careful in her oracles. Why, my child, the school will be fifty times as prosperous when we have a man on the home staff. I should not wonder if it ceased to be a seminary and became an institute.”

VIII.

Terror in Portia's heart, rage in Mrs. Montague's heart, in Romaine's heart wonder whether the week would never end—these are the emotions to be depicted by those who act in our little tragedy. For Bianca's heart, I think a willingness to let things take their course; and for Juliet's, who shall tell “a maiden's meditations, fancy bound”? And the world spun round, though Romaine thought it did not; the moon rushed round a quarter of her revolution; the week came to an end; even the day came to an end.

They had no minister at New Padua, or rather he had a sore throat, and was studying evolution at Halle. So our Father Lawrence went over there to marry them. All the people went over. Strangest of all, Mrs. Montague went over.

“Not that I go willingly,” she said to Effie at the last moment, as the girl arranged some magnificent diamonds which Romaine had given his mother; “I do not go willingly, and no one thinks I go willingly. But who knows? They may be married by the bishop. They were never very sound. There must be some one to give my son away.”

For Mrs. Montague leans to the third primitive secession, and is doubtful about other rituals than her own. So she went to her martyrdom. She herself saw to the toilets of her daughters, in a fashion, so that those wretched girls at the Hoods' should not in any sort eclipse them. How many there were she did not know, she said; she believed they made up most of the scholars. Her own

“exhibit,” as the managers of fairs say, was perfect. Her coachman Michael was in a new livery with an immense favor. Otto was on the box with Michael, with a bigger favor. Only Fritz was in Mrs. Montague's carriage; and the girls, with Romaine, were in their own carriage behind, with Anders as grand as Michael, and François with him on the box, each with gorgeous favors. Even the horses had favors covering the blinders, which the grooms had compelled the chambermaids to make for them. Then, in that great drag which the Montagues sent to the station for their guests, followed every man and woman of the staff of the house. Actually old Katy, the house-keeper, who had carried Romaine to the font when he was baptized, locked the side door and put the key in her pocket. For there was not one person in that house who would stay away from Romaine's wedding. Had Mrs. Montague staid, I do not know who would have got her supper.

“I should have been frightened out of my skin,” said she.

And at the seminary everything was elegant and just right. It was “ever so pretty.” Since Mrs. Hood had bought the Flinders lot, and made her own avenue through the maples, the approach to the house has been “about as fine as they make.” To-night this was blazing with electric light, and the designs for the illumination, without being showy, were all convenient, pretty, and, to us country people, wholly new. The greenhouse must have been emptied, I should have said, such was the show of plants at the entrance. But afterward, when I took Bianca in there to get a part of this story from her and to have “a little conversation,” I did not see but it was as brilliant as ever. Anyway, we entered through a tropical garden. I saw that dried-up Mr. Roger from the apothecary store, and Hugh Roger by him. Juliet had not forgotten her old friends.

We were shown to various disrobing rooms by pretty maids, who had little favors of orange blossoms. Strauss's orchestra from New York was playing music so ravishing that I would have pardoned Father Lawrence if the service all went out of his head as he listened. Romaine came up with me and some of the other fellows. He made his sister carry in for Juliet the great blue box which held her bouquet.

A minute more and Effie came out again, blushing her prettiest, and said, "Juliet wants to see you, Ro."

And Ro went into that mysterious bride-chamber, which he had never seen before. And there stood his own dear girl, wonderful and gracious. Her veil lay across a great table waiting for the bride-maid to put it on her at the last moment. The damask in which Madam Mifflin, her great-grandmother, had been married had been dug out of a Ginevra chest. Madam Mifflin's skeleton was not found with it, for she lived to dance at Madison's second inauguration. This brocade was to be worn to-night. And Romaine said, "Oh, my darling, I am afraid to kiss you."

"Never fear that," said she. "We will do it again when I am ninety to remember to-night by."

"It seemed to me," said he, "that the day would never be done."

"But it is, you see. When will you learn to be reasonable? Romaine, when you say such things I am afraid for you."

"Afraid for me, Juliet?"

"I am afraid that you forget that the pressure increases with the squares, and even with the cubes, and if your lower

ranges are to stand it long, you must put in heavier tubing."

"Oh, now you can laugh; you may say anything," said the happy fellow, only wondering that she chose to chaff him just now.

"You goose!" said she; "do you not know why I have called you?"

"I hoped you called me to marry me," said he, ruefully.

"I called you to explain to you the mystery."

"My darling, you are so beautiful, I forgot there was a mystery."

"That is enough," said Juliet. "I thought you were perfect; now I know you are. All the more shall you know." Then, with a tragic pause: "Do you see this key? Do you see yon door? Open it." And she stood silent, not quite daring to look up.

Romaine opened the door. Within was a perfect plumber's equipment—pincers, clippers, big solderers, little solderers, bismuth strip, super-strip, sub-strip, saws, augers, test bottles, cinnamon and rose-water, piping of every size—all were there.

"Romaine, your own Juliet does the plumbing for the seminary. This is my mystery—and my mother's."

THE MINSTREL.

BY CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

HE thought he once could sing
A song of love and spring,
But stammered, though he held a full-strung lyre;
Because he lacked the art
Which later years impart;
Because the skill was less than the desire.

And now he seems to know
Just how the tune should flow,
But misses the young ardor once so strong.
The impulse of the heart
Is slower than the art;
The skill to sing is better than the song.

The sobering touch of time
Holds back the hasty rhyme
That in the heat of youth once spurned control;
For snared in webs of thought
His flying dreams are caught;
Age looks beyond the senses to the soul.

Ah, could the singer's art
Assume the loftier part
As once the lowlier in the realm of song!
Ah, could life's grander themes
Flow like the early streams,
What minstrel then would say he had lived too long?

"PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE" FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON.

IN March, 1839, Mr. N. P. Willis began the publication in New York of *The Corsair*, "a Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion, and Novelty." While it had some special contributions of its own, it was chiefly used as the vehicle for conveying the cream of the foreign periodicals to the American public. It was, in fact, a saucy pirate, flying the black flag with the most admirable frankness and coolness. It was, for the short time it lived, a good thing of its kind—gay, gossiping, and tasteful. There are still a few bound volumes of the paper, hidden away in great libraries, but it is marked as "very scarce."

A journey through *The Corsair* of 1839-40 brings up the people of that time with picturesque vividness, for Willis was fond of personalities, and never hesitated about copying and writing them. Here in the first number stands Rachel "—, seventeen years old, rather tall, pale, and thin, with a striking though melancholy expression of countenance; she uses little action, rarely moves her arms, evinces the deepest emotions, and elicits deafening applause in passages where the ranting and gesticulation of other celebrated actresses have scarcely extorted an exclamation." In the next number poor L. E. L. rises from the pen of the editor. Looking for a slender, melancholy-eyed poetess in a London drawing-room, he approaches a table "where a smart, lively, gayly dressed girl seemed entertaining a half-dozen persons with some merry game. Her laugh was more hearty than refined, but I soon found it infectious, and though I had not the honor of an acquaintance with a single person of the circle, I could not resist a very keen enjoyment of the lady's wit and humor. She was telling fortunes with apple seeds, and after I had admired for some time the simplicity with which so fashionable a party found means of entertainment, our hostess accidentally approached and electrified me by addressing the merry fortune-teller as Miss Landon." The bright face bore no trace of melancholy; her lips were sharply cut, but still expressive of affectionateness, and nothing was striking in her countenance except that at a flash of wit there was a lift of her eyelids and a gleam of bright-

ness through her eyes, like the effect of a lighted window suddenly thrown open on the night. Her own repartee was expressed under a sort of appealing gravity and *espièglerie* infinitely amusing.

There is a glimpse near of the venerable Earl Grey, who, after dressing for dinner, sits down on the sofa in his dressing-room, whereupon the great picture of his wife and babies hanging over his head falls from its nail and wounds his forehead. Here is a pretty little paragraph from Paris concerning the King of Bavaria, who "lately made a decree that none in his dominions should wear mustaches except military men. The King, travelling into Italy under the *incognito* of Count d'Au, was stopped by his own guard at the frontiers, and ordered to shave off his own magnificent hirsute appendages. Nothing but a declaration of his rank saved him from the calamity."

The untold wealth of the Iron Duke is illustrated in the next item, referring to the *trousseau* of Lady Elizabeth Hay, the nineteen-year-old bride of the Marquis of Douro. "Wellington, having found in his cabinets quantities of diamonds which he had forgotten or never thought of till now, has declared that the bride shall have them all. Amongst them is an order given to his Grace by Louis XVIII., worth \$250,000." A great deal of wealth to forget!

By-and-by comes the announcement of Lady Bulwer's novel of *Cheveley*, and the editor writes: "Sir Edward married a pale, delicate, poetical, consumptive girl, who soon after marriage grew rosy, large, haughty, imperious, and splendid. A handsomer or more showy woman than Lady Bulwer could scarce be found in the world, but it would appear, by her own showing, that her temper did not improve with her health." The story of the marriage is told elsewhere in the volume. "Miss Wheeler was the daughter of a most worthy and respectable widow, living some three years ago in May Fair. Mrs. Wheeler was early left a widow with one daughter, a pale, handsome, slender girl, who chanced to attract the attention of Edward Bulwer, then fresh from college. The attachment was a romantic one, and soon discovered and strenuously

opposed by Mr. Bulwer's mother. We have many times listened to the story of their meeting to drink tea with a sympathizing lady who occupied a three pair of stairs back in Fleet Street, and who ultimately succeeded in marrying two persons who were neither, as she then thought, long for this world. The aristocratic mother was soon reconciled to the match, but, as the novel shows, the daughter-in-law continued to live at swords' points with every member of the family, her husband included. Bulwer bore her 'incompatibility' as long as he could in form, and finally bought a beautiful house in the country, not far from London, furnished it exquisitely, and supplying her every earthly want but that of his own society, left her to expend her eccentricities on her dogs, which, to the number of a round dozen, are her perpetual companions. They (the dogs) are immortalized, collectively and individually, in *Chevelley*."

On the next sheet is a story of Mr. Mathias, the queer little old author of the *Pursuits of Literature*. A few days before he had been dining at a Neapolitan café, and a violent shower beginning to fall, Sir William Gull observed that it was raining cats and dogs; as he spoke, a dog rushed in at one door of the café, and a frightened cat at the other. "God bless my soul," exclaimed Mathias, gravely, "so it does, so it does! Who would have believed it?" This exclamation excited no little merriment; and Mathias resented it by not speaking to the laughers for some days.

Will it not stir the memory of some ancient opera-goer to read in a Paris letter of that incomparable tenor who knew how to "charm the souls in purgatory"? Behold Mario, Chevalier de Candia, in his youth: a young man about twenty-two, with handsome features, large, black, sparkling eyes, well-shaped limbs, stature a little above the middle size, graceful and gentlemanly carriage, and a voice all that could be desired in compass, flexibility, melody, freshness, limpidness. The royal family of Naples go to the opera; and one reads that Princess Christine looked exceedingly pretty, and many a furtive glance was cast toward her—a homage that did not seem offensive to her feelings, if one might judge by her countenance, although it is strongly disapproved by the elders of the family. Curious sto-

ries are told on this subject at Naples; and it is asserted that more than one young noble has been advised to travel for his health because detected in looking too often toward the pretty Christine. For contrast comes a "personal" about Marie Louise, widow of Napoleon, who comes visiting Naples. A most uninteresting-looking woman is she; her face must always have been plain, for neither the features nor expression are such as constitute good looks. The first are truly Austrian—the nose rather flat, the forehead anything but intellectual, the eyes unmeaning, of a very light blue, and the mouth defective. Her figure is bad, and there is neither elegance nor dignity in her air or manner.

Another woman as disenchanting walks through the ballroom of the Tuileries on an evening of this same April—the Countess Guiccioli. "She was a woman to whom you would involuntarily apply the descriptive word 'dumpy.' She had not even the merit of an Italian black eye, for hers was of a light blue; and as for the hair, it was auburn horribly approaching to red. Her form was short and thickish, and as for her bearing, it was extremely unimpressive." In a column of personal news is a joke lately made by Sydney Smith. "On this witty clergyman observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, he remarked to a friend, alluding to the 'B' surrounded by a coronet on the panel, 'There goes a carriage with a B outside and a *wasp* within.'"

Queen Victoria is pictured in many ways all through the year; oftenest as the "pretty young Queen," "her pretty Majesty of England," and "the high-born maiden." Mr. Sully's portrait of the royal girl comes to New York, and the editor goes to see it. "There she stands revealed before you," he says, "a maiden youth, of an aspect so lovely and innocent, and with a step so firm yet sylph-like, that, republicans as we are, we were half inclined to bow the knee in homage." In this year the young lady is married.

It is gravely related that Prince Albert is a tolerably comely youth, about the middle height, with mustaches in a very promising state of cultivation. In complexion he is neither very fair nor very dark. He is at present rather guarded in his attentions to the Queen, the only thing

very decided being that Prince Ernest, his elder brother, always takes an airing in a pony phaeton separately, leaving him to ride on horseback *tête-à-tête* with her Majesty, the suite, of course, keeping a respectable distance. Here is a gallant Frenchman's description of the Queen while still the unmarried ruler: "The Queen is charming; *petite*, it is true, but with pretty white shoulders, and a person that would make the most humble maiden lovely. Her head is noble and graceful; her pretty light hair was separated in bandeaux on her forehead, and surmounted by a coronet of diamonds. Her eyes, which are soft and large, have spirit and kindness in them; it is pretended that on some occasions they are severe. Her nose is slender and well-formed; her mouth small, and remains habitually open. It appeared to me several times that in smiling with her ladies at the mal-address of some of her subjects she was not deficient in archness."

Mr. Willis meets at Almack's a pretty and titled English woman, who tells him some trifles about the young Queen. She thought Victoria fancied herself very beautiful, "which she was not," and a very good horsewoman, "which she was not decidedly," and that she was very impatient of a difference of opinion when in private with her ladies. She admitted, however, that "her pretty Majesty" was generous, forgiving, and cleverer than most girls of her age. When alone with two or three of her maids, she said, the Queen was "no more like a Queen than anybody else," and was "very fond of a bit of fun or a bit of scandal, or anything that would not have done if other people were present."

A shuddering story is to be found on another page, one that the present disturbances in Russia make doubly interesting. When the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne, among those punished for attempting to proclaim his elder brother Emperor were three gentlemen, by name Pestel, Bylejeff, and Bestuzeff; they were hanged and quartered. A few weeks before the issue of this particular *Corsair* the Grand Duke—the son and successor of Nicholas—had visited Paris, and was called upon by a large number of gentlemen. Three, apparently persons of rank and fortune, came in a carriage, and wrote down their names like others in the visiting book. Great was the dismay

of the aide-de-camp, who in the evening began to read the list of visitors aloud to the Grand Duke, to find in it these three names written in succession: Pestel, Bylejeff, Bestuzeff! Who were they? This paper bears date June 22, 1839.

Here is a sketch of Nicholas, then reigning with military severity. In person the Emperor is tall and well made. Few men of his height—six feet two inches—display such graceful freedom of carriage. He is called by many "the handsomest man in Europe." He is seen to special advantage in the saddle. He has the air and mien of majesty more completely than any sovereign of the age; his eye has a singular power; its fierce glance, it is said, has disarmed the assassin. Where he wishes to please, nothing can be more charming and winning than his manners. He is deeply attached to his children, and very kind and playful with them. To an English guest he said one evening, with a stamp of his foot as the unpleasant thought rose in his mind: "I know that I am unpopular in England. They hate me, because they think me a tyrant; but if they knew me they would not call me so. They should see me in the bosom of my family." And he was delightful there; but that did not keep him from being, as a ruler, the hardest of the hard.

In an article on "Recollections of Germany" there is this little sketch of Goethe: "From a private door came forward Goethe at a slow, majestic pace," an old man "with a costume doubtless modern, yet which notwithstanding looked perversely antique, owing perhaps to the powdered hair of the wearer and a gross mismanagement of the neck-cloth. His figure was tall and gaunt, and his attire a long blue surtout, considerably too wide—in fact, it fitted no better than a dressing-gown. His features in their cast generally had considerable resemblance to those of the late John Kemble, though with a very different expression, Goethe's being much more grave and stern. As to his own works and literary fame he would not utter one syllable, and seemed wholly immovable either by praise or blame."

A visitor at the grave of Byron asks the clerk who keeps the key whether he has seen there either the poet's widow or his daughter. "Not to my knowledge," answers the clerk. "The Duke of Orleans,

and, I rather think, the Duke of Sussex, asked me the same question. His sister, Mrs. Leigh, visited his grave soon after the erection of the tablet, and wept over him long and silently. She loved him fondly, sir; and so does Colonel Wildman, of the Abbey (Newstead). He buried old Joe Murray, the boatman, an old retainer of my lord's, very near him, because he recollected my lord's partiality for old Joe."

Further on is a charming little anecdote of Lamb as recorded by Hood, which will assuredly bear repetition. Lamb was a sound hater of carping, evil-speaking, and petty scandal. Some Mrs. Candor telling him, in expectation of an ill-natured comment, that Miss —, the teacher at the Ladies' School, had married a publican, "Has she so?" said Lamb. "Then I'll have my beer there."

Mr. Willis went to the National Gallery — new then — and sat upon a bench with an acquaintance, who pointed out to him a portrait of Lord Lyndhurst in his Chancellor's wig and robes, a very fine picture of a man of sixty or thereabouts. "When this dandy gets out of the way with his eye-glass," said Willis, "I shall be able to see the picture." His friend smiled. "Whom do you take the dandy to be?" It was a well-formed man, dressed in the top of the fashion, with a very straight back, curling brown hair, and the look of perhaps thirty years of age. It was Lord Lyndhurst himself, rejuvenated by a new brown wig and a very youthful hat and neck-cloth! On his arm leaned his new wife, formerly Miss Goldsmith, a small pale woman, dressed very gaudily. The noble couple might have passed for a comedian from the Surrey pleasuring with the tragic heroine.

There is a pretty description of that queen of dancers, Taglioni, in the *cachucha*. In it is a succession of flying movements expressive of alarm, in the midst of which "she alights, and stands poised upon the points of her feet, with a look over her shoulder of *fierté* and animation possible to no other face. It was like a deer standing, with expanded nostril and neck uplifted to its loftiest height, at the first scent of his pursuers in the breeze. It was the very soul of swiftness embodied in a look." Looking on at the fairy creature is Lord Brougham, "dressed very young, with a black stock and no collar, and rattling away at the operatic

gossip very brilliantly and gayly, evidently quite forgetting the woolsack. There are Bulwer and D'Orsay too, the only men in the opera-house wearing a white cravat. D'Orsay has a look of melancholy, but he is still beautiful, his complexion as clear and faultless as a boy's. He drinks milk, and goes to bed now at ten o'clock." Mr. Webster is at this time in England, and Willis mentions the sensation produced in London society by the American's magnificent head. "I do not say 'by his reputation,'" adds Willis, "because three persons out of four who have spoken to me of him take him to be the Noah Webster of the Dictionary." They meet at Hallam's in a group of distinguished men, and a lady is heard to say of Webster to two others who were discussing him phrenologically: "Well, I should never think of wasting time at the top of his head. He is the handsomest man I ever saw, bumps or no bumps! Look at his smile!" There are many American ladies in London in this summer of '39, and they are very much in the fashion. Mrs. Van Buren's quiet and high-bred manners are much talked of, and the major himself, like his brother, has been received quite as a prince royal — admitted to the floor of the House of Lords, etc. Miss Sedgwick is in London, but she seems to require a trumpeter.

Here is a glimpse of Milman, the poet: "A man a little above the middle size, plump, and of a very dark Jewish physiognomy. His eye is fine, his nose more aquiline than that of that literary Jew, Hayward, the translator; but Hayward is all a Hebrew in expression, which Milman is not." Below is a picture of the orator O'Connell. The great Dan looked like a rollicking Irish Boniface. He was dressed in an entire suit of black, with no shirt visible; his cravat very loose about his neck, accommodating itself to a full and rather unctuous-looking dewlap, his foxy wig a little askew, and on the side of his head a broad-brimmed, cheap, long-napped black hat. His eyes were very oily and sly, but his mouth looked the seat of fun and good-nature.

In August Mr. Willis sends a letter, the first paragraph of which announces the engagement of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray as Paris correspondent of *The Corsair*. "Thackeray is a tall, athletic man of about thirty-five," writes

Mr. Willis, "with a look of talent that could never be mistaken. He has taken to literature after having spent a very large inheritance, but in throwing away the gifts of fortune he had cultivated his natural talents very highly, and is one of the most accomplished draughtsmen in England, as well as the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers. He has been the principal critic for *The Times*, and writes for *Fraser and Blackwood*." Mr. Thackeray does proceed thereafter to write regularly for *The Corsair* "letters from London, Paris, Pekin, Petersburg, etc."—the letters which in the shape of sketches are published in *The Paris Sketch-Book*. The same letter in which Mr. Willis announces his acquisition mentions also that Disraeli is to be married in a few days to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a very fashionable and rather pretty widow. One of the first things he proposes to himself after his marriage "is a trip to Niagara," a journey which he never made. "Mrs. Wyndham Lewis has been one of the most distinguished party-givers in May Fair for several years, and living on Hyde Park, in one of the most superb houses in London, her breakfasts on review days were very celebrated. She knows the world and is a very prudent person, and Disraeli's horoscope, on the whole, promises very brightly from the conjunction." This lady was, before her first marriage, Marian Evans, daughter of Captain Viney Evans, R.N. On another page a groundless social rumor is chronicled—that of the proposed marriage of Miss Burdett-Coutts to Mr. J. Gibson Lockhart.

Lady Hester Stanhope died in obscurity and loneliness in July of 1839, and a biographical sketch appears in which this picture of her in Syria is given: "Her head was covered with a turban made of red and white cashmere. She wore a long tunic, with open, loose sleeves; large Turkish trousers, the folds of which hung over yellow morocco boots, embroidered with silk. Her shoulders were covered with a sort of burnous, and a yataghan hung to her waist. Lady Hester Stanhope had a serious and imposing countenance; her noble and mild features had a majestic expression, which her high stature and the dignity of her movements enhanced."

In October a report runs through England that Lord Brougham has been killed

in a carriage accident. Before its falsity can be ascertained, the London papers break out into spasms of regret and eulogy, and the noble lord has an opportunity of reading countless agreeable obituaries of himself. Even *The Morning Chronicle*, who surely does not love him, speaks in grievous fashion of his "variety of attainment," his "facility of expression," "energy of purpose," "grandeur of forensic eloquence," and his "untiring continuance of intellectual labor." Elsewhere in the volume appears an amusing story of his lordship during a political tour in Scotland a few years before. He had stopped in his journey at the Highland residence of the Duke of B—. The Duchess, always full of fun and frolic, got up a dance on the green, at which all the Donalds and Janets of the district figured in their best. Brougham was tired, and being an early riser, slipped off soon to bed. He was missed, upon which one of the party, whose word could not be gained, insisted that they should all go and see how he looked in his nightcap. A procession was formed. Mr. Edward E— led the way, carrying two large lighted candles, and the dormitory of the Chancellor was fairly stormed and carried. He bore the siege with good-humor. A mock deed was drawn up, constituting the fair Duchess governor of some imaginary island, and Brougham was forced, after a good deal of bantering, to tell his secretary to unpack the great seal (which he kept in his bedroom), and affix it to the document. The party then retreated amidst peals of laughter.

Here is a picture of Dr. Lyman Beecher in Boston: "In the pulpit he is all action—angular, abrupt, graceless, forcible. His arms, head, feet, spectacles all in motion, with 'apostolic blows and knocks' he fells whole platoons of adversaries at once. Dr. B. is very careless of facts and statistics, hating the drudgery of their collection. On his way some years since to a public meeting of one of our benevolent societies, where he and a plodding scrap-book friend in company with him were to deliver addresses, said the doctor to him, 'You gather the facts into a pile, and I'll set them on fire.'"

These be the days of Palmerston; and "Palmerston," says a critic, "is a man made to be laughed at, but not to be despised. Tall, handsome, dark, and well dressed, he thinks himself still. In the

House of Commons Palmerston is an idle man; he does not inflict his eloquence indiscriminately, and when he is obliged to get up and defend some bungling collegiate about some matter upon which he is profoundly ignorant, he hammers and stammers in a most exemplary manner."

A rambler up the Thames visits Eel-pie Island, a place near Twickenham, which was the favorite resort of Edmund Kean for a few months before his death. The boatman the rambler hires is the one generally employed by the great actor, and the fellow relates that after the fatigues of the night were over at the theatre he often caused himself to be rowed to Eel-pie Island, and there left to wander about by moonlight till two or three o'clock in the morning. The tavern used at that time to be frequented by a poetical sawyer of Twickenham, whose poetry Kean greatly admired. The first time he heard the sawyer's rhymes he was so delighted that he made him a present of two sovereigns, and urged him to venture upon the dangerous seas of authorship. By his advice the sawyer rushed into print, and published a twopenny volume upon the beauties of Eel-pie Island, the delights of pie-eating, and various other matters of local and general interest. Kean at this time was so weak that it was necessary to lift him in and out of the wherry, a circumstance which excited the boatman's curiosity to go and see him in *Richard the Third* at the Richmond Theatre. "There was some difference there, I reckon," says the honest fellow to the rambler; "so much so that I was almost frightened at him. He seemed on the stage to be as strong as a giant, and strutted about so bravely that I could scarcely believe it was the same man. Next morning he would come into my boat, with a bottle of brandy in his coat pocket, as weak as a child until he had drunk almost half the brandy, when he plucked up a little. Many's the time that I have carried him in my arms in and out of the boat, as if he were a baby. But he wasn't particularly kind. He always paid me my fare, and never grumbled at it, and was very familiar and free like. But all the watermen were fond of him. He gave a new boat and a purse of sovereigns to be rowed for every year." When Kean died a great many of these watermen contributed toward his monument.

Thus looked Charles Dickens in the summer of 1839: "In person he is a little above the standard height, though not tall. His figure is slight without being meagre, and is well-proportioned. His face is peculiar, though not remarkable. An ample forehead is displayed under a quantity of light hair, worn in a mass on one side of his head rather jauntily, and this is the only semblance of dandyism in his appearance. His brow is marked; his eye, though not large, bright and expressive. The most regular feature is the nose, which may be called handsome—an epithet not applicable to his lips, which are too large. Taken altogether, the countenance, which is pale without sickness, is in repose extremely agreeable, and indicative of refinement and intelligence. Mr. Dickens's manner and conversation, except perhaps to the *abandon* among his familiars, have no exhibition of particular wit, much less of humor. He is mild in the tones of his voice and quiescent, evincing habitual attention to the etiquette and conventionalisms of polished circles. His society is much sought after, and possibly to avoid the invitations pressed upon him he does not reside in London, but with a lovely wife and two charming children he has a retreat in the vicinity."

Mr. Willis gives expression to a poetical admiration for Mrs. Caroline Norton, whom he meets at Lady Morgan's. She is above, he says, even the *beau idéal* of fancy. "No engraving has ever done justice to this lady, because the mere light and shade of the burin cannot give the purity of that opaque white, magnolia-leaf complexion, which, in contrast with her raven-black hair, forms one striking peculiarity of her face. Hers is a countenance, too, which, with all the perfection of the features, is more radiant in intellect and expression even than in feature and complexion."

The romance of Guizot's marriage is related in one of the numbers of that summer. Mlle. Pauline de Meulan was a woman of brilliant and original mind, to whose editorship the *Publiciste* owed most of its well-merited reputation. Her work was long and severe, and her health failing, her doctors ordered absolute idleness. Her pen was the only support of herself and her old parents, who had once enjoyed an immense fortune. In the midst of all this agony of poverty, debt,

and illness, Mlle. de Meulan received an anonymous letter offering in the most respectful fashion to supply her regularly with articles for the *Publiciste* until her health could be restored. The letter was accompanied by an article so much in her own style that she did not hesitate to add her initial and to publish it. The contributions of the unknown continued to arrive until the fair writer was again able to take up her pen. Mademoiselle and all the members of her literary circle lost themselves in conjectures as to the authorship of the articles, but none suspected the grave young orator who listened to their suppositions with an air of perfect indifference. At last Pauline, through the *Publiciste*, begged her unknown friend to present himself to her. The twenty-year-old Guizot obeyed, and five years after, the pair, in spite of the disparity of their ages, were married. It was a beautiful union; and when, after fifteen years, the devoted wife died, she begged, though a Catholic, to be buried as a Protestant, that she might die with the belief of being reunited to her beloved husband in another world. Quietly "her soul passed" as Guizot sat reading to her a sermon of Bossuet's.

In November, 1839, Horace Vernet goes to Egypt, and is presented to the famous Pasha Mehemet Ali. The French painter makes, in a letter home, this sketch of the Egyptian ruler: "Mehemet Ali is short, his beard is white, his complexion brown, his skin tanned, his eye lively, his movement prompt, his speech brief, his look witty, and very malicious. He laughs outright when he has uttered some sarcasm—an amusement in which he frequently indulged in our presence whenever the conversation turned upon politics." A pleasanter picture of the Pasha is given by another writer, to whom the old man said one day: "I have been very happy in my children; there is not one of them who does not treat me with the utmost deference and respect—except," he added, laughing outright, "that little fellow, the last and least, Mehemet Ali." The boy was then five or six years old, and called by his father's name—the son of his old age, his Benjamin, his best-beloved. "I see how it is," said the visitor; "your Highness spoils the boy. You encourage the little rogue." Mehemet Ali laughed again. It was an acknowledgment of a little paternal weakness. Not

long after, the Pasha's friend found him in the centre of his divan, surrounded by all his sons and grandsons; he had been listening to the accounts of their studies, their amusements, and their employments. At last he told them that they might withdraw, and one after another they rose, knelt before him, kissed the hem of his garment, and retired. Little Mehemet Ali came last; he was dressed in military costume, with a tiny golden-cased cimeter dangling at his side. He advanced toward his father, looking in his face; he saw the accustomed, the involuntary smile; and when he was about a yard from the Pasha, instead of bending or saluting him, he turned on his heels and laughingly scampered away like a young colt. The old man shook his head, looked grave for a moment, another smile passed over his countenance—"Peki, peki!" said he, in a low tone (Well, well!). It is good to remember in the renowned warrior this graceful bit of fatherly pride and fondness.

Those were the days in which much fun was made of that amiable and ingenious person whom Mrs. Oliphant calls the "Pecksniff of monarchs"—Louis Philippe. An anecdote which drifted from Germany and France into *The Corsair* shows that the fat king was not without admirers. "There is living at Dessau an old gardener of the ducal court who in his youth was employed at Versailles, where he was in the habit of presenting his finest fruits to the young prince now King of France, who in thanking him always addressed him as his dear cousin. This gardener, having a grandson who wished also to be a gardener, recalled to mind his illustrious relationship to Louis Philippe, and lately wrote to the King to entreat him to give a place to his grandson in one of the royal gardens. The King has replied to the old gardener in his own hand and in German, beginning his letter with 'My dear cousin,' and ending with 'Your affectionate cousin, Louis Philippe,' informing him that he has a place of 2000 francs a year and a lodging for his grandson. The old gardener shows the letter to everybody who wishes to see it, but holds it fast with both hands lest the precious missive should be lost."

The reigning royalties of Naples were in 1839 a picturesque pair. An English writer attending a reception at court describes the King as a tall, stout man, who,

though not quite thirty, had a circumference that few men of sixty could equal. The Queen, on the contrary, was a minute creature, her height not being more than that of most young ladies of twelve or thirteen. Her expression was pretty; her eyes splendid. But the contrast between the royal couple was amusing as remarkable. During the ceremony of having his hand kissed by his loving subjects the apparently disgusted King wore the expression of one who is approached by some revolting spectacle. The Queen's hand was held out and touched without her being, it seemed, the least aware of the fact. When the foreigners were presented the King bowed, but not a word did he speak. The Queen was talkative enough; but when at last she took her husband's offered hand and retired, she made a grimace at him expressive of "Thank goodness, it is all over!" Her Majesty was then only nineteen.

It was in the latter part of this year that the papers printed startling reports of the alarming illness of the Duke of Wellington. Properly sifted, these reports proved to be the result of an attempt by the old soldier to cure a cold after the fashion of the Dr. Tanner who lately tried in New York the dangers of starvation. His Grace went without food for two whole days, and finding himself better, mounted his horse to follow the hounds. He returned home after a day's sport to faint on the door-step from inanition. So Great Britain went straightway into an uproar over his "attack of apoplexy" in large letters, while the Iron Duke was calmly bathing his feet and placidly going off to sleep.

It was during the last weeks of '39 that Knowles brought out his play of *Love*, and Bulwer his drama of the *Sea-Captain*.

Mr. Willis attends the third performance of the *Sea-Captain*, and finds the house not more than half filled, in spite of the popular liking for the piece and for Helen Faucit and Macready, who play the heroine and hero. He gives an odd statement of Bulwer's position at the time. "Why, Bulwer is but thirty-two, I believe, and without one word of praise from the great tribunals of criticism, he stands in the very plenitude of renown and popularity; his plays depreciated by every magazine and newspaper of the day, yet perfectly successful; his novels received in killing silence by the reviewers, yet

seized on and read by all classes with the greatest avidity; his person and his character and his family the subjects of constant detraction, yet himself courted in society and honored by his sovereign with a baronetcy, and living in a charmed circle of luxury, admiration, and literary emolument."

As a writer of personal "intelligence," Mr. Willis has had few rivals. Perhaps he modelled himself somewhat after Walpole. But it must be said that if his notes were not invariably in perfect taste, they were never malicious. It is worth while to quote here what he himself says about the "personal" in one of his *Corsair* letters:

"There is no question, I believe, that pictures of living society where society is in very high perfection, and of living persons where they are 'persons of mark,' are both interesting to ourselves and valuable to posterity. What would we not give for a description of a dinner with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, of a dance with the maids of Queen Elizabeth, of a chat with Milton in a morning call? We should say the man was a churl who, when he had the power, should have refused to 'leave the world a copy' of such precious hours. Posterity will decide who are the great of our time, but they are at least *among* those I have heard talk, and have described and quoted. And who would read without interest a hundred years hence a character of the second Virgin Queen, caught as it was uttered in a ballroom of her time; or a description of her loveliest maid of honor by one who had stood opposite her in a dance, and wrote it before he slept; or a conversation with Moore or Bulwer, when the Queen and her fairest maid and Moore and Bulwer have had their splendid funerals, and are dust like Elizabeth and Shakespeare?"

"The harm, if harm there be in such sketches, is in the spirit in which they are done. If they are ill-natured and untrue, or if the author says aught to injure the feelings of those who have admitted him to their confidence or hospitality, he is to blame, and it is easy, since he publishes while his subjects are living, to correct his misrepresentations, and to visit upon him his infidelities of friendship. For myself I have the best reason to know that I have never offended either host or acquaintance."

THE BOND.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

EDWARD RILEY was twenty-seven years old when he became a thief. It fell out in this way: Six years of grinding office-work, with wretched pay and dreary toil, had eaten into his endurance and sapped his courage. Hopelessness was growing upon him, when one morning the purser of the Hong-Kong steamer, just arrived in San Francisco, placed in his hand a roll of Bank of England notes, amounting in American money to about fourteen thousand dollars.

This was to be delivered by Riley to the wife of one Manning, a former friend of his, but for five years a resident in China, and now reported to be dying of an incurable ailment. Mrs. Manning lived at a town some twelve hours' distance from San Francisco. Riley had never seen her, but he had heard of her often from Manning, who, after a few years of married unhappiness, had parted from her in anger, and had gone to China, vowing never to see her again. At intervals he corresponded with Riley, but not with his wife, with whom his quarrel had been bitter, and who was provided against want by a fortune in her own right.

A letter came with the money, giving the reason for the peculiar mode of transfer, and requesting Riley to take the sum to Mrs. Manning, and place it in her hands as a last remembrance from one who had loved her to the end. The bearer of the packet and letter had seen Manning a short time before the steamer left China, and judged that his illness must already have terminated fatally. Recovery was impossible. The money thus sent to his wife was his entire fortune, and it was handed to Riley just as it had been handed to the purser, in Bank of England notes wound round a small piece of wood, and making a little cylindrical packet that could be easily held in the closed hand.

That night Riley, shut in his room with the money, had wild thoughts. He knew Mrs. Manning to be well provided for. He knew Manning to be dead. The man who had given him the packet would probably never think of it again. The woman for whom it was destined had not expected it, and would therefore never raise a question about it. In a whole life-

time such a chance as this might not occur again. The purser had told him that in twelve days the steamer would return to China, and he with it. When he was gone, there was not one person in the world from whom to fear detection.

Riley was a man of a refined and sensitive nature, but weak and timid; and before this, the first great temptation of his life, he fell. Clever and adaptive, but unstable as water, his mind was filled with splendid dreams of wealth and success, which he lacked the force and daring to try and realize. He revelled in visions of greatness and luxury, and woke from his reveries to see the squalid walls of the office about him, his desk and ledgers below him, the coarse and common faces of his fellow-clerks on either hand, and he cursed his fate. He loathed his life, and was too faint-hearted, too shrinking and fearful, to attempt any other. He girded against the destiny that had placed him among this sordid lot, and yet was afraid to rise in his might and throw down his challenge to the world. Too dejected and disheartened to fall to the brutal level to which men of his temperament will sink under the blows of fortune, he lived on in a sort of dreary torpor, sometimes dreamily happy in following out the fruitless schemes of his evening meditations, sometimes numbed by a creeping self-despair, always turning the dull eyes of a sick mind on the world about him, as if in a pleading which had once been pitiful, but was now only spiritless.

He was a man made for wealth. Under the warmth of prosperity all the charms and graces of his effeminate nature would have bloomed into beauty. He could then have cultivated his talents, suppressed now by thankless toil. Idleness and plenty, relief from care and responsibility, would not have spoiled him as they do more strenuous characters, but would have encouraged and stimulated all his latent abilities and finer qualities. Money, instead of opening the way to still greater temptations, would have raised barriers to those that now assailed him. Where stronger men would have failed and fallen, this weakling would rise triumphant.

This was the life that allured him, not

because through it he could gratify the lower nature, but because it would enable him to develop the higher. He would make it a life of beauty and of peace. It would be full of kindness, of charity, of grace, and subdued splendor. And some gentle and loving woman would glorify it with him. Sitting in his miserable room, his glance riveted on the red eye of his small stove, he dreamed of her, shining through the dimness of his reverie with the softened radiance of a star. She would share his joys and defeats and triumphs. In his hour of sadness he would feel her hand in his, and the touch of her lips would have power to brush away his gloom. All the trouble and sorrow of the world would melt from his memory, his head pillowed on a heart that beat only for him.

Morbid, solitary, and hopeless, the sudden temptation to take the money struck him a blow that benumbed his conscience. He waited until a few days before the Hong-Kong steamer sailed, then resigned his position, drew his small savings from the bank, and fled. All through the journey he was upborne by a tingling sense of exhilaration and exultation. Wild schemes for the investment of the money flitted through his head. At one moment he would go north to Manitoba and the grain lands; at the next, south to Florida and the orange groves. He speculated on the chances offered at the Cape of Good Hope, and the openings in Farther India. He would go somewhere where no sign or sound from his old life could intrude. He would change his name and begin anew. If his schemes succeeded he would devote most of his income to charity and good works. He would forget the hell of the past, and try to make a heaven of his future. He felt no remorse, for he thought that he had wronged no one, and he burned with high hopes and eager expectations when he speculated on the possibilities of the days to come. He talked brilliantly and gayly with the people on the train, for no fears of pursuit or detection harassed him.

When he arrived in New York there was a snap in the tension, and then a terrible collapse. He had put up at a small hotel for economy, and here, alone, tired, and irresolute, he had time to see what he had done. In the solitude of his wretched room his sin rose up and looked him in the face. He had betrayed the trust

of his dead friend; he had robbed the widow and the orphan. Thinking over the situation with the deceptive clearness of vision which comes of an abnormally irritated condition of the nerves, he suddenly realized that he knew literally nothing of Mrs. Manning's present circumstances. Years before, when Manning had married her, she had been rich, but since then reverses of fortune might have dissipated her income. At this moment, while he sat in a hotel in New York, with her money in his hand, she and her children might be in grinding need of it. He was a thief—a pariah among men.

Horror seized upon him. He could find no rest. At night he lay broad awake, his eyes staring into the dark. In the day he sat in his little room, his elbows on the table, and his face in his hands. Outside or inside, alone or in a crowd, he could find no release from his growing remorse and shame.

It seemed to him that he read disgust and scorn in the eyes of the passers in the street; that the waiter at table spoke to him with a hardly veiled contempt; that the chamber-maid who cleaned his room touched his boots and clothes reluctantly, as pertaining to one utterly despicable, and looked at him with furtive, disdainful curiosity from the ends of her eyes. Everybody seemed drawn a great way from him, and he felt as if he was looking wistfully at their dwindling figures from a huge distance. He was alone in a world of men, who all seemed to point a finger at him as he, the thief, slouched by.

A week of sleeplessness, of solitary brooding, of haunting remorse, broke him down as completely as a three months' illness would have done. On the evening of the seventh day, sitting in his room, in the heavy torpor of dogged hopelessness, he came to the conclusion that he would make the only reparation possible, by returning the money to Mrs. Manning. By continually dwelling on the idea that she might have lost her fortune, he had come to believe it as an absolute certainty, and day and night was pursued by the thought of her in dire poverty, waiting for word from her absent husband. He had at first thought of writing her a letter acknowledging everything. But this was too hard—the words looked so brutal on paper. With curses and groans he tore the sheet up, and in despair flung his arms and head on the table, wishing for death.

Then an inspiration came to him, and on a blank sheet he wrote the words, "Be merciful, and keep my secret," wrapped the paper round the money, and sealed the ends with wax. She had seen his writing, and he thought she would understand.

But even now he was reluctant to part with it. Not so much because he wanted the money, as because he could not bear the thought that one unknown woman might brand him with the name of thief. In after-years he might meet her, and he would read her knowledge and her scorn in her eyes as he seemed to now in the eyes of the waiter. He thought he would wait till the morning before a final decision. One's thoughts were so much clearer in the morning. To-night he felt exhausted and sick, sick to the heart with self-loathing and shame, sick with a sense of oppression that amounted to physical pain. He was too weary to think, and too overwrought to sleep. He would go out, go out and try to divert his mind; see people, hear them talk, listen to them laugh; forget, forget, if only for one half-hour; go somewhere where they would not all seem to know he was a thief, and stare at him with wolfish eager curiosity. A theatre would be the best place, and taking up the morning paper, he looked over the advertisements of the different playhouses. At the head of the list he saw the announcement that a great prima donna would sing at the opera-house that night. He had never heard any of the more celebrated singers, and, as he was fond of music, this would be the best calculated to engross his attention. He put on his dress suit, and without directing the packet, thrust it in his pocket and went forth.

When he reached the opera-house it was past nine. The prices of the seats being too high for his purse, he paid the admission fee, and walked in. There was a great confused mass of people, and lights and color and heat. He saw it all dimly, and dimly over it, through it, holding it together like a cord, glancing in and out, and winding over and under it like a golden thread, he heard a voice, a dreamy, melting voice, so rich, so soft, so liquidly tender that even he was wooed into forgetfulness.

At one place, where many men like himself were leaning against a balustrade, he stood back near the wall, and,

with his eyes downcast, listened. The voice rose higher, and, like a bird's, the song seemed to compress itself into an ecstasy of rapture, as though the singer tried to crowd all the joy of life into one perfect moment. And then it died softly, like a sigh, a little sigh, half pain, half pleasure, breathed suddenly from between parted lips, with a throb in the throat, and a turn of the cool white neck. It made Riley think of his old dreams when he looked at the stove's red eye, and while the last note melted into the after-hush, he seemed to feel the love of those dreams pressing with spectral softness against his side.

With the applause he woke to memory and remorse. People about him spoke excitedly, and men ejaculated and stamped. Some one accidentally jostled him, and made him turn faint and gray with a sudden throttling spasm of fear. As he recovered, two men passed near him, one remarking,

"Actually scraggy, and with eyebrows that met over her nose, and—"

The other, his eye catching Riley, interrupted with, "That fellow's ill."

They both stared at him with curious and somewhat touched interest. Riley moved away rapidly, but he knew that they were standing and looking after him. He felt despairingly that if people noticed him like that he would have to leave, and he longed to hear the voice again, and to try and forget.

By ascending a flight of broad, shallow stairs, he found himself in another wide corridor, carpeted softly to the foot, cool and silent. But here, again, were more men, tall and well dressed, lounging about or walking swiftly by in twos and threes. They seemed in high spirits, laughed, and called out jokes to each other in passing. Riley, slouching along by the wall, felt again miles off and like a shadow, alone with his sin. Then he caught the eye of one of them—a keen and piercing glance fixed upon him with a sort of suspended suspicion—and again he slunk away with his heart beating thickly.

On one side of the corridor were the doors of the boxes, some of them open, and through the aperture he could catch glimpses of the occupants, women in bare arms and neck, dark almost as silhouettes against the blaze of the house beyond. But most of the doors were

closed. Riley wished with all his soul that he could get away from what he supposed to be the suspicions of those lounging men, and sit down and listen for a moment to that angel voice. If only one of these boxes were empty, and he could rest there for a little space! As the thought entered his mind he heard the laughing voices of two men who were coming round the bend of the corridor. They would stare suspiciously too. He looked about for escape, feeling suddenly tremulous and sick. One of the box doors near was ajar. He pushed it open, stole into the anteroom, peering fearfully ahead, saw the box was empty, and fell into a chair in the shadow.

Then, for the moment, a brief and almost heavenly sense of rest encompassed him, and leaning his head against the chair back, he closed his eyes, and lay motionless, lulled into dreamy passivity. It was the second *entr'acte*, and from the orchestra seats below rose a hum of voices, occasionally broken into by the snorting cry of a wind instrument, or the protesting whine of violin strings, responding to preparatory sweeps of the bow. There were people in the boxes to his right and left who talked and laughed as if happy and gay. He could not see them, for he sat back in the shadow, but his head was close to the partition on his right, and through the stupor that had deadened him he could faintly hear the soft laughter of well-bred women and the deeper tones of men. These sounds seemed like threads that held him to the world of human beings, and they came and went through the haze of his darkened consciousness, vague and indistinct as the voices in a dream, sudden sparklings of mingled mirth, ejaculations of wonder or surprise, splitting a jagged way across the chaos of his mind, then darkness again, and through it a brilliant zigzag of girlish laughter, ending, as the song had ended, in a soft, exhausted sigh.

Suddenly he was broad awake again; a plaint from the violins breathed over him like the breeze of a summer forest which brushes the edges of the leaves and bends the stalks of sun-warmed flowers. He sat up, listening in silent rapture. He drew his chair further and further forward, till he finally stopped in the right-hand angle of the box, in the full glare of the house. Dazed and apprehensive, longing to listen to the music, yet fearing a

prying eye, he took furtive surveys of his environment, each glance accompanied by a spasmodic quickening of the pulse and the breaking out of moisture across his temples and the palms of his hands.

In the glittering sweep of the boxes there were numberless faces, and the mingled glimmer and sheen of diamonds twinkling above the fluttering of fans, radiance of crushed glossy fabrics, lights splintering on the facets of moving jewels, and shimmering in broken shafts through moonbeam films of gauze. None of these people noticed him, and with the sudden relief of this thought came an equally sudden dread of those close about him, and he shot a glance of terror into the left-hand box. He could see only a woman there, sitting facing him, a slender and ethereal blonde, her shoulders seeming to rise up out of a froth of pale pink, like the edges of the mist, her long throat bent backward to enable her to whisper to the man who sat behind her chair, and who had moved his head forward till it came within Riley's line of vision. When she had whispered, she looked into her companion's eyes, and they both laughed slightly and as if embarrassed. Ever after, when Riley saw a woman's head in that position, the throat so bent that the large tendon from the ear to the collarbone started out into relief, he felt a sudden tightening at his heart, and a deadening sense of sinking and oppression.

On the other side—he looked over his shoulder—he could see nothing but the arm of the woman who sat with her back to the same place in the partition as his. It was a small arm, and her hand lay on the red velvet ledge, the fingers unbent limply, like the tentacles of a sea-anemone when partially dry. In the rows of the orchestra seats he saw the backs of the spectators' heads, or the faces of men who had turned in their chairs, and were looking through glasses at the boxes. Occasionally they put down the glasses and bowed, and sometimes got up and walked out into the corridors. Most of the people were light-hearted and happy, and that was so horrible while he suffered in this way.

The music swelled solemnly upward, and reluctantly subsided. It seemed inextricably mingled with his consciousness. All the edges of his thoughts seemed to lose themselves in it in a strange, unreal manner that made him feel as if he

was living in a dream. Sometimes it obtruded itself positively upon his notice, and in a clear, bright moment he caught the innermost meaning of the interwoven harmonies revealed to him without effort or confusion. Again it faded into murmurous indistinctness, dying down to a continuous, level hum, seeming to be slowly, sleepily receding to a far, dim distance. It was during one of these moments that the woman with her back to his broke into his stupor for the second time with a rippling run of laughter. In its fresh reality it shook him into a tremor of palpitating alertness, forcing him to send another look over his shoulder at her.

She had moved slightly. He could see her whole arm, and he noticed what had not struck him before, that her glove was off. With the heaviness that follows on a shock, he stared dully at the hand, his brain again confused by the music, which rising, tender as a caress, once more soothed him into dreamful indifference. It was a delicate hand, the taper fingers up-curved like a sleeping baby's, and looking as if their touch would be as light and soft as the fall of rose petals. Riley watched it mechanically, without thinking of it; but, unknown to himself, every detail of its appearance produced an indelible image on his mental vision—the crumpled, cushiony look of the pink palm, the manner in which the points of the nails curved downward over the tips of the fingers, the contraction in the second joint of the thumb called by students of palmistry “a waist.” Then, even as he gazed, it seemed to blend with another wave of melody, its outlines mingled with the pleading of the violins, it dissolved into the harmonies breathing through the air, and swam before his eyes like a white mist. Again came the lull, the drooping of sound toward silence, its pensive decline into annihilation, and again the hand seemed to condense and take shape, growing, as the hush absorbed the fading music, into a real hand, warm and white against the cushioned ledge. It was so close to him that he could have easily touched the curved fingers, but his own were deep in his pocket, clinched round Mrs. Manning's money.

The fall of absolute if momentary silence roused him. He turned his eyes away, and let his glance wander over the heads in the orchestra chairs till it was

arrested by a trim hat high with bows of ribbon and lace, a sweep of blond hair drawn up from the whitest of necks, against which a few golden filaments, curling downward, shone in glistening semicircles. There was something extremely attractive and dainty about the back of this girl's head, and wondering whether the face would be equally pretty, Riley continued to watch her. Presently she half turned to speak to some one beside her, pursing her lips, and letting some slow monosyllable fall reluctantly from them. It might be “Yes,” and it might be “No.” She *was* pretty, with her richly curved cheek, and her fine, slightly *retroussé* nose. Now she was smiling, and looking at her companion from beneath her eyelashes in a coquetish way. He was a large, brown-haired man, with the back of his neck red above his white collar. His face, as he slowly turned it toward her, was red too, sun-burned it seemed, and—great God!—Riley felt the whole theatre rise and fall and sway like a ship in a heavy sea, and all the heads seemed to seethe together suddenly into a bubbling blur—it was the purser of the Hong-Kong steamer!

For a moment Riley was unable to move. He sat there frozen, ghastly, gray-faced, and looked. The purser said something to the girl beside him, in answer to which she made a little pouting grimace. He half rose, sat down again, and felt under his chair for his hat. Then he drew it forth, and rising, backed slowly into the aisle. He was coming out!

Riley shrank into the shadow, but still sat rigid, with his brain on fire. In his pocket his hand tightened on the money. The musicians were playing again, and his thoughts began to blur as the people's heads had done a few moments before. But from the turmoil of his mind one flicker of reason kept leaping up like a jet of flame in a draught—he was trapped. The man had seen him and was coming. He would be at the door in a moment. He would catch him here in this box, like a rat in a hole, with the money in his pocket. It must be thrown away, hidden, and now on the instant. He looked wildly about. There was not a crevice, not a cranny, not a clink where he could conceal it.

The music rose higher and higher, throbbing like a heart in a frenzy of exultation and triumph, and like a muffled

undertone, came the soft, regular fall of footsteps in the corridor. Riley's soul went up in a sudden passion of prayer for delivery. Then came the thought of rushing out, beating his way through, killing his pursuer, trampling him to blood and oozing pulp. The desperation of the animal driven to bay was on him. Before yielding to the madness of this thought he cast a last look about him, and his eyes fell on the hand resting idle and white on the ledge beside him. For an instant he gazed at it. The answer to his prayer had come. He noiselessly thrust out his arm, pushed the roll of money inside the up-curved fingers, and was gone with the stealth and swiftness of a thief.

Next day Riley sailed for Liverpool, and ten days later was on the deck of an Australian liner bound for Melbourne. When he reached his destination he was penniless. Then began a life of toil, of struggle, and of triumph. He changed his name to Parker, and strove to banish from his mind all memories of his old life. He tried to forget it, to blot it out as though it had not been. Nothing existed for him anterior to the day of his landing upon Australian soil. He worked hard, and, by degrees, saw himself grow rich and prosperous. Success, surprising and continual, crowned his enterprises. People began to allude to his luck as something marvellous. The golden touch of King Midas seemed to have become his.

In the eyes of his world he was a generous, just, fearless man, but underneath his quietly self-confident exterior the in-born weakness of his nature covered in secret. It now lay in a horror of the old days, in a haunting fear of betrayal. With slow toil he had built up fortune and name, and he valued the latter as only a man can who knows himself a criminal. He wanted to be respected and honored as one whose record is spotless. He cherished a longing to be well thought of that was almost pitiful in its wistful intensity, and he hoped, by the rigid honesty of his present life, to pay off the debt of his past.

When his fortune began to increase, and he saw himself suddenly rich, all the pleasure he felt rose from the thought that now he could make retribution, now he could shower money on charity, on desolate women and homeless children,

and so make amends for his theft. The first atonement was of course to Mrs. Manning. Search proved that she had died a year after her husband. To her children, though already well provided for, the money was restored, and this gave to Parker the first real happiness of his life.

But he hated to remember. This kind and honest man, who seemed to find no pleasure in life outside the doing of good deeds, feared the memory of one epoch in his career as a nervous child fears the ghost that is always at its heels when it mounts a dark staircase. He was afraid of the hours of revery; he dreaded the wakeful moments in the night. He lived in hideous apprehension of some turn of destiny revealing him to the world that honored him, sweeping away with one swift, sudden movement the little place he had made for himself with such patience and care. As the years passed and still no revelation betrayed him, he gradually felt more secure, and a sort of dull peace settled on his spirit.

His fears of the pursuer had soon died out. The fellow's presence in the opera-house on that particular night could have had no connection with his. Any one less distraught than Parker would have seen this at the time from the man's gay and *insouciant* demeanor, which was certainly not that of one who pursues a criminal. When the turbulence of his mind had subsided, Parker remembered having heard the man say that some day he intended leaving the steam-ship company's service, as he could hope for no further advancement there. He must have resigned his position some time before the steamer sailed, come directly to New York, and happened by chance to choose that very night to go to the opera. How needless, how purposeless, all that outlay of agony! So Parker mused, and smiled bitterly at the memory of his causeless despair.

Occasionally, too, his vagrant thoughts flew back and touched the woman into whose hand he had thrust the money. And these were ghastly thoughts. He felt as if he had a compact with a ghost or a devil, so impalpable, so unreal, seemed the personality behind that slender hand. In wakeful hours of the night he felt that it had only existed in his imagination, that it was a delusion of his overstrained brain. But at other times—

sitting over his wine at his lonely dinner table, watching the sunset from the steps of his deep balconies—he knew that it was real, and closing his eyes, he could call up again the feeling of that soft, cool hand as it moved under his.

Eight years after his arrival in Australia he left the country for the first time, intending to spend a year in European travel. He now felt perfectly safe, and able to look the world in the face, for he knew that the world did not know what he did. He had got as far as London when he met Helen Adair, an American girl travelling with her father, and fell in love with her on the first meeting. She seemed to him the ideal of his dreams. He had never before felt real love for any woman, and when it came, all the pent-up tenderness, the suppressed passion, of his nature burst into life. His heart, narrowed and compressed by hardship and self-abasement, opened like a flower under a warming sun.

His sweetheart was worthy of his love. She was an exquisite woman, lovely, gentle, intelligent, sweet. She was twenty six or seven years of age, but seemed much younger, partly by reason of her extremely youthful appearance, partly through her manner, which had in it a sort of girlish gravity, a serious intentness, such as one sometimes notices in the manner of a thoughtful child. She was slender and graceful, with a fine air of distinction, and a gracious bearing free from all coquetry or caprice. In the expression of her earnest, almost sombre, brown eyes, looking out gravely from under a straight line of heavy eyebrow, in the firmness of her curved mouth, in the bold sweep of her jaw, one saw sincerity, fortitude, and courage. It did not take a physiognomist to discover that this was a woman made to be leant against, not to lean, a wife to sustain and uphold, a mother to comfort and protect. All her latent tenderness lay hidden under the still reserve of her manner, and it fell to Edward Parker, ex-thief and coward, to arouse it.

There was something almost pathetic in their love. Both vaguely realized the superiority of the woman, and both, to hide this realization, redoubled their tenderness. The feet of the idol were of clay, and idol and worshipper knew it, yet tried, with utmost cunning, to make each think that the other was blind to the

flaw. To the woman this discovery was keen pain, stinging her heart as a secret disloyalty to the man she loved, and lending to her attitude toward him something at once of fostering protection and impassioned solicitude, while between him and the world she seemed to stand proudly defiant. He, on the other hand, was too cowardly even to admit to himself his inferiority, or to openly own it to her, and, in a tremor of fear, he strove to deceive both. He could not bear to think that through any defect of his own, one grain, one fraction of her love should be withheld.

Thus in their efforts to blind each other perfect confidence was lost, and a constraint existed between them which oppressed them, and yet which neither could banish. Parker felt this most, for it was heightened by his morbid vanity and sensitiveness. If he had longed for the esteem of his fellows while in Australia, how much more deeply did he long for the complete love and confidence of this woman! He wanted her to believe and trust in him as she did in her God. The thought of her ever finding out the stain on his career was a nightmare to him. The thought that he would ever see a shade of suspicion or reproof dim the clear trustfulness of her glance filled him with a sick dread. He hated his sin with renewed intensity because it seemed to be the one hinderance to the perfect fusion of their two lives. By reason of it his life could only touch hers at occasional points, not blend with it from now till death. That one wild act lay like a naked sword between their souls. Yet had he thought that it might be revealed to her, there would, in his desperation, be no deceit too mean for him to practise to withhold it from her.

Six weeks from the day of their meeting they were married, and went on the Continent for a tour. While travelling in Italy they fell in with some American friends whom they afterward met in Paris, and who, on learning of her arrival, sent Mrs. Parker a box for the opera. She was overjoyed, being passionately fond of music. Parker had excused himself from taking her before on the ground that opera bored him. He was afraid of evoking memories of the ugly past. This time, however, escape was impossible, and he promised to go.

He was dressed before his wife, and sat

by the fire in their sitting-room, waiting for her and thinking of her. The light in the room was faint, coming only from the flickering fire and a single lamp, the leaping radiance from the one sliding up and down the wall or gleaming fitfully on the stretches of polished floor, while the other shed a yellow circular glow that cut into the surrounding dimness with a clear edge. In the dusky corners of the room the mirrors answered with shooting, spectral gleams to the dance of the flames in the grate, and the long draperies of the heavy curtains seemed to fade into the darkness of the walls.

Into the sombreness of this room Mrs. Parker came suddenly like a spirit of light. With one hand bent backward over her shoulder to catch up her heavy cloak of silvery plush, and the other still keeping a light hold on the portière, which seemed slipping from between her fingers with slow, lingering reluctance, she stood silent, looking at her husband with a sort of shy consciousness of her beauty. He had never seen her look so lovely. The moving lights touched her glimmering figure into still greater splendor, throwing into high relief the sheer outlying films of her gauzy draperies, catching here and there a winking jewel, stirred by her breath or vibrating on its spiral support, shaking along the loose ripple of her hair as she moved her head. Then, as she still stood motionless, looking wistfully at him for some word of commendation, he held out his arms to her in silence, and felt hers warm about his neck.

But in his heart was bitterness. He felt the barrier between them pressing their souls apart as he had never felt it before. He knew that in reality he was a stranger to his wife, that he deceived her, and that daily communion with her was making the deception more horrible to him. He longed to confess, to cry aloud: "See what I am! See what I have been! Pity me! abhor me! but let me stand free in the light of truth, where you may judge me by what I have done." The falseness of his life grew every day more unbearable, and confession every hour more impossible. In the heart of his honey-moon, married to the woman he loved, he felt a terror when he looked into the future.

The opera-house was unlike that other one where he had had a foretaste of hell

eight years before, and in the novelty of the scene, the beauty of the music, the sense of happiness in the close proximity of his beloved, the memory of that other time was forced into the background. The box they were in was well situated for seeing and hearing, and, upholstered in dark red velvet, made a fine setting for the beauty of Mrs. Parker, who was soon the object of much staring and comment. She, being a music lover, was oblivious to this, and sat well forward in the front of the box, her hands clasped in her lap, her head bending like a flower bell on her white throat, her eyes on the stage. Parker sat in the gloom behind her, looking at her, and occasionally bending forward to whisper to her.

As the performance progressed, the theatre, crowded to the dome and blazing with gas, grew very warm. Mrs. Parker pushed back the boa of pale yellow feathers she wore, and being a lady who set aside fashion when it proved uncomfortable, drew off one of her gloves. Parker, accustomed to a hot climate, did not feel this; but, forgetful of his remark that music bored him, and becoming interested in the performance, he moved forward to see the stage. He was now sitting near his wife, his chair slightly behind hers to the left. She had leant forward for the moment to place her glove on the velvet ledge beside her fan and flowers; then, as he murmured to her, she made a gesture that meant silence, and kept her eyes on the stage, in her absorption letting her hand remain on the ledge.

Parker, lazily amused at her interest, followed the gesture with fond eyes, which continued to dwell on her hand as it rested on the cushion. It was the one from which she had drawn the glove, and was a beautiful hand, small and fragile, with pointed fingers and pink nails. His glance travelled along her arm to where the lace of her short sleeve drooped over it like a powdering of blown snow, then passed down again to the delicate round wrist. She had moved her hand, and it now lay sideways, the fingers up-curved like a sleeping baby's. The palm was pink and crumpled, the points of the nails curved downward over the tips of the fingers, and the thumb was small, with the contraction in the second joint which students of palmistry call a "waist."

Mrs. Parker, deep in a dream of harmony, was roused by a sudden exclamation.

tion behind her. She turned and saw her husband, with panting breath and dilated eyes, staring like a sleep-walker at her hand. She started, trembled, words dying on her lips, the color fading from her cheeks, suspicion breaking through the arrested wonder on her face. Stung by a simultaneous conviction, each looked into the other's eyes, the man's sombre with shame, the woman's almost maniacal in the brilliancy of their agonized inquiry, and each whispered with the rise of breath, "It was you."

The veil between them was rent from top to bottom. In the fierce light of revelation their illusions withered and black-

ened, but in their stead the perfect confidence, the complete intimacy, sprang into being. In his eyes, which but a few moments before had been sparkling with the confident happiness of the successful lover, she saw humiliation, broken pride, confession of weakness, dog-like pleading for sympathy, and at the sight an anguish of tenderness overwhelmed her. The pain passed from her face, and in its place came an infinitude of lofty pity, an exaltation of compassion, a triumph of protecting love. Through the shock of discovery their two souls came face to face, and for the first time clasped hands and clung together.

FOR IZAAK WALTON.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

WHAT trout shall coax thy rod of yore
In Itchen stream to dip?
What lover of her banks restore
That sweet Socratic lip?
Old fishing, and wishing,
Are over many a year.
O hush thee! O hush thee!
Heart innocent and dear.

Again the foamy shallows fill,
The quiet clouds amass,
And soft as bees by Catherine Hill
At dawn the anglers pass,
And follow the hollow,
In boughs to disappear.
O hush thee! O hush thee!
Heart innocent and dear.

Nay, rise not now, nor with them take
One silver-freckled fool!
Time's newer breed bring each an ache
For ancient arts to cool;
But, father, lie rather
Unhurt and idle near.
O hush thee! O hush thee!
Heart innocent and dear.

While thought of thee to men is yet
A sylvan playfellow,
Ne'er by thy marble they forget
In pious cheer to go.
As air falls, the prayer falls
O'er kingly Winchester:
"O hush thee! O hush thee!"
Heart innocent and dear."



MOUNT SARMIENTO, HIGHEST POINT OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

SMYTH'S CHANNEL AND THE STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.

A COASTING VOYAGE IN SOUTHERN LATITUDES.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

HAVING visited the more accessible parts of Peru, the question of returning to the east coast presented itself, and received an immediate solution when I found that the steamer *Osiris*, of the Deutsche Dampfschiffsfahrt Gesellschaft "Kosmos," was lying in harbor at Callao, about to sail for Hamburg by way of Smyth's Channel and the Strait of Magellan. I had heard so much about the splendid scenery of this extreme southern part of the continent that I was anxious to see it. Here was an excellent opportunity. Furthermore, it was getting late in the season to recross the Cordillera. By the time that I could return to Valparaiso in the ordinary coasting steamer, and reach the starting-point at Los Andes, it would be the end of April; there would be already much snow on the mountains, and consequently the ride on muleback over to the Argentine Republic would be attended both with discomfort and with danger. The ordinary coasting steamer, again, did not tempt me. In going northward from Valparaiso to Callao I had visited the principal ports without much pleasure or much profit.

But still the souvenirs of the trip were not uninteresting. Life on board the big three-decked, top-heavy steamers, whether of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company or of the Compañia Sud-Americana, with their motley and ever-changing crowd of passengers, and their cargo of cattle, vegetables, provisions, and miscellaneous goods, is rich in picturesque incidents, always more or less the same, it is true, but none the less amusing to an idle mind.

The *Osiris* was advertised to touch only at the ports of Antofagasta and Taltal between Callao and Valparaiso, and then at Talcahuano, Coronel, Corral, Punta Arenas, and Montevideo. I took passage to the last-named port, and went on board on the night of Saturday, March 29, 1890.

From Callao to Valparaiso we were only two passengers, a Peruvian boy, who was going to school at Cassel, in Germany, and myself. The first impressions of the German ship were most agreeable. The captain, C. Carlsen, proved to be a simple, warm-hearted, and accomplished gentleman, as well as an expert seaman. The other officers were plea-

sant, blond, blue-eyed Germans, as hearty and unassuming as their commander. The doctor, of a more sluggish temperament, was a typical Saxon from Dresden, and had evidently been a model German student, for his face was seamed and slashed with sword-cuts that bore witness to more valor than fencing skill. The boy, José Antonio, had a gentle disposition and excellent manners, and so we lost no time in becoming a very happy family, the more so as the *Osiris* was favored with the services of two cooks, whose talent was worthy of a more glorious sphere. On the morning of March 30th we were towed out of the Darsena of Callao, which, by-the-way, is the creation and property of a French company. On April 2d we staid for a few hours at Antofagasta, with its smoky smelting and nitrate works, its sand slopes, and its barren brown hills veined with mule paths, where the loose earth appears of a lighter yellow shade. Here we took on board sacks of borax and silver ore, the latter from the Huanchaca mines, and from the old Spanish mines of Potosi. On April 4th we arrived at Taltal, where we were greatly delayed by the holidays of Good-Friday and Easter. We had many hundred tons of nitrate to take on board, but the stevedores refused to work on feast-days, and so we had to stay a full week in the sheltered bay, surrounded by brown jagged rocks and hills. The time passed rapidly and pleasantly. Our captain, being an ardent water-color painter, was always appealing for advice in the choice of points of view, and this was a pretext for excursions in the gig to the north and south headlands of the bay, where he made harmonies in ochre and cobalt, while the engineer and myself collected sea-anemones, shells, and mineralogical specimens. On the south headland we picked up auriferous quartz, and the north headland proved to be a mass of ironstone interspersed with rich lodes of copper. We also made a very interesting excursion up the mountains some fifty miles by rail, to the Santa Luisa and Lautaro nitrate-works, which were created by German enterprise, and are now being managed by Germans working with English capital.

At Santa Luisa, and also at Taltal, we were the recipients of much hearty German hospitality, spent several pleasant evenings enlivened by excellent music,

and parted with regret from many new acquaintances whose social and intellectual qualities we could have wished to enjoy longer. Our cargo was at last on board, and we steamed out of Taltal Bay, and arrived without incident at Valparaíso on April 14th. My impressions of this port received no modification from a second visit. It is a town without character, neither Chilean, nor English, nor German, and neither agreeable nor disagreeable. However, I managed to pass a pleasant day on shore, and paid some farewell calls to persons at whose hands I had received kindness, not forgetting the venerable proprietor of the Hôtel Colon, Señor Kerbernhardt, uncle of the divine Sarah Bernhardt, who lent me the latest bundle of *Figaro*, and gave me news of his niece's triumph in her new rôle of Jeanne d'Arc. I talked also with several business men and politicians, and found that the feeling against President Balmaceda was stronger even than it was at the time of my first visit. The government is bad, is the cry. The unlimited authority of the Executive is disastrous. The unreasoned and wasteful expenditure of the public funds on useless railways, extravagant schools, Krupp cannons, and indirect political bribery is endangering the prosperity of the country, lowering the exchange, and hampering business.

On April 16th we sailed from Valparaíso, but the *Osiris* was no longer the quiet and simple home that I had enjoyed almost alone from Callao southward. Every cabin was full, and twenty first-class passengers, the limit of the ship's accommodation, now sat down to dinner, exclusive of several small children. Before bedtime I was acquainted with all these people. Herr A., his wife and daughter, thirty-four years in Chili, going home for the first time since he came out years ago in a sailing ship; a gentle old couple, silvery-haired and happy. Herr B., wife, and two small children, twenty-three years a merchant in Valparaíso, going home for a season at some baths for his stomach's sake, and also to spend a year in European travel. Herr C., his wife, and his daughter Olga, five years of age, a Russian family, sixteen years in Chili, ship-owner and timber merchant. Herr D. and his wife, a brunette of delicate Oriental type and sweet voice. Herr D. and his companion Herr E. are connected with the Krupp cannon purchases made by the Chilean

government. Herr Capitän-Leutnant F., also anxious to supply lethal instruments to South-American republics. Frau G. and little Max, a very noisy young man of eight years. Frau H., professional pianist. Fräulein von X., gifted with a fine voice and operatic aspirations, and intending to study in the Berlin Academy of Music. All these ladies and gentlemen were refined, amiable, and unpretentious people, who had seen much of the world, and were endowed with homely virtues and human kindness—sensible, polyglot, and well-behaved men and women, whose views on things in general were not of a nature to alarm, or even slightly to perturb.

The next day we were anchored in the bay of Coronel. The *Osiris* was surrounded by lighters laden with coal, which was being rapidly shovelled into the bunks by dark-skinned natives. The white mist that hung over us made the water look like dull silver; in the foreground were ships at anchor and small lighters provided with winches and nets for dredging up the bits of coal that fall into the water while the steamers are loading; in the background were the winding wheels of the coal-pits; the moles surmounted by trains of coal trucks; the sickly sulphurous smoke streams of the inevitable smelting-works; the small town of Coronel clustered along the sandy black beach; and, behind, the green hills diapered with mule paths and patches of red or yellow earth. The meals of the coal-heavers on the foredeck interested us. Great bowls of beans, lumps of salt beef and fat, piles of biscuit, and gallons of coffee were served out to them. Each man took what he needed of the solids, chose his corner on the rail, over the hatches, or simply on the bare deck, and ate with no more comfort than a dog. Then each man produced a large violet mussel shell, which he used in lieu of a spoon to scoop up the beans and drink the coffee. Let it be remarked that these coal-heavers earn high wages, as much as five Chilean dollars, or say ten shillings gold, a day, and their food gratis; and yet they remain little better than good-natured brutes, taking no strong drink while they are at work, but ready for any quantity of dissipation after sunset, improvident in the extreme, and willing to work, and to work well, only when they have no money left to spend. While watching those strong muscular fellows,

I had some conversation with the Russian timber merchant about his experience of men and things in Chili, the subject having been led up to by my remarking the frequent evidences of primitiveness in Chilean methods of working. Speaking of the great strength and hardiness of the Chilean native laborer, Herr C. said that this was still more noticeable in the more southern forest districts. At Puerto Montt, for instance, which is one of the most important timber ports, the work is done entirely by hand. The trees are felled with axes, sawn into planks on the spot by hand, and the planks carried to the port from a distance of ten or twelve miles balanced on the shoulder of a man, who goes along under his burden at a run. None but native Chileans could do such work, and, given the absence of roads, and above all the nature of the workmen, all attempts to modernize the methods of getting out the timber have failed. Experiments have been made in introducing North-American machinery, but without success. The innovators have invariably lost their money, and the natives, accustomed to do everything with their hands, have in the end wilfully broken the machinery, in order to have done with it. I mentioned the fact that the Chilean government, as I had been informed, meditated the essay of Norwegian and Swedish colonists in these southern forest regions. Herr C. was of opinion that this scheme is utterly impracticable, for the simple reason that Scandinavian colonists would refuse to live like pigs, as the Chileans live. The present primitive methods are the cheapest and the most practical. For that matter, Herr C. assured me that the timber cutters were a sad set of rogues and thieves, that the business was necessarily speculative in the present conditions, and that the bad debts mounted up to an enormous figure in the course of a year. In Chili if a man does not want to pay, you cannot force him, he added, and no one who has had any experience of the country will ever think of going to law. In Chili there is no justice for *gringos*, as the foreigners are called. This opinion I had heard expressed by many foreigners in business in Chili, so that my informant's words did not astonish me. His commercial position, however, lent additional weight to the allegation.

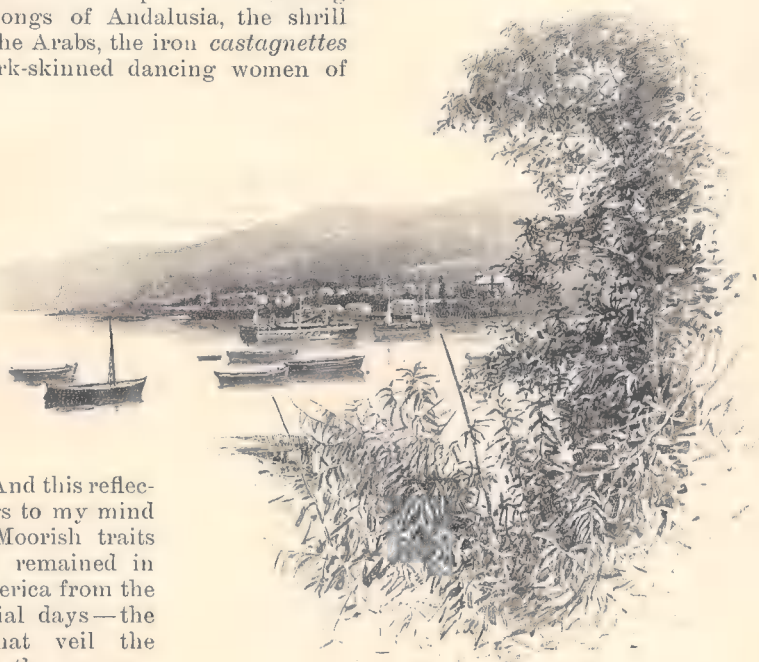
In the evening, after dinner, when the coal-heavers and their noisy shovels have

departed, we have some music. Our accomplished captain begins the improvised concert with some soft music on the zither, and then the ladies play Schubert, and Fräulein von X. sings songs which the audience enthusiastically declares to be *wunderschön*, *prachtvoll*, and *wunderhübsch*; but, being in a perverse mood, I say to myself that I prefer the wailing Moorish songs of Andalusia, the shrill flutes of the Arabs, the iron *castagnettes* of the dark-skinned dancing women of

moment, now streaming down in fine rain, and then giving place to other clouds. Corral, latitude $39^{\circ} 53'$ south, is the port of Valdivia, and lies at the mouth of the river of the same name. The harbor is formed by a sort of fiord, very much like those of Norway. At the entrance the

Africa. And this reflection brings to my mind the few Moorish traits that have remained in South America from the old colonial days—the shawls that veil the heads of the women, the mules and the street life that remind one of Stamboul and Spanish Cordova, the *arrieros* who calm their mules with a “Ts! ts! ts!” the very same sound that the Arab camel-drivers have employed from time immemorial.

We left Coronel and its bay, full of starfish and polypuses, on the night of April 20th. The next morning I woke up to find a strong north wind blowing astern, rain falling heavily, the decks dripping, water pattering down on all sides, and the ship rolling over a leaden sea, with a heavy swell piling up the gloomy waters into restless hillocks. The rain and rolling accompanied us to the beautiful sheltered harbor of Corral, where we anchored in the midst of verdant hills, whose mantle of rich green trees reached down to the very water's edge, and over whose summits the gray heavy clouds hung like smoke, now thickening, now lifting for a



HARBOR OF CORRAL.

headlands are crowned by old fortresses. To the right, at the end of a bay, sheltered by wooded hills, is the little town of Corral, straggling along the beach and up the first spurs of the hills, one of which, overhanging the sea, is surmounted by the battlements of a picturesque old Spanish fort, with quaint sentry-boxes at the angles. We naturally go ashore and inspect this relic of the days of the *conquistadores*, decipher the dates on the dismantled cannons that lie on the ground, which is covered with a velvety carpet of small-leaved clover of the most delicate tone of green, visit the abandoned barracks and the stores full of pyramids of cannonballs, and then mount the steep causeway, and pass out into the main street of the town, which crosses several mountain streams by means of rough bridges of



VALDIVIA.

planks. Corral is all up and down; the houses rise one above the other, with solid sloping gambrel-roofs to throw off the rain, which, according to local report, falls thirteen months out of the twelve in these parts; rivulets of water are running in every direction, and now and again the road creeps along under a dripping rock covered with maidenhair and other ferns, while every cottage and every lane is bedecked with a luxuriant growth of fuchsia, foxglove, creeping periwinkle, honeysuckle, and lapigeria. The town of Valdivia, 23,000 inhabitants, situated about ten miles away up the river, nestles in even a richer wealth of verdure and flowers. The journey up the river between the wooded banks and islands is delightful, provided the view is not hopelessly obstructed by low drifting clouds that are blown in from the sea, and deposit their fertilizing showers with too great liberality on the luxuriant vegetation of this moist zone. Valdivia, with its breweries, tanneries, saw-mills, and commodious wooden houses, is an entirely German town; a large proportion of the inhabitants are German; the language, the customs, the civilization are German, which is equivalent to saying that everything in the town looks prosperous and comfortable. My travelling companions had several friends in Valdivia, and returned to the ship laden with flowers and with baskets of beautiful Grafenstein apples. They also brought a new passenger, Herr Z., a frosty old gentleman, with a small aquiline nose and an uncommon musical

talent, which he revealed at the earliest opportunity. Meanwhile the *Osiris* had completed her cargo by taking on board several hundred rolls of sole-leather, one of the chief exports of this region, the

others being timber, live cattle, and beer. The ship now carried the following specimens of the produce of the Pacific coast: salted hides, silver ore, cocoa, and cotton from Peru; borax and silver ore from Antofagasta; nitrate, gold ore, gold ingots, and iodine from Taltal; hides, copper bars, lead, bones, hoofs, and horns from Valparaíso, also some walnuts and barley to be delivered in Montevideo; sole-leather from Talcahuano; and a great quantity of sole-leather from Valdivia. These goods, to be delivered in the ports of Havre and Hamburg, together with the coal, made a total dead weight of 3300 tons, the maximum capacity of the ship, which has a registered capacity of 1875 tons net.*

In the night of April 22d we steamed through mist and rain out of Corral Har-

* Having had occasion while studying the question of freights and of the means of transport at the disposal of international commerce between North America and Europe and the Pacific ports, I had noted the extremely cheap rates of the German ships. I took advantage of my voyage on board the *Osiris* to gather some information which will help to explain why the German ships can compete so successfully against the commercial navies of the world. A notable part of the secret consists in the cheapness of life in Germany, the frugality of the nation, and the fact that Germans are willing to do a great deal of work for very little money. German ships are worked very cheaply and with the fewest hands possible. The *Osiris*, for instance, has a crew of 42 men and one boy, whose salaries per month are as follows: captain, £25 sterling; first officer, £9; second officer, £6; third officer, £4 5s.; doctor, £4 10s.; chief engineer, £17; second engineer, £11 4s.; third engineer, £6; fourth engineer, £3 15s.; first carpenter, £4 5s.; second carpenter, £3; first boatswain, £4; second boatswain, £3 10s.; nine A. B. seamen, each £3; seven stokers, each £3 15s.; six trimmers, each £3 5s.; two cooks, one at £5, the other at £3 10s.; first steward, £3 5s.; four under stewards at £1 10s. each. There is no purser or supercargo or other consequential person to play the gentleman; all on board have to work hard, and the officers look after the cargo and do clerks' business, as well as navigate the ship. The A. B.'s, I remarked, were picked men, always quiet, clean, and busy, and at night, after supper, the table of their mess-room was invariably covered with books and illustrated periodicals.

bor, and regained the rolling ocean. The next morning we woke up to find the sun shining, but the swell was still very heavy. In the course of the day we sighted a whale, and about latitude 41° south the first albatross appeared, swooping to and fro in the wake of the ship, accompanied by quantities of cape pigeons, which the French call *damiers*, from the geometrical distribution

head to augment the rapidity of his trills. So on Friday, April 25th, we reached the southern end of the Gulf of Peñas, and found ourselves within sight of the entrance of Smyth's Channel, and already sheltered by the westerly islands. The night had been rough but clear, a little snow had fallen, but we had happily been able to navigate without difficulty in these



NEAR NORTH ENTRANCE OF SMYTH'S CHANNEL, LOOKING BACK NORTHWARD.

of black and white feathers on their wings. The rectangular outline, the pointed tip, and the symmetrical markings of these pigeons, seen as they fly with their wings spread perfectly flat, suggested to me the figures of birds in the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. The two following days were rough and rainy, and we, who had come down from the tropics, began to feel the cold and put on warm clothing. As the ship rolled along between leaden sky and leaden water there was no consolation to be sought on deck, and so music, fancy-work, and the favorite German card game called "skat" brought all the passengers together in the smoking-room and the ladies' saloon, where we passed many hours of *ennui*. Herr Z. amused us by sitting at the piano, playing a soft accompaniment, and whistling waltzes, operas, sonatas, and I know not what, with curious *virtuosité*, wagging his venerable

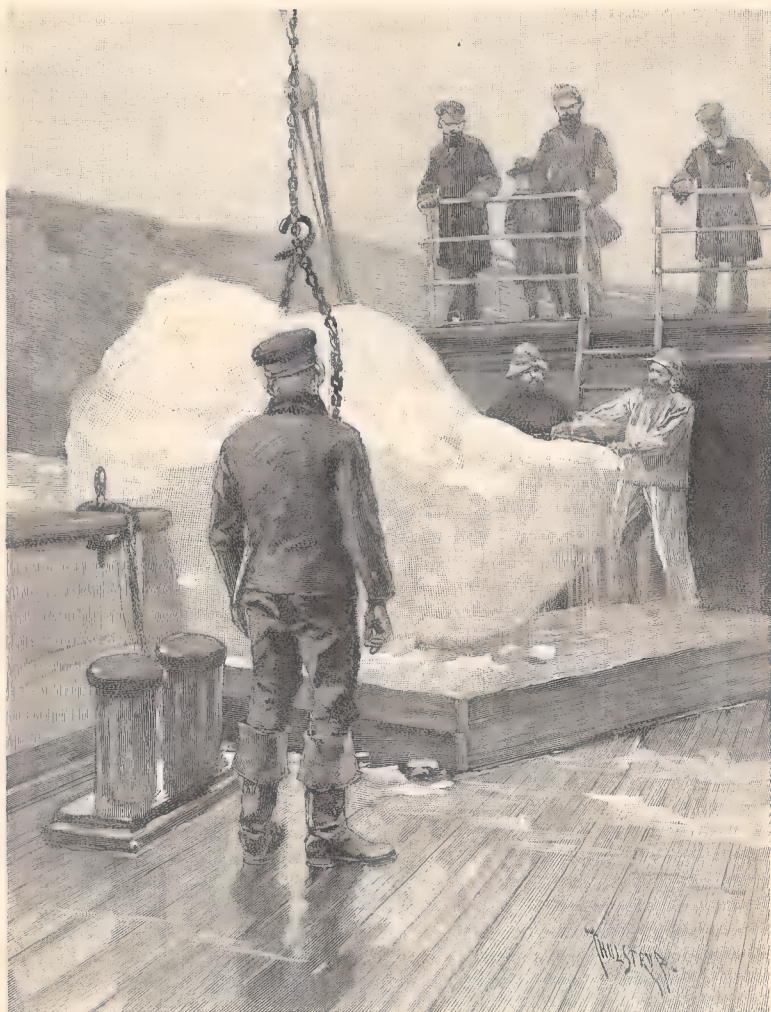
waters, which are not without danger. In the morning, after some rain, the sky began to break, and we saw to the left the island of Ayantau, 570 feet high, and to the right the Guaianeco group, all harmonized in masses of deep velvety blue, with gray clouds rent on their peaks, clinging to their rugged sides, and piled up in Alpine silhouettes above them. The water is of a brownish-yellow color. Off Sombrero Island, 1345 feet high, we celebrate our safe arrival at the entrance of the channel with strong drinks, all the more welcome as the wind is icily cold. The ladies appear on deck in furs, their heads enveloped in bewitching *sorties de bal*, and we prepare to enjoy the scenery of which we have heard so much. Here it must be explained that Smyth's Channel is a passage between the islands and the extreme southern coast of the South-American continent, extending from the Gulf

of Peñas to the Strait of Magellan, and measuring from Ayautau Island, latitude $47^{\circ} 36'$ south, longitude $74^{\circ} 45'$ west, to Fairway Island, latitude $52^{\circ} 44'$ south, longitude $73^{\circ} 47'$ west, 338 miles in length, with a breadth varying between one-fifth of a mile minimum and five miles maximum, the average width being about two miles. It is, so to speak, a narrow submarine ravine winding between mountains, which, in the great upheaval that produced the American continent, remained partly submerged. This ravine, full of water, with a depth in many parts of more than 500 fathoms, constitutes the channel; the sloping side valleys, where the depth of water is less, form sounds, inlets, and harbors with safe anchorage. The abortive continent above-water presents the aspect of a chaos of peaks, ridges, and glaciers that tower up to heights of 1500 to 3000 feet, with a few lofty summits, like those of Cathedral Mount, Mount Jarvis, and Mount Burney, which attain respectively 3836, 4570, and 5800 feet above the level of the sea. The advantage which Smyth's Channel offers to navigation is calm water like that of a lake, whereas the course in the ocean outside is almost always rough and dangerous. On the other hand, it is impossible to navigate in this sinuous labyrinth of islands except by daylight, and consequently the swift mail steamers never pass that way. The only regular line of passenger steamers that follows this course is that of the "Kosmos" Company. The ships of the other lines all pass through the Strait of Magellan, or, in certain circumstances on the outward voyage, through the southeastern portion of Smyth's Channel, and then out again, through Trinidad Channel, back into the Magellan Strait. All sailing vessels of course have to round the terrible Cape Horn.

So then we enter the channel, and the panorama of cloud-land and mountain begins to unfold itself before our eyes. The clouds are massed over the mountains in grand strata of black, slate gray, and silver. In the middle of the landscape, over the eastern horizon, a brilliant blue rent in the sky reveals the golden lining of sunlit clouds. Gradually the trees on the islands become visible, with their rich green foliage. Toward noon we reach Middle Island, a conical peak 2200 feet high, standing in the middle of the channel. The banks on either side are green,

wooded mountains, with here and there an isolated patch of snow on the higher points, which are upward of 2000 feet high. From the summits the water trickles down in threads of white foam that peep out amidst the yellow or black green verdure that clothes the red-brown rocks. As we advance, the water-falls and patches of snow become more frequent, and small blue glaciers appear on the heights. The weather continues cloudy. The water is of a yellowish-green tone; the hills in the foreground are of a dark green color, almost black, down to the water's edge, while the upper peaks seem to be covered with yellowish moss and lichen. In the distance are the silhouettes of islands and mountains of sombre indigo blue, and overhead is the ever-changing expanse of gray, black, and silvery clouds.

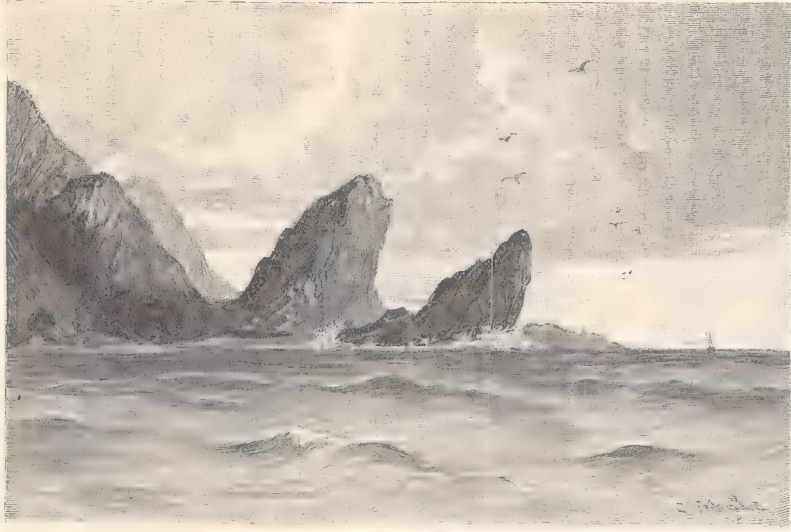
At one o'clock a great event happens to break the monotony of our existence on board. The fat pig that was put on board when the *Osiris* left Hamburg, and which has been living happily in its stall ever since, is slaughtered by the cook, the body plunged in boiling water, the bristles scraped off, and the carcass suspended from the shrouds, ready to be cut up. At the same time the holy-stoning of the fore-deck begins, and three amateur photographers feel tempted to "snap off" negatives. The bewitching Olga, the diminutive baby boy Quito, and various groups also request the honors of the camera, and so the afternoon passes gayly. Meanwhile, as we advance, the scenery becomes more picturesque and grand, the mountains on either side rising to heights of 2000 feet, and snow fields and glaciers becoming more frequent. To our right a buoy marks the spot where the steamer *Cotopaxi* was wrecked in the autumn of 1889, and then we enter the English Narrows, one of the prettiest parts of the channel. Here the passage is scarcely a quarter of a mile wide, and the ship threads its tortuous way through a maze of innumerable small islands, all covered with a most luxuriant growth of trees, plants, flowers, and ferns. We seem to be passing through a series of small lakes, and every moment one wonders how the ship will find its way out of the hills, islands, and trees that seem to form an impenetrable barrier on the horizon. The English Narrows are certainly one of the most beautiful landscapes in the world, and no words can convey an ade-



SHIPPING ICE IN GRAPPLER REACH.

quate impression of this charming and lifeless solitude. Finally we wind out of the Narrows, and toward sunset, at five o'clock—the days being very short in these extreme southern latitudes—we approach Eden Harbor, latitude $49^{\circ} 9'$ south, sweep round the wreck of the Hamburg Pacific ship *Hermia*, which was lost in 1888, and remains with its stern, masts, and funnel above-water, and anchor a few hundred yards ahead of this gloomy monument of maritime disaster. Near Eden Harbor, in the trees, we see some smoke, which indicates the camp of some nomad Indians, who paddle out to the

ship's side after dinner, and exchange some otter-skins for knives, matches, and biscuit. The next morning, in piercingly cold weather, we left Eden Harbor at six o'clock. The night had been very cold; some snow had fallen; all the hill-tops were covered, and the sharp edges of the black rocks alone appeared in relief, forming a net-work of intricate design over the white ground. The contrast of the black rocks and the white snow is now the chief feature in the rugged landscape, the more so as trees are becoming rarer, and no longer cover more than the lower rocks along the water's edge.



CAPE PILLAR.

We then deviated a little from the direct course, and passed through Grappler Reach, in order to lay in a stock of ice. We halted in a cove opposite Averell Point, where there was much drift ice floating in large and small masses; a boat was lowered, and some of the finest pieces were captured, enchained, and hoisted on board amidst the cheers of the passengers, who watched with delight the safe shipping and the breaking up of the huge glittering crystal blocks with crow-bars. Two large whales also paid a visit to us, and blew columns of spray high into the air for their own relief and for our amusement. Then we steamed on again carefully through much drift ice, which slips down the mountain-sides from the numerous glaciers, and remains floating in great abundance in this part of the channel. At Penguin Inlet we beheld a large glacier. At the entrance of Brassey Channel we all admired the marvellous scenery of range after range of mountains, rising 2000 and 3000 feet on each side of the waterway, one behind the other, like stage scenery. Between two and three in the afternoon we passed the entrance of Trinidad Channel; the sun was shining brightly; masses of silvery clouds hung over the horizon; the snow glistened on the distant ridges, and deep shadows hovered over the bold mountains in the middle distance. Our excellent captain, when

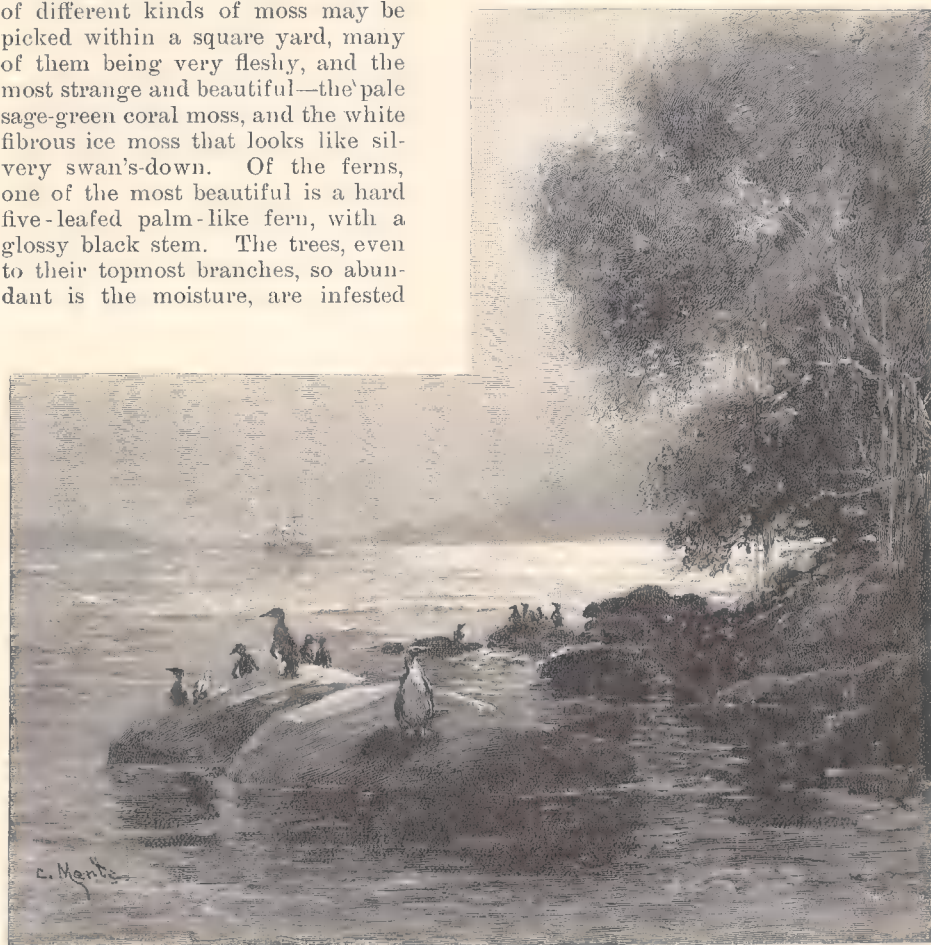
his duties did not call him to the bridge, was busy washing in clever water-color sketches of clouds, mountains, and water, and our amateur photographers were sadly distracted by the innumerable points of view that presented themselves in uninterrupted succession as the *Osiris* steamed along. Soon we reach Molyneux Sound, latitude $50^{\circ} 16'$ south, the ship swings round, we steer up the inlet, guided by two buoys, and at half past three we anchor, at a distance of some 500 metres from land, in a magnificent harbor, with green hills and islands all around us, and in the distance, toward the main channel, a range of snow-capped hills, on one of whose ridges a conspicuous rock suggests the form of the Egyptian Sphinx head.

Our being obliged to anchor at this early hour gave us an opportunity of going ashore. Boats are lowered, guns and cartridges produced, and we form parties to go fowling, sketching, and botanizing. The captain and myself land at the foot of a pointed hill. The water, of crystal-line purity, reveals gigantic sea-weeds floating in its depths, and at the bottom a bed of black and white stones and bowlders unworn by restless flux and reflux. On the surface, too, are large crimped leaves of amber-colored weed. We land without difficulty on some smooth black rocks speckled and striped with white.

Rock of this description is visible all along the water's edge, rising to a height of two or three feet, at which point the vegetation begins, and climbs up the hill to varying heights. Such is the nature of all the islands in Smyth's Channel—masses of rock rising out of the water, covered with vegetation of trees, moss, and lichen, the rock in contact with the water being generally coated with long mussels, which form the only food on which the nomad Indians can count. The variety of plants is considerable, forming, with the trees, an impenetrable mass of vegetation. The ground drips and oozes with moisture, and at every step your feet sink in an alarming manner, not into soil, of which there is little, but into a soft carpet of moss, leaves, rotten wood, and decaying vegetable matter. A score of different kinds of moss may be picked within a square yard, many of them being very fleshy, and the most strange and beautiful—the pale sage-green coral moss, and the white fibrous ice moss that looks like silvery swan's-down. Of the ferns, one of the most beautiful is a hard five-leaved palm-like fern, with a glossy black stem. The trees, even to their topmost branches, so abundant is the moisture, are infested

with a luxuriant parasitic growth of moss and lichens. The undergrowth is composed of low-growing shrubs with hard varnished leaves, varieties of myrtle, a small-leaved berry-bearing plant called *chaura*, a plant with a pale green prickly leaf like holly and a delicate carmine bell flower tipped with white, and a beautiful plant of the azalea family, with an exquisite rose-colored bell flower with golden petals. In this virgin paradise the only living things to be seen are otters, colibris, white geese, black ducks, and gulls. Occasionally a huge albatross swoops overhead, and in some of the creeks are penguins and seals.

The evening in Molyneux Sound left in our minds delightful memories. The



MOLYNEUX SOUND.

sun set in golden splendor in the wind-swept sky, the stars shone forth, and the moon rose in the heavens, shedding a long train of shimmering light over the water, whose mirror-like surface reflected in deep black shadows the surrounding islands and hills and the light cloud forms that hung above amongst the stars, each of which had its golden counterpart in the still water. Happily the icy south wind that blew so sharply in the afternoon did not reach us in this sheltered anchorage; but still the night was bitterly cold.

The next morning we started at 3 o'clock, and passed through the fine scenery of the Guia Narrows, the grand landscape of the Victory Pass and of the Sarmiento Channel, with its imposing peaks, behind which rises the towering snowy Cordillera of the main continent. The transparency of the atmosphere was extreme, and at a great distance we could see every wrinkle and vein in the snow fields, and every thread-like rivulet that fissured the rocks and precipices. At 6.30 we anchored off Long Island—latitude $52^{\circ} 20'$ south—in a broad smooth bay, and after dinner we organized a raffle and a concert, in which we were aided by the crew's "drum, gong, and discord band," proudly entitled the "Bremer Stadtmusikanten," and composed of an accordion, a comb, two saucepan lids for cymbals, a tin bath for a drum, and a wooden tub, which, when skilfully scraped with a broom handle by an able-bodied seaman, gave forth sounds resembling those of the bass-viol. After this, two of the sailors, quaintly disguised with blankets, visited us in the rôle of the "Familie Lehmann." This common German name, the equivalent of the English Smith and Jones, has been given by the German sailors to the nomad Indians of Smyth's Channel. Every Indian man is Herr Lehmann, and his wife, Frau Lehmann. Curiously enough, while we were laughing at the strange antics and gibberish of our two sailors, the cry was heard from the stern, "Eine echte Familie Lehmann" (a genuine Lehmann family) is coming. We all hurried to the lower deck, and there alongside on the port side was a long bark canoe with two men, three women, and four small babies on board. The canoe was double-ended, and had a keel, ribs, and cross-ties of wood, over which were stretched sheets of bark, the whole bound together with leather

thongs and grass ropes, and calked with clay. In the middle of the canoe, on a basis of clay, a fire of twigs and branches was burning. At one end were two savage-looking men, with brown skins not unlike those of the more swarthy Chilian *Cholos*, long black straight hair, and no clothes except an old blanket over their shoulders. On the other side of the fire were an aged woman, whose occupation it was to perpetually bale out the boat with an old coffee-pot, and to keep the fire supplied with wood, and two younger women, each with a child slung on her back and another huddled at her feet. These women, like the men, had only a sum-mery blanket thrown over their shoulders, and each worked a paddle. The two younger women were finely formed, and in all the bloom of their firm youthful flesh. Their round and broad faces were regular in feature, their teeth dazzlingly white, and their eyes brilliant and large. Indeed they were quite beauties in their way, and their laughing faces were pleasant to contemplate as they looked up at us through the aureole of long black hair straggling over their foreheads and hanging over their shoulders. A rope was thrown to the canoe, and one of the men held it, while the other and the women kept their craft clear with paddles and poles. Since some of them were kidnapped a few years ago, and carried off to Europe, where they were exhibited at raree-shows, these Indians can with difficulty be induced to come on board the ships. They feel distrustful, and keep their canoes at a safe distance, ready to push off at a moment's notice and at the slightest alarm. The bulwarks of our ship were by this time lined with passengers and crew leaning over and craning their heads to see the Lehmanns, who were crouching below in their unsteady canoe, with their savage or laughing faces upturned, and lighted by the intermittent glare of the fire, and by the dim flame of a ship's lantern. Meanwhile one of the sailors, holding on with one hand to a rope, and clinging with his feet monkey-like to a slight ledge on the ship's side, used his free hand to pass things from the ship to the canoe and *vice versa*. Then began conversation and trading, both of a very primitive nature.

"Good-evening, Frau Lehmann. How do you do?" cried a voice from the ship.

"Frau Lehmann, si," replied the Ind-



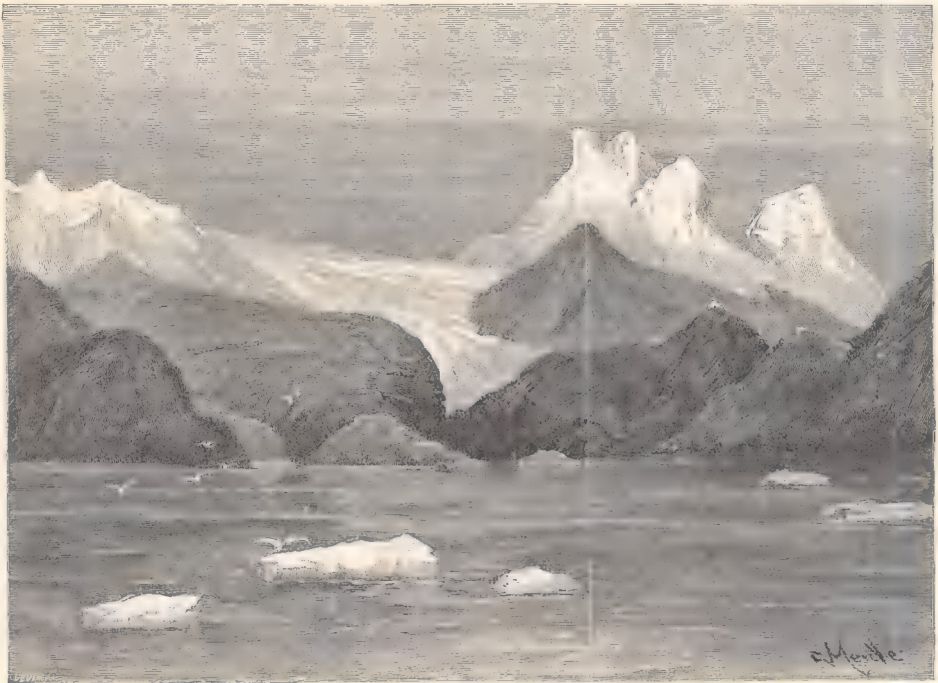
INDIANS VISITING THE SHIP AT NIGHT.

ian ladies, throwing their heads back and laughing like coy children. "Frau Lehmann, si, si, *galletas, galletas*, tobacco, tobacco."

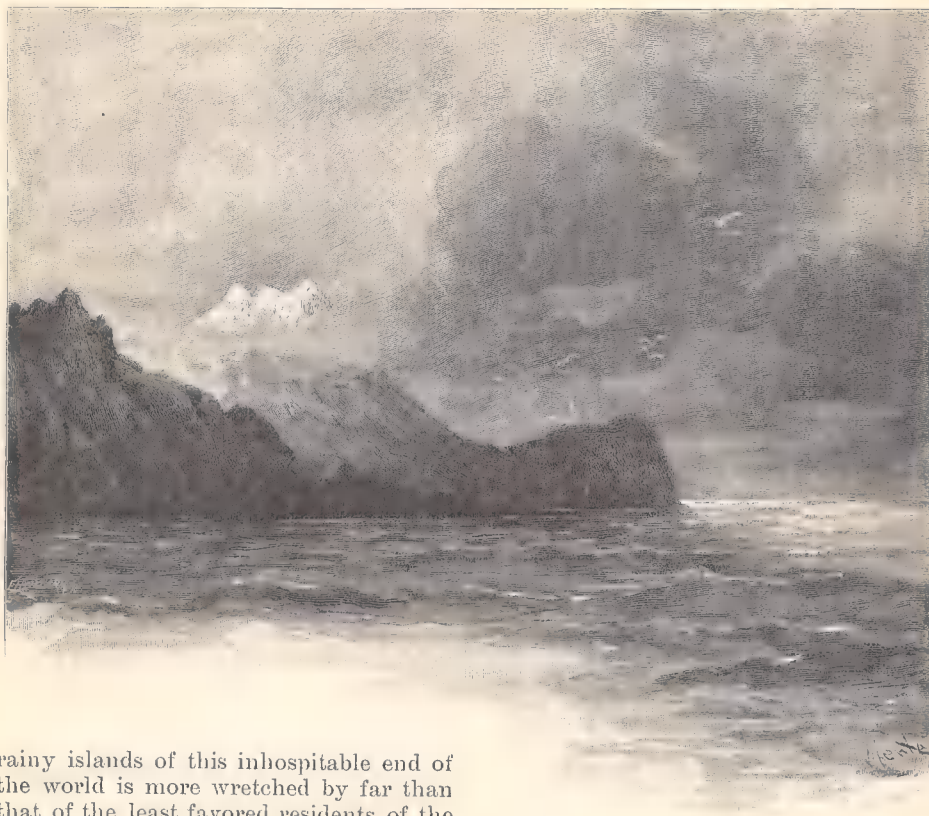
In reply to this demand for biscuit and tobacco, voices from the ship cried, "Skins, skins."

And then from the canoe rose many unintelligible sounds, terminating with the few English and Spanish words which the Indians have learnt from passing ships: "cachimba" (tobacco pipe); "cuchillo" (knife), the English equivalent "knifey," "tobacco, tobacco," and "galletas, galletas." Knives, biscuit, and tobacco are the articles which these Indians desire most ardently, and in exchange they offer bone spear-heads, lassos, bows and arrows, grass baskets, and sometimes otter-skins. We made a few trifling exchanges; gave them a sack of broken biscuit, some cigars, some old clothes, and a few colored handkerchiefs; and then they paddled away in the rain and gloom, after repeating our farewell of "Adios" and "So long," and singing a soft nasal lullaby. This visit of the Indians in the midst of these vast mountain and island solitudes was pictu-

resque and impressive. The moon had gone down, rain was falling, and the drops ruffled with innumerable small eddies the glassy black wavelets that made the frail bark canoe roll and lurch; the fitful glare of the fire now revealed the faces of the Indians, with their white teeth and shining eyes, and now left the boat and its occupants in shadowy mystery; our seaman clinging to the black ship's side formed a fantastic silhouette against the murky background of the night; and the row of heads leaning over the rail, and all looking down, must have presented to the Indians odd effects of foreshortening, which, we may be sure, they failed to appreciate. The Indians seen in Smyth's Channel consist of a few nomad families, who live two or three together, and own a canoe, and a tent composed of a few poles covered with skins. Their only arms are bows and arrows; their chief food, mussels; and their scanty clothing, such old rags and blankets as the charity of passing ships provides. They are, I suppose, the poorest and most miserable specimens of humanity on the face of the earth, and their existence in the cold



GLACIER, LATITUDE $53^{\circ} 21'$ SOUTH, LONGITUDE $72^{\circ} 55'$ WEST.



rainy islands of this inhospitable end of the world is more wretched by far than that of the least favored residents of the northern arctic regions.

At five o'clock the following morning, April 28th, we started from Long Island, and after three hours' steaming we reached the end of Smyth's Channel, left the ocean and the bold and curious headland of Cape Pillar to our right, and entered the Strait of Magellan. The character of the landscape now changed entirely. The green islands and tree-clad hills gave place to brown, rugged, and barren rocks, behind which rose high peaks covered with snow. Cape Pillar, latitude $52^{\circ} 42'$ south, longitude $74^{\circ} 43'$ west, is 310 feet high; the peaks on our left hand are over 3000 feet; the peaks on our right, on Desolation Island, are equally high; while on Santa Ines Island the loftiest summit, Mount Wharton, rises to a height of 4350 feet. In our passage through the Strait of Magellan, generally obscured by rain and mist, we were favored with exceptionally fine weather. In the afternoon, as we passed Glacier Bay, we had a splendid view of a dazzling bluish-green ice field embedded between craggy and barren hills, with a little vegetation along the

CAPE FROWARD AND MOUNT VICTORIA.

water's edge alone, and surrounded by towering snow-clad mountains from 3000 to 4000 feet high. On the opposite shore we admired a still vaster glacier which had recently begun to slide, and remained a terrific wilderness of jagged and chaotic blocks. In this region of wild mountains, snow fields, and glaciers we witnessed a marvellous sunset. The sky overhead was clear blue; on the eastern horizon a few light clouds; on the western horizon very heavy clouds, with a central brasier of molten gold, in front of which the mountains stand out in successive planes, the nearer ones of deep indigo hue, the more distant ones bathed in an almost transparent haze of bluish rose, passing into the rich tones of *gorge de pigeon*. As the sun sinks, the golden light vanishes, the heavy clouds become velvety black, with an under fringe of bright ruby red, while a ruby glow suffuses the opposite eastern sky, tips with

rose the distant snow peaks, and casts ruddy reflections over the glassy mirror of the calm water. The same evening, by moonlight, we passed the black and barren silhouette of Cape Froward, latitude $53^{\circ} 55'$ south, longitude $71^{\circ} 19'$ west, the southernmost point of all the continents of the world, and the extreme end of the great mountain range of the Andes. Cape Froward itself measures only 1200 feet, but the summit of Mount Victoria, immediately behind it, rises to 2900 feet, which figure may be taken as the average of the higher summits seen in the Strait of Magellan in the grand stretch of mountain and water scenery between Cape Pillar and Cape Froward. The Strait of Magellan from Cape Pillar, latitude $52^{\circ} 43'$ south, longitude $74^{\circ} 41'$ west, to Cape Virgins, latitude $52^{\circ} 20'$ south, longitude $68^{\circ} 20'$ west, measures 317 miles; in the narrowest part the width is two miles, and in the broadest reaches from 10 to 17 miles.

From Cape Froward onward to Punta Arenas the coast rocks and the mountain peaks diminish in grandeur, the highest nowhere exceeding 2000 feet, and most of them being much lower. We reached Punta Arenas in the night, anchored, and slept happily until daybreak, when we blew the steam-whistle to warn the inhabitants of our presence. At length the captain of the port came on board, and we were at liberty to go ashore; but the landing was difficult and dangerous: owing to the roughness of the water and the primitiveness of the moles, we had to be hoisted out of the ship's boat with ropes. The town does not offer much to interest the visitor. In the bay are two coal hulks, an American schooner at anchor, several small coasting schooners used for seal-fishing and local service, and a Chilean survey steamer. To the north of the town is a government depot, with half a dozen buoys lying on the sandy shore, and looking from a distance like gigantic spinning tops. Still further to the north is an old light-house tower, painted red and white, which was used by the German astronomical mission at the time of the last passage of Venus. Beyond the light-house the land becomes flat, and stretches out into the water, forming a long sandy spit, with a conical beacon on the extreme point. Hence the name of the settlement—Sandy Point. The town is of very recent origin, but it has grown rapidly, and now has a population of 922 souls, the whole Terri-

torio de Magallanes having a population of 2085, of whom about 800 are foreigners of various nationalities, the chief capitalists and business people being German or English. The houses are solidly built of wood, the best of them having corrugated iron roofs. Most of the buildings are painted white; some have walls and roofs of the same deep red color; the roofs are, of course, sharply pointed to throw off the rain. The general aspect of things there is new and prosperous. The principal business houses are German. Punta Arenas is a free port, and the great centre for supplying the sheep farms and various settlements on the opposite islands of the Tierra del Fuego group, southern Patagonia, and the Falkland Islands. In these rainy and apparently inhospitable regions the great industry is sheep-farming. There is also much gold-dust in the rivers and torrents, and silver and coal mines in the neighborhood, but hitherto they have not been worked with success. It is curious to note that the shepherds who come to Punta Arenas to buy goods and provisions often pay in gold-dust, which they gather in the streams near which their flocks are feeding. Skins and furs form a second important industry; seal and sea-otters abound in the various channels between the islands of Tierra del Fuego and of the Strait of Magellan, and three times a year the Patagonian Indians ride into Punta Arenas to sell the produce of their hunting excursions, namely, puma, ostrich, guanaco, and silver-fox skins. The exportation of furs is an important business here, and the port, standing as it does in the regular steamer track, is destined to greater and greater prosperity. When we returned on board we found two Danish fur dealers displaying their stock of merchandise, and endeavoring to do business with the passengers. The skins were spread out over the hatches on the aft deck—ostrich, guanaco, seal, otter, puma, fox—looking soft and warm, and interspersed with a few Indian curiosities, such as bows, arrows, spears, lassos, shell-work, spurs, models of bark canoes, and the terrible *bolas*, which the Patagonians and their pupils, the Argentine *gauchos*, use to hunt the ostrich. The *Osiris* landed our mail-bag and a dozen sacks of potatoes, and took on board a quantity of ostrich feathers to be delivered in Havre, and then proceeded on her way.

At breakfast that morning we noted



FUR DEALERS ON BOARD AT PUNTA ARENAS.



PUNTA ARENAS.

with pleasure that pig's feet did not appear in the *menu*; the wretched animal slaughtered at the entrance of Smyth's Channel had been obtruding its memory upon us in various forms twice a day regularly since its decease, and the previous evening it had appeared in the euphonious form of "Schnautzen und Pautzen." Happily this was the end of the beast, whose place was henceforward taken by good beef and Tierra del Fuego mutton, shipped at Punta Arenas. So we went steaming on through cold and scudding rain clouds, in choppy and snarling water, between the low coast hills of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. As we pass Elizabeth Island, about twenty miles from Punta Arenas, we catch a glimpse of Sarmiento Mountain, distant ninety-six miles, in the southern part of Tierra del Fuego. On reference to the chart, we find that this mountain, covered with perpetual snow, 7330 feet high, is the highest point of Tierra del Fuego. In the same southern section of the island is Mount Darwin, 7000 feet high, and many other rugged, snow-clad peaks and glaciers, from 3000 to 4000 feet. All this part of the world is terribly inhospitable and dangerous, and the English Admiralty Chart is full of ominous notes and warnings. At Ushuwaia, in the Beagle Channel, latitude $54^{\circ} 49'$ south, longitude $68^{\circ} 18'$ west, says the chart, is an English mission station, "which

may be used as a place of refuge for shipwrecked mariners." The same chart gives directions and advice in case of disaster, which makes one feel the horror of these waters, and adds, "A great change has been effected in the character of the natives generally, and the Yaghan natives from Cape San Diego to Cape Horn, and thence round to Brecknock Peninsula, may be trusted." The Yaghan, or Fuegian, Indians are the same as we saw in Eden Harbor and Molyneux Sound. They are by no means numerous, and all more or less savage, more or less miserable, and very few, I am told, as good-looking as the family that visited us in Molyneux Sound. They are all nomad, and wander from island to island in the Tierra del Fuego group, the Strait of Magellan, Smyth's Channel, the western coast of the continent, and the islands of the archipelagoes of Chonos and Guaianeco. Indians of the same race are also found in the Chilean province of Chiloe, but their physical aspect in those parts is much better, and their way of living much less rude than that of their southern brothers.

That evening we anchored off Santa Marta Island, nocturnal navigation in the Strait of Magellan being impossible, owing to the absence of light-houses and the intricacy of the course. The next morning, April 30th, we continued our journey, with a stiff head breeze, through

light green water, the land on either side being low. At Punta Delgada we note Wood's Settlement, an important sheep farm belonging to an Englishman. The runs, I was told, support more than 80,000 sheep. Once a year a steamer from London brings provisions for the colony, and takes the wool back to England. But what a forlorn and desolate place to spend one's life in!

The time now began to hang heavily on board the *Osiris*. The fine scenery was left behind, and in the afternoon we passed Dungeness Beacon, crossed the Sarmiento Bank, and so out into the Atlantic, leaving Cape Virgins to our left, and after five days' navigation over very high and rough sea, with steam and sail and a strong northwest wind to aid us, we reached Montevideo on the morning of May 6th. The *Osiris* is a good stout ship, but not a rapid one. Nevertheless I thoroughly enjoyed the five weeks I spent on board, and it was not without regret that I said good-by to Captain Carlsen and all his warm-hearted and amiable passengers, and went ashore to continue my wanderings in the region of the great plains, the *immensas llanuras* of the basin of La Plata. The voyage was long—the course followed measured more than 4000 sea miles—but it would be difficult to find elsewhere a stretch of coast offering such variety of physical and ethnographical features. I had started from



PATAGONIAN INDIAN WOMAN.

the tropical harbor of Callao, from the latitude of the coffee and cocoa plant, and skirted the strange rainless regions



FUEGIANS.

of northern Chili, with their unparalleled wealth of salts and minerals that make these barren deserts and arid mountain wastes a veritable chemical laboratory. From Caldera southward to Valparaiso I had seen the mixed zone abounding in minerals, but at the same time fertile and adapted for agriculture. Then followed the purely agricultural zone of Chili, with its mild and delightful climate; the coal fields of the littoral of the provinces of Arauco and Concepción; the rainy valleys of Valdivia, Llanquihue, and Chiloe, with their rich soil and luxuriant woods; and finally the zone of woods and fisheries, which begins at latitude $43^{\circ} 30'$, and extends to latitude 57° south. Here the great central valley, which plays so important a rôle in the topography of Chili, disappears, and the coast cordillera, whose mountain ranges have accompanied us all down the littoral from Peru, becomes transformed into the archipelagoes of Chiloe, Guaytecas, Guaianeco, Magellanes, and Tierra del Fuego—mountainous islands, and for the most part impenetrable solitudes, given up to seals, otters, wild fowl, and Indians. At Cape Froward the main Cordillera de los Andes crosses our route, and becomes transformed into the high lands and valleys of Tierra del Fuego, parts of which are destined to become a

great cattle country. Then the region of rugged rocks and snowy peaks ceases, and between Punta Arenas and Virgins Cape we see the southern end of those steppes and pampas which stretch away northward up to the primeval forests of Brazil, and constitute the great natural advantage and agricultural wealth of the Atlantic water-shed of the Andean chain, and of the Argentine Republic, Paraguay, and Uruguay. The rapid panorama of the physical features of the coast was accompanied by a scarcely less interesting glimpse of men and manners. In indolent and tropical Peru the best workers are negroes and Chinese; in the mineral zones the Bolivian and Chilian Cholos are unrivalled in endurance and special skill; in Valparaiso we find Englishmen and Germans controlling the commerce of the country, and organizing exportation and importation; in the lower and more rainy province of Valdivia we might almost imagine ourselves in rural Germany; through the island solitudes, with their forests and glaciers, the most miserable of wild Indians alone eke out a scanty and arduous existence; and then, on the east side of the Andes, we once more find Anglo-Saxon energy settling and transforming the land, and creating wealth and civilization.



PATAGONIAN INDIANS.



BOUDIN

*pêcheur de Boulogne, avec trois de ses compatriotes
prend le "Conqueror" frégate Anglaise de 36 Canons,
de sa propre main, il tue le Capitaine du Vaisseau
Sir Guppyage", trois lieutenants, 83 matelots soldats de*

13 Vendémiaire. An V.

THE HEROIC ADVENTURES OF M. BOUDIN :

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

COMMENT,

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

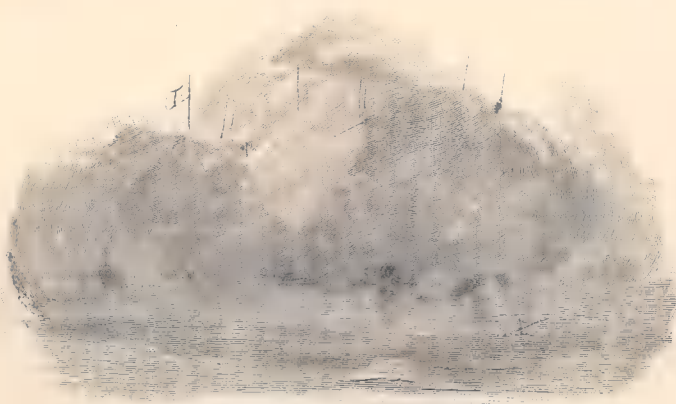
THE story of this little collection of drawings is quickly told, and it is one, indeed, which I like to dwell upon, for it

brings back to my recollection some hours of my father's life which were happy and at ease, and spent in tranquillity and in the companionship which he enjoyed.

As time passed on, from failing health and spirits, he used to go less and less



L'illustre Boudin se présente au Directeur, qui lui
ordonne une Couture Cirigue, et vingt sols de récompense



*Dans ce grand tableau on voit comment
Boudin se bat avec la flotte Anglaise*

*Trente-trois vaisseaux de guerre tombent
sous ses coups irrésistibles. Mais hélas!
il faut céder au sort! - le trente-quatrième
(avec Milor Nelson) fonde sur le navire
de Boudin, le prend, le brûle - Tous sont
massacrés excepté le Boudin.*

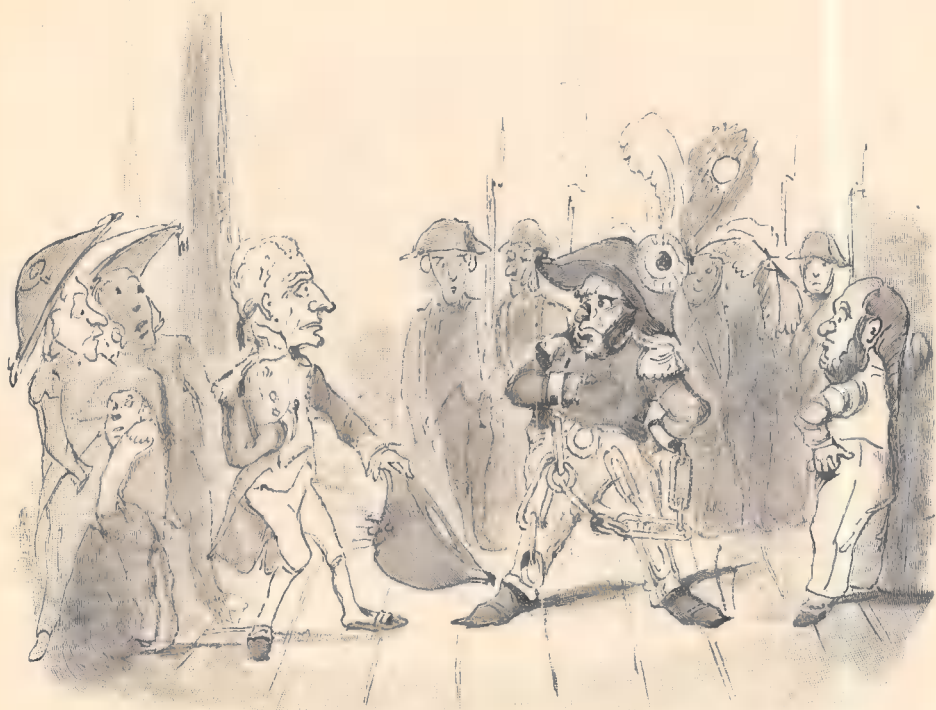
*Nota - On ne voit pas la bataille à cause de la
grande fumée de canons, fusils, pistolets, bombes,
&c. &c.*

into general society, but he always enjoyed the society of his old friends, and although dinner parties wearied him, he liked sitting quietly smoking his cigar in congenial companionship, and I am sure there was none more pleasant to him than that of his friends Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell, who loved him, and always made him welcome and at home.

My own old friend Sir Theodore Martin, who has known so many men and things, says of Robert Bell: "He was a man of wide information, wide experience, of great ability. He was of most agreeable society, a charming *conteur*, and full of native keenness, of observation, and pleasant humor. I felt always great reliance on his judgment both of men and affairs, as well as in questions of literary taste. He had what few literary

men have, the gift of free and happy speech in public." Then, after describing Mr. Bell's chief works, Sir Theodore goes on to say in his letter to me: "There was no keener judge of character than your father, and he, no doubt, knew that his friend was full of sterling worth. *That* was the impression left with me."

Mrs. Bell was a house-keeper of the old lavender-and-blue-china school; everything about her was simple, but in order and perfect condition. Her dinners my father used to praise and hold up as a model to certain incapable house-keepers; they were works of art—so plain, so hot, so perfectly served—works of *heart*, I had nearly said, for the hostess's happiness was to take trouble for her husband and his guests; and although the little household, I believe, consisted of four peo-



*Crible' de blessures, comble' de fers Boudin
se présente devant Milor -
Le vainqueur tremble devant le vaincu.*

ple only—the two masters and their two maids—I have often heard my father say that never anywhere had he fared better than at the quiet little house in York Place, where, besides the welcome and the good cheer, there was also the congenial talk of the master of the house.

In the *Biographical Dictionary* there is a long list of the papers Mr. Bell edited and the literary work he accomplished, first in Ireland and then over here. He was still quite a young man when he came to England and became editor of the *Atlas* newspaper. There was a *History of Russia*, and the *Lives of the English Poets*, and a volume of *English Admirals* for Southey's edition, and many other works—stories, plays, and criti-

cisms. I can remember a novel, *The Ladder of Gold*, coming out, but I think it appeared during a short and arid period of our early lives, when a new governess forbade novels and story-books, and I never had the opportunity of reading it.

The editions of the poets from Chaucer to Cooper are Robert Bell's best-known work. They are full of research and knowledge, and of that true sentiment for poetry which no research can give. I can remember him sitting at work in a sort of shrine, with all his books round about him, in beautiful bindings, showing on their shelves. I have been told that Mr. Trollope bought all Mr. Bell's library at his death.

Once my sister and I were brought by

our father to dine in York Place, and I remember how, after dinner, Mrs. Bell shook back her pretty white curls, and smiled, and said, "And now I shall show your daughters my album, Mr. Thackeray," and immediately a book of pictures was produced and opened upon the round-table, and we learned that whenever my father came to spend an evening it had been his habit for a long time past to draw a picture in the album, page by page. We looked at the drawings with calm though sympathetic interest; we were used to seeing our father's pictures, and

it seemed a matter of course that where he was at home and at ease, the familiar drawings should grow and multiply. That very evening he finished one of the sketches as he sat there in the drawing-room, when the lamp was set on the round-table.

The time came to say good-night, and we carried home an impression of comfort and accustomed things and fire-lit tranquillity, and then the thought of it all faded quietly away; for in those days, five-and-twenty years ago, tranquillity had less charm and importance than it



*Dans les cachots infernaux de Portsmoot
(où tant d'autres Français ont déjà succombé),
Boudin expie sa funeste valeur.*

*On ne lui donne qu'une demi-pinte d'eau, avec une pinirole[†]
par semaine.*

(† pinirole = petit pain de deux sols.)



*Miss Fanny fille du gouverneur, vient
le consoler*



*Scène tendre et romantique . Bonden avec
sa fidèle Fanny s'échappent saufs dans un
seventifore*

has now. We went away to live our own lives, and to realize only too soon what darkness lies around peaceful fire-lit hearths. My father died soon after, and we went abroad. We never returned to the little house again. Mr. Bell lived for some three years, and then he too passed away, and at his own request was buried near my father's grave.

unable to explain the circumstances. My children opened the parcel and brought me the book, an old-fashioned album, bound in brown morocco.

The drawings were my father's, of course, but I could not for a moment imagine where or when I seemed to have seen them all before. On the cover of the old book was a name, and this, too,



*Débarqué à Calais avec son épouse adorée. Boudin se rend à Paris
(Des caresses chastes et légitimes égayent les longueurs de la Route)*

One day, here on the edge of Wimbledon Common, after twenty-five years or more, I received a lawyer's letter which puzzled me, and touched me not a little. A lady, "lately demised in the Regent's Park," it said, had desired that a certain book of drawings, which had been left to her by an old friend, should be returned to me. The lady's name was not one with which I had any associations whatever. I was grateful, but altogether

seemed vaguely familiar, "Miss George," in gold letters, surrounded by a golden wreath. Then suddenly it all flashed upon me. Mrs. Bell's name had been Miss George once upon a time. This, then, was the book which we had seen by the light of her lamp such long years ago; and confirmation, if it had been needed, soon came in a second letter from the solicitor, who said the pictures had been left by Mrs. Robert Bell to her



Aussitôt arrivé le brave Marin se rend à la Cour de sa Majesté L'Empereur & Roi
 Embellie par l'Art Parisienne, dans la séillante Fanny la Miss chétive de Portsmouth
 S — B — 30000 T — de D — disent les rudes Grenadiers — est elle jolie l'insulaire!



Enchanté de revoir son fidèle Boudin. Sa M. L'Empereur et Roi lui tire son oreille droite
 Archichancelier! dit Sa Majesté l'et R. - apportez ma Grrrrrand' Croix à mon ArchiAmiral!
 S.A. Le Prince de Benevent apporte le crachat en question.

friend, and the kind friend in turn had wished they should come back to me, and from this book are taken the drawings which are now given to the readers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The sketches which accompany Boudin's heroic adventures tell their own story for the most part. The album contains, besides the drawings here presented, a number of little subject sketches. In these we find a duel going on, with the demon waiting below to carry off the soul of the victim. We note the innocent surprise of the transfixed desperado; the romantic devotion of the kneeling lover to the not unyielding lady; the graceful and active performers of the ballet, as they all perform the parts which fancy suggested at the moment, and are all alike

characteristic of his happy, delightful gift. Time passes, but the fairies, demons, fantoccini, go on, making perennial fun and mirth, needing no introduction or explanation, and hold their own after all these years.

A. I. R.

WIMBLEDON, 1890.

TITLES OF THE BOUDIN DRAWINGS.

No. 1.—Boudin, a fisherman of Boulogne, with three of his compatriots, takes the *Conqueror*, an English frigate of 36 guns. He kills with his own hand the captain, Sir Guppige, 3 lieutenants, 83 sailors, soldiers, etc. 13 Vendémiaire, year 5.

No. 2.—The illustrious Boudin presents himself before the *Directoire*; he is award-



Toutes les dames de la Cour crèvent de dépit, en voyant la beauté céleste de l'épouse de Boudin
qui embrasse en s'inclinant les belles mains de Sa Majesté L'! & R.

(M. Alfred Borsay est Page du Service)

ed a civic crown and twenty sols as a recompense.

No. 3.—In this grand composition we may see how Boudin attacks the English fleet. Thirty-three ships of the line fall beneath his irresistible onslaught, but, alas! we must yield to fate; the thirty-fourth vessel, with Lord Nelson on board, falls upon Boudin, destroys and burns his ship; all the crew is massacred, with the exception of Boudin himself.

NOTE.—*You cannot see the battle on account of the great smoke from the cannons, the guns, the pistols, the bombs, etc.*

No. 4.—Covered with wounds, weighed down with chains, Boudin presents himself before Milord. The conqueror trembles before the conquered.

No. 5.—In the horrible dungeons of Portsmouth, where so many Frenchmen have already perished, Boudin expiates his fatal valor. He is allowed only half a pint of water and one penirole* a week.

No. 6.—Miss Fanny, the daughter of the governor, comes to console him.

No. 7.—Tender and romantic scene. Boudin and his faithful Fanny escape in a seventifore.

* Penirole, a little loaf of two sols.

No. 8.—Having landed at Calais, Boudin, accompanied by his adored wife, hastens to Paris. Chaste and legitimate embraces enliven the tedium of the road.

No. 9.—Immediately on their arrival the gallant seaman hastens to the Court of his Majesty the Emperor and King. Beautified by Parisian art, one could not recognize in the dazzling Fanny the insignificant little Miss of Portsmouth.

"S— B—, 30000 T— de D—," say the rude grenadiers. "The young islander is pretty."

No. 10.—His Majesty the Emperor and King is delighted to see his faithful Boudin once more, and pulls his right ear. "Arch-Chancellor," says he, "bring my G-r-r-r-rand Cross for my Arch-Admiral." His Highness the Prince of Benevent brings the bauble in question.

No. 11.—The ladies of the Court can scarce contain their envy as they observe the celestial beauty of the bride of Boudin, who, bending low, salutes the lovely hands of her Majesty the Empress and Queen.

NOTE.—*Mr. Alfred D'Orsay is page in waiting.*

No. 12.—Boudin! Waterloo!





TOMMY: "Why don't they have little shut up houses?—why do they have open bars?"
DOROTHY: (*who knows everything*)—"Oh! that's for them to see the people, of course!"

—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IN old English times, when the condemned highwayman lightly leaped into the cart for Tyburn, he wore a nosegay on his breast, drove gayly to the tree, made his last speech and confession, and so good-by. He was the hero of the moment to St. Giles and the purlieus of the prison. But the great gulf set between the criminal class and respectable society had not been bridged by sympathy and humane endeavor. Even John Howard and Mrs. Fry had not lived, and both history and the novel show a kind of humorous bravado on the part of the culprit and stolid acceptance of his situation on that of the chaplain, as if the game of hazard with the law had been played and lost, and the payment of the forfeit admitted no doubt or delay.

This state of mind has been succeeded in our time by a maudlin sentimentality and morbid curiosity, which replace the highwayman's nosegay with offerings of flowers to the murderer, and fill newspapers with details of all that is said and done by the criminal and those around him, illustrated with portraits and drawings, which make him, like his predecessor, the momentary hero of a larger circle. The ballad-singer entertained a street group with the tale of Captain Kidd hung in chains at Execution Dock; but to-day the newspaper tells his story with particulars and portraits, as if the execution of a criminal, although one of the most solemn of acts, were treated properly in the style of the dime novel.

The sentimentality—for we speak of the pseudo feeling—with which the prisoner condemned to death is regarded in the later days is a curious parody of the greater humanity of the time, and of the wise study of crime and its penalty which happily distinguishes modern society. But to that humanity and enlightenment the morbid sentimentality is most repugnant, and they urge strenuously the utmost possible repression of its manifestation in every form. The public spectacle should end, they hold, with the sentence, and the final act should be a solemn function, guarded carefully, so far as may be, from all abuse, including that of demoralizing description for no good purpose. The whole penal reform movement tends to dispel the false glamour

that surrounds crime, to strip it of nose-gays and gayety, and to surround the infliction of the supreme penalty with circumstances of salutary awe.

There is a kindred disposition to that which makes the highwayman in the cart a hero, although it takes a very different form. It is a caricature of the humane and Christian spirit which now seeks to befriend the criminal, and to make punishment more reasonable, more certain, and more effective. It is a parody on the exhortation, let him that is without sin cast the first stone, and applies those words to the most conspicuous and notorious offenders. It springs from the same spirit as Dr. Johnson's definition of patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. The sturdy Tory doctor was not thinking of Leonidas, of Arnold von Winkelried, or of Washington, but of political gamesters who prostituted noble names to ignoble uses. But now, if a citizen objects to supporting dishonest courses or disreputable men in politics, he is pilloried as a Pharisee and unco guid.

A man may have acknowledged the basest conduct in private life, yet if another man who justly despises him declines to share political responsibility with him, he encounters the sneer that he assumes to be without sin and casts a stone at his neighbor. It is not a question of belonging to the same party with such men, which, like living in the world with them, is unavoidable; it is a question of honoring them and selecting them as the especial representatives of the party connection. If to repudiate Lovelace as a party chief is to assume to be without sin, then to reprobate Robert Macaire is to cast stones at a fellow-sinner. If Lothario is not to be socially ostracized, which is the natural penalty of his offences, Jonathan Wild should escape Newgate because we are all sinners.

But Charles Lamb would have taken the candles in great haste to examine the bumps of a neighbor who declared that a man is posing as sinless because he declines to associate with another man who confesses infamous conduct. The argument is that offences must go unpunished because in Adam's fall we sinned all. If good Mr. Pickpocket's hand incautiously strays into our pocket, or the pious Dr.

Dodd writes our name to a check for five thousand pounds, or Benedict Arnold tries to show the enemy the way to the citadel, let us have no canting nonsense. Above all things, avoid pharasaism; remember human fallibility and weakness, and that we are all miserable sinners.

The endeavor in politics or elsewhere to confound honesty and dishonesty, to excuse the most outrageous wrongs, and to level all moral distinctions by insinuating that specific crimes are to be condoned because we are all sinful, is as ludicrous as it is demoralizing. Undoubtedly public sentiment has changed within a century in regard to libertines in politics. It would be very hard to-day for a notoriously loose liver to maintain the leadership of a great political party in England, or to be elected to high office in America. It would be probably impossible at this day for a great public man to write such a pamphlet as Hamilton's "Observations," etc., and retain his ascendancy. But this probability does not show that this generation is more hypocritical than the former generations, as the refusal to allow an execution to be made a public holiday and festival, and the determination that the solemn act shall be done in sombre seclusion, do not prove the greater heartlessness and inhumanity of the age.

Lamb's humorous plea for giving alms to a street beggar, that we pay a crown to see an actor whom we know to be feigning, yet refuse a sixpence to one who acts so well that we cannot even tell whether he is acting, belongs, in its reasoning, to the same category with the argument that social sins in public men ought to be overlooked because no man is without sin. Morton and his crew at Merrymount naturally laugh at the Puritans of the Bay as canting and snivelling hypocrites. But the Puritan leaders, of all men in history, did not prove to be hypocrites. Their mark upon modern civilization survives, while the Cavaliers of Charles and the gay roisterers of Merrymount—have had their cakes and ale. The more civilization advances, the less social quarter will infamous conduct receive.

MR. CARNEGIE in his *Gospel of Wealth* treats of a subject which, in a country where everybody is trying to get rich, is very interesting. His theme is the true use of wealth by the rich. He holds that it is better for a rich man to be the almo-

ner of his own bounty, and not leave his money in bequests over which there will be furious wrangling, and desperate attempts to break the will. If Mr. Tilden, for instance, had been his own executor, the city of New York might now be enjoying the great free library that he designed, but the mere project of which is still entangled in litigation.

But there seems to be a charm in the doubling of millions. A man who acquires great wealth, or to whom it descends, feels apparently bound to increase it. If an heir succeeds to a vast fortune, he is instantly harassed by a certain sense of obligation, or, as he probably supposes, of honor, not to permit it to dwindle. He feels that he shows himself to be an unworthy son of a thrifty sire if the fortune which came to him arrayed in tens of millions should pass from him more poorly clad. This feeling binds him to preserve it and enlarge it as he would increase an ancestral landed estate. He will extend his domain, and fill it with more alluring natural beauties. He will enlarge the palace with nobler architecture, and gather to its library and gallery the rarest books, the most famous pictures.

This scheme contemplates an endless individual succession, the founding of a family and amply providing for its maintenance. But there is another scheme which contemplates the public as the heir, and which justifies to himself the ceaseless thrift of the proprietor by the consciousness that he is laboring for the common welfare, and that the more strenuous his labor the larger his final benefaction to the public. The labor of accumulation is more enticing to him than that of distribution, and he pleases himself with the thought that it is not for himself.

There are noble illustrations of this disposition in America. Universities, libraries, parks, and public works of many kinds are its monuments. It has become, indeed, not only a disposition but an expectation. If an American of great wealth dies, there is an immediate anticipation of liberal public bequests. When Midas died some years ago, there was almost a reaction of feeling toward him when it was found that his public legacies were few and inconsiderable. He had been held in great esteem as an eminent citizen and upright gentleman. But when it appeared that the aggrandizement of his wealth rather than the public benefit was

his disposition, Cynicus at every corner shook his head and whispered, "I'm afraid that story of the ears was true."

Mr. Carnegie proposes still another scheme—that the rich man while yet living shall devote a certain portion of his riches to public uses; then there can be no miscarriage, and no vast fees of litigation. He would devote the fortune, or a large part of it, to the benefit of the community in which it has been amassed, and he mentions several ways in which it may be done. This is what Peter Cooper did, and no rich man in New York was more respected—perhaps, in a certain sense, it might be said that none was more beloved—than Peter Cooper. He had made his way up, and he used his elevation to help others up. The Cooper Institute is a nobler monument than a Blenheim built for his own delight would have been.

There is, however, always the Blenheim side of the argument. If a man builds a palace of architectural beauty, and makes it, with its collections of books and art of every kind, a centre of refined delight, he also does a public service. Yes, if it be a public service. But if it be only a paradise for the elect, and if the public knows that it is only such a paradise, it is not a centre of refined delight for any but the elect. One of the cliff cottagers, as they are called in Newport—the cliff cottages being the most costly and luxurious marine villas in the world—was said to have told an amusing and suggestive story of his own experience.

It is the immemorial right of the public in Rhode Island to have access anywhere to the shore, that the right of every one to the common property of the sea may not be abridged. The beautiful walk along the cliff, extending through all the finest estates in Newport between the houses and the shore, is due to this privilege. The result is not altogether agreeable to the proprietors, because the excursion trains and boats are constantly bringing crowds of loiterers and pleasure-seekers, who choose for their lunch the choice spots along this promenade. One day a party of rural visitors arrived on the cottager's grounds to lunch, and not content to restrain their steps to the walk to which they had a right, they construed their rights freely, and under the guidance of an elderly dame wandered over the lawn, and approaching the house as lunch-time drew near, ascended the broad seaward

piazza, and disposing themselves upon the chairs and sofas, spread their lunch upon the piazza tables and made ready for the repast.

The owner, who from within had watched the proceeding with some perturbation of spirits, then appeared, in a highly imperative mood, upon the piazza, and addressing himself to the elderly dame, who was evidently the commander-in-chief of the marauders, said, with extremely strained politeness, that strangers had an undoubted right to walk along the cliff, but that he had a right to his house and his piazza and his tables and sofas and chairs, and he should be exceedingly obliged if they would retire immediately. As he spoke, he confronted the intruders with threatening severity of aspect. But the general commanding turned upon him her benevolent spectacles, and said, with the suavity of an honest grandmother: "Why, law! you wouldn't turn us off, would ye? Sakes alive! ye'd be welcome to eat your lunch on the piazza, or in the house, or anywhere you pleased, up our way." And she beamed upon him with such benignity that, wholly unprepared for a sunburst instead of a storm, he was speechless, and, greatly amused, withdrew from the field.

That property was turned to public uses despite the proprietor. But Mr. Carnegie contemplates no such involuntary dedication. His pamphlet, however, shows the significant conviction that great private wealth imposes great public obligations. It implies that a purely selfish use of it is in some sense a public wrong. Opportunity creates duty, and the man who, having it, rejects it, does a great public injury. His view is that of public spirit in the highest sense. What surplus wealth may be, however, Mr. Carnegie does not assume to decide. Socialism would have the state determine. But it is not necessary to be a socialist to feel, with Mr. Carnegie, that it is now believed that great wealth has great public responsibilities.

THE old historic legends are fast vanishing in the light of greater knowledge. They are explained as sun myths; they are blended in old traditions of different countries. Such is the skill of commentators that the letters of Abelard and Heloise are decreed to be hypothetical, and even Petrarch's Laura is dismissed as an allegory. The ingenuity of speculation

would seem to bring Petrarch into the condition of the English lover in Hyperion. "You are in love with certain attributes," said the lady. "— your attributes, madam!" quoth he. "I know nothing of attributes." "Sir," said she, "you have been drinking;" and so they parted.

When the Germans and Dr. Arnold disposed of Romulus and Remus, and their nurse, who was a more genial form of Red Riding-hood's grandmother, all fairyland was in danger, and since then the whole realm of poetic story has been invaded. Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book* would now have to be rewritten, for its wonders have been reduced from poetry to prose. Even the faithful Lempriere is left adrift as doubtful as Herodotus. The labors of Hercules are assailed, and the sea-birth of Venus is no longer certain. The names, too, are changing. There was a time when it was enough to call the queen of Jupiter, Juno, and the god of the sea, Neptune. But it is to be antiquated and obsolete not to adopt the latest court address of Here and Poseidon. The reasons are profuse. They are as many as those for closing the old *Arabian Nights* told as English stories, and substituting the more erudite Lane version. Nobody is safe in relying upon the earlier lessons which were wholly satisfactory to his ancestors. What seemed to be the very Ultima Thule of knowledge a century ago, is now but a stage of the "unending, endless quest." Are our hapless grandchildren never to know the charm that we knew in the lovely legends of mythology? Shall there be no Perseus, no gardens of the Hesperides?

The other evening some one spoke of the voyage of the Argonauts as a wool-gathering expedition, and made a light jest upon the heavy duties levied on the importation of a single fleece, such as taming fiery bulls and slaying dragons. But tiresome truth says it wasn't a voyage for wool, but for gold, and Jason was not a prince, but a pirate, and there were no enchanted beasts, but only familiar obstacles. There were "no sich," as Mrs. Gamp insisted of more modern things, and the wonder-tale was a foolish fable unworthy of faith in the illustrious century now ending. Alas! and was there no Eden, no flaming sword, no weeping Eve? Has Mark Twain deceived a guileless world, and did he not lament at the grave of Adam?

General Sherman, unmindful of the probability that one day the march to the sea will be accounted in legend a true version of the release of Andromeda—for scientific commentary is capable of even more than that—says that he was an Argonaut of '48, doubtless Jason himself, for wherever he goes he is a leader, and in a charming way he adds his voice to the interpretation of the old story. The words golden fleece and Argonauts, he says, were constantly in the mouths of the early California pioneers, because they were really doing what, under the veil of the legend, Jason and his comrades did.

There was no enchantment; it was plain fact. California was called El Dorado, but it was not an Arcadia for all that. It was a "mighty" rough place, and General Sherman brings poetry and mythology to book. The discovery of placer gold at Sutter's saw-mill in the early part of '48, says the General, was a surprise, and as there was not a library worthy of the name on the Pacific coast, the few Americans there were forced to rely on "horse sense," which they did to some purpose. Now the crushed rock containing gold is usually carried in water along a shallow trough called a "long tom," with cleets holding quicksilver, which has an affinity for gold, known to the miners, and which seizes and holds the gold particles as an amalgam, afterward released by mechanical pressure or by distillation. The California Argonauts had no machinery to crush rock, but the placer gold of the early California clay is the vein gold set free by natural disintegration in the mountains.

Up to a recent time in Brazil, the same "long tom" was used, conduits about twenty-six feet long, the bottom lined with tanned hides, with the hair on instead of quicksilvered cleets (here the explorer of the Jason myth burns violently, as in blind-man's-buff), and this hide, says the General and modern knowledge, is the legitimate successor of the golden fleece. See how he marshals and moves his attacking column!

"In April, 1872," writes General Sherman, "I was at Constantinople with two aids, Audenried and Fred Grant, nominally the guests of the Sultan. There Mr. Curtin and his son joined us, and sent us in his private yacht to Sebastopol. There McGahan and Prince Dolgorouki joined my party, coming from Odessa, the

latter a major on the staff of the general commanding that district. We all went to Yalta; thence to Kertch, Batoum, and Poti. From Poti we went to Kutais and Tiflis. Some of the poorer inhabitants were still washing out gold, and the whole Caucasian range still contains gold, though, like California, it is 'worked out.' Dolgorouki was sent to me as a special compliment—an extra aide—and was full of adventure and historic lore. The Governor of Kutais, General Levisoff, spoke English perfectly, and was as familiar with the local traditions, ancient and modern, as I should expect of the commanding officer at Santa Fe—same at Tiflis. I never met a more accomplished, handsome, intelligent gentleman than the Grand Duke Michael, Governor-General of the Caucasus.

"I was in that country the first half of May, 1872, and from conversation and personal observation reached these conclusions: the present Caucasus is the ancient Colchis; the southern face of the mountain range is a gold region, as it was in the days of the Greeks; gold was then as now a precious metal, sought by traders and strangers (enemies—the name being identical); gold was separated from the sands by flowing water (then as now abundant), by sheepskins, which when loaded were stored for future use, and thereby tempted the trader and the pirate—the golden fleece, not a golden fleece; Jason was a trader and a pirate, and the Argonauts were well adapted to their business, as our California Argonauts became."

General Sherman, in the true modern spirit, finds plenty of romance without "perching Jupiter on Mount Olympus," and prefers to interpret the ancient legends as tales of actions impelled by ordinary human motives. "So fades a summer cloud away." If the heroic legend of Hadley on the Connecticut, only two centuries old, is vanishing, how can we hope to retain as they were told the tales of the misty morning of tradition?

Yet, perhaps, as poetry, even science and research and larger knowledge will permit the modest Hadley legend to survive; and while Hawthorne's magical spell endures, the Caucasus shall still be Colchis, and Jason, seeking the fleece and not the gold, shall still pay the unparalleled duty levied upon the first importation of wool.

THE reader of *Vanity Fair*, or *The Newcomes*, or any other of the annals of what is called, with charming satire, good society, must often secretly rejoice that our simple American life knows nothing of such sad excess. The modesty and plainness of our finest houses, the republican austerity of the toilets and equipages of our world of fashion, the freedom from ostentation of our yellow and pink lunches, of our dinners and balls, our indifference to titled travellers among us, and the fact that the vulgarity of marrying for money is unknown to our happy race, must all strike a Chinese philosopher with amazement and delight, and justify to his judgment our natural boast that republican society by its freedom from the luxury and extravagance of courts is the most attractive in the world.

If we were painfully anxious to emulate the habits of an aristocracy which the system of our government forbids; if the owners of great fortunes, which will be surely divided and gradually dispersed at their deaths, were inclined to build palaces for a few years' residence which surpass the famous houses of a hereditary nobility; if our fine society were in any degree open to the charge of mad extravagance in its amusements, and lived only for its own pleasure; if the old extremes of social condition, profuse wealth and wretched poverty, were visible in the happy land of Columbia, as they are in all the unhappy other lands—the philosopher might, indeed, ask with curious interest how republican society differed from any other, and why our speech assumes a superiority which the facts do not demonstrate.

But has any Chinese philosopher ever observed such anomalies, or has he ever censured or criticised them? The inference is inevitable and conclusive. There can be no misapprehension, therefore, because such a friendly observer from China recently indulged in speculations about imaginary incidents in this republican home of social simplicity. He said, prefacing that it was merely a fanciful speculation, that if an American girl could be supposed anxious or willing to marry a title, as some English maidens are described by their own novelists to be, she could not, as an American, be satisfied with any title less than the highest. She must naturally look to the royal family. And why? Because, he said, according

to your favorite allegation, she is a sovereign. You are constantly assured by your political teachers that the proudest of all titles is that of American citizen, and that the American citizen, as one of the sovereign people, partakes of sovereignty. Now royal houses may intermarry, and how can an American sovereign be a proper match for any title-bearer but a scion of sovereignty?

But more than this, he added, the wearer of the title of American sovereign, in marrying for a title, must condescend to nothing less than a prince, because a just regard for American dignity would spurn a *mésalliance*. In a country where, in virtue of being a republic, every citizen is a sovereign, the philosopher insisted that all foreign marriages except with royalty must be regarded as inadmissible. If this were not conceded, he argued, it is evident to what social anarchy the mis-married American sovereign would be exposed. The American sovereign wedding a knight, or any husband of inferior degree, would be obliged to submit to the precedence of a sister sovereign who had married into a superior rank. Would that be tolerable? Would she expose American dignity to such an affront? What boots it, cried the philosopher, to espouse an earl if Cousin Emma has won a marquis? The only prize gained would be the constant and offensive consciousness that there was a higher prize which Cousin Emma had seized.

The only conclusion I can reach, said the philosopher, is that in the impossible case supposed—namely, that an American

sovereign of the gentler sex should fancy a foreign alliance—the only choice open to her is royalty; but as, in view of the number of American sovereigns, royalty, as you say in this country, would not “go round,” the only course really open is not to marry a title at all. The gentleman with the queue smiled. Then, he said, this reasoning seems to be conclusive in the purely imaginary case of the American queen who should aim to marry a title.

But I have not mentioned the other case, he said, of the American maiden sovereign who does not marry a title, but the man who happens to bear the title, and that we all know—and he bowed politely—would be the case of any American maiden. She then marries despite the title; the title cannot be helped. It is like the color of the eyes or the hair; like the figure and the movement. They are integral parts of the beloved object. Having him, no other can take precedence of her. Whether he be prince, duke, marquis, viscount, or earl, or even baron, it is all one. She marries, as in a republic they all marry, sweetly smiled the Chinese philosopher, for love. American simplicity is charming. I dined yesterday at the Crœsus, and I do not think a banquet of Heliogabalus would have surpassed its Apician frugality. I have been in all countries, but if the feasts of the finest courts in the world surpass the splendor of your republican simplicity, I have not discovered it, said the Chinese philosopher, as he politely wished the wondering Easy Chair good-morning.

Editor's Study.

I.

IF Messrs. Nicolay and Hay needed any justification or defence for the proportions which the biography of Abraham Lincoln took in their hands, they could find it in the words of that other greatest American, who said, “He is the true history of the American people in his time.” But they do not need these words of Emerson to account for the growth of their work to the ten generous volumes which seem at last to have compassed it, and no more. The narrative is a continually expanding stream which

leaves its source at the dim beginning of our annals, and winds its way with broader and broader glimpses of all the bordering facts and conditions till it swells into the sea of national life, and becomes for a time the main which all tributary streams enter and are lost in. But if it had been from the opening to the closing passage simply and strictly the story of Abraham Lincoln, what he said and did, what he thought and was, we should not have censured it for its length, or found it too much. It is his life, his character, his personality, which

gives a final charm to the masses and details of fact wherever they seem little, or loosely, or not at all, related to him, and the outcome if not the progress of the history is biographical. Its persons are made to live in the reader's thoughts; their experiences become part of him; it achieves by the simplest means the result which history mostly fails of, inasmuch that if we cannot say that we wish history might always be written like it, we are quite ready to say that we would on no account have had this history written otherwise. The authors were most familiarly, if not most intimately associated with the man from whose story their names cannot hereafter be dissociated; and it is as if they had instinctively told it as he would have wished it told. It is informal to the last degree, but never undignified; it is plain, but never common; and it is in style and in method as far as can be from all other histories of our time. We are not so conversant with Mr. Nicolay's manner as with Mr. Hay's, but we have seldom been able to assure ourselves that this or that episode was from one or other of the joint authors. Their sacrifice to their task has been complete; they have not merely not wished to distinguish themselves in it, but they have not tried to distinguish themselves from each other. Every part of the immense accumulation of material has been assimilated by the two writers, but the form of its reproduction is so impersonal that it seems as if the facts had made their own record, as if the Nation and the Man had here told their own story in their own way. It does not lessen, it heightens the illusion that the matter often utters itself in divers tones of never unkindly irony: that is the surface mood of America. It was the surface mood of Lincoln, and it does not discord with the deeply underlying earnest in the theme. But nothing of the effect which is so satisfyingly appropriate can be accidental; it must be the result of long-studied and well-counselled intention; and we can be glad of the greatest biography of Lincoln not only as the most important work yet accomplished in American history, but as one of the noblest achievements of literary art: the art which is never noble, but always trivial and base when it is sundered from the service of truth and humanity.

II.

Looking back over the whole course of the narrative, the most interesting thing to note is how gradually yet inevitably Lincoln grew to a national proportion, until at his death he stood so completely for his country that without him it may be said that his country would have had no adequate expression. If America means anything at all, it means the sufficiency of the common, the insufficiency of the uncommon. It is the affirmation in political terms of the Christian ideal, which when we shall affirm it in economical and social terms will make us the perfect state; and Lincoln was the earliest, if he is not yet the only American, to realize in his office the divine purport of the mandate, "Is any first among you? Let him be your servant." He had a just ambition, and a just pride in duty well done, and a just hope of gratitude and recognition; but all these motives sank into abeyance, and may be said not to have governed his action, which was ruled simply by the desire to serve to his best ability the people who had set him over them. If it were not for the record, this long tale of what he bore and did, his patience with every manner of wilfulness and weakness, vanity and arrogance, wickedness and stupidity, would be incredible. His one desire to get the best out of himself, seems to have taught him how to get the best out of others, and he cast no man aside while there was even the hope of any good in him. There is no more signal example of this fact than his treatment of McClellan; and we might almost say that in no other passages of his history is the character of Lincoln made so fully known as in those which give the tragedy of that immeasurable disappointment. A color of his magnanimous patience characterizes the judgment of his historians; they do justice to McClellan's good qualities and his finally unimpeachable patriotism; and they recognize that what Lincoln was hopelessly contending with in the man was not a vice or a crime, but an incurable temperament.

Very possibly the situation has been portrayed before, but we have not been given so perfect a sense, before, of the attitude which Lincoln kept throughout the war, between his people and his generals, until Grant came to his relief. In the mirror which is now held up to that

great, unhappy time we see Lincoln, diffident of his own skill in war craft, urging the military leaders on in the way which was the right way, and continually thwarted by their delay, their error, or their disobedience, while keeping back their civil censors, and bearing with superhuman patience their blame for not satisfying the longing for action that was rending his own heart. It is a wonderful spectacle in the plain daylight now thrown upon it, but not more wonderful than the less dramatic spectacle of Lincoln's position in his own political household, with the rivalries of Seward and Chase in latent or overt contention about him. When both of these really great statesmen and really unselfish patriots one day resigned, and Lincoln prevailed on them both to come back into the cabinet, he found relief in the humorous sarcasm, "I can ride easy now; I've got a pumpkin in each end of the bag."

III.

The humor of Lincoln was, like that of most great humorists, the break of an intense and profound seriousness. Its sunny flash caught the eye more than the solemn depths from which it rose, and his biographers make something like a protest against the exaggerated popular estimate of it. This is very well, but it will not avail. There is a sort of tricky caprice, a whim like a woman's, which fixes the popular estimate of all things, and which no reasoning can change. It is this, apparently, which has chosen the Gettysburg Address to pre-eminent fame out of all the beautiful and perfect things that Lincoln has written and said. Something in the supreme occasion, in the matchless worth of the main thoughts, and in the very quality of haste evident in it, consecrates it to the first place in the memory of the people, and it would be both perilous and futile to attempt to replace it with any other words even of the same man. What surprises, what astonishes, one in a critical examination of his words at all times, almost from the first use he makes of written words, is his artistic sense of them. Here, indeed, is something like the operation of genius, of the thing that we are so many of us eager to substitute for consciousness. It is as if Lincoln were so deeply concerned with what he was thinking that he did not know how electly he was saying it. But

we believe it would be a mistake to suppose this; we believe that this man, without any scholarly training, had schooled himself, had trained himself, to the study of expression, till he felt through all his consciousness the beauty of simplicity, that last and farthest grace, and till it became his second nature to use the right word in the right place, so that he could not have erred without the pain the artist knows when any vocable rings false.

Literary men are somewhat beclouded by the traditions of the shop, in their view of literature. They think it is somehow peculiarly the affair, the product of literary men; and it is good and very wholesome for them to realize that it is by no means entirely so, or perhaps more than partly so. It is not literary men who give it even its most delicate or penetrating subtlety; and there are many other sorts of men who endue it with nobleness and strength. We were thinking as we read many passages quoted in this life of Lincoln from jurists and statesmen, and mere politicians, what a high level of literature was struck by these other sorts of men whenever they had something important to say; and more than ever we rebelled against the notion that good literature is solely the effect of literary culture. In fact his learning may sometimes cumber a man, and make him clumsy and diffuse, and it is always tempting him to mistake the outward shape for the vital inward structure, and to prize what has been put on more than what has come out. Perhaps the fact that the culture, the learning of other men is in unliterary directions is what gives them the advantage of literary men when it comes to literary expression; though this seems pushing conjecture into paradox. What is certain is that the literature of those other men, as we find it quoted in these volumes, is something that gives the reader the pleasure which any fine art imparts. Even the terms in which the Dred Scott decision was rendered are very noble and simple. That decision is not better literature than the dissenting opinions, but it is remarkable for being no worse; it has a kind of state that charms as much as its misreading of history shocks; and it is not without a touch of pathos for "the unfortunate race" whose cruel destiny it finds implicated in its cruel past. But for the most part the pro-slavery men wrote worse

and spoke worse, in the artistic sense, than the antislavery men; perhaps the habit of declaring wrong right, in defiance of reason, resulted in an intellectual decay which inevitably expressed itself in bombast and swagger. At any rate that seems to have become for a time the type of the literature of the South, where since the hard necessity of affirming the heavenly origin of slavery has passed, the work in literature has been so wholesome and important.

Of course it will not do to carry too far the theory of a strict relation between ethics and æsthetics, and to deny that a thing artistically good can come out of a thing morally bad. It might be proved; it seems very probable; but it is not indispensable to an appreciation of the excellence of Lincoln's way of saying things. Any study of any writer will establish the proposition that right-mindedness is the condition of clear-mindedness, that no man can hope to muddle others without first muddling himself; and it never was the wish of Lincoln to do either. Reason charmed him. It is beautiful to see how from the first he sought only to have a lucid vision of the thing before him; how he never failed to accept, to exalt any truth that he clearly discerned. But he had to find out the truth for himself; he reasoned to it; he could not take it ready-reasoned from another, no matter how great, how wise. It was this trait that made him one of the most consistent statesmen who ever lived, and kept him honest from the log cabin to the White House. It is this that gives a perfect solidarity to his whole history, and makes it not less important in its study of his obscure beginnings than in its reflection of his life when it encompassed the nation's. He had faults and foibles which are not blinked by his biographers; he was not far ahead of his time at any time, and he was always of his place, in the Mississippi flat-boat and in the ship of state. But his face was always and everywhere toward the light. This is perhaps the sum of what his biographers make you feel concerning him, and you might justly say that you knew this already.

IV.

The fact that almost everything about Lincoln was known already must have added immensely to the difficulties of their task. No man ever lived whose character, whose history, whose heart

has been more thoroughly explored. The inmost recesses of his most intimate experiences have been laid bare to the curiosity as well as to the sympathy of the world, and his public acts have been subjected to a scrutiny whose intensity has left no motive unsearched. The make of the man in every regard has been portrayed till his image and superscription are ineffaceably stamped upon the thoughts of the generation that knew him in life; and whatever mystery may hereafter gather about him in the ages of an undying fame, the strong, deep lines will always show clear to the eye that scans them. The work of his biographers, then, has been largely a synthesis of impressions, and a dignified and temperate criticism of portraiture which distort or misrepresent him in this point or that, but are none of them wholly unlike. In fact Lincoln was so like all other men, was so essentially human, that if any honest man conceives clearly of himself he cannot altogether misconceive Lincoln. He was so simple, so modest, so good, that he seems a riddle to the sophisticated, and perhaps until the world wholly changes its ideals of distinction and majesty this plainest great man who ever lived must remain a mystery with those who require distance in their great men. He was every one's neighbor, the friendliest, the faithfulest; and he solved in his life the question of how one may continue a hero to one's valet simply by not having any valet, or even thinking of any human being in that relation to him.

V.

It is because we feel that he could only have gained from it that we wish these biographers who knew him so near at hand, had somewhere synthesized their personal impressions of him, and confided to us the last possible word that could be said of his private life. It is true that scattered throughout their biography there are glimpses of what we desire to be fully shown, but without some massing of these details there is a sense of incompleteness. Perhaps we shall finally have added to this monumental work the studies of Lincoln's daily life in the White House which one of the authors is now publishing; if so, there would be nothing left to desire in the materials they supply for a judgment of the man.

As to the general structure of the his-

tory, it seems to us admirably fitted to the materials. There were certain interests that must be treated throughout the whole narrative, and there were certain others that could be regarded as episodes, and set aside after the course of the story had been stayed long enough to do them justice. The French invasion of Mexico was distinctly one of these; and the Vallandigham farce another; and such characters as those of John Brown and Stonewall Jackson could be considered in a single chapter, and thereafter let alone. It is true that Brown had a historical importance which Jackson never had; Brown was of the course of events, but he was a reversionary type like Jackson, who was historically a mere anecdote, curious but not important. What makes him chiefly interesting is that psychologically he was so much of John Brown's make. Our authors study his character in the biographies written by his friends, and their account of Andersonville is wisely drawn entirely from Confederate sources. In fact, considering the many matters of impassioned opinion involved by their subject, the relation of our authors to men and events is remarkably judicial. There is never any question of what their own mind is, but they have a resolute fairness toward those who are of another mind. An eminent example of this is to be found in their scrutiny of the career and character of Stephen A. Douglas, the early rival of Lincoln—an able, selfish, unscrupulous, but not finally dishonest or unpatriotic partisan. Another example of it is in their treatment of the peace party at the North.

But we wish especially to persuade intending readers of the work from slighting the chapters and volumes relating to the origin and development of Lincoln, in the belief that they are comparatively unimportant. They are comparatively most important. They establish the perspective through which only he can be seen aright on the great scene of national history. That part of the work is done with perhaps even greater solidity and dignity than the later passages, which are suffused with a greater warmth of feeling. It is of course merely truistic to say that we cannot understand the man Lincoln became without knowing the man he was; but we are willing to say this in urging every part of his history upon the reader. We wish that it could be known

to every citizen of the republic, and especially to its Southern citizens, the young men coming forward to rule the heritage which in the nature of things they must be only too apt to idealize their mistaken fathers for having tried to throw away. It is the history of this great error couched in terms which ought not to offend, and which can greatly instruct them.

VI.

People who like a strong novel, with intense yet real feeling in it, and the suggestion of earnest thinking, cannot do better than turn to the one which we read between chapters of the Lincoln history, not to shorten it, but to eke it out in length of time. This novel was the last of Björnstjerne Björnson's, which he calls *In God's Ways*, and which has to do with the several walks of a physician and of a minister in them. Norway is a little country and America is a big one, but the spiritual conditions are much the same; the type of pharisaism is the protestant type in both, and the questions involved fit either civilization. They are questions of conscience, and they are dealt with in the lives of people who when they answer them mistakenly do not answer them wickedly, and who when they answer them rightly are not supposed to acquire merit with their Maker for doing so: they remain all very fallible people the same, just as all but a very few of us should if we were in their places. The conclusion of the whole matter is expressed in the words of Pastor Tuft, after his reconciliation with Dr. Kallem, whom he and his wife (Kallem's sister) have so cruelly misunderstood, "There where good people walk, those are God's ways."

The words are spoken in response to the declaration Kallem feels bound to make, "But I do not share your faith," and they surrender the claim to judge another for his opinions and to punish him for them, which we all like to urge. Kallem's opinions are of various heterodox sorts: they permit him to marry a woman divorced from her first husband, and to revere her memory as that of a saint after his sister's not unnatural unkindness has followed her to her death with eager acceptance of all the neighborhood lies against her. Tuft's orthodoxy cannot yield to the necessity for a merely mechanical falsehood with a patient of Kallem's, who must be kept in

ignorance of an amputation performed upon him, and whose death the pastor becomes accessory to in owning the truth about his case. We must leave the reader to follow the story through the evolution of its entirely human characters, and the passages of a drama which has moments of breathless interest; but we can assure him he will not be trifled with or defrauded by any trick of the trade in any part of the action. We ask him to note how probably, and yet how unexpectedly, the different men and women grow out of the children whose life is first presented to us. That is a very great thing, and very uncommon; it is only Tolstoi, that other giant of the North, who has known how to do it as well; and certainly even Tolstoi has not known better how to indicate the compensation of error and virtue in the same person. Any one who loves truth must feel a thrill of delight in the variety of the conceptions in this book, and of more than delight, of fervent gratitude. Such things console mightily; they give hope of a final perfection in art through the artist's simple devotion to truth. If any reader of these pages is at present skulking about with the guilty consciousness of having read Maupassant's *Notre Cœur*, we suggest to him that he can make that loathsome experi-

ence useful by comparing the Norwegian novel with the French novel, and observing how the Frenchman grovels into mere romanticism, and is false even to the fashionable filth he studies, while Björnson never fails of reality in the high level his imagination keeps.

It is interesting, at the moment Maupassant offers us his picture of high life in Paris, and fails to persuade us that it is a portrait of life anywhere, to find the Spanish novelist Valdés painting the aristocracy of Madrid with such vigorous strokes as vivify the scenes of his *Espuma*. The book, which we hope to take up again, is translated in English under the name of *Scum*, and this version of the word, which is a bit violent, is not inapt. It recognizes, once for all, that it is the top of aristocratic and plutocratic "society" in all countries which is really the scum, and not those poor plebeian dregs which mostly boil about the bottom of the caldron and never get to the surface at all. What Valdés's feeling about the "best" people of his country is, the reader of his former novels pretty well knows; but here it is stated in terms co-extensive with his book; and the book is important because it is a part of that expression of contemporary thought about contemporary things now informing fiction in all countries but England.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of December. —At the elections held November 4th, Governors were chosen in nineteen States as follows: California, H. H. Markham, Republican; Colorado, John L. Routt, Republican; Connecticut, Luzon B. Morris, Democrat; Delaware, Robert J. Reynolds, Democrat; Idaho, George L. Shoup, Republican; Kansas, L. U. Humphrey, Republican; Massachusetts, William E. Russell, Democrat; Michigan, Edwin B. Winans, Democrat; Minnesota, W. R. Merriam, Republican; Nebraska, James E. Boyd, Democrat; Nevada, R. K. Colcord, Republican; North Dakota, Andrew H. Burke, Republican; Pennsylvania, Robert E. Pattison, Democrat; South Carolina, B. R. Tillman, Farmers' Alliance and "regular" Democrat; South Dakota, Arthur C. Mellette, Republican; Tennessee, J. P. Buchanan, Democrat; Texas, James S. Hogg, Democrat; Wisconsin, G. W. Peck, Democrat; Wyoming, Francis E. Warren, Republican. In New Hampshire no candidate having received the majority of all the votes cast, the choice of Governor will be made by the Legislature.

The elections for members of the House of Representatives for the Fifty-second Congress resulted in the choice of 222 Democrats, 92 Republicans, and 17 Farmers' Alliance men.

In New York city, Hugh J. Grant, Tammany Democrat, was re-elected Mayor by a majority of 23,199.

The second session of the Fifty-first Congress convened December 1st.—The President in his Message referred in congratulatory terms to the peaceful relations existing between the United States and all foreign nations, to the satisfactory condition of the national finances, and to the marked improvement in foreign and domestic commerce. He called attention to the agitation and organization among the agricultural classes, mentioned briefly the satisfactory work of the Civil Service Commission, discussed the effects of recent legislation, and, among other recommendations, urged the passage of the Lodge Election Bill.—The report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows that the revenues of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, were \$463,963,080 55, and the expenditures \$358,618,584 52. The estimated surplus for the present year is \$52,000,000. The increase of money in circulation since March 4, 1889, has been \$93,866,813.—The report of the Postmaster-General shows that the increase in the receipts of the Post-office Department during the past year has been over \$4,750,000.—The report of the Secretary of the Interior shows that during the present ad-

ministration about 14,276,000 acres of land have been acquired from the Indians by treaty and purchase.

The Copyright Bill passed the House December 3d (139 to 95). The Pension Appropriation Bill passed the House December 5th.

A protectorate over Zanzibar by the British government was formally proclaimed November 7th.

King William III. of Holland died November 23d, and was succeeded by his daughter, Wilhelmina, a child of ten. Queen Emma is regent of the kingdom during the minority of the infant Queen. By the death of King William the Duchy of Luxemburg becomes an independent state, with the Duke of Nassau as its ruler.

DISASTERS.

November 10th.—The British torpedo cruiser *Serpent* foundered off the coast of Spain, near Camariñas. Of 176 men on board, only four were saved.

November 11th.—A collision occurred on the Great Western Railway, near Taunton, England. Ten persons killed and eight injured.—On the river

Waag, near Bisztritz, Austria, fifty-five peasants were drowned by the capsizing of a ferry-boat.

November 12th.—A south-bound overland Pacific train wrecked by the falling of a trestle near Salem, Oregon. Four persons killed and nearly one hundred injured.

November 17th.—The bridge across the Kaw River at Kansas City gives way beneath a freight train. Nine persons killed.

December 4th.—Five men killed and three fatally injured by the fall of a furnace at Joliet, Illinois.

OBITUARY.

November 13th.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral Charles Steedman, United States navy, aged eighty years.—In New York city, Daniel Sidney Appleton, aged sixty-six years.—At New Bedford, Massachusetts, Rev. Henry M. Dexter, D.D., aged sixty-nine years.

November 24th.—In New York city, August Belmont, aged seventy-four years.

November 25th.—In Chelsea, Massachusetts, Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"), aged seventy-eight years.



Editor's Drawer.

IT is difficult enough to keep the world straight without the interposition of fiction. But the conduct of the novelists and the painters makes the task of the conservators of society doubly perplexing. Neither the writers nor the artists have a due sense of the responsibilities of their creations. The

trouble appears to arise from the imitativeness of the race. Nature herself seems readily to fall into imitation. It was noticed by the friends of nature that when the peculiar coal-tar colors were discovered, the same faded, æsthetic, and sometimes sickly colors began to appear in the ornamental flower beds and

masses of foliage plants. It was hardly fancy that the flowers took the colors of the ribbons and stuffs of the looms, and that at the same instant nature and art were sicklied o'er with the same pale hues of fashion.

If this relation of nature and art is too subtle for comprehension, there is nothing fanciful in the influence of the characters in fiction upon social manners and morals. To convince ourselves of this, we do not need to recall the effect of "Werther," of "Childe Harold," and of "Don Juan," and the imitation of their sentimentality, misanthropy, and adventure, down to the copying of the rakishness of the loosely knotted necktie and the broad turn-over collar. In our own generation the heroes and heroines of fiction begin to appear in real life, in dress and manner, while they are still warm from the press. The popular heroine appears on the street in a hundred imitations as soon as the popular mind apprehends her traits in the story. We did not know the type of woman in the poems of the æsthetic school and on the canvas of Rossetti—the red-haired, wide-eyed child of passion and emotion, in lank clothes, enmeshed in spider-webs—but so quickly was she multiplied in real life that she seemed to have stepped from the book and the frame, ready-made, into the street and the drawing-room. And there is nothing wonderful about this. It is a truism to say that the genuine creations in fiction take their places in general apprehension with historical characters, and sometimes they live more vividly on the printed page and on canvas than the others in their pale, contradictory, and incomplete lives. The characters of history we seldom agree about, and are always reconstructing on new information; but the characters of fiction are subject to no such vicissitudes.

The importance of this matter is hardly yet perceived. Indeed, it is unreasonable that it should be, when parents, as a rule, have so slight a feeling of responsibility for the sort of children they bring into the world. In the coming scientific age this may be changed, and society may visit upon a grandmother the sins of her grandchildren, recognizing her responsibility to the very end of the line. But it is not strange that in the apathy on this subject the novelists should be careless and inconsiderate as to the characters they produce, either as ideals or examples. They know that the bad example is more likely to be copied than to be shunned, and that the low ideal, being easy to follow, is more likely to be imitated than the high ideal. But the novelists have too little sense of responsibility in this respect, probably from an inadequate conception of their power. Perhaps the most harmful sinners are not those who send into the world of fiction the positively wicked and immoral, but those who make current the dull, the commonplace, and the socially vulgar. For most readers the wicked character is repellent; but the commonplace raises less prop-

test, and is soon deemed harmless, while it is most demoralizing. An underbred book—that is, a book in which the underbred characters are the natural outcome of the author's own mind and apprehension of life—is worse than any possible epidemic; for while the epidemic may kill a number of useless or vulgar people, the book will make a great number. The keen observer must have noticed the increasing number of commonplace, indiscriminating people of low intellectual taste in the United States. These are to a degree the result of the feeble, underbred literature (so called) that is most hawked about, and most accessible, by cost and exposure, to the greater number of people. It is easy to distinguish the young ladies—many of them beautifully dressed, and handsome on first acquaintance—who have been bred on this kind of book. They are betrayed by their speech, their taste, their manners. Yet there is a marked public insensibility about this. We all admit that the scrawny young woman, anæmic and physically undeveloped, has not had proper nourishing food. But we seldom think that the mentally vulgar girl, poverty-stricken in ideas, has been starved by a thin course of diet on anæmic books. The girls are not to blame if they are as vapid and uninteresting as the ideal girls they have been associating with in the books they have read. The responsibility is with the novelist and the writer of stories, the chief characteristic of which is vulgar commonplace.

Probably when the Great Assize is held one of the questions asked will be, "Did you, in America, ever write stories for children?" What a quaking of knees there will be! For there will stand the victims of this sort of literature, who began in their tender years to enfeeble their minds with the wishy-washy flood of commonplace prepared for them by dull writers and commercial publishers, and continued on in those so-called domestic stories (as if domestic meant idiotic) until their minds were diluted to that degree that they could not act upon anything that offered the least resistance. Beginning with the pepsinized books, they must continue with them, and the dull appetite by-and-by must be stimulated with a spice of vulgarity or a little pepper of impropriety. And fortunately for their nourishment in this kind, the dullest writers can be indecent.

Unfortunately the world is so ordered that the person of the feeblest constitution can communicate a contagious disease. And these people, bred on this pabulum, in turn make books. If one, it is now admitted, can do nothing else in this world, he can write, and so the evil widens and widens. No art is required, nor any selection, nor any ideality, only capacity for increasing the vacuous commonplace in life. A princess born may have this, or the leader of cotillions. Yet in the Judgment the responsibility will rest upon the writers who set the copy.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

NO REASON AT ALL.

THE doctors were having one of their pleasant little dinners, wherein they strive to forget the cares of their profession. A certain mineral water falling under discussion, one of the sons of Æsculapius observed that for the *bon rivant* it was the best medicine he knew of.

"But," said his neighbor, "why should a good liver be dosed?"

A PHASE OF SPORT.

MR. WAG had just returned from abroad.

"Did you see our friend Moody over there?" asked an acquaintance.

"Yes," returned Mr. Wag; "I left him steeple-chasing in Venice."

"You left him wha-a-at?"

"Steeple - chasing — church - hunting, you know."

CARRYING OUT THE METAPHOR.

A DEAR old gentleman who is deeply interested in Sunday-schools, and who never loses an opportunity to pray for them, recently embodied the following singular request in his petition at prayer-meeting: "Dear Lord, bless the lambs of this fold, and make them meet for the kingdom of heaven!"

THE VALENTINE.

THE Princess on Saint Valentine's

A rose found at her door,
To which were pinned some loving lines
Which fond affection bore.

She thought the Prince for whom she cared
Had sent the token sweet;
She never dreamed the jester dared
To be so indiscreet.

So all that day upon her breast
The yellow rosebud lay,
And he, unknown, who loved her best
Was happy all the day.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

BOBBY'S STRATAGEM.

"BOBBY," said his mother, "I don't want you to go over and play with that little boy in the next house. He is not a nice little boy."

Bobby was grieved. The little forbidden boy knew such lots of wonderful games, and was the best fighter in the neighborhood. And then he had just moved to Bobby's street, and new boys are always the nicest.

Bobby went out to the yard, and looked over into the street, where he could see the little new boy, with some others, preparing to play "burnt sacrifice" with a delightful dead rat which they had found. The thought that he could not go over and join in such a splendid new game was almost breaking his heart, when it occurred to him that his mother had provided for only one side of the question, and had left a loop-hole for escape. "Say, little boy," he called, softly, "come over and play with me. I ain't got no bad tricks."

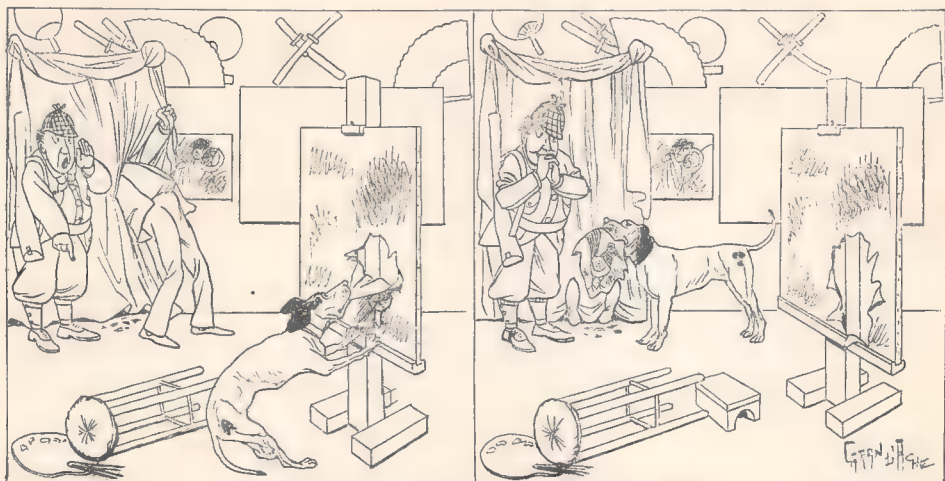
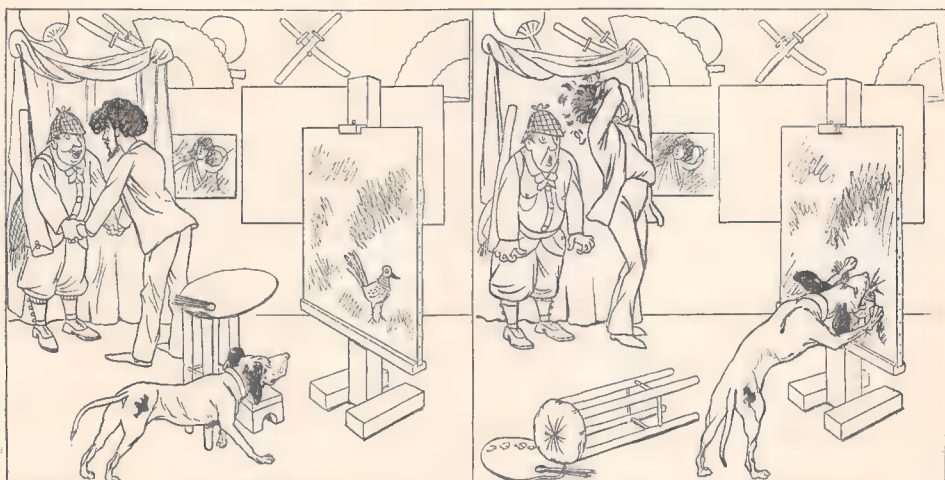
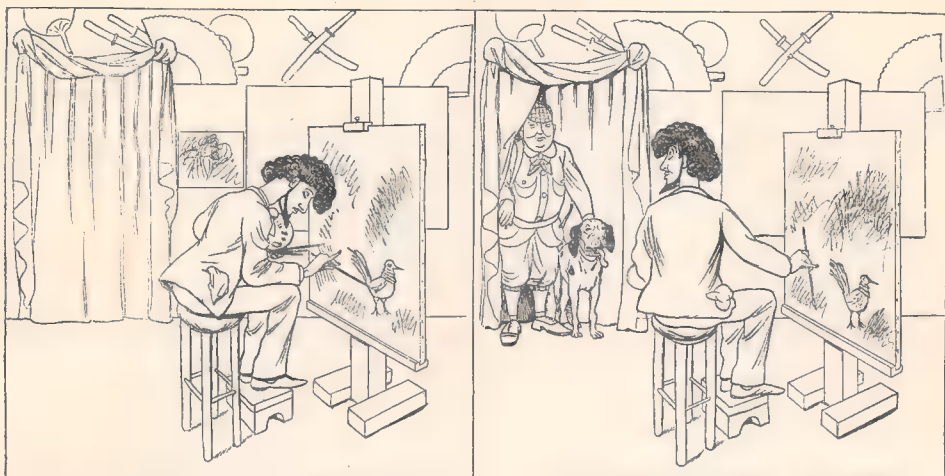
R. W. HANINGTON.

LIBERALISM.

THE term "liberal," as used in religio-philosophical parlance, carries many varying degrees of vagueness in meaning, almost every interpreter giving it such value as he sees fit, but there comes to the Drawer an account of one particular use of the word once upon a time which will probably be new even to those who have fancied that they have exhausted its meaning. During the war one Captain E——, of the Signal Service Corps, during a long period of inactivity in the Virginia mountains, sought to relieve the tedium by becoming acquainted with the officer in command of a station far away from him, but in full view of his own. So by means of the little signal flags, by which any message could be signalled across the hills and valleys, and watched through a field-glass, he introduced himself, and asked, "Who are you?" Then the answer came slowly, spelled out by the same code of signals from his new-made acquaintance miles away, and considering the means of communication it was quite voluminous too: "I am Lieutenant ———, originally enlisted as private in —th Wisconsin regiment; promoted to corporal June 21, 1863; transferred to Signal Service Corps September 1, 1863; age, thirty-eight; single; in politics, Republican; in religion, liberal, *believing that all men will be damned.*"

The foregoing suggests the following, principally because both are reminiscences of the war, but there is in this a certain idea of liberality, though quite different from the first. In a brigade encampment composed of two regiments of Massachusetts troops with two from Pennsylvania—one of them the famous "Roundhead" regiment, recruited in the region settled by the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians—much interest had been taken in a series of religious meetings conducted by one of the regimental chaplains; the enthusiasm had reached a revival pitch, and many conversions had been made. In a conversation between several of the officers and the chaplain, the latter, while stating his general satisfaction with the fruits of his labor, noted as a curious fact that while the attendance at the meetings was about equally made up from the Keystone and Bay State soldiers, the conversions were nearly all among the latter, the former showing almost to a man a lukewarmness that was very discouraging to the chaplain and his assistants. "What!" exclaimed the colonel of one of the regiments whose men had been accused by the exhorter with "backwardness in coming forward"—"What! Is it possible that in a matter of religion the Pennsylvania 'Roundheads' are to be outdone by anybody, even by New England Puritans? I'll see about that. Here, adjutant! See that the order is given that companies B, C, and F report at the chaplain's meeting to-morrow for baptism."

A. MATHEWS.



A TRIUMPH OF ART.—Drawn for HARPER'S MAGAZINE by Caran d'Ache.

QUATRAINS.

THE JESTERS OF A BY-GONE DAY.

Your ancient wits were doubtless bright and gay—
 Sometimes, I think, a trifle over-bold—
 With ancient readers they'd a taking way,
 But for my taste their jests are all too old.

A BAR TO ORIGINALITY.

In one respect Will Shakespeare is a curse
 To literary folk—like me and you;
 He's drawn so largely on fair Nature's purse
 There's really nothing left for us to do.

THE BIBLIOPHILE'S THREAT.

If some one does not speedily indite
 A volume that is worthy of my shelf,
 I'll have to buy materials and write
 A novel and some poetry myself.

MY TREASURES.

My library o'erflows with treasures rare:
 Of Dickens "firsts" a full, unbroken set,
 And in a little nooklet off the stair
 The whole edition of my novelette.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

FAITH.

THE following is an experience in the gold fields:

Mr. S——, a Victorian gentleman, when travelling in New Zealand, visited a newly established gold-mining township. On Sunday a Church of England service was held, which Mr. S—— attended. In the same seat with him was a gorgeously dressed digger, with whom Mr. S—— offered to share his Prayer-book. But the man of gold waved it off with his jewelled hand, saying, in a voice loud enough to be heard all round,

"No, thank you; I'll take his word for it."

A COMFORTING REFLECTION.

PAT wanted a position under the government, and on being told that he must be prepared to pass a civil service examination, applied himself faithfully to the necessary preparation. Some time later his ambition for public preferment seemed to have deserted him.

"What is the matter, Pat?" asked his former employer. "Couldn't you pass the examination?"

"I could that," he replied. "I answered every question on the paper. But," he added, his native wit coming to his rescue, "I guess they thought I knew too much to be wastin' me time washin' windies."

A REQUEST.

DWELLERS in small country towns not infrequently have to put up with a very inferior quality of gas. It was while suffering from a lack of proper illumination that a consumer

penned the following request to the president of the gas company in his town:

—, September 25, 1890.

—, President:

DEAR SIR,—I see in the paper published in this town that your company advertises "illuminating gas." Will you be so kind as to send me a tankful of this, to enable me to discover the whereabouts of the ordinary gas you furnish when lit?

Faithfully yours,

ACCOMMODATING.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE, the eminent "bullist," has a descendant at Lake Luzerne, New York, if one may judge from his conversation. One of his patrons—the individual is a boatman—at the close of the last season, called for his account.

"'Ere it is, sir," said the original—"twelve dollars and ten cents."

"Phew!" whistled the debtor; "I'll have to run up to the hotel and borrow the money to pay you."

"Oh, don't trouble to do that, sir," replied the boatman; "I can lend you the money."

LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE.*

BY THE FELL SERGEANT.

ABOVE the russet mantel of the club
 He stands with boots new shined,—ay, there's the rub!

Th' apparel which proclaims the man is neat;
 The front of Jove—while mem'ry holds the seat.

His hands his pockets keep, a thumb in each;
 His shanks are fully honored in the breech.

His doublet all unbraced, in antient way,
 Is slashed to let his heart ungalled play.

His coat fits snugly, not too new or old,
 And at each end it doth a tail unfold.

Pale is his shirt, enough to freeze young blood;

Its bosom, ex'lent white, contains a stud.

Plunged in more choler than he ought to wear,

He pins his necktie with a bodkin bare.

His knotted and combined locks he parts.

Thus Hamlet stands there smiling to our hearts.

Let's call him Hamlet, father, royal Dane,

We ne'er shall light upon such looks again!

LAURENCE HUTTON.

* That no two pairs of eyes see the same thing in precisely the same light is an established fact; and no two painters with brush or with pen have ever yet succeeded in depicting the same object in exactly the same way. These "lines" upon Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Booth are not intended as a burlesque of Mr. Aldrich's charming verse upon the same subject in another part of the Magazine this month. They were in type as they now stand before Mr. Aldrich's poem was written; and they only go to show how the serious words of the author of *Hamlet* can, in a moment of fine frenzy, be twisted into a frivolous description of the best portrait of the best "Hamlet" of modern times.



ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE. "Teach me, dear creature."

"COMEDY OF ERRORS," *Act III., Scene II.*

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No. CCCCXC.

THE ARGENTINE CAPITAL.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE Argentines have pretensions to civilization and refinement; they boast of their capital, of its rapid progress, of the convenience and luxury of life at Buenos Ayres. This pride and self-congratulation is largely justified, but nevertheless the reality falls far below the descriptions that are current. The visitor's first experience of the hotels is his first disappointment. With the exception of the Grand Hotel, which would rank with third and even fourth class houses in Europe, all the thirty to forty hotels of Buenos Ayres occupy inadequate buildings, and they are badly furnished, badly managed, and altogether wretched, dirty, and comfortless. Nevertheless, the proprietors make good profits. They charge from two and a half to twelve gold dollars a day for each person, and their houses are always full. For men, part of the horror of the ordinary hotels can be escaped by having recourse to the large modern *casas amuebladas*, like the Deux Mondes, Internacional, Sud Americana, Louvre, L'Universelle, which are simply hotels without restaurants. Meals can then be taken in the various eating-houses and restaurants of the business quarter, of which the best are the Café de Paris, Mercer, Sportsman, Rôtisserie Française, and Criterion. There is also a good German restaurant called the Aue Keller, arranged in neo-medizæval style like the Berlin Rathhauskeller. No town in South America has finer restaurants than Buenos Ayres, and, so far as concerns cuisine, the Café de Paris may be compared with the Parisian restaurants of the third category. These restaurants, however, are mainly frequented by foreigners, and almost exclusively by men. It is a rare thing to see a lady dining in a restaurant, and if you do see one, you may be sure

that she is a foreigner. The Argentines go to the hotels, and either live at the table d'hôte, or more generally have their meals served in their rooms, and as you go along the passages, reeking with strong perfumery, you catch a glimpse through half-opened doors of large women, wearing rich clothes and sparkling jewelry, sucking *maté* and eating primitive food, very much after the manner of the Indians of the Gran Chaco. So much luxury and so little real comfort, such is the remark that one is constantly making at Buenos Ayres, and the only explanation of the phenomenon is that the Argentines do not need comfort. Hotels and restaurants are good indicators of the degree of refinement of a community. The fact that the hotels of Buenos Ayres are miserable and dirty, the food horrible, and the service execrable, simply implies that the public neither criticises nor protests, that it wants nothing better, deserves nothing better, and gets what it merits.

Thanks to the opening of the new Darsena, the stranger who arrives at Buenos Ayres is no longer subjected to the torture of landing in small boats or even carts, and of paying ransom to boatmen and porters, whose extortions were curbed by no tariff. Now the river steamers and tug-boats land passengers directly on the quay at about half an hour's ride from the centre of the town, and the only ransom absolutely obligatory is that exacted by the coachmen. The process of landing is rough still, and good police regulations are needed. When once within the town proper the stranger is struck by the narrowness of the streets, which are only forty feet wide, the lowness of the buildings, many of which have only one story, the activity of the traffic,

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the throng of carts and wagons, and the incessant passing of horse-cars, one behind the other. The noise is deafening, and consists of the rolling of wheels, the clattering of hoofs on the rough granite pavement, generally full of holes and ruts; and, above all, the squealing of the tramway horns. In front of each car, just within reach of the driver's lips, is slung a cow-horn, upon which he plays with indefatigable *virtuosité*, eliciting from it piercing notes that suggest at once the howling of a new-born babe, the shrieks of a Punch and Judy show, and the squalling of noctambulant cats. From early morning until midnight every street, from one end of the city to the other, re-echoes with this irritating din. Most of the street cars in Buenos Ayres are open American vehicles with reversible seats; they are generally shabby-looking from hard wear; the horses are small native beasts that never get groomed; they are fed on green fodder and hay alone, and smell most disagreeably; the conductors are seedy fellows of all nationalities, without uniform, and the drivers belong to the lowest category of degraded and cruel human brutes. The street traffic of Buenos Ayres is fertile in instances of the most revolting cruelty to animals, and whether in the cars or in a coach circulation is equally disagreeable and alarming. The pavement being very bad in most of the streets, the carriages shake you up even more than the cars, which dance and jolt along the uneven rails, swing round curves with a wrench and a crash, and from time to time run off the track. There is no limit to the number of passengers in a car. "Hanging on by a strap" and clinging to the foot-board are practised as in North America. The blocking of the streets is frequent, and in the centre you will see twenty times a day a score of tram cars in a string, and a hundred carts and carriages at a stand-still, crowded in a confusion that remains inextricable for twenty minutes or half an hour. In wet weather the roadway is converted into a sort of marsh: the water remains in the holes and ruts and along the tram lines; the wheels cut through the liquid mud, splashing and bespattering the sidewalks and the shop windows, and the only efficacious protection is that of big boots and mackintoshes. Umbrellas are of no use, the sidewalks being so narrow that two

persons walking abreast occupy the whole width. The streets, in short, are inadequate for the traffic of the modern town.

Buenos Ayres is laid out in squares, or *cuadras*, of uniform dimensions, in accordance with the prescriptions of the *Leyes de Indias*, dictated from the Escorial in the sixteenth century. Each *cuadra* measures 142 yards by 142 yards, thus covering an extent of some $4\frac{1}{4}$ acres, and the whole town covers a superficies of 18,000 hectares, or, say, 45,000 acres. The longitudinal streets run from the river more or less from east to west, and the cross-streets at right angles north and south. The central longitudinal street, Calle Rivadavia, running from the river to the suburb of Almagro, divides the town into two parts, and on crossing it the transverse streets change their names. Thus Calle Florida, when it crosses Rivadavia and continues southward, assumes the name of Peru, and so with all the others. The *façades* of each *cuadra*, taken two by two, one on each side of a street, comprise one hundred numbers, fifty on each side; thus, the first *cuadra* contains numbers 1-100, the second, 101-200; the third, 201-300, and so on. It is thus easy to calculate the distance to a given spot. Number 3091, for instance, must be in the thirty-first *cuadra*. Nothing can be imagined more monotonous than to walk through these narrow, straight, interminable streets, which, for the most part, present the same uninteresting perspective and the same stupid *façades* from No. 1 to No. 4000, where the eye at last descries the leprous and arid landscape of the gray suburban plains.

In the new parts of the town only, toward the north, have the dimensions of the streets been changed, and while the rectangular system of *cuadras* has been maintained, the width of the thoroughfares has been more than doubled, and fine roads have been laid out and planted with shade trees on the model of the boulevards of Paris. Such are the *Avenidas de la Republica* and General Alvear, the Calles Santa Fe, Rodriguez Peña, Belgrano, and Callao, and the Boulevard Corrientes, where many handsome buildings have been erected of late years. In all these streets and boulevards the indispensable horse-car runs, generally up one street and down a parallel street, the narrowness not permitting a double line of rails. In 1890 the six tramway compa-

nies of Buenos Ayres were using 199,378 kilometres of track, 342 coaches, and 5882 horses. The journeys of the first three

calves, with leather muzzles over their noses, halting in front of a house while one of them is being milked. There are also many *tambos*, or dairies, all over the town, for the most part dirty and alarmingly unhygienic. The *mozos de cordel*, *changadores*, or street porters, Basques to a large extent, also form characteristic figure subjects as they stand at the street corners, with their red or blue caps, their sacks, and their length of rope, waiting for customers, and ready to vie with the *ka-*



months of the year amounted to 374,355, and the passengers carried to 10,177,078.

The traffic of the streets of Buenos Ayres does not present many picturesque elements. Amongst the most characteristic types are the *lecheros*, or milkmen, generally Basques, who ride in from the suburbs on the top of their milk cans, after the common South-American style. Morning and evening may be remarked, even in the crowded streets of the centre, groups of milch kine, followed by their

mals of Constantinople in carrying enormous weights on their shoulders. In the morning, too, may still be seen in the vicinity of the markets huge bullock carts, or *carretas*, drawn by two or three yokes of oxen. The remaining street types are

LECHEROS.

fish-sellers, who carry their merchandise slung on a pole, itinerant venders of provisions of various kinds, dirty little urchins who black shoes, still dirtier and noisier boys who sell newspapers, organ-grinders, a few ambulant musicians, and a certain number of deformed, decrepit, or able-bodied beggars. The rest of the passers-by are of cosmopolitan type, the predominant features being Italian and Spanish, and the costume as uniform and uninteresting as imported ready-made clothing can render it.

The rapidity of the growth of Buenos Ayres is one of the most remarkable phenomena that the statisticians of the century have observed; it is pronounced to be marvellous and without parallel. The effective population, including visitors, at the time of the last census (September, 1887), was 433,375. The population actually domiciled in the city and the annexed suburbs of Flores and Belgrano at the moment of the census was 423,996. The legal population, that is to say, the population born on the spot, was only 75,062. The balance between the legal and the effective population, 358,313 persons, consisted of 129,672 born in various parts of the republic, and 228,641 foreigners. At the time of the previous census, taken in 1869, the population of the actual city and suburbs amounted to 187,126, so that the increase in eighteen years was 246,249 souls. The statisticians furthermore demonstrate that the annual increase of Buenos Ayres is greater than that of Chicago or any other North-American city. The proportion of foreigners in 1887 was 112 to every 100 Argentines. Argentines figure for 47.2 per cent. in the total population; Italians, 31.1 per cent.; Spaniards, 9 per cent.; French, 4.6 per cent.; and all the foreigners together, 52.8 per cent. of the total population. In the census of 1887 the Germans and the English numbered each about 4000, and the North-Americans less than 600.

As regards religion, the immense majority of the population, 97.8 per cent., professedly belongs to the Roman Catholic faith; 1.8 per cent. includes Protestants of all sects, mostly English and Germans; Israelites of both sexes number 366; and free-thinkers, 868. Such at least are the figures of the census of 1887, and there is no reason to believe that the proportions have materially changed since that date.

In the years 1888 and 1889 immigration

continued on a large scale, and the total population of the city is supposed to have increased to half a million. In the beginning of 1890, however, the current of immigration slackened,* and entirely ceased by the time the revolution of July broke out, while at the same time, owing to the monetary crisis, the cessation of building operations, and the increased cost of living, a counter-current of emigration set in, and took away many thousand masons, carpenters, and artisans, to say nothing of people engaged in commerce; so that, although it is currently stated that Buenos Ayres has an actual population of half a million, it would be nearer the truth to fix the figure at 475,000, or even less.

The city itself has naturally increased with the growth of the population. The census of 1869 gave a total of 20,858 houses for the city and the suburbs of Flores and Belgrano, out of which 1300 were mere ranchos or huts, with thatched roofs, and 1558 modern structures. This total, however, is misleading, because apartments and flats are in many cases counted as houses. The census of 1887, more accurate and trustworthy, gives a total for the city and suburbs of 33,804 houses, of which the vast majority, 28,353, have only one story, 4979 two stories, 436 three stories, and 36 four stories. The census of 1869 mentions no houses having four stories. Furthermore, it may be noted that in the census of 1887 the thatched ranchos have entirely disappeared. The great increase in building began in 1880, and came to a halt in 1890, when the emigration current and the crisis caused a decrease in the population of the city, and therefore in the demand for lodging.

The history of domestic architecture in Buenos Ayres may be divided into four periods. The first is that of the thatched rancho. The second is that of cane roofs, thick walls of adobe or brick, doors studded with big nails, few and small windows protected by heavy iron gratings, large rooms, and court-yards after the

* The following figures show the number of immigrants who arrived at Buenos Ayres during the first five months of 1889 and 1890:

	1889.	1890.
January	22,100	15,531
February	23,595	12,307
March	18,965	11,259
April	20,479	10,480
May	20,889	9,724
Total	106,028	59,301

Andalusian style. The builders of these spacious houses were Spanish masons called *alari-fes*. Several of the old-fashioned houses still exist in Buenos Ayres, and are inhabited by conservative creole families. In the old provincial towns, like Cordoba and Corrientes, they are numerous. The houses of the third period have tile roofs, parapets, and balustrades to crown the façade, exterior walls coated with stucco or Roman cement, and painted rose, blue, and other colors, ornamental wrought or cast iron gratings or *rejas* over the windows, marble pavements, and often marble panels on the walls. Houses of this description, generally only one story high, and built for the most part by Italian masons, form eighty per cent. of the total of the capital. They are small, inconvenient, unhygienic, and entirely without modern comforts. Their exterior aspect reveals no particular style of architecture; most of them are plain and devoid of any ornamentation except the iron gratings over the windows; others are overloaded with capitals, cornices, columns, caryatides, and fleurons, all modelled in cement, and very limited in design. You see the same patterns repeated on a hundred houses. Similar want of variety and want of taste is displayed in the painting and interior adornment of the rooms. The current ideal of domestic architecture seems to consist in the greatest possible quantity of ornamentation on the façade and in the court-yard, or *patio*, which must further be decorated with plaster statues and some palm-trees and plants in pots. Then



STREET PORTERS.

the whole is pronounced to be very pretty (*muy lindo*). The fourth and present period is one of complete transformation. The materials of construction are exclusively iron for columns, girders, and rafters, which are mostly manufactured in Belgium, and brick and cement for the walls and ornaments. The buildings, whether business blocks or dwelling-houses, have basement floors and three or four stories, and all the conveniences that hygienic engineering has devised. Some



SHOEBLACKS.

of the modern business blocks, for instance, those of Tornquist and Company, Staudt and Company, and several blocks in the Calle Florida, including the vast edifice of the Bon Marché, still in course of construction, the building of the Municipality, and several of the new school-houses, are very handsome, the dominant style being so-called modern German, or, in other words, an adaptation of Renaissance elements to modern requirements. The tendency of this new movement in Argentine architecture is to give to the capital a markedly European aspect. In the domestic architecture, on the other hand, especially in the new houses to be seen in the north of the city, the favorite styles seem to be French and Ital-

ian Renaissance, with high peaked roofs, jutting turrets, and oriel-windows. All this seems strange when one reflects upon the fitness of things in general and the conditions of architecture in particular. In Buenos Ayres there is no building stone of any kind, much less a stone susceptible of receiving the delicate carving that contributes to the essential charm of Renaissance architecture. The sources of inspiration that are naturally and historically indicated to the modern Argentine architects are not those of the Renaissance, whether French, Italian, Belgian, or modern German, but those of the Moorish monuments of

Andalusia and of the East. The architectonic distribution of the Moorish house is the one that has hitherto prevailed in Spanish America; the constructive materials of Moorish architecture are those which the resources of the country offer; the methods and kinds of ornamentation employed by the Moors are alone reasonable and appropriate where the natural and available elements are clay, lime, sand, and their derivatives, together with wood and marble.

While the narrow streets of Buenos Ayres are inadequate for the actual traffic, the houses are insufficient to lodge the population in conditions of decency. The working classes especially are most miserably quartered in tenement-houses con-



structed without regard to hygiene. Considering its vast extent—18,000 hectares—the city is thinly populated, the explanation being the prevalence of houses of one story occupying a superficies which, in a city like Paris or Berlin, would be covered by a house of five or six stories, giving accommodation to twenty or thirty families. Even in the centre of the city—for instance, in the Calle Florida, the Bond Street, and the Boulevard des Italiens of Buenos Ayres—there are many houses of one story, and still more of two only. Why, one asks, do not the owners build new and lofty blocks? Surely it would be a good investment, given the dearness of rents. Yes, this reasoning is excellent; but the proprietors remain imperturbable, either through creole apathy, or because they have hitherto preferred to employ their money in the more rapidly and more handsomely remunerative business of speculation in land, stocks, and gold. At any rate, the

fact remains that 80 per cent. of the houses of the Argentine capital have only one story, that rents are enormously high, and that the population is distributed over a superficies so great that a large portion of the lives of the citizens is uselessly spent in the disagreeable and stultifying process of travelling in the horse-cars.*

As for the poorer classes, who cannot afford to lose time and money in locomotion, they are crowded in the centre of the town, in the so-called *conventillos*, those

* The reconstruction of modern Buenos Ayres is subject to certain municipal regulations which leave complete latitude to the architect as far as style and decoration are concerned, but require certain conditions of solidity and impose certain limits of height. Thus, in the streets that are less than 10 metres wide, the façade of a building, measured from the sidewalk to the cornice, must not exceed 16 metres. In the wider streets the façades may be higher, but must never exceed 20 metres. Public buildings, theatres, churches, and special edifices are exempt from these rules.

fearful sheds with zinc and iron roofs that are to be seen near the river between the central station and the suburb of La Boca. The census of 1887 shows that there were at that date 2835 conventillos in the city, inhabited by 116,167 persons, who live a dozen or more in a room, in conditions that render morality, decency, or cleanliness impossible.* Recently a few new tenement-houses have been built in hygienic conditions and according to the new regulations of the police; but in order to accommodate the poorer classes of Buenos Ayres in a more or less humane manner, at least 6000 such houses, each with a capacity of 200 persons, are needed. It is needless to add that this number will not be attained for years to come at the present rate of progression. Meanwhile the old system of unhealthy and abominable sheds remains, and the poorer working-men and their families live in bestial promiscuity.

The apparatus of public instruction seems to occupy the attention of the government in a becoming manner, and doubtless in course of time the citizens will be fairly well educated. At present, as far as my experience goes, the young Argentines are as ignorant and badly informed as they are badly behaved, and that too not from want of intelligence—they are even precociously intelligent—but from lack of severe and logical training. One is tempted to conclude that there is a want of discipline and of good pedagogic methods in the schools and colleges, and one cannot believe that the extreme license allowed to boys of ten and twelve years of age, such as liberty to smoke, and to contract premature habits of vice and immorality, is compatible with good intellectual training. A more corrupt, rude, unlicked, and irrepressible creature than the average Argentine boy it would be difficult to find in any other civilized country. The girls, too, have an air of effrontery and a liberty of language to which the older civilizations of the world have not accustomed us. The educational statistics are, however, satisfactory, so far as mere registered results are concerned. There are two universities,

* The census of 1887 shows that the total number of houses in the city contain 261,456 rooms. The average of rooms in the Buenos Ayres houses is, therefore, less than 8. More than 35 per cent. of the houses contain from 3 to 5 rooms. The majority of these houses naturally occupy ground on which houses of 10, 20, 30, or more rooms could be built.

one at Buenos Ayres and one at Cordoba, which together counted 993 students in 1889, and delivered 234 diplomas, including 81 doctors of law, 85 doctors of medicine, and 11 civil engineers. In the whole republic there are 16 national colleges, with a teaching corps of 464 professors, and an attendance, in 1889, of 2599 pupils. In the capital and the provinces there are 35 normal schools, with 12,024 pupils of both sexes, who become professors and teachers, chiefly for the primary schools. In Buenos Ayres in 1889 there were 285 primary schools, directed by 1571 teachers, and attended by 54,509 children. In the provinces there were 2719 primary schools, with a teaching staff of 4532, and an attendance of 205,186. To resume, the results obtained were 3042 primary schools, 6103 teachers, 259,695 pupils, and 2373 primary school houses in the whole republic. Of these school-houses 485 are the property of the nation or of the provinces, and 1888 private property.

About 100 periodical publications are issued in the Argentine capital, but only a few have any real importance, either from their contents or the extent of their circulation. The chief are the daily papers—*La Prensa* and *La Nacion*, each with a circulation of about 20,000; *Le Courier de la Plata*, with less than 5000; *The Standard*, about 3000; *The Buenos Ayres Herald*, about 1500; *La Patria Italiana*, 12,000; *L'Operaio Italiano*, 6000; *El Correo Español*, 4000; *Sud America*, 6000; the evening journals *El Nacional* and *El Diario*, the latter with a circulation of about 13,000; the weekly satirical journal *Don Quijote*, and the *Sud Americano ilustrado*, which aspires to become the *Harper's Weekly* or the *Graphic* of South America. The principal daily journals are large four-page blanket sheets printed on poor paper, of slovenly typographical aspect, and of inconvenient proportions. As regards commerce and financial matters, they are excellently informed; their foreign news is as good as can be obtained from the telegraphic agencies; their political articles are generally well written and full of good sense, except in certain journals like *Le Courier de la Plata* and *Sud America*, which have sold their independence for government subventions; the local news is collected by reporters whose zeal seems to be exemplary. As for the rest of the paper—the social article, the musical, dramatic, and literary

criticism—it is “amateurish,” to say the best. Apart from the good features noted above, the newspapers of the Argentine capital owe all their excellence and readableness to plumes borrowed from the Parisian papers, whose chroniques, essays, and stories they translate. *La Pren-*



PLAZA SAN MARTIN.

sa and *La Nación* also have special correspondence from Paris, written by Jules Simon, Jules Clarétie, and Paul Foucher, and letters from Madrid by Castelar and Perez Galdos, the novelist. Like all Latin

newspapers, those of Buenos Ayres publish a *feuilleton*, which is almost invariably a translation from the French. Indeed, such intellectual life as exists in the Argentine is a distant reflection of that of Paris; there is no native literary production worthy of the name, except in the departments of history and of versification. Thus it happens that the signatures you find in the newspapers of Buenos Ayres are the same as those of the Parisian journals: Zola, Daudet, Goncourt, Feuillet,

Guy de Maupassant, Georges Ohnet, Jules Mary, Xavier de Montépin, etc. The intellectual influence of France in the Argentine Republic is too noticeable not to be particularly dwelt upon. Indeed, in all that concerns civilization, the Argentines look up to the French, and imitate them when they get rich enough and sufficiently cultivated, just as the preceding generations in political matters looked up to and tried to imitate the United States. Nowadays, however, there is reason to believe that the prestige of the United States is not what it used to be in the Argentine mind, a fact for which the inadequate diplomatic representation of the great Northern sister is largely responsible, combined, of course, with the limited commercial intercourse existing between the two republics. On this point Dr. Roque Saenz Peña expressed the real sentiments of the country when, at the congress of Washington, he said, in terms that were scarcely softened in their intensity by a veil of courtesy: "I am not wanting in affection and love for America. I am rather wanting in distrust and ingratitude toward Europe. I do not forget that there is Spain, our mother, contemplating with unfeigned joy the development of her old dominions under the action of noble and virile peoples that have inherited her blood; that there is Italy, our friend; there France, our sister . . . Europe that sends us laborers and completes our economical life, after having sent us her civilization and her culture, her science, her arts, industries, and customs, which have completed our sociological evolution."

In the commerce of Buenos Ayres the banking, import, and export business predominate, and these, together with the derivative branches, maritime agencies, commission houses, custom-house clearers, or *despachantes de aduana*,* money-

changers, and auctioneers, all operate on an enormous scale. The movement and activity of the port, the warehouses, the Bourse, and the business streets of the Argentine capital is truly marvellous, and to be compared only with that of the great commercial ports of Europe. To enter into details concerning all these businesses would require many pages of technical considerations that would not interest the general reader, and which the specialist will find ready at hand in published treatises, at least so far as concerns the financial history of the republic up to the last crisis. It may, however, be of general interest to make a few remarks about certain special branches that are peculiarly characteristic of the Argentine, such, for instance, as the stores for the sale of building materials, *corralones de madera* and *ferreterías*. The principal articles sold by the former are, besides timber, the iron columns, girders, and rafters, columnas and tirantes, now exclusively used in all modern constructions both in town and country. Some of these *corralones* do a daily average business of \$30,000. The *ferreterías*, besides ironmongery and general hardware fittings, also sell paint, varnish, wall-paper, gilt mouldings, and window-glass. Many of these stores are immense, and luxurious in aspect.

In the retail commerce of the city the shops for the sale of articles of luxury occupy the first place, together with the bazars, the jewelry shops, and the dry-goods stores, of which one, La Ciudad de Londres, is a small rival of the Paris Magasins du Louvre. In no city perhaps, except Montevideo, are jewellers' shops more numerous in proportion to the population than in Buenos Ayres, and at least forty or fifty are fine and rich establishments, having most costly and extensive stocks of the dearest articles—brilliant,

* The *despachante de aduana* is an indispensable person in the ports of Buenos Ayres and of Montevideo. In the Argentine and in Uruguay the customs regulations require so many complicated operations for the landing and clearing of imported merchandise that much practice and special knowledge are necessary in order to get the goods out without harm and without too great loss of time. Thus the men who know the ins and outs and all the processes of the custom-house possess a very lucrative profession, and even the largest importing houses find it preferable to employ these specialists rather than to intrust the delicate work of clearing to an employé of their own. The custom-house of Buenos Ayres is generally reported to be a hot-bed

of thievery and corruption, and several of the superior employés with whom I talked confirmed the rumors that I had heard from tradesmen. It is impossible to get anything out of the custom-house in less than one month after its arrival; if you get your goods cleared within two months you are lucky. The European exporters give the Argentines six months' credit from the date of shipment of goods. Supposing the goods go out in a sailing ship, we may reckon ninety days for the journey, and sixty to seventy days for the custom-house formalities, and so the importer really has no credit at all. A whole chapter might be written on the tyranny, abuses, and obstructive regulations of the Argentine custom-houses.

pearls, precious stones, chronometers, and watches of the most expensive kind. The majority of the diamonds and precious stones sold in Buenos Ayres are mounted in the city, and I may say without exaggeration that the jewellers of Paris and of London do not make a more brilliant display of costly jewels than their colleagues of the Calle Florida. Most attractive displays are also found in the bazars, which make a specialty of all the fancy articles and objects of art or of luxury that London, Paris, Milan, Venice, and Vienna produce—bronzes, marble statues by facile Italian chisels, terra-cotta figures, Italian oil-paintings and fac-simile water-colors, French photo-gravures, Italian carved furniture, gorgeously framed mirrors, lacquered articles from Paris, caskets, glove boxes, fans, dressing-cases, Japanese porcelain, gaudy albums, rich table services, and silver toilet sets of prodigious size and splendor. One of the first things that struck me as I strolled along the Calle Florida, after the glittering and innumerable diamonds, was the size and quantity of silver toilet jugs and basins—objects rarely seen in Europe except in the houses of crowned heads and *cocottes*. Some of these bazars do business only by auction; there are sales two or three nights a week, and exhibitions of objects, with a free piano recital, on the other nights. At these auctions the more showy and useless the article, the higher the price it fetches; and as regards pictures, oleographs, engravings, and bronzes, whether



ENTRANCE TO THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

real bronze or *zinc d'art*, as the French term is, my observations tended to show that the larger the size, and the more complete the nudity of the subject represented, the higher the price paid. The majority of the objects sold at these auctions are imported from Italy. While speaking of the immense demand for rich fancy articles and *objets de luxe* which has existed at Buenos Ayres during the ten years of prosperity between 1880 and 1890, it is curious to note how easily the market has been worked, and what poor, vul-

gar, and commonplace articles the Argentines have received in exchange for their dollars. Both in the houses and in the shops of Buenos Ayres objects of real artistic merit are extremely rare, and bad taste reigns supreme in the accessories, ornaments, and bibelots, as well as in the furniture and hangings. The culture of the Argentines is still too limited to entitle us to ask of them evidences of delicate taste. Their love of showiness is an instinct, and not to be lightly condemned. They are typical *rastacouères*, and their natural tendency is to buy what is rich and expensive. Given these conditions, the modern North-American art industries—the gold and silver smith's art, the weaving of rich stuffs, the making of fine furniture and glass-ware, and the various minor industries which produce fancy articles, often far from commendable it is true, but nevertheless always having a *cachet* of their own when placed side by side with the old-fashioned routine goods of Europe—have been neglecting an excellent and willing market. Hitherto these finer North-American manufactures are quite unknown in the southern republics.

The auctioneer, *martillero* or *rematador*, is a great personage in the Argentine, and an indispensable factor in the commerce of the country. An auction, or *remate*, is the beginning, the end, and the intermediary period of almost every transaction. In no city in the world is there anything to be compared with the *remates* of Buenos Ayres, and in no country has sale by auction become the universal national institution that it is in the Argentine. The moment the visitor lands he sees immense advertisements, *remate de terrenos*, a fine corner lot here, so many leagues there; the fourth page of the huge blanket-sheet newspapers is filled with advertisements of sales of land and houses; the streets are hung with flags, banners, and scarlet cloths, with white letters announcing *gran remate* of this and that; along the Paseo de Julio the cheap-jack shops have their auctioneer perched on the counter, and other *rematadores* are there under the colonnade ready to sell leagues of land to the newly arrived immigrants. Cargoes of imported merchandise, ships, land, houses, crops, wool, the products and fruits of the country, cattle, blood stock, furniture, jewelry, things new and things old, all

pass under the hammer, and the auctioneer takes his percentage, varying from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 per cent., and becomes richer and richer as his voice grows hoarser and hoarser.

In the newspapers, in advertisements, and in official reports there is much self-congratulation on the subject of the progress of manufacturing industry in the republic. The moment there is question of creating an "*industria nacional*" the government is ever ready to impose protective customs tariffs on the article concerned, the only result being, in nine cases out of ten to put a heavier tax on the consumer, who is still obliged to have recourse to the foreign producer. In reality Argentine national manufacturing industry is at present, with certain exceptions, a small and often factitious affair. Statistics, however, would make it out to be very important. Thus the official census of 1887 mentions more than 6000 industrial establishments in the city of Buenos Ayres, giving employment to more than 40,000 persons; but in order to make up this total the census includes 700 shoemakers, of whom some are mere street-corner cobblers, 466 tailors, 243 bakers, 651 carpenters, 400 barbers, 114 confectioners, 279 modistes, and so forth. There are certainly manufacturing industries, but not precisely such as to entitle a country to great industrial renown. There are, however, certain national industries in course of development which are worthy of note. Such are the oil manufactories of Buenos Ayres, producing good table oil from the pea-nut, or *mani*, which grows in abundance in Santa Fe, Entre Rios, Corrientes, and the Chaco, and also common oils from other oleaginous seeds. Cart, carriage, and harness making are likewise truly national and flourishing industries, as well as brewing, milling, and distilling, canning and preserving meat, fruit, and vegetables, and the manufacture of macaroni and alimentary pastes, cigars, wax matches, and furniture. There are some 50 macaroni manufactories in Buenos Ayres, and about 120 cigar and cigarette manufactories, where only inferior cigars are produced, but where cigarettes are made by millions with imported tobacco, chiefly Havana picadura. The home-made cigarette monopolizes the immense Argentine market; the marks are very numerous, each being popularized by artistic chro-



C. S. REINHART. 70

THE CATHEDRAL AFTER SERVICE.

mo-lithographic wrappers and catching names, such as Excelsior, Tip-Top, Clic-Clac, etc.; and the competition between those engaged in this profitable industry, combined with the Argentine love of showy novelties, necessitates the continual

creation of new designs. At the time of my visit I counted nearly a hundred varieties of cigarettes in the shops of the capital. The native wax matches, put up in dainty boxes after the French and Italian fashion, have monopolized the market

since 1880, having driven out the Italian matches that held the monopoly from 1870, up to which latter date the French were the exclusive purveyors of this article. In no city in the world, in proportion to the population, are more wax matches used than in the Argentine metropolis, where every man and every boy above ten years of age smokes cigarettes from morning until night. The cigarette is tolerated everywhere, in the tramways and trains, in-doors and out-of-doors, in the ministries and public offices, in the warehouses and offices; even the clerks in the banks smoke their cigarettes and puff smoke in your face as they hand you your count of paper dollars, or *oro sellado*, and the ordinary commercial employé may generally be found with a cigarette behind one ear and a wooden toothpick behind the other, always ready to take advantage of a moment's leisure.

The furniture interest has developed within the past twenty years in a remarkable manner. Formerly only plain white-wood articles were made in the republic, while Germany supplied the rich and so-called artistic goods. At present Germany no longer sends ship-loads of furniture, because the Argentine national manufacturers have succeeded in imitating with advantage the taste and quality of all the articles formerly imported from Germany. The French furniture imported nowadays consists only of fancy pieces—chairs and *meubles de grand luxe*. English furniture is imported in small quantities, and North America and Austria supply the Argentine with thousands of dozens of bent-wood and other cheap chairs, which are seen all over the republic, in the houses of rich and poor alike. The furniture manufactories of Buenos Ayres, numbering more than 300, supply the provinces also; and although we hear much talk about the utilization of the timber riches of the Chaco, this industry is still dependent upon imported woods.*

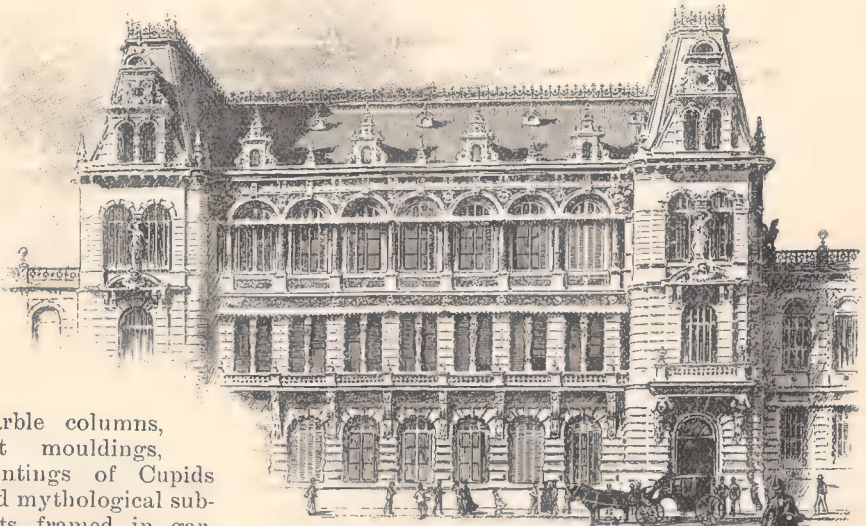
Monumental Buenos Ayres does not offer much interest from the artistic point

of view, the general impression of the town being rather one of monotony and uniform ugliness; the fine buildings there are do not impose themselves upon the view; one has to search deliberately for them, especially in the narrow streets, where the eye commands only a limited perspective. We will begin our review with the Plaza de la Victoria, which, although situated on the flank of the city, at a distance of one cuadra from the river, is nevertheless the conventional centre toward which converge not only ten important streets, but almost all the tramways. In the middle of the plaza, which is laid out in grass-plots, and bordered with a cordon of palm-trees affording no shade, is a white stucco pedestal and pyramidal column surmounted by a statue of Liberty, the whole commemorating the 25th of May, 1810—Independence Day. At the end of the plaza toward the river, and opposite the Palacio de Gobierno, is an equestrian statue of the national hero, General Belgrano. Around the plaza are the Palacio de Gobierno, the Palace of Justice, the Bolsa Comercial, the Colon Theatre, now being transformed into premises for the Banco Nacional, the Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace, the Chamber of Congress, and various arcades and houses of mean aspect, destined to disappear in the gradual reconstruction and embellishment of the square. The finest building on the plaza is the Palacio de Gobierno, flanked by the Law Courts and the new Post-office, the latter not yet occupied for business. This block, designed by an Italian, is in the Italian Renaissance style. The façade, although not uniform and not harmonious as a whole, contains some excellent details. The end façade facing toward the Paseo de Julio is of a style approaching the composite Corinthian. In this block, called the Casa Rosada, are the apartments of the President of the republic, which have been recently restored, and present an aspect of royal rather than of republican splendor. Mosaic pavements,

* The census of 1887 gives the number of persons employed in the commercial houses of Buenos Ayres as 33,904, of whom more than 13,000 are Italians, 7000 Argentine, 7000 Spaniards, and nearly 3000 French. The Germans numbered 657; the English, 604; and the North-Americans, 62. The Argentines own the largest number of houses, whether of importation, exportation, or both combined; but the houses that do the greatest amount of business are those of the English and Germans,

the former owning about 60 establishments, and the latter 90. The French own 130 houses, and hold the third place, so far as importation is concerned, according to the statistics of 1888, and the second place next to England in combined imports and exports.

The number of *casas introductoras*, or import houses, given by the last census is 672; export houses, 55; and import and export combined, 100; in all, 827.



ESCUELA PETRONILA RODRIGUEZ.

marble columns, gilt mouldings, paintings of Cupids and mythological subjects framed in garlands, medallions, and arabesques in the Pompeian taste, colored glass, gorgeous curtains, showy furniture—all the magnificence

that money can buy, and all the profusion of ornamentation that contemporary Italian genius can invent, have been lavished on every inch of wall, floor, and ceiling. The staircase, entirely of marble, is of fine proportions and splendidly over-decorated. I may add that the Argentines venture to compare it with the staircase of the Paris Opera. The Palacio de Gobierno is built of brick faced with stucco, and all the columns, capitals, and ornaments are likewise of stucco. The Bolsa Comercial, founded in 1854, and recently installed in new premises, has an elegant and imposing façade on the plaza. The grand hall is in the Corinthian style, surrounded by a gallery. The ornamentation is simple and in good taste, and all the offices and appurtenances seem to be convenient and commodious, inasmuch as more than one thousand persons are constantly moving about at ease within the precincts of the Bolsa. Only the brokers and the members are admitted to the building, the entrances of which are guarded by footmen in livery. The Bolsa has a second entrance in the Calle Piedad, where the principal banks and financial establish-

ments are situated. From twelve to one, and again from three to four in the afternoon, the Buenos Ayres Stock Exchange presents a scene of animation and noise that few of the exchanges of Europe or North America can surpass. Transactions of all kinds, commercial, industrial, financial, and speculative, are transacted, but the chief operations are in gold.

On the same side of the plaza as the Bolsa is the cathedral, founded by Juan de Garay in 1580, rebuilt in 1752, and adorned in this century by General Rosas with a heavy classical portico of twelve columns supporting a tympanum on which is a bass-relief representing the meeting of Joseph and his brethren. The interior, spacious and lofty, with a cupola 130 feet high at the end, is divided into three naves with massive columns.*

* The dimensions are 270 by 150 feet, the area 4500 square yards, and the capacity, 18,000 persons. It is the sixth in this respect, the order of holding capacity being: St. Peter's, at Rome; St. Paul's, London; Antwerp cathedral; Saint Sofia; Notre Dame, at Paris; and then the cathedral at Buenos Ayres. Besides the cathedral, there are twenty-three Catholic churches and four Protestant churches in Buenos Ayres, but none of architectural interest.

The aspect is cold, bare, and poverty-stricken. It is to be feared that the Argentines do not attach very much importance to religion, and in this impression I was confirmed when I saw in the cathedral the ceremonies and procession of the Corpus Christi. The robes of the clergy, the candlesticks, the banners, and all the ritual accessories were of the cheapest and most paltry description, while the attendance of the public was small considering the size of the city. In Buenos Ayres you do not see the same manifestations of piety and respect that are noticeable in Chili and Peru. The Argentine ladies have entirely abandoned the use of the *manta*, which in Santiago and Lima makes all women equal before the altar. When they go to church they wear Parisian toilets, and cover their faces with rice powder and veloutine. The men rarely go beyond the church steps, where they wait to compliment or insult the ladies as they pass after service is over.

The only monument of merit and interest inside the cathedral is the tomb of General San Martín, placed in a side chapel or rotunda annexed to the building. On a pedestal of red marble stands a black marble urn, surmounted by a mantle, sword, hat, and laurel wreath in bronze, and guarded by three allegorical marble figures of the Argentine, Chili, and Peru. The inscriptions around the base mention the chief dates and events in the career of the liberator of Spanish America, and on the wall of the chapel a slab of black marble proclaims as follows in gilt letters:

JOSÉ DE SAN MARTÍN.

GUERRERO DE LA INDEPENDENCIA ARGENTINA.

LIBERTADOR DE CHILE Y EL PERÚ.

NACIÓ EL 25 DE FEBRERO DE 1778 EN YAPEYÚ.

MURIÓ EL 17 DE AGOSTO DE 1850 EN

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

AQUÍ YACE.

This fine monument was subscribed by the Argentine nation in 1877-80, and designed and executed by a French sculptor, the late Carrier-Belleuse.

The remaining monument to be noticed on the Plaza de la Victoria is the Congress Hall, a miserable little place, more like a cockpit than the legislative palace of a great republic. This fact is of course admitted by the Argentines, who intend to spend three million dollars on the construction of an adequate palace for

the senators and deputies as soon as the country recovers its pristine prosperity.

In the streets of the capital there are few public buildings worthy of note. The churches are simple and ordinary, and the only feature that imparts a little gaiety and picturesqueness to their monotonous stucco silhouettes is the blue, rose, and white Talavera tiles, or *azulejos*, used on the roofs of the domes and towers. The old Spanish Custom-house facing the river is noticeable for its circular form, and because it is the only monument of the early colonial days that the city possesses. The great banks are all lodged in large and imposing edifices of no special architectural merits, except, perhaps, the Banco de Carabassa, which is a good specimen of classical modern Corinthian. By far the best buildings in the city are the school-houses, some of them being veritable palaces, as, for instance, the Escuela Sarmiento, in the Calle Callao, the Normal School, in the Calle Cordoba, the Escuela Graduada de Niñas, on the Plaza General Lavalle, and, above all, the Escuela Petronila Rodríguez, occupied by a pedagogic museum and the offices of the Superior Council of Education. The interior of this building is commonplace and badly distributed, but the grand façade and the end entrance are very fine specimens of German Renaissance architecture enriched with caryatides and ornaments of the usual cement and imitation stone, which cracks and chips even in the clement climate of Buenos Ayres. The building, however, is of grand proportions and imposing aspect. The Escuela Petronila Rodríguez is the only public institution of any kind that I could discover in Buenos Ayres founded by private munificence. It was built with a legacy bequeathed by the lady whose name the establishment bears. In no city, except in some of those of North America, have more or larger fortunes been made within the past ten years than in Buenos Ayres, but while the newly enriched citizens of the northern republic endeavor to make the community profit by their wealth in the foundation and endowment of universities, museums, schools, libraries, picture-galleries, places of recreation, and works of public and permanent utility, the Argentines systematically ignore their fellow-citizens, and think only of their own material enjoyment. I say "material," because hitherto the Argentines have fig-

ured in the European markets only as purchasers of fine horses, costly jewelry, and objects of vulgar luxury; they have not yet become Venetian enough to require rare and beautiful books, or masterpieces of painting and sculpture. A marked evidence of the intellectual destitution of the Argentine capital is the dearth of libraries, reading-rooms, and intellectual resorts of any kind. There appears to be only one lending library, and that is of small avail for such a vast city.

but most of them are not kept in good order, and not much frequented by the public. The Paseo de Julio, for instance, although pleasantly laid out, is abandoned entirely to those social waifs whom the Argentines call *atorrantes*—foreigners who have missed Fortune's coach, and sunk lower and lower, until they have finally solved the problem of living without money, without a lodging, and almost without clothes. These poor and dirty creatures, numbering altogether perhaps two or three

hundred, sleep in water-pipes that are waiting to be laid down by the interminable *Obras de Salubridad*, in houses in course of



THE NEW DOCKS.



As for the National Public Library, it is frequented only by a scanty number of students, and occupies a poor and inadequate building in the Calle Peru, adjoining the equally poor building of the university.

To return to the question of public buildings, I should pronounce the Escuela Petronila Rodriguez to be one of the best buildings in Buenos Ayres, ranking with the Palacio de Gobierno, the Bolsa, and the splendid railway station of the Ferrocarril del Sur, on the Plaza de la Constitucion, which in itself is by far the finest station on the South-American continent.

Buenos Ayres, owing to the symmetrical rigidity of its plan and the narrowness of the streets, is close and insufficiently provided with open spaces and promenades, at least in the old city. There are seventeen squares, or plazas, planted with trees and provided with benches and walks,

construction, or on the benches of the public squares. The Jardin de la Recoleta, charmingly laid out, and adorned with a cascade of artificial rock-work that cost several million dollars, is visited by few except foreigners. The plazas that bear the names of San Martin and Lavalle, the latter adorned with a handsome marble column and statue of its patronymic hero, are equally deserted at all hours of the day; and as for the vast Plaza Victoria, no one would think of going there to take the air. The distant Palermo, or Parque 3 de Febrero, is really the only promenade in the city that is regularly frequented, and that, too, almost exclusively by the wealthy.

The repaving and adequate draining of the city are being slowly executed by the so-called *Obras de Salubridad*, which were

begun some years ago, and are likely to continue for many years to come. New diagonal boulevards are also being cut very slowly through the old city, with a view to relieving the traffic now so crowded; and many great and costly public works are in execution or in project, which, together with the efforts of private initiative, will contribute to make Buenos Ayres a truly wonderful and splendid city in some eight or ten years. For the moment, the city is still rough, transitional, patchy, unattractive; nevertheless, one cannot fail to be impressed by its immensity, and by the garment of splendor and luxury which it is gradually putting on.

The works of the construction of the port of Buenos Ayres, called the Puerto Madero, made rapid progress during the six months within which I had opportunities of observing them, and produced considerable modifications in what we may call the river-front of the city, by the abolition of the old passenger mole and its surrounding fleet of small boats, and by the prohibition of all washing operations along the river-bank. Up to the spring of 1890 the passenger mole and the groups of washer-women at work around the muddy pools of the river-bank from Las Catalinas to La Boca were two of the most picturesque features of the place. Now, happily for the traveller and for the population, progress has triumphed. Owing to the shallowness of the sides of the La Plata River, and the shifting sand banks which its yellow waters are perpetually forming and reforming, large ships have been hitherto unable to anchor nearer to Buenos Ayres than two or more miles. The great transatlantic steamers anchor at a distance of twelve and fourteen miles from the shore, hence the great cost, and also danger, of discharging cargo by means of launches, and hence the desire of the Bonaerenses to have a port.

The works now being carried out comprise three distinct operations:

1. The reclaiming, by means of the construction of a sea-wall, of a superficies of the river-bed more than a league long, from the mouth of the Riachuelo to beyond Catalinas, the whole width of the frontage of the city, and with a breadth of several cuadras.

2. The construction in the longitudinal axis of this superficies of four large docks, flanked at the extremities by two basins, or *darsenas*, all communicating by gates.

3. The economical part, which consists in the sale of the land thus gained.

At present Dock No. 1 and the South Darsena are open, and provided with fine hydraulic machinery, immense quays, and colossal depots; the southern channel has been dredged to a depth of twenty-one feet and over a distance of twenty kilometres across the bed of the La Plata River; and the excavation of the other docks and the operations of filling in are being actively continued. In four or five years the whole system of docks and channels will be completed, at an estimated cost of twenty million piastres, and the city will have a new artificial river façade more than five kilometres long.

Meanwhile the Riachuelo, canalized over an extension of more than fifteen cuadras, continues to form the really busy port of Buenos Ayres, and the parts of the city along this river, called La Boca and Barracas, resemble a forest of masts and smoke-stacks, so thickly are the ships crowded together along the interminable quays, wharves, and warehouses. La Boca is inhabited by 30,000 Neapolitans and other Italians, who are extremely industrious and frugal, but also extremely regardless of comfort and cleanliness. This suburb is surrounded by marshy ground, on which the most primitive sheds and wooden huts are built in absolutely unhygienic conditions, that have hitherto made the district a nest of fever and other maladies. The new harbor works, however, have improved La Boca greatly by protecting it from inundations. The quays of La Boca, the mazes of shipping, the queer houses of the boat-builders and wherry-men who live on the island, the habits and customs of the coasting and river sailors, the landing of coal, timber, iron, fruit, all help to make a most picturesque and animated scene, full of "bits" that would tempt the painter or the etcher.

When I arrived for the first time at Buenos Ayres, in high midsummer, I was not surprised to find social life and public amusements at a stand-still. The heat was excessive. The people of wealth and leisure were living in the reclusion of their country houses or enjoying sea-air and shooting at Mar del Plata, the Newport or Brighton of the Argentine capital. Even the business men were to be found at their offices only for half an hour or an hour, and that, too, not every day. The theatres

were naturally closed, with the exception of the Jardin Florida, where a second-rate French café-concert troupe was attracting scanty audiences; the Variedades, where there was a Spanish comedy company; and the Politeama, then occupied by a circus. In these establishments there was but little animation. What did the inhabitants do, I asked, when the day's work was over? How did the shopmen, the commercial employés, the working-men, the populace, pass their evenings? What distractions did the city offer? A general negative was the only answer to these questions. Buenos Ayres is without amusements. There is not even a band of music to be heard on any of the numerous plazas of the city, nor is there a single café where one can sit and take the air while enjoying the spectacle of the movement of the street or the view over the river. All the cafés are well closed and shut off from the outside world. The plazas are deserted. There is no special promenade where people go to see and to be seen; and although we are on Latin soil, we find none of those thousand nameless, idle charms which usually concur to make Latin cities so agreeable. For all these shortcomings I was ready to make allow-

ance, considering the season: summer is a bad time for studying capitals. But when I returned to Buenos Ayres, in the middle of May, the conditions were different. With the first whistlings of the pampero, society had returned to town. *Adiosito abanico!* The summer heat was over, and the cool winter weather rendered all the usual occupations of wealth and leisure at once possible and obligatory. I was therefore not a little curious to see *la elegancia porteña* in the exercise of its functions, and to acquire some notions about *el gran tono bonaerense*, *la alta sociedad* of Buenos Ayres, and also about society which is not "high," but merely ordinary.

Buenos Ayres has its Bois de Boulogne or Rotten Row in the Parque 3 de Febrero, situated to the north of the town, and close to the river. On our way to this rather distant park we have an opportunity of seeing some of the handsomest modern houses in the capital, in the vicinity of the Calle Juncal, Avenida de la Republica, and Avenida General Alvéar, the last a fine broad and long road, destined some day to vie with the Parisian Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Few of these specimens of domestic architecture are remarkable for good taste or



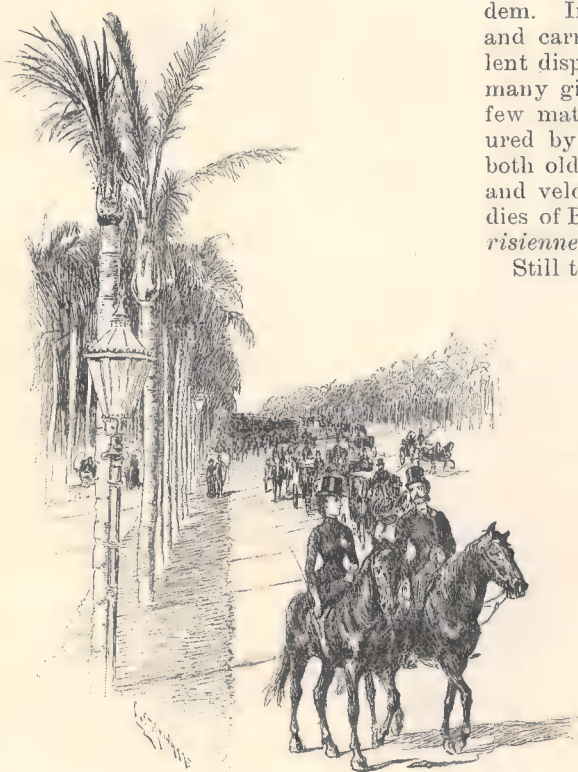
LA BOCA.

originality; the models, as we have already observed, are almost invariably borrowed from France, and adapted to Argentine needs with little discernment. One millionaire wants a small Pitti Palace built; another prefers the Château of Blois; a third requires a copy of a neat Renaissance villa that he saw in the Parc Monceaux at Paris, always with the addition of a little more ornament; and as there is no building stone in the Argentine, caryatides, capitals, pillars, balconies, cornices, and every moulding and detail, are made of stucco by ingenious Italian workmen, who build up remarkable monuments of insincerity over a simple framework of brick and iron.

The Parque 3 de Febrero, commonly known as Palermo, is prettily laid out and covered with fine trees and shrubs, but, with the exception of the two avenues—planted, the one with palm-trees, the other with firs—where the daily show of carriages takes place, the walks and roads are not kept up with all the care

that could be desired. In double file the procession of carriages moves up one side and down the other, under the superintendence of mounted police; a few horsemen canter in the intervening space between the lines of carriages; amazons are very rare; loungers and spectators on the sidewalk are also rare. There is really little to distinguish the promenade of Palermo from the usual dull staring match which all great capitals have in one form or another. Its chief characteristic is a want of animation; it is silent and funereal; the women in the carriages, mute and expressionless, seem fulfilling a doleful duty as they sit in their coupés, landaus, or victorias, often drawn by fine Trakenen, English, or French horses, imported, like the carriages, at great expense. The latest mania amongst the rich Argentines is to have imported carriage horses and handsome carriages. You even see young "bloods," marvellously clad in putty-colored or cream coats, adorned with broad seams and buttons as large as a saucer, perched on lofty English dog-carts, and trying to drive tandem. In short, so far as concerns horses and carriages, Palermo makes an excellent display. As for the ladies, you see many girls of striking beauty, but very few mature women who are not disfigured by excess of adipose deposit, and both old and young abuse *poudre de riz* and *veloutine*. The costume of the ladies of Buenos Ayres is entirely à la *Parisienne*.

Still to the north of the town—the one near Palermo and the other at Belgrano—are two pleasant race-courses, the Hippodromo Argentino and the Hippodromo Nacional, with fine and picturesquely situated tracks and tastefully designed tribunes. On one or the other course there are races on Sundays and fête-days during the winter months, under the direction of a jockey club, and with all the formalities and apparatus of the race meetings of Europe. The Argentines are becoming great buyers of European racing stock, and they already have their stud-book and important and well-stocked racing stables. As races are usually a pre-



PALERMO.

text in civilized countries for gatherings of elegance and fashion, I went to the meetings at Buenos Ayres on several occasions, but my observations were each time identical. In the tribune of the members of the Jockey Club I counted about a dozen ladies; scattered over the other tribunes and on the lawn might be seen about the same number of *cocottes*; the rest of the public was composed of men and boys. For this rough horde of human beings the only interest that the races offered was the betting, conducted in the Argentine, as in Europe, by means of the mutual pool or *pari mutuel* system. On each race the totals amounted to fifty and sixty thousand dollars, and the moment the race was over there was a roar of many feet and a stampede from the tribunes to the paying offices.

In continuation of my studies of public amusements I visited the two principal establishments, or *canchas*, where *pelota*, a sort of tennis, is played. This game was introduced into the Argentine by emigrants from the Basque provinces of Spain, where it is chiefly played, and has now become the great popular sport of the republic—the Argentine base-ball. In Buenos Ayres the *frontones*, or courts, where the game is played are immense places with lofty walls, surmounted by wire netting on two sides, and on the other two sides tiers of seats and boxes for the public. The walls have hard and smooth faces; the floor of the court is even and level, and marked into compartments by black lines. On the end wall to the right of the court is the *pizarra*, or marking board. The players at Buenos Ayres are professionals, invariably Basques, and the best of them come from Spain for the Hispano-American season, like tenors, or *toreros*, and with engagements at equally high salaries. Apart from the celebrity of the artistes, the game is always blue against red. The marking board calls the players *los azules* and *los colorados*; they wear blue Basque cloth caps and red caps; their jerseys are striped blue and white and red and white; their sashes or waistbands are blue and red respectively; their trousers and shoes are white. The *pelotares* strike the ball not with the bare hand, but with a *cesta* made of osier or wicker work, half round, sharply curved at the end, and measuring some eighteen inches long. A leather glove is sewn on this basket, scoop-like racket, and receives the fingers of the

player's right hand. The game is played with two men on each side, and requires extraordinary agility and endurance. The great players are wonderful to watch, and in the frenzy of its enthusiastic admiration the public throws into the court sovereigns, ounces, Chilian condors, and all the various kinds of gold coins that are found in the money-changers' shops in Buenos Ayres—just as the Madrid public throws cigars and purses full of money to a *torero* who has accomplished a clever *suerte* in killing the bull. Meanwhile as the game proceeds, after each point scored there is a roar of voices from the tribunes: *Veinte á cinco doy! Veinte á dos tomo! Cien á cinco doy!* It is the calling out of the odds; for, as at the races so in the tennis-courts, the chief object of the public is to gamble. The public that frequents the *frontones* is as mixed and rough as the public of the race-courses, and to a great extent the same. One notices also a similar ferocity on the part of the spectators, a hardness of expression and a brusqueness of gestures and manners that are absolutely painful.

So much for the daylight amusements—Palermo, horse-racing, and *pelota*. Now we come to the great problem of passing the evening, and during the winter season a certain number of theatres contribute toward facilitating its solution. Opera, Politeama, Nacional, San Martin, Doria, Onrubia, Variedades, Pasatiempo, Jardin Florida, are the names. The Opera, which receives a subvention from the government, is a large theatre, with its principal façade in the Calle Corrientes. The vestibule is spacious and draughty; the staircase not without pretensions to marmorean magnificence; the *foyer* a monument of bad taste and over-decoration. The suite of rooms, of fine proportions, is furnished with a profusion of plush curtains, divans, and gilt-edged chairs; the walls are decorated with stucco ornaments and panels framed with mouldings on which are juxtaposed the crudest tones of red, green, blue, and yellow that the Tuscan stencil painter knows how to mix; and the whole forms a gaudy and aggressive eyesore. The house, decorated in white and gold, with red hangings and upholstery in the boxes, is large and fairly commodious, except that there are no means of heating it, and as the winter at Buenos Ayres is becoming colder every year, both public and artistes suffer. The same in-

convenience, however, exists in the other theatres and in all the old private houses of Buenos Ayres—there are no stoves or chimneys. The representations at the Opera are as good as celebrated and expensive singers can make them; the repertory includes all the hackneyed successes of the past half-century—*Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Carmen*, *La Traviata*, etc.; and the favorite piece, and the one that always attracts a full house, is *Gli Ugonotti*. The public of the Opera is perhaps a little overdressed; the display of jewelry and precious stones is rather too dazzling; the applause does not indicate delicate discrimination, inasmuch as it rewards only the high notes, prolonged screams, and stentorian shouting of the singers. The critics cannot find higher praise for Tamagno than to celebrate his brazen throat—his *garganta de cobre*. All this is somewhat crude, but it is showy and expensive, and therefore appeals to the instincts of the *rastacouère*. During the season of 1890, with gold averaging 230, the price of an orchestra stall at the Opera of Buenos Ayres was \$25 paper, and there were four performances a week.

The Politeama, also in the Calle Corrientes, is still larger than the Opera. It is a spacious and comfortable house, without any architectural pretensions whatever. In the vestibule are three white marble slabs with gilt inscriptions recording the visits and triumphs of Rossi, Adelina Patti, and Coquelin. During my stay in the Argentine capital Coquelin made his second visit, accompanied by Mesdames Judic, Barety, Lender, and an excellent company, and on several occasions I had the pleasure of applauding these admirable artistes, who were playing to half-empty benches. Doubtless the financial crisis accounted to some extent for this neglect; but the chief reason, I am afraid, was that the pieces and the actors were too good for the public. The literary culture of Buenos Ayres is not yet sufficiently developed to appreciate the delicacy of Feuillet, the exquisite refinement of Marivaux, or even the quintessential Parisianism of *La Femme à Papa*. It may be added that the price for a stall for these performances was \$10 paper.

Now let us come to the great and constant distraction of the young men, the dandies, the *zambullidores*, of the Argentine capital, their daily occupation year after year between the hours of five and

ten P.M., namely, standing on the sidewalk of the Calle Florida and making remarks on the women that pass. The Calle Florida is the most fashionable street in Buenos Ayres. Here are the finest shops for the sale of objects of luxury; the swell jewellers, milliners, dress-makers, tailors, hatters, shoemakers; the fashionable restaurants, Mercer, *Rôtisserie Française*, Sportsman; and, above all, the *crack* Confiteria del Aguila. A confiteria, it must be explained, is a shop for the sale of bonbons, confectionery, sweet-meats, and refreshments, and at the same time a sort of café and bar-room where all kinds of drinks and liqueurs may be obtained; it is the Argentine equivalent of the French café. Such shops abound in Buenos Ayres; there is hardly a block in the city that has not its confiteria. The one in the Calle Florida bearing the name of del Aguila has a façade of white marble, surmounted by an eagle and two allegorical figures, and its windows form recesses along the sidewalk capable of accommodating each half a dozen dandies. The doorways of the confiteria can also accommodate a considerable number, and those who find no room at the Aguila, straggle along the street and seek shelter in other door-steps, for it must be added that the Calle Florida is an old-fashioned narrow street, and that the sidewalk will permit only two persons to walk abreast; hence the necessity for the dandies of finding recesses where they can stand without impeding the circulation and incurring the wrath of the police. And so here they congregate, the rich young creoles who pass their days gambling at the Club del Progreso, and the hard-worked counter-jumper, the dude who has dined at the Café de Paris, and the dude who has dined at a tenth-rate Italian "hash mill"; both are armed with cigarettes and toothpicks, both wear stupendous light-colored cravats and enormous diamond pins, and both are well dressed and prodigal of immaculate shirt fronts. They stand and they smoke; they address each other with the word *ché*, of universal use throughout the Argentine in the signification of "man"; they converse in husky or guttural tones, pronouncing the words with monotonous precipitation; and whenever a woman passes they look at her and say: "*Hermosa rubia*" (Beautiful blonde); "*Que cabecita tan linda!*" (What a pretty little head!); "*Que boca tan adorable!*"

(What a lovely mouth!); and other insipid or indecent words. That is all. They stand; they smoke; they make their silly observations; and at ten o'clock they disperse, and Florida, like the other streets of Buenos Ayres, remains empty until midnight, when the people returning from the theatre give it a momentary

river. Such is sidewalk life in Buenos Ayres, or, as it may be called in Spanish, sidewalk and candy-shop life—*la vida de confiteria y de vereda*.

The Club del Progreso was mentioned above as the fashionable resort of the rich dandies. It is, indeed, the chief native club in Buenos Ayres, and has more than



PELOTA PLAYERS.

supplement of animation. There is a rush for the last horse-cars, a clattering of the hoofs of Russian trotters, a banging of the doors of elegant coupés, and then once more all is silent and deserted; the bright polished tramway rails glisten and vanish in the long prospective of the dark and narrow streets; and with the moonlight silvering the blue and white glazed tiles of the church domes and towers, and forming strong contrasts of sheen and shadow amongst the irregular masses of the houses and shops, Buenos Ayres becomes for the moment clothed in mystery and charm, and resumes that tinge of Orientalism which suggests itself in the distant views of the town from the

1200 members. Other Argentine clubs are the Club del Plata, Union Argentina, Oriental, and the Jockey. The foreigners have a general Club de los Residentes Estrangeros, founded in 1841, whose 600 members occupy commodious and almost handsome rooms in the Calle Rivadavia. The members are foreign residents of all nationalities. There are also French, Spanish, German, and Italian social clubs, and important and rich philanthropic and mutual aid societies connected with each nationality. The English-speaking residents have their own Kosmos Club in the Calle Cangallo, in rather cold and bare rooms. The English also have a literary society, and they are the founders and



AT THE CONFITERIA DEL AGUILA.

almost exclusive members of the Buenos Ayres Rowing Club, which has a fine boat-house on the river in the charming suburb of Tigre. The Argentine clubs are all used for interminable gambling operations that go on day and night, while their social function is fulfilled by the organizing of splendid balls, which from time to time awaken the aristocratic creole society from its habitual torpor.

There are no amenities of life in Buenos Ayres, no society, no amusements except the theatre, which is expensive, and no distractions except gross and shameless debauchery that thrives flauntingly in most parts of the city. There is no society, because the rivalry of luxury will not allow families to arrange fêtes unless they can do so on a princely scale, to give a dinner party that is not a gorgeous banquet, or to receive of an evening without the accompaniment of a ball or grand orchestra. The old creole families live entirely among themselves, after the

usual Spanish style, hating and despising the *gringo*, or foreigner, who works and grows rich. There are no social leaders, no leaders of opinion even, no eminent citizens whose influence and efforts might create centres and elements of decent and healthy distraction. At Buenos Ayres each one looks out for himself, from the President of the republic down to the howling urchin who sells newspapers and tries to defraud the buyer of his change. The impression that the city and its sociological phenomena make upon one is wholly and repeatedly that of coarse and brutal materialism. There seems to be no poetry, no sentiment, no generosity in the life of its citizens; there is nothing amiable, witty, or attractive in the exterior aspect of men and of things. On the one hand you see the race for wealth in all the crudity of unscrupulous speculation and cynical malversation of public funds; and on the other hand, the ostentatious display of wealth in the grossest manifestations of vulgar luxury.

THE CHINESE LEAK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE Philadelphia lawyer, who was long referred to generically as the most difficult personage to confuse or to hood-wink, has surrendered the palm to the modern journalist, whose shrewdness, persistence, and ingenuity now render him invincible in the pursuit of information. Yet the dethroned attorney and his successor would both have been halted and puzzled a great many times if they had joined me recently in an endeavor to learn the truth about the smuggling of Chinese into our country across the Canadian border.

A complete presentment of the case is unattainable, and must ever remain so. This is not alone due to the natural failure of the smugglers to preserve records of their operations; it is not wholly accountable to the impenetrability of the Chinese themselves with regard to all matters which they with common accord determine to keep from the official or public knowledge of Americans; these would be serious hinderances by themselves; but added to them is a worse obstacle still, a perfect *chevaux-de-frise* of falsehood, which starts up at every ques-

tion that is put to the average American or Canadian who is presumably in a position to know the facts in the matter, at least in a general way.

This was to have been expected, but it produced the unintended result of convincing me that where there was such a general reluctance to tell anything (and such a far greater reluctance to tell the truth), there must certainly be something worth while hiding—worth the while of the companies whose vessels carry Mongolian passengers, worth the while of the Canadian officials who gather taxes from all incoming Chinamen, worth the while of all the rest who wink at offences against the laws of this, to them, foreign country, and who, as individuals or as members of a community, benefit more or less directly by what goes on.

Yet whenever a casual question was put to a Canadian who did not suspect my especial interest in the subject, the full truth always came out. "The Chinese come here mainly to smuggle themselves across the American border," was a statement that was made to me and to my companions by at least twoscore men in

Victoria and on the British Columbian main-land, including several of the best-known and most influential men in the province. "They come here to enter your country, and you can't stop it, and we don't care," is how one official expressed himself.

Apart from this and apart from the conviction generated by the evasive and unwilling replies to my more ingenuous inquiries, I knew before I went there that some smuggling was done. I had read extracts from the amazing utterances in Congress, in which, among others, one speaker had likened the influx of contraband Chinese to nothing less than the swarming of the Huns in early European history. There had also come under my notice a bit of telegraphic flotsam in the New York newspapers, by which I learned that the smugglers at Victoria had become so impudent that they were running a steam-boat from their shores to ours, with cargoes of interdicted Mongolian laborers. This appeared to give the practice the dignity of a great business, though it scarcely warranted the Congressional view of swarming myriads pressing over the border. Clearly the one question to be determined was, to what extent the illicit traffic was carried on.

Early after my arrival in Victoria I gathered up the twenty or thirty newspapers that were scattered upon the table in the office of the principal hotel, the Driard House, and took them to my room to read. I had been sequestered in a newly opened region in British Columbia, and prior to that had spent some days upon the plains, so that I felt that hunger for news which seizes upon one who has finished a long voyage at sea. I had no thought of finding information with regard to smuggling, for in the newspapers of the Atlantic coast very scant and infrequent mention of the matter is made. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when I found some allusion to the subject in the way of active and present news in at least every alternate newspaper I took up. These journals were such as are published in Victoria and Vancouver, British Columbia, in Seattle and Tacoma, United States, and in smaller places near the border in both countries. Their dates of publication were within the months of June and July, 1890. This discovery impressed me as being, to say the least, significant.

In the *Victoria Colonist* of June 11, 1890, was a long account of the seizure of the steamer *North Star*, which, after a busy career in violating the laws of our country without interference by the Canadians, had at last excited their displeasure by returning from our border with smuggled goods upon which the Canadians impose an import tax. The customs authorities at Victoria charged the owners of the *North Star* with violating those statutes which require masters of vessels to produce bills of lading, to answer truly all questions with regard to each cargo, crew, and voyage, to take out clearance papers, and to produce any goods that may have been landed contrary to law.

In a Canadian newspaper, published on the main-land, I found a refreshingly frank account of the seizure of a smuggler's craft at Port Townsend, Washington. The boat was the sloop *Alert*, held on the charge of violating our Exclusion Act by taking Chinamen into our territory.

More than half a dozen of the news items related to the transportation of opium across the border by stealth. It was apparent, and it is the fact, that this form of smuggling is more extensively carried on and is more remunerative than the transportation of the interdicted laborers.

From the windows of the Custom-house at Victoria, British Columbia, I afterward saw the notorious *North Star*, which had been seized by the Canadians not for smuggling into our country, but for returning to theirs with smuggled goods. Unquestionably this was the steam-boat of which I had read in New York, and which I had naturally pictured in my mind as a vessel of at least ordinary steam-boat dimensions. Instead it was a tiny little vessel, rather like a good-sized cat-boat, with a boiler and a screw added to her outfit. She was in a desperately bad condition from age and neglect, and would not sell for more than \$200 at the outside. I was told that she frequently carried as many as 30 Chinamen at a time, and though there is no doubt that this is true, it is certainly the fact that her masters would have found it difficult to squeeze into her as many men of any other nationality. It was only after I had seen in two Western "Chinatowns" the raisin-like adaptability of the Chinese to compressed conditions that I comprehended

how Captain Caffee managed his "cargo." However, even 30 as an occasional load hardly bore out the idea suggested by the news of a genuine steam-boat making nightly trips to our shores.

The deeper I probed the matter the more clearly I perceived that the wretched and diminutive *North Star* fitly represented the business she was engaged in. In other words, like her, it is a business of small extent and petty results.

I do not intend in this article to return for any courtesies shown to me the evil of betraying those who assisted me. Suffice it that I went only to the best authorities, Chinese, American, and Canadian, and gradually I obtained what I sought. To give names here would be to work injury to all concerned, such is the vigor of feeling for and against the Chinese in our coast States, and for and against the smuggling in Canada—mainly *for it*, by-the-way.

Our Exclusion Act bears date October, 1888. Its force lies in this paragraph: "It shall be unlawful for any Chinese laborer who shall at any time heretofore have been, or who may now or hereafter be, a resident within the United States, and who shall have departed or shall depart therefrom, and shall not have returned before the passage of this act, to return to or remain in the United States." Bearing the date of this act in mind, and understanding that there is only one steamship line to Canada from Asia, the extent of the smuggling (of new-comers) must be apparent in the number of Mongolians which that line of ships has brought from their country. The whole number is 4008, with and without certificates, in the period between 1887 (a year before our Exclusion Act) and the month of July, 1890. Of this 4000, some were returning on certificates and some were new immigrants. It is generally understood that 99 in 100 of these latter go to British Columbia in-



tending to smuggle themselves over our border. In all, since '87, these number 1910. The steamers of the Canadian Pacific Line arrive at intervals of about three weeks, and bring from 100 to 150 Chinamen at a time. One came while I was in Victoria. It carried 125 Mongols, 74 with certificates and 51 without. Several of those who carried certificates had obtained them improperly—nearly a dozen, as I remember the case—and were detained on the ship. Three weeks before that another steamer arrived with 140 Chinamen, 94 without certificates and 46 with those documents. Out of the 46 were 18 accused of having obtained their papers fraudulently, and 15 confessed their guilt. The other three were stubborn and stolid, and were released.

A word of explanation is needed here. When the so-called "Chinese must go" excitement raged in California, the agitation extended far and wide. The host of accusations brought against the Chinese with regard to their cheap labor, their vices, their contempt for our laws, and their wholly temporary and selfish interest in our country were not without their

effect even on the Atlantic seaboard. In near-by Victoria, which had a Chinatown of its own, the echoes of the sand-lots oratory in San Francisco developed an anti-Chinese party also. The agitation there resulted in the appointment of a commission by the Dominion Legislature to take testimony upon the question whether or not the Chinese were of value to the country. Very many witnesses were examined, and testimony both valuable and interesting was obtained on both sides of the question. As a result the commission decided that the province of British Columbia owed a great part of its progress (that is to say, its development) to the Chinese, that they were valuable allies of the whites there, and that much of what was most violent in the charges brought against their morals and habits rested upon a very slight basis. Then, apparently as a sop tossed to the clamorous anti-Chinese element, the commission recommended that an admission fee of \$50 (a poll-tax of that sum) be levied upon each newly arriving Chinaman who had never been to Canada before. To those who should depart from the Dominion, certificates were to be issued in order to distinguish them from the newer immigrants. This became and is the law of Canada.

The Canadian law is very like our own in that it visits its inflictions upon the laborers from China, and leaves their countrymen who are merchants, professional men, tourists, diplomats, and consular officials uninterfered with in their passing to and from Canada. The mere impost of \$50 a head upon the laborers has resulted in a double benefit to Canada, if they are right in their decision that the Chinese are an aid to civilization, since it at once leaves their doors open to this immigration, and has added to the revenue a sum of \$95,500 since 1887, or about \$3000 a month. In addition, a really notable Canadian institution, the line of steamers to China, which brings great stores of Chinese and Japanese tea, rice, opium, and oil into or across the Dominion, profits at the rate of \$50 per Chinaman for the steorage fare, or at least \$200,000 in all in three years.

It is only a rabid partisan who will swell the torrent of abuse that has been let loose upon the Canadian Pacific steamship owners for the part they play in transporting the Chinaman. The business is at once legitimate and inevitable,

and its results that annoy our customs officers cannot be held to concern this thoroughly honorable and dignified business corporation. The Dominion officials, for their part, are only concerned in securing the payment of the head tax by the new-comers, and, in truth, this gives them plenty of trouble and opportunity for the development of all the ingenuity that a white man always requires in dealing with a Chinaman. It is well to look at these things fairly and squarely. The Canadian customs officers enforce their own laws, and stop at that. Our customs men do the same. That irrepressible and incessant smuggler who ran the *North Star*, and all his kind, make it their business to replace the Chinamen and opium they land on our shores with the peculiar products of American industry which best reward the smuggler over the Canadian line—playing-cards, gambling "lay-outs," and whiskey—and no American official has ever found it his duty to protect our Canadian cousins against this fraud upon their revenues and defiance of their laws.

But to return to the Canadian relations with the Chinese. Every Chinaman who leaves Canada takes a certificate which shall serve as his passport when he returns. He may take out a certificate when he does not mean to leave the country. He may take one when he is merely going to smuggle himself over our border, and never means to go back to the Dominion. Or he may take a certificate when he has made all the money he needs, and is on his way to China to end his days there, after years of that luxurious idleness which the average laborer counts upon obtaining in China from the judicious investment of \$2000—the coolie's plum. Of course it is fair to presume that in many cases the certificates are demanded by men who mean to return. At all events, these certificates, which are passports to Canada, and indirectly to the United States, have a money value. They are sold in China. They can be purchased openly to-day in the streets of Hong-Kong, like ducks or chopsticks. There they possess a fluctuating value, and have been known to fetch as high as \$65. Sometimes they are let go at a less price than the \$50 they are expected to save in the avoidance of the poll-tax, the fluctuations being governed by the demand at the time of the departure of a vessel, because only so many uncer-

tified Chinese laborers may take passage on the steamers under the Canadian law—one to every fifty tons of the ship's burthen. Of those who carry certificates and of those not of the laboring class as many as choose may come.

It is to guard against trickery with the certificates that the customs officials at Victoria and Vancouver have all that they can manage. When a Chinaman enters the office of the collector to apply for a certificate, several men are called in—the interpreter and a clerk or two. The Chinaman gives his name, age, place of birth, and other particulars of value in identifying him. He is asked to step upon the platform of a measuring machine, such as is in use in our army and elsewhere—an upright pole marked off into feet and inches, and fitted with a sliding rod that gives the man's height when it rests upon his head. All this the Chinaman perfectly comprehends; but what he does not know is the description of himself that the men around him are going to write down in the big government book after he has gone, a description which takes in his general appearance, the peculiarities of his features and limbs and shape, with notes of every scar or pit or mark upon his hands, neck, face, and head.

And yet, in spite of these precautions, Chinamen who go away from Canada looking at least forty years of age, return appearing to be only twenty-four; and others who measure five feet and nine inches when they depart, come back in a few months several inches shorter or taller than when they sailed for China. They are new-comers, with the certificates of other men, of course. The silent scanning of the features of applicants for certificates does not pass unnoticed by these shrewd and intelligent people. The manner in which they endeavor to make themselves appear like the persons whose certificates they carry shows this. They frequently go as far as to disfigure themselves for life in order to save the \$50, and to bear out what they judge must be written in the customs book against the numerals that mark each of the certificates—which, by-the-way, contain no word of the descriptions of the



THE CHINESE PILOT: "THAT IS THE UNITED STATES."

men who take them out. While I was in Victoria one of these tricksters arrived with a great scar burned in his forehead, a cut disfiguring one cheek, and a deep pit burned in his neck. When questioned, and proven to be a fraudulent fellow, he confessed that he had never been to Canada before.

The cross-examination each certificated Chinaman must undergo in the British Columbian custom-houses before he is allowed to pass into the country without paying the tax is very searching. He is asked what city he worked in while in Canada, and then he must name the principal streets in that city, some of the names of the merchants there, and also the notable peculiarities of the town; what sort of looking things drag the railroad cars; what kind of machines are used to put out fires—a hundred questions cleverly devised. In spite of all this, the customs officials frequently have to admit that they cannot tell whether they are being imposed upon or not in especial cases. Doubtless many Chinamen slip through without attracting suspicion. The men who sell the certificates accompany the sales with descriptions of themselves, and with a great amount of the information they acquired of the locali-

ties they were familiar with. As to the general facts about Caucasian life, there are plenty of men in China and on the ships to post the immigrants fully.

Every three weeks, when a ship arrives, the Chinamen with certificates are questioned, and several are found to be the purchasers of the certificates of others, but not one Chinaman has yet been sent back on this account. All that Canada wants is her tax, and if any Chinaman caught at this trickery lacks the \$50, he finds his countrymen in Victoria or Vancouver willing to advance the money to him.

Understanding, then, that in this way have come into Canada more than 1900 Chinamen in the last three years, the reader will not yet comprehend why it was that one of the most thoroughly informed of Victorians should have said to me that he estimated the extent of the smuggling of Chinamen over our border at about 1500 a year.

This is because the draft is upon the resident Chinese as well as upon the new arrivals. British Columbia was once the seat of a very considerable Mongolian population, that has been dwindling rapidly in the last few years, through channels most of which have flowed stealthily over our border. In dealing with this branch of the subject I desire to have it understood that no official or accurate figures are at my hand, and I must quote from the language of a gentleman whose position in society and in public life causes him to be referred to—at least as frequently as any man in the province—as an authority upon all provincial matters.

It appears that five or six years ago there were about 18,000 Chinamen in British Columbia. To-day the number there is between 7000 and 8000. It is generally believed and asserted that the great majority of the 11,000 who have left the country have come into the United States. Many have gone back, some (not many) have gone eastward to other Canadian provinces, and thousands have come into the United States, surreptitiously for the major part. All the persons to whom I talked agreed as to this general fact. I mention it to show how it was possible that the best authority upon the subject should have said that the smuggling of the Chinese over our border amounts to about 1500 a year when less than 60 Chinamen per month pay the Canadian poll-

tax as new immigrants. My own observation would have gone far toward confirming this, for I saw that between my trip across Canada in 1887 and my visit last year there had been a great diminution in the number of Chinese in Canada. In Victoria it was most noticeable. The population of the Chinatown there has decreased one-half, the streets have grown deserted-looking, the theatre is closed for lack of support, and the Chinese themselves freely told me that at least 1500 men had gone away, principally to my country.

It will be seen, however, that although the introduction of contraband Chinese into our nation is a regularly maintained vocation, it is a business of small dimensions, certainly not fairly to be likened to the swarmings of the hordes that once overran Europe.

Yet, petty as the smuggling is, it is worth while to have measured it, and it will be equally well to understand why it is possible, and how it is carried on. Whoever would understand it must know that the entire northern boundary of our nation, from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific coast, is a gigantic wilderness. The prairie, the plains of the western provinces, and the thick-clustered mountains of British Columbia are repeated in our Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington. Geologically and naturally there is no difference between the countries; the boundary line is an arbitrary mark. At intervals of a mile apart this otherwise intangible division is established by means of surveyors' "monuments," that are imbedded in the earth, and stand slightly above it, each marked "B. A." on one side and "U. S. A." on the other. There are few settlements on the line—almost none—and the whole region is practically known to men only as they cross it by the watercourses in canoes, or the far-apart trails of the great grass plateaus, and of the valleys between the mountains. There is no part of it over which a Chinaman may not pass into our country without fear of hinderance; there are scarcely any parts of it where he may not walk boldly across it at high noon. Indeed, the same is measurably the case all along our northern boundary—even upon the St. Lawrence north of our State, where smuggling has always been a means of livelihood whenever varying tariffs made it remunerative.

The lawless practice does go on from one end of the border to the other. Chinamen at work in the forests beside the Columbia steal in by the Kootenay trail; others cross the St. Lawrence, others the plains and prairie, others the Great Lakes. But, all combined, this defiance of our laws is so inconsiderable as to be unworthy of serious attention. What it might become if the Chinese really "swarmed" in Canada, and the waters of Washington State were closed against the invaders is quite another matter.

For it is in those waters that nearly all the smuggling goes on at present. Let those who are unfamiliar with that region glance at the map. They will see that the north west corner of the State of Washington is torn off, and the space that is left is filled with water dotted with an archipelago. The island of Vancouver fits partially into the gaping corner as if it had been torn out by some gigantic convulsion. The tatters and débris of the rent form the archipelago. Our national interest centred in that corner long ago when that portion of the boundary was in dispute, and the tension of a war feeling was only relieved when a foreign arbitrator settled the boundary, and gave us the island of San Juan, the most important in the group. The city of Victoria confines nearly all the population on that corner of Vancouver Island; the city of Vancouver is the main settlement on the British Columbia shore; and on our borders are such little places as Whatcom, New Dungeness, and Port Angeles, in the State of Washington. Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, is the principal American town near by, and the headquarters of the scanty force of customs officials who are supposed to guard against the smuggling, and who are entitled to the presumption that they are doing their best in this direction. Victoria has only 20,000 population, Vancouver fewer still, and the islands only here and there a house. Deer abound upon these islands, which are heavily timbered, and the waterways between them feel the keels of but few vessels—of none at all, except the smallest craft, outside the main channels. It would be hard to imagine a more difficult region to police, or a fairer field for smugglers. Old London itself has scarcely a greater tangle of crooked and confusing thoroughfares than this archipelago possesses, and these waterways are

so narrow and sheltered that mere oarsmen can safely and easily travel many of them. It is a smugglers' paradise.

Those who transport the Chinamen are all white men. The resident Chinese act as their confederates and as the agents of the smuggled men, but do no part of the actual smuggling, that is to say, the boating. The great smuggling is of opium. The introduction of the Chinese themselves is of small account, so far as the defiance of our laws is concerned, as compared with the introduction of opium. Yet that extensive business also is carried on by white men. The Chinese cannot pass to and fro as white men can, therefore they leave the traffic to the whites.

These white men are of the class one would expect to find in such business. A government employé in Victoria told me that I would "be surprised to know what important and respectable persons were connected with the smuggling," but as he gave me no further enlightenment, and as I failed to obtain any proof that any num-



— FREDERICK REMONSTRATION —
Victoria B.C.

"JOHN."

ber of so-called respectable men profited directly by the business, I did not and do not believe that there are many such. Those who do the smuggling of the Chinese are unprincipled and reckless characters. They make their bargains with those Chinese whose business it is to arrange for the carriage of their countrymen into our country. The boats employed are small sail-boats, and quite as small steam-launches. When the owner of one of these boats has secured a sufficient number of Chinese to make the venture profitable if it succeeds, the journey is made at night, without compliance with the law which requires vessels sailing after dark to display lights at their sides. At times the contrabands are landed near Whatcom, at times near Port Angeles or New Dungeness. San Juan Island, within our border, is only twelve miles from Victoria, and has a few Chinese resident upon it. At times Chinamen are carried there. Once there they can cross to the main-land with more freedom, and with a possibility of obtaining testimony to the effect that they are and have long been domiciled on American soil. The smugglers charge \$20 to \$25 for landing each Chinaman on our coast; \$20 is the ordinary and usual charge. Wherever the Chinamen are landed they find either men of their own nationality to secrete them, or white men awaiting their arrival, and ready to take them to some Chinese quarters. Once on land the danger of arrest is greatly lessened, and after a newly smuggled Chinaman has made his way to one of the larger towns or cities near the coast, his fear of detention by our government vanishes entirely.

It is not the province of this article to discuss the trade in illicit opium, yet I will just touch upon the subject before withdrawing the reader's attention from the Canadian frontier. If there are important firms or individuals in Canada who are directly profiting by smuggling, it is from this form of it. It is evident to any one who studies the subject that the trade interests a large number of persons, and that the populace and the public press have stilled their conscience with regard to the impropriety of breaking laws simply because they are their neighbors' statutes and not their own. There is, perhaps, a nice moral question at the bottom of such a course, and the Canadians, instead of taking the bull by the

horns, allow the animal to roam unfettered.

The opium is manufactured in the cities of Victoria and Vancouver, British Columbia. As one manufacturer expressed it, "sufficient is made in one week in either city to meet the demands of British Columbia for two years." There are ten or a dozen manufacturers in Vancouver, and more yet in Victoria. The opium imported is of a second quality, and is of Indian origin. It comes in the form of sap, and in the shape of balls that weigh about three pounds, and are encased in an envelope made by pressing leaves against the sticky substance. The Canadian revenue laws impose a duty of one dollar a pound upon this raw material, while our impost upon finished opium is ten dollars a pound. The difference when the raw material is worked into the finished product is therefore very great, and the temptation to smuggle is in direct proportion to the profit. The Chinese merchants in British Columbia find the method of manufacture very simple. The stuff costs two dollars and a half raw, or three dollars and a half a pound with the duty added. When it has been cooked into smokers' opium it has cost in the neighborhood of seven dollars, and it fetches from eight dollars and a half to twelve dollars and a half a pound in various parts of the United States.

There are thirty or forty firms of Chinamen manufacturing it constantly in the two British Columbian cities, and one firm—not the largest—admitted to me that they produce from two hundred to three hundred pounds a month. There is scarcely a devisable manner of concealment of the little cans in which the opium is put up that is not practised in smuggling this article over our border. It comes in barrels of beer, in women's bustles, in trunks, in satchels, under the loose shirts of sailors, in boat-loads by night, in every conceivable way. By collusion with steam-boat and steam-ship captains, and through corrupt officials in our own country, the greatest profits are made possible.

But to return to the more important subject of the illegal introduction of the Chinese laborers among us. Some exciting incidents connected with the chase and capture of smuggled men near our southern border have turned public interest and curiosity toward that frontier. I remember that before I left New York in

the early summer there was a most unpleasant bit of reading in the telegraphic news concerning a party of Chinamen who had made their way far into the Apache country, and were said to be certain to meet death at the hands of those blood-thirsty Indians should they be so unfortunate as to escape dying of thirst and exposure. At San Francisco I found the officials and employés of the Treasury Department able and willing to provide full information of the Chinese leak on the southern frontier. It happened that one earnest officer had just returned from the pursuit and capture of a band of self-smuggling Chinamen.

From his account of his and their adventures I obtained a tolerably complete view of the *modus operandi* of swelling our Chinese population through that inlet. The steam-ship *Newbern*, for Guaymas, Mexico, had started from San Francisco on April 25th of last year with 55 Chinamen in bond for Mexico. She took as another passenger Mr. L. S. Irvin, a Special Treasury Agent, and an assistant. He suspected that the Mongolians were bent upon landing at a place called Ensenada, in Lower California. This little Mexican village had long been the seat of persistent though not extensive smuggling operations. It is close to the California border (within 60 miles of it), and Chinamen booked for other points had made it a practice to disembark there and work their way into the States. The United States authorities had determined to break up the traffic at that point, and it had consequently become very difficult to continue the practice.

To Mr. Irvin's surprise the *Newbern's* Chinamen had been informed of the impracticability of smuggling themselves in at that point, and all continued with the vessel as far as Guaymas. They did not then suspect that they were under surveillance. Having landed, they took the cars of the Ferrocarril de Sonora for a journey of eighteen hours' duration toward the Mexican and American border, and at places called Imrez and Magdalena they came together. Those villages are near the frontier, and at each one are Chinamen engaged in ranching. Mr. Irvin employed some men of the neighborhood to follow the Chinamen as they went, in parties of six or eight at a time, into the country to form a couple of camps as points of preparation and depart-

ure. He employed white men, knowing full well that the natives could not be depended upon, except for sympathy with the smugglers. However, the white men who thus suddenly appeared in that desolate region, in the neighborhood of the camps and without visible occupation, aroused the quick suspicions of the Chinese, and they became motionless and idle. Thereupon all the "shadowers" were withdrawn, and two new men took their places. These new and unsuspected agents of our government saw the Chinamen move deeper into the country in little squads, to assemble at the place of one of their countrymen, a miller, still nearer the border.

The Chinamen were well supplied with money. At the outset they had sent \$5000 in advance of themselves along the railroad by express, and now that they were far distant from the railroad and imagined themselves no longer watched, they began to bargain with the Mexican smugglers in the neighborhood for the procurement of mule teams and guides. They got a large wagon and six mules, as well as several desperate border men, who would have killed any white men who openly followed them. The shadowers were fully aware of their danger, and, while watching every movement of the smugglers, did not permit themselves to be seen—a feat not to be lightly measured when the character of that bare, white, sun-searched region is taken into consideration. The Mexicans employed by the Chinese halted at the border, and gave the famished, tired, and thirst-torn fugitives directions for reaching Tucson, the nearest large town in Arizona, and the seat of a colony of 600 or 700 Chinamen. There were 24 of these Chinamen in this first expedition. They had travelled two weeks at the pace of a mule team, and when they were deserted by their guides on our border they had but 20 gallons of water, and a march of 30 miles to reach a fresh supply. Some of them are described as having been in a pitiable condition of fatigue and physical weakness. Their first halt in our country was at a Papagoe Indian village, and there our federal agents arrested them, and took them to Tucson. Mr. Irvin identified them, and putting himself in communication with the Secretary of the Treasury, received an order to see that they were returned to China. The 31

Chinamen who did not fall into the hands of our officers still remain in Sonora. They may yet attempt to make the passage into Arizona.

In San Francisco just now there is outspoken indignation among the anti-Chinese on account of a local current that is swelling the Chinese leakage into our country. The present law (enacted October, 1888) declares in substance that in the case of any Chinese laborer who shall at any time heretofore have been, or who may now or hereafter be, a resident within the United States, and who shall have departed or who shall depart therefrom, and shall not have returned before the passage of this act, such laborer may not return to or remain in this country.

The enactment of this law worked grievous pain to those who believe the course of our government toward the Chinese has all along been marked by unconstitutional, unchristian, and dishonorable action. Especially was this felt since the Exclusion Act resulted in the nullification of 24,443 certificates, or "tickets of leave." These under a previous law had been issued to departing Chinamen, and accepted by them in good faith, and in the understanding that such certificates were tokens of the national promise that the holders might return to America whenever they pleased. This act is known as the Exclusion Act, and since its passage no Chinese laborers may legally enter or return to this country.

But they do. There are two steam-ship lines in the trade between China and San Francisco, the Pacific Mail and the Occidental and Oriental companies. If what is alleged against the ordinary and natural lines of business that they follow be true, it behooves those who are pelting the Canadian Pacific steam-ship line with stones to restrain their indignation, and first observe that ancient custom which is said to have made a cleanly city of Jerusalem, where every man saw to the ordering of his own door-yard. The accusation is that these two lines bring into San Francisco a number of contraband Chinese, who, through a form of trickery called "habeas corpusing," obtain the right to remain within the jurisdiction of our government. Five steamers arrive in San Francisco in each two months, or one in every twelve days. In the past year, up to July, 1890, they had brought to that city 1344 Chinamen. In January they brought 191; in February,

73; in March, 185; in April, 335; in May, 240; and in June, 320. Of this 1344 the component members were mainly men of those classes that the law permits to go and come—merchants, students, scientists, diplomats, consular agents, and their servants, etc. But in the number came 370 who declared that they were not Chinese, but were American citizens by birth, and must be permitted to land. That is to say, there were 60 a month of this class of travellers. All were taken off the ships by act of habeas corpus, in order to permit an investigation of their claim in the federal courts.

The fact appears to be that of 60 Chinese, on an average, who try to enter at San Francisco every month, without unquestioned authority under the law, a large proportion succeed. Less than twenty-five per cent. are sent back to China. The claimants of citizenship may be men who were once before laborers here, and who possess our violated pledges in the form of certificates; some may in reality be born citizens. However that be, the cunning and inclination toward dishonest dealing with our government which are marked characteristics of the Chinese (whether our course with them has or has not been of a similar character) give some basis for the suspicion that the flood of testimony in support of each "suspect" case is not always genuine. So does the fact, which I obtained upon high authority, that the first examination of the "suspects" while on shipboard is wholly perfunctory and mechanical, whereas the truly searching examination is made only after the alleged citizens have been long on shore, and have had ample time to assume a character and a familiarity with our institutions more or less in keeping with their assertion that they were born upon the soil. In the mean time the flood of official business has been swelled by the legal proceedings, and the anti-Chinese in the press and in politics have obtained an excuse for charging that a selfish interest in fees and emoluments is one of the influences that keep this door ajar.

It will be seen that through this opening also the smuggling is very limited, as is the case on the southern frontier. Therefore the most serious breach of the exclusion law is that on the Canadian frontier, which, as we have seen, amounts to no more than 1500 a year, if not less.

MARCH DAYS.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

I.

THE world to-day is a nun in gray,
And the wind is her wailing prayer
To God, to give her a soul like May,
Flower-sweet, white, and fair.

II.

Still as a lake at even is the air;
The heavens are gloomed; I mark not anywhere
A hopeful sign hung out by plain or hill;
Only the etched brown trees and barren fields are there.

How like a madman's dream the thought of June!
Shall this warped pipe e'er swell with some soft tune
That calls for liquid stops and languorous skill,
The piper lying prone beneath a summer moon?

III.

The mystery
And magic of the spring!
It seizes on this bleak and sullen thing
Called March, and seel!
Bland skies, faint odors as of slumbering flowers,
Faint bird songs in the bowers,
A soft south wind, and, cradled in the wood,
As sweet as womanhood,
As shy as any maiden lured by love,
The dimly flushed arbutus bloom above
The harsh earth soon will peer,
And April airs be here!

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY.*

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

VII.

THE "falling weather" came hard
Upon its prophecy. All that day the
clouds mustered. Films, lace-like and
fretting the roseate heavens, thickened as
the light gradually dawned, and were
dense before the sun rose—dense, but
white and semi-translucent, and a certain
focus of opaque glister, slowly mounting
and mounting the sky, gave token how
the great chariot of the sun fared along
the celestial highways to the zenith. No
fierce monitions in this noiseless eclipse
of the diurnal splendors of the rich sum-

mer-tide; the landscape lay in a lethargic
shadow, and time seemed to wait some-
where and to drowse dully, so long the
hours loitered, so little did they change;
the leaves hung still; a breathless, sultry
pause bated the pulses of the world. In
the afternoon—one who judged of time
by the sun might hardly know were it the
impending cloud or the approach of night
—this long monotony of the atmosphere
was broken by a gradual darkening, and
presently an almost imperceptible rain
was gently falling. The air was dank,
the lungs expanded to longer and longer
respirations, and the clouds were coming

* Begun in January number, 1891.

down the mountain-sides—coming in fleecy ranks along the dark purple indentations which marked the ravines, the vanguard with broken flakes that suggested the woolly leaders of the flocks.

"Look yander at the sheep, Moses," Letitia adjured the infant as he sat on the floor of the porch—"look yander at the flocks o' the old man ez herds the clouds on the bald o' the mounting."

Moses stared with inconceivable impressions at the fictitious sheep, and more than once looked up with a contemplative eye and a sensitive lip at Letitia to hear again of the fabled herder whose flocks wore this tenuous guise. How much he believed, how much he understood, must ever remain a matter of conjecture. He hearkened to all that was told to him which trenched upon the wonderful lore of the nursery, but maintained the while the inscrutable, impenetrable reticence of the infant who can but who will not talk. And now all similitude of flocks was lost in a sudden precipitation of the cloud masses toward the valley. Gullies, abysses, the river, every depression seemed to exude vapors, to hang suspended in the air, till they were met by the downward rush. All at once a louder patter was on the little slanting roof of the porch, and upon its floor the drops, glittering in their elastic rebound, multiplied till Letitia, catching Moses under the arms, bore him within, his feet sticking straight out, conserving his sitting posture, and deposited him on the broad hearth before the fire. And at last—whether the night or only its dull simulacrum—darkness descended. Letitia, looking forth from the open door, could see the pale shifting mists rather by the glow from the hearth than by the aid of such gray and sombre twilight as might linger without. The rain fell invisibly in the midst of the vapors; only the detached drops that pattered upon the edge of the floor of the porch gave out a steely gleam as they smartly rebounded and fell again. The room was all the cheerier for the dull and dank aspect of the world without. The spinning-wheels drawn up to the corner of the hearth promised an evening full of quiet industry and a musical whirring pleasant to hear. The warping bars, on the opposite side of the brown wall, were full of color, much red predominating in many shades, for Moses had early seemed to notice the rich, brilliant tint, and it

had won his rare approval. Indeed so much Turkey red went into the fashioning of his garments that the hanks of yarn and cotton designed for them hanging from the ceiling served to brighten the room, as if a bizarre decorative effect had been intentionally sought. The fire blazed merrily, and the light flashed back from the barrel of the rifle that rested on its rack of deer antlers.

Letitia, in her faint blue dress, moved deftly about, giving a touch here and there to set things in their even-tide order, murmuring as she went a little song, scarcely a tune, more like the fragmentary melodies that the mountain brooks sing on their way to the valley. "A curious sort'n psalmin' what she makes up out'n her own head," her mother used to say, with that rural distrust of all out of the usual experience. An ash cake was baking under the clean silver-gray mounds at one side of the great fire, which was too large almost for comfort, for the air was not chilly, albeit both doors and windows stood open, and too hot even for its purpose of cooking supper, for now and again the eggs, also roasting under the ashes, gave token by a sharp crack that one had succumbed unduly to the heat, had burst and spilled its yolk. On each occasion Moses, sitting after his lowly habit on the floor before the fire, gave a nervous little jerk, and looked with a certain anxiety at his mother, aware that all was not well in the domestic administration. Adelaide, kneeling by the hearth, frowned almost mechanically, and forgot the mishap the next moment. Presently she looked up at the grayish blackness that filled the squares of door and window.

"I dun'no' whether it air night or no," she said, the red live coals that she had raked out upon the hearth casting a dull reflection upon her oval face and large dark eyes. "I mought be *too* forehanded a-gittin' supper fur aught I know."

"Ye'll find out whenst it air supper-time by the comin' o' Baker Anderson," remarked Letitia. "That boy air wound up ter the very minute. His folks never kin need a clock ter find out what's meal-times, nor ter look at the sun. Mus' be a great comfort ter ennybody ter hev sech a punctual stomnick in the house. My mother would dote on feedin' him."

And sure enough presently here was Baker, a great thumping boy of sixteen, with a man's frame and a callow, square,

beardless, sheepish face, as conscious of his feet as if he were a centipede, as conscious of his big hands as if he had a hundred. All the grace and the strength of his muscles deserted him at the door, where he hesitated as if he doubted how he should before all these spectators ever reach the chair by the fireside which he usually occupied. Then he made a tremulous rush, deposited himself sidelong upon it, and looking up from under his straight eyebrows, said, with a gasp, "G'evenin', Mis' Yates."

He did not dare to address Letitia, so conscious was he of her latent mockery, and of her knowledge of the criticism upon the household which he had made in his innocent confidences to his aunt, who had ruthlessly repeated it to the parties in interest: he had said that he had no objection to Mis' Yates, but that Letitia eyed him ez ef she could sca'cely keep from laffin' at him, an' Moses eyed him ez ef he could sca'cely keep from smackin' his jaws; an' 'twixt 'em both he hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels; an' ef 'twarn't fur Mis' Yates, he an' his rifle would make tharselves sca'ce at Steve Yates's cabin.

To the manners of Moses, indeed, one far less sensitive than the guest might readily have taken exception. From time to time he frowningly surveyed Baker, knitting his scanty brows, and always crooking his fat dimpled arm above his forehead whenever he renewed his gaze, and although this gesture is not among the generally accepted expressions of contumely, it had especial capacities to convey a flout. Poor Baker had expected gambols with the infant to be a means of lessening the awkwardness of his self-consciousness, and to put him on a more easy basis with the household. Mrs. Yates often felt herself obliged to apologize for the unfriendly conduct of Moses, and even to expostulate with the great Dagon, and beg him to mitigate his severity. He seemed instigated to this course in some sort, the boy felt, by the malice of an old dog, brindled a bluish-gray and white, who had adopted a senile vagary that the visitor harbored wicked intentions against the household hero, which he evidently felt delegated to frustrate. He always came, upon the boy's entrance, and placed himself between the guest and the precious "leetle Mose," who found the animal's sides, cush-

ioned with fat, a sufficiently soft and comfortable pillow, and was wont to lean upon him, resting his downy head and fine pink cheek on the dark tigerish hair of the thick neck—the formidable fangs of the brute's lolling open mouth, the fiery eye and rising bristles, bearing fierce contrast to the delicate infantile curves and coloring of the child's face. Here nightly, until Baker Anderson was led off to his slumbers in the roof-room, the dog sat immovable, now and then emitting a growl if he so much as glanced at Moses. Mrs. Yates could only redouble her suavity to the household defender, and add some soothing dainty to the supper. "I made this johnny-cake express fur *you-uns*, Baker," she would say. And when he could no longer be fed, she exerted herself to entertain him in the brief interval before the young fellow, tired out with the day's ploughing or hunting, would succumb to the heat and the stillness, and nod before the fire. Doubtless this talk was a salutary necessity for Adelaide, for the days were full of tears, and the nights of sighs and wakeful hours, and dreams of vague unhappiness and discordant, half-realized terrors. Letitia's smiling assurance, "How ye an' Steve air a-goin' ter laff an' laff over this some o' these days!" she could not accept, although it was grateful to hear, and she would still her sobs to listen to its iteration. But poor Baker, when awake, called for all her sympathy and countenance, thus helpless amongst his enemies, and so sorrow must needs be forgot for a time.

They all sat thus this evening; the supper cleared away, the hearth swept, one of Moses's red stockings for winter wear growing under the needles in Adelaide's hand, the little flax spinning-wheel awhir as Letitia drew out the long thread, the baby half drowsing on the fierce old dog's neck, the doors all aflame, when a sudden chill wind sprang up. They heard it rising far, far away—a deep, hollow murmur, all unlike the throbbing of the cataract, which was ceaseless in the darkness, beating like the heart of the night; it came stealthily down through the gap in the mountain, and the trees, hitherto silent and motionless above the little house, suddenly fell to trembling and clashed their boughs, and long-drawn sibilant sighs shook all their rustling foliage.

"Listen!" Letitia said, her foot pausing on the treadle, as she turned her brilliant

azure eyes to the night all black without. "Thar's the last o' the rain and the fog."

The drops were redoubled on the roof, but presently they grew fewer, discursive, and now sounded only the fitful patter of those shed by the foliage where they had lodged.

A more turbulent gust banged the battened shutters and shook the door, then went screaming, screaming through the black night, with a voice so dolorous and wild that more than once Adelaide put down her knitting, and looked up with a face pallid and agitated, as if she realized in the sound the utterance of the dreary grief that rent her heart.

"Shet the door an' bar it up, Baker," observed Letitia. "Ye air younger'n me"—with a mimicry of age—"or I'd wait on you-uns."

The boy's manner of shuffling to the door and window and securing them kindled a smile in her eyes. He could not encounter them when he was once more ensconced in the corner, so he chanced to glance at the old dog, which instantly growled, and then he was fain to stare sedulously into the fire. "I wouldn't be s'prised none ef the coals war ter hop up an' scorch me," he said bitterly to himself, for the inner man, or boy, was by no means the submissive, humble entity which the outward shy, awkward cloddishness might intimate. The gusts had sprung after him upon the door, and shook it as if a hundred beasts had lain in ambush there, baffled by his forethought.

"Oh!" cried Adelaide, all her distraught nerves a-jarring. "What do that sound like?"

"Like the wind," said Letitia, bending her smiling face to the wheel, "the wind ez air stoppin' the rain, an' the corn crap'll be short. Don't ye see Baker thar, drappin' a tear, like a good farmer, 'count o' the drought that this leetle rain don't break?"

Baker turned scarlet and shuffled his big feet and moistened his lips with his tongue, his traduced dry eyes, hot and angry, staring steadily at the fire.

"One tear, Baker, shed fur sins mought go further than that leetle tear o' yourn will go with the country's corn crap."

Letitia spoke solemnly, and looked with affected gravity at the boy, who was so lugubrious under her teasing that she could not resist, and burst into a peal of laughter. His lips, too, mechanically

distended, exhibited two great unbroken arches of strong teeth.

"Don't, *don't* show all them teeth ter Moses, Baker," she adjured him, in pretended alarm. "Think how bent on gittin' teeth he be now, an' ef he war ter set his heart on hevin' *yourn too*, how lonesome ye'd be 'thout 'em at meal-times!"

Moses, hearing his name, roused himself with an effort, looking over his shoulder frowningly, with a shrill little ill-tempered squeal, for he did not permit her to speak of him, and rarely to address him.

"Oh, oh, listen at the wind!" cried Adelaide, unheeding them all. "It sounds like the voice o' suthin' that can't rest in its grave."

"Waal," said Litt, sturdily, "I ain't 'quainted with that kind o' harnts myself, ez 'ain't got no better manners 'n ter go screechin' like the bad boys in the Cove arter a day at the still—'thout the excuse o' bein' in liquor, too. We'd better make mo' stir ourselves, then we can't hear 'em. Baker, mebbe ye mought gin us a song—" she bent a beguiling smile upon him—he, who could not even talk, to be asked to sing! "I hev got a notion ez you-uns be a plumb sweet singer."

Her air of coquetry and the implied compliment were of that phase of her manners far more formidable to the callow youth than even her open ridicule. He could have sunk through the floor. He knew that his blushes, his abashed and downcast eyes, were delightful to her. The indignation and resentment kindled by this reflection roused that more stalwart personality of self-respect within him, and gave him courage to mumble, a trifle surlily, that she had better sing a song herself if she hankered for singing. To this she replied, with a sudden swift transition to patently mocking glee,

"I think so myself, Baker, I *do* think so, but I didn't s'pose *ye* war so smart ez ter know it too."

And forthwith, to the accompaniment of the musical whir of her wheel, and the sibilant fugue of the wind in the trees, and the blare of the fluctuating flames in the chimney, she began to sing in a voice low and sweet, and while she sang a strange thing happened.

As she drew the thread along, holding the end out in her hand with a graceful sweep of her arm, her blue fire-lit eyes full of pensive lights, her lips parted, her

tiny foot marking time on the treadle, she noted that one of the batten shutters, which had so regularly beaten in the blast against the window-frame, as the other did even now, had grown steady. All at once the fire-light leaped up with a keen glitter, and at the long narrow crevice between the shutter and the window she saw a face peering in so stealthily, a face so long and white and unrecognizable—seemingly hardly human in the narrow section which the rift showed—that a sudden terror smote her heart, the words of the song rose to a scream, and, the wheel still whirling, the thread in her hand, she pointed to the window, exclaiming: "The face! the face! I'm feared o' the face!"

Adelaide had sprung wide-eyed and pale to her feet; the dog, vaguely apprehending the commotion, was fiercely growling. The clumsy boy had risen, overturning the chair with the motion, and at that instant the shutter slammed freely back and forth against the window-frame at the whim of the wayward gusts, and naught was there when the rifle was thrust to the crevice.

"Let him look down the muzzle o' that now," cried Baker Anderson, "ef he's so fond o' peekin'!"

"Don't shoot, Baker, don't shoot!" exclaimed Adelaide, her face still drawn and white. "I reckon Litt didn't see nuthin', nohow."

"My eyesight bein' sorter poorly, through agin' so much lately," the girl said, in her characteristic tone; but her own face was pallid, and as she leaned back in the chair she panted heavily.

"Don't fool me, Litt," the other adjured her, with heart-break in her voice. "War it Steve?"

"I never admired Steve," Litt gasped, "but I never thunk he war ugly enough ter be tarrified at the sight o' him."

Moses, who had turned his head upward, and looked bewildered from one to the other, now burst into a piteous wail with tears and sobs, imagining, from the excited talk, that an altercation was in progress, for, singularly enough for one of his stern and belligerent character, he deprecated a quarrel, and resented all interchange of loud words. His mother knelt by him to pat him on the back; the old dog licked his bare pink foot. Letitia still leaned back in the chair, her frightened face all at variance with her usual gay bravado.

"Who did it look like, Litt?" demanded Adelaide, not lifting her voice, and the peace-loving Moses, tolerating no quarrel that was not of his own making, turned his face, where the tears still lodged on the curves and in the dimples, to supervise the pacific answer.

"Like nuthin' I ever see afore; like nuthin' livin'," Litt barely whispered.

Adelaide's face blanched even in the red fire-light. The hand that patted Moses trembled as she knelt beside him.

Baker Anderson's blood was merely slightly stirred. The bluff courage with which he was endowed—no less sturdy because callow—enabled him to regard the demonstration as a welcome and exciting break in the monotony. He had considered his stay here with his rifle as rather the result of a senile whim on the part of his uncle than because any danger might menace the deserted Yates household. He was glad to have his presence and that of his weapon justified by some simulacrum of fear and trouble. Litt fancied that she detected in his manner a relish of her terrors. At all events, he evidently suddenly thought well enough of himself to venture an observation:

"Ye needn't be 'sturbed none, Mis' Yates. 'Twarn't nobody, mebbe. Ef ye'd like fur me, I'd take my rifle an' sorter tramp round the yard a leetle an' look out."

"No, no, bide whar ye air," cried Mrs. Yates. "Litt say," she faltered, "it moughtn't—be—alive," her voice quavered to silence.

"Oh, thar ain't nobody buried close enough round hyar ter git ter 'sturbin' we-uns, Mis' Yates," Baker reassured her with a capable swagger.

So fully had his sense of superiority been restored by the demonstration of the imperviousness of his courage that it seemed impossible that he should ever have quaked before that small bully in blue, even with her beautiful and bewildering eyes and her smiling lips and the keen whetted edge of her ridicule; he glanced hardily at her as she still leaned back in her chair, limp and prostrated by the fright, the overturned spinning-wheel at her feet. Oh, it was a great thing to be a man—or a boy who thought himself a man—even burdened with a pair of big clumsy feet, and several superfluous hands, and a tongue tied in the presence of small bright-eyed bullies in blue! He

was emboldened to evolve a theory of his own concerning the conduct of ghosts, which was doubtless as worthy of respect as any such theories ever are.

"Harnts don't wander much generaly," he said. "They hang round thar own buryin'-groun' mainly. Ye kin see 'em of a moonlight night, they say, a-settin' on thar graves, an' lookin' through the palin's o' the church-house yard—though I 'ain't viewed none, *myse'f*. An' sometimes they walk whenst fraish-buried in thar kin-folkses' house."

"Oh, Baker!" interpolated Mrs. Yates.

"But *ye* 'ain't got no fraish-buried kin, Mis' Yates," Baker hastened to stipulate. "Steve air alive an' hearty, else ye'd hev hearn 'bout him, bad news bein' a fast rider. An' thar ain't no graves in the neighborhood, an' so thar ain't no harnts o' course."

"He hev tuk a census o' sperits lately," cried Letitia, with a tremulous laugh.

"Thar air the Leetle People's buryin'-groun' nigh hyar," faltered Adelaide.

But Baker Anderson had never heard of the "Leetle People." He looked mystified, and a trifle startled, despite the resources of his courage; and, after she explained, he presently spoke with an insistent desire, most plainly to be observed, to exclude the Little People from the possibilities.

"Mos' likely it air jes some lazy loon a-goin' home from the still or suthin', an' hearin' the singin', stopped to listen. Ez ter the *Leetle People*"—his voice drawled the words lingeringly, his eyes dwelt meditatively on the fire, he was evidently falling under a morbid mysterious fascination—"I reckon ez they hev been lef' be all these years mebbe they won't git a-goin' at this late day."

The wind came and went in mighty surges; the trees groaned. Amongst it all one could hear the melancholy roar of the falls, and now and again a gust with a stealthy touch tried the door or the shutter, and went skurrying around the house with a rustle of the grass and the bushes to simulate a human flight.

"I wonder," said Letitia, suddenly—she had lifted the spinning-wheel, had placed it before her, and was bending her face above it, still white from the nervous shock, as she righted the confusion of the tangled thread—"I wonder, Adelaide, ef ye ever hearn that thar Mr. Shattuck talkin' much 'bout them Stranger People?"

"No—but I hev hearn Stephen tell 'bout'n it, an' how he wants thar pearls on thar necks an' thar leetle jugs an' dishes, ez they thunk enough of ter hev buried with 'em, 'lowin' they'd be thar at the las' day."

She paused in surprise. Letitia's pale face had turned a vivid scarlet.

"Adelaide!" she cried. "Do ye actually b'lieve that? Ye 'pear plumb bereft, an' ye talk like a fool. He ain't wantin' thar pearls an' sech. They 'ain't got none wuth hevin'!"

"Why don't he let 'em stay in thar peaceful graves till the light shines in the east?" retorted the other, with spirit.

"He say," Letitia went on, "he wants ter know ef they air small people sure enough, or whether they air jes common Injun chil'n; he 'lows he kin tell suthin' o' what nation they war by thar skulls an' jugs an' ornamins." She paused, her eyes bright with a sort of bewildered surprise. How she had remembered this strange talk of his! How she had laid it to heart!

"Mr. Shattuck told about one man," she went on, "that seen the skeletons of some Tennessee pygmies, an' he writ in a book ez they war all grown up, but leetle, *leetle* folks, with thar teeth all separate an' sharp at the p'int, like a dog's or a wolf's fangs."

Adelaide uttered an exclamation of horror.

"An' thar air lots o' cur'ous leavin's in Tennessee—bones o' big animals sech ez thar ain't none of now; an' old forts with trees many hundred year old growing over 'em, an' built out'n stones; an' strange paintings on high cliffs, what some say war done by folks in a boat whenst a flood war in the lan'; an' cur'ous images an' weepsons, an' cups an' jugs sech ez can't be fund nowadays nowhar. An' of all the queer things an' cur'ous tales in Tennessee, the Leetle People take the lead."

"What do he want ter know thar nation fur?" demanded Adelaide, stonily. "They lived, and they air dead. Let him take God's grace for the wisdom of it, an' ax no questions."

"Oh, ye take him fur a common thief ez be arter the value o' thar truck, like the ignorunt folks round hyar!" cried Letitia, repudiating kinship and the community with the pride of her new scientific acquisitions.

"Ye larnt *that* from him, too, I reckon; —a-girdin' at yer own home folks!" said Adelaide, reproachfully.

Letitia's face was dyed even a deeper scarlet. "Oh, he be some smarter'n folks in gineral," she protested, nevertheless. "An' Steve tole ye so, too, I'll be bound."

This allusion struck home.

"Waal, thar's been enough an' too much quar'lin' over him now, Litt," Adelaide said, sadly. "Don't let's ye an' me fall out 'bout'n him. Sing some mo'—yer singin'—air powerful clear an' sweet—sing some mo'."

Letitia, only half appeased, shook her head. "My singin' 'pears ter raise harnts, or the devils, or suthin', ter-night. I can't sing no mo' with sech white queer faces ter peek through the window at me."

All her sparkle seemed quenched somehow; the airy wings of her wit were folded and trailing, and she was afoot, as it were, in the dust.

This perception, subtly realized, emboldened Baker Anderson to perpetrate in his turn a small jest at the expense of his late tormentor.

"Oh, ye mought ez well sing," he said, in a humorous, callow growl, and with an awkward wag of his square head. "I reckon ye never see nobody at the winder, 'ceptin' mebbe 'twar Fee Guthrie, 'shamed ter kem a-visitin' ye *every* night, so he mus' hev a look at ye whilst singin', through the winder—he 'lows ye be so powerful pritty." And he grinned broadly in the pride of this achievement.

For Felix Guthrie had repeatedly made one of the small party, talking chiefly about his obdurate soul, resistant to conversion, much as if it were an obstinate mule, until a late bedtime turned his steps from the door. But Letitia was neither discomfited nor roused by this unprecedented conversational effort on the part of the shy Baker. She only replied, in a dull, spiritless tone, "'Twarn't Fee."

Her eyes, their fine color still asserted in the glow of the red embers, had in them a certain wonder, a sentiment of pain, a touch of fear. The boy's words had given direction to her thoughts. Felix Guthrie would not have lingered to see her sing—he knew but vaguely that her face charmed him. He had no adequate sense of its beauty. She herself had learned it only in another man's eyes—so loath they were to leave it, so fired with some subtle enthusiasm for it. He could look at her silently

for hours; but surely, she thought, she could not have fancied in that sinister glimpse at the window any lineament that bore resemblance to him. And why should he linger without and peer in at the fireside group when the door would have opened willingly? It was not he; but who was it? And this mystery bore her company into the dull dead hours. She could not sleep; her eyes were open, and staring into the darkness long, long after slumber had enwrapped all others of the household. She was not restless, only wakeful, as if she should never sleep again. She marked all the successive changes of the night. A long time a cricket shrilled and shrilled in some cranny of the room, and at last was weary, and so grew mute. An owl screamed once without, and was heard no more. Occasionally the dogs, who slept under the house, stirred and wheezed and changed their posture, bumping their heads against the floor as they moved, and were still again. The wind roved for a time listlessly about the garden bushes, and at last was lulled amongst them. And then ensued a hush so intense, so prolonged, that it weighed upon her senses, alert to catch and distinguish some sound that might break it. Naught. Not even the ashes crumbled in the wide chimney-place, where they covered the embers. So deep were the slumbers of Adelaide beside her, of Moses in his crib, that they hardly seemed to breathe. Darkness unbroken and silence absolute. Thus might she feel, she thought, without sound or light, if perchance she should wake some time in her grave, after she had lain five centuries, say, quite dead; as the Little People might feel, stirred to some merely mechanical sensation of falling to dust, in those quaint coffins that had become a curiosity bereft of human significance, of fraternal sanctity, so old, so queer they were. Thus they felt, no doubt, in the long pauses of the centuries while they slept and waited for the judgment.

And with a sudden fear of a dull numbness stealing over her, she roused herself to a sitting posture, and slipped down from the high piles of the thick feather-bed to the floor. Her bare feet were noiseless as she crossed the room and sat down in a rocking-chair. The stones of the hearth were warm yet, and pleasant to the touch. She heard the dogs stir once again, and a young horse

that was at liberty without trot slowly around the cabin.

What sort of lives did those Little People lead here? she began to wonder anew. Was the grass so fine and soft and green in their time as now? Did the flowers bloom, and the sun shine, and the earth grow so fair of face in the long summer-time that the thought of death became inexpressibly repugnant, and one might wish it afar off, long, long to wait on this sweet existence? Oh, Little People, that it should have come at last! Oh, Little People, to lie so long and wait in gloom!

Somehow the thought of the eventless passing of centuries to them gave her a more adequate idea of the quietus of death—its insoluble change. She felt stifling. She rose to her feet, opened the batten shutter near at hand, and looked out upon the night. The moon had risen; she had hardly thought to see it there, hanging in the gorge of the mountains above the falls. Melancholy and waning it was. She had never heard that it was a dead, burnt-out world of spent fires; she thought it of this life, and she welcomed the sight. Stars were out, and the clouds all gone. The dank breath of herbage sodden with rain came to her; the mists were barely visible, hovering above the dark ravines. The shadows were long. She saw the horse whose hoof beats she had heard, not drowsing, but standing beside a clump of bushes, his motionless head turned toward the mountains. The sound of the cataract was only a dull monotone, as if it slept in the dead midnight. And suddenly, as she stood there, with the moonlight on her white gown and her disordered hair and in her lustrous eyes, another sound smote her ear—the sound of a pickaxe striking suddenly upon stone. It came from the pygmy burying-ground. She heard it only once, for it came no more.

VIII.

Leonard Rhodes arose from the bed to which his wounds had consigned him when he was at last permitted to dispense with the vigilant care and alert fears of the "yerb doctor." The methods of practice of Phil Craig consisted largely in frustrating disastrous possibilities. "Ye can't git up; ye *mought* fever," he replied to every appeal. "Ye mustn't think 'bout nuthin'; ye *mought* fever!" And after the extreme limits which had been assigned to Rhodes's durance were

reached, the doctor revoked his promises of liberation, and required of him one day more prone upon the couch for full measure. Rhodes might hardly have submitted had he not been willing that the community should think his hurt more serious than it really was. He himself appreciated that the wound was as trivial as it might be. But there was something disastrous to the pretensions of a candidate in the disproportionate importance that had been attached to it—the insult, for its paltry sake, that his friend had offered to Mr. Pettingill, his host, and a man who habitually voted with the opposite faction; and in a minor degree the slur cast upon the science of Phil Craig, who cared, however, as little as might be, looking upon Rhodes merely as an object of flesh and blood who might, under certain contingencies, perversely undertake to fever. Most of all Rhodes deprecated the tragic conclusion of the midnight errand in his interest on which Steve Yates had been despatched. Although the community had generally accepted the conclusion that Yates had seized the opportunity for some unknown reason—a quarrel with his wife was frequently assigned as the cause—to flee the country, there were those who shook their heads darkly over the mystery, with misgivings and grim suggestions and hopes that "the body" would be found some day. And from these rumors Leonard Rhodes feared the defeat of all his cherished schemes. It was a personal popularity which he sought to conserve. Party feeling ran very high, and in point of strength the two opposing factions were closely matched. It was only by virtue of his own superior quality of comradeship, his geniality, the fact that he was untried and had the fascination of novelty, and that he was held to possess certain elements of character challenging admiration—that he was brave, gay, debonair, full of generous high spirits—that he had expected to overbear the balance, swinging at an impartial poise, and tip it ever so slightly in his favor. How far this prospect had been wrecked, how indissolubly his name was coupled with ridicule or reprobation, he had hardly dared to consider as he lay at length watching the light and shadow play in the full-leaved sycamore-tree close by the roof-room window, the flash of sunshine on the white wings of the nesting pigeons by the chimney, the wolf-skins swaying from the raf-

ters, sometimes seeming, when the sun was low and the wind flickered, to reassume the symmetries of life, and to lurk there, with shining eyes and expectant motion, ready to spring. He could hear the river chant tirelessly its sweet low monody in its sylvan shadows; he knew the hour by the voice of the herds, and felt scant need of his watch ticking under his pillow; but most of all the flight of time was indicated by the sibilant wheeze of Mrs. Pettingill, often audibly conferring below-stairs concerning the patient's dinner with the anxious, conscientious, cautious Craig, who seemed to consider all the disorders of the body to arise from the bad habit of eating to nourish it. His professional interdiction was upon almost every dish in Mrs. Pettingill's repertoire; but his back would be hardly turned before her heavy lumbering step was on the stair, and her countenance, red from bending over the coals, would appear above the door in the floor, and she would emerge carrying in her hand her appetizing blue bowl, or one of her large willow-pattern plates that knew more antiquated delicacies than often grace much finer ware. Corrugated consciousness of dereliction was on her face, but a resolute determination to persevere in sinning.

"Ef Phil Craig hev got the heart ter starve ye, I 'ain't," she would wheeze. "An' ef ye air so contrairy-minded ez ter die o' this hyar leetle squab pie an' roast-in' ears—roasted in thar husks—an' a small taste o' cheese and this transparent pud-din', I'll jes swear I *didn't* kill ye, an' ye hed *nuthin'* from my han' but *cold spring-water*."

And having thus adjusted her deceit to the possible pursuit of the laws of the land, she would administer her dainties, often descending heavily to her lair below-stairs for a fresh supply.

Thus it was that with all the hues of health, all his usual vigor of step and manner, Rhodes appeared once more before the gaze of the constituents whom he fain would capture.

"Hello! Ye've been 'possumin', Len," was the surprised cry that greeted him wherever he came. And although he might good-naturedly parry it, and respond to praise the "yerb doctor's" skill, still the fact that he had been scarcely hurt at all went the rounds of the gossips and caused much speculation.

"Twar a powerful onlucky hit fur

Steve Yates," one of the mountaineers observed at the blacksmith's shop one day, where a group stood about the door. "Ef't warn't fur that, he'd hev been hyar yit, I reckon."

"Why did that Shattuck hev ter sen' him a-skedaddlin' off in the midnight fur another doctor-man when Phil Craig war thar handy ter physic him with every-thing ez grows? That 'pears powerful cur'ous ter me," said the blacksmith, "every time I git ter studyin' 'bout'n it."

"Mark my words," said an elderly wight, the smith's father, who spent much time gossiping in his son's shop—he had a grizzled head of hair, on which his hat was tilted backward; a beardless face, full of the script of years; and a manner not less weighty and impressive because his opinions were in some sort impeded by a toothless utterance, so did the evidences of age and experience lend value to his prelections—"whenst ye find out *whar* Steve Yates went, an' *what* he went thar fur, ye'll know why Shattuck sent him. They air tergether in that business. Mark my words!"

The suspicion exploded like a bomb-shell amongst the coterie, doing great execution. It was so patent a possibility that Shattuck should have used his friend's temporary unconsciousness and his own affected solicitude as a blind to despatch Steve Yates upon some mysterious errand of their own, from which he was never intended to return, that it amazed all the cronies that so obvious an idea had never occurred to them before. Far more natural than that Shattuck should experience so preposterous a fear for so slight a hurt.

"Why," said the old man, "Rhodes looks ez survigrous ez that thar oak-tree!" pointing to a kingly and stalwart specimen, full-leaved and flush of sap, in all its ample verdure, as it stood overlooking the barn-like place. Far more natural than that Shattuck should distrust the science of Philip Craig, far-famed as a "yerb doctor," and prefer Dr. Ganey, the man of nauseous tinctures and extracts and pills and powders, who was reputed, moreover, to have poisoned people by his "store drugs," and was known to have set a man's leg, fractured by a fall, so that although he walked he could not run nor leap, and had had the good use of it never since—to send for him, with Phil Craig at hand!

There were busy days after this at the

blacksmith's shop, although not much forging was done, so completely did the mystery absorb both the frequenters of the place and its working force. They made a thousand guesses far from the truth, none of which seemed, even to the projectors, sufficiently plausible to adopt, until one day a conjecture, with all the coercive force of probability, came to their minds upon the receipt of strange news, which seemed to account at once for Steve Yates's absence and Shattuck's motive in employing him on this wild-goose chase.

On the previous day Shattuck had been singularly ill at ease. He was not a man vigilant for cause of offence, and when his friendship and trustfulness had been enlisted he was even obtuse to any change in the moral temperature of his associates. It had affected his nerves vaguely, in some wise too subtle to be definitely discriminated, before the fact was even elusively present to his perceptions that Rhodes had begun to regard him differently, and that the new estimate colored his friend's manner. As this gradually grew upon his convictions, he received it with a sense of injury. He had in naught justified it. His presence here was not of his own motion. He remembered how Rhodes had besought his companionship upon this electioneering tour; how he had painted the beauties of the country, the quaint character of its inhabitants; how he had promised the opening of a mound on his own land to feed his friend's archæological fad, and a monopoly of all the curios that should be found therein, floridly offering them as lures, protesting himself, too, as under infinite prospective obligations, and urging his own interest. "I have to have a friend along, and Lord knows I don't want any of those Colbury galoots, with one word for me and ten for themselves."

And when Shattuck had acceded, and the peculiarity of his manner had proved attractive to the mountaineers, and encomiums from the simple people followed him here and there, Rhodes had been impressed with the idea that his friend was an immense acquisition and a positive help in the canvass, in which small matters of personal popularity would have to count against party principles. Few men in this world could be more engagingly genial and affectionate than was Leonard Rhodes at this stage of his onslaught upon the predilections of Kildeer County. Shattuck, who gave as slight attention as

might be to these circumstances and their influence upon his friend's manner, was only conscious that his heart warmed in turn. Vaguely aware though for some time he had been of the change, he experienced a shock when a surly preoccupation, an intentional espousing of an opposite opinion, which evidently had no root in conviction, a dull monosyllable in reply, that was hardly reply at all, acquainted him definitely with Rhodes's state of mind and his indifference to its discovery—nay, that he rather courted a quarrel.

The culmination came shortly after the mid-day dinner; they still sat in the dining-room and smoked their pipes over a small smouldering fire, for, despite the brilliance of a July day, the air was chill. They had gone back from Pettingill's cabin to Rhodes's own house, some seven miles distant down the valley, and were re-established there. It had been unoccupied for many a year; the transient tenant merely rented the lands of the farm; the house and the furniture remained much as his grandfather had left it. It was a double frame house, with curiously low ceilings, and although it had been for fifty years amazingly fine for the district, it was not quite equal to Colbury ideals, and its owner often pondered upon getting rid of it when he should have a sufficient offer for its purchase. He had lately utilized it in some sort as a point of departure for his hill-country canvass of the two counties, being more convenient than periodic returns to Colbury, and he had in the kitchen a scornful colored couple—strictly townsfolk—languishing in exile, amazed at the lack of culture of the mountaineers, and by the fact that there was so large an extent of waste country in the world.

"Ef Len Rhodes hatter be made Governor o' the State he ain't gwine ter do it by foolin' dis chile agin up ter dis hyar mizable, destitute wilderness ter cook fur him, sure!" Aunt Chaney had remarked to the equally disaffected and lugubrious Uncle Isham, who had come to cut wood and feed the horses.

Rhodes made no inquiry as to how they contrived to get through the lonely time during his absence, nor was he moved by their reproachful dark faces in the interludes of his returns. They were fond of society, and ornaments of select colored circles in their normal sphere, and their imaginings had never pictured aught so

bereft of interest as this uninhabited space in the "flat woods" so near to the great ranges.

The house itself touched Shattuck's predilections. To him a peony, highly colored, on a black ground, in a mahogany frame, made a picture full of quaint character. The tall four-post bedsteads, with paper canopy emblazoned with a wreath of morning-glories, which suggested matutinal and industrial ideas rather than slothful lingerings beneath their fading blooms; the three or four carpeted steps at the bed foot, a sort of movable stair to enable one to mount into its comforts; the long serpentine sand-bag, which lay at the door to keep out the draughts; the view of mountains, blue far away, darkly bronze near at hand, that was visible from the tiny panes of every window—all combined to so suggest the past, to so disunite it from the present, that imagination needed scant else to set these dim rooms astir again with former occupants, and give him many an idle hour of pensive fantasies over his pipe.

He had glanced out of the door as he strolled about the dining-room, which opened on the porch at the side of the house; a mass of grape-vines twined over its dank and rotting roof; the heavy clusters of fruit had ripened here and there to a rich purple, with a silver bloom upon it, and again showed only translucent amber globules trenching upon a roseate hue. Amongst them all a tangle of white microphylla roses, their branches clambering high, were splendidly in blossom, and through the vista he saw the distant blue peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains, with the elusively glimmering mists upon them.

"Len," he said, suddenly, "you are a fool if you cut away that lot of grapes and roses. Let the porch rot. You can get a hundred such porches, but you won't come up with a tangle like that again in a lifetime."

Rhodes sat at ease; his legs were extended at full length. His pipe was in his mouth, and his hat stuck on the back of his head; his richly brown hair was disordered on his forehead; his face was flushed, partly from the heat of the fire, partly from the smouldering irritation which Shattuck did not as yet divine; his nose, usually an inconspicuous feature, white and firm-fleshed, seemed swollen

and red, as if he had been drinking; his ungraceful posture drew his waistcoat into creases, and his old claret-colored coat, with a velvet collar, seemed high-shouldered and ungainly as he stayed his shoulder-blades against the back of the chair.

"Well, *I'll* undertake to do as *I* choose with my own," he broke forth, suddenly. "I'll put the axe to the root of the whole business if I want to."

Shattuck looked at him in amaze. "Why, of course, and welcome. What do you mean?" His tone was surprised and wounded, but pacific.

Rhodes, with a certain relief in liberating the pent-up tides of his vexation, went on with a visible increase of vehemence. "I mean that I have had about as much of your interference in my affairs as I have got a mind to put up with." He spoke between his set teeth, and with a toss of his hair, prone to fall upon his face.

Shattuck stood motionless, scarcely believing he had heard aright. A flush had mounted through his thin skin. He had a dismayed and hurt expression that was almost appealing. It was not that he found Rhodes's displeasure itself so overwhelming. That meant as little to him as might be. He was only aghast that Rhodes should make him feel it while a guest in the house. All the exigencies of hospitality hampered its recipient, and he hardly knew how to assert himself, how to lift his voice in defence.

"Will you tell me how I have interfered with you?" he asked, an almost imperceptible tremor in his tone. His eyes were fixed upon Rhodes, who did not meet them in turn, but kept his gaze upon the fire, still slowly smouldering.

"How? Well, I like that!" He cast his eyes up to the high mantel-piece, and laughed a little, showing his teeth—white and strong, but over-crowded and unevenly placed.

With all his odd bits of learning, Shattuck knew little of human nature. He had mastered more of the science of craniology than of those fine aerial transient guests that the skull may house—retroactive motives and full-winged schemes, and, strongest of all, that moral harlequin, coming and going, none knows whence nor whither, the impulse. A mad bull is hardly in a state of mind or on a plane of culture to appreciate an ac-

curately balanced syllogism, but Shattuck must needs offer logic to Rhodes:

"No stranger here could have influence enough with these people to interfere in your affairs. I am a stranger here. I could not interfere even if I would. How could I? Why should I?"

"That's what gets me!" cried his host, coarsely. "Why you should have undertaken to send seventeen miles for a doctor to physic a small scratch on the head, and how you could insinuate to an old man, whose guest I was—had forced myself on him, in fact, as well as you—that he might be strung up if I should die in his house for no fault of his—it all passes my comprehension."

Shattuck's flush grew deeper. His eyes, whose reproachful look the other never met, had a hot, hunted, harried look.

"I wouldn't have had it happen," cried Rhodes, his hands clasped behind his tousled head, the change in his attitude adding to the dislocation of his aspect and the precariousness of his posture, his chair still balanced on its hind legs, his own legs still stretched out at full length—"I wouldn't have had Steve Yates sent on that lonely road at midnight on my errand, if I had known it, for a million—a *quadrillion* of dollars."

"Money seems really no object," Shattuck retorted, somewhat in his host's own vein. His eyes were alive and alert now. The dull, hurt look had vanished. He was moved to defend himself against a reproach, unjust, indeed, but which his own troubled heart and tormented conscience and sensitive consciousness had often urged in their reasonless impunity. He was in naught to blame that any evil had befallen Yates—this he knew full well—and still he regretted, and still he reproached himself. And because of this he had become expert at his logical self-defence, and he sprang to its weapons as if for his life.

"A lonely road!" he sneered. "A late hour! As if I, a stranger in the country, did not travel it alone, and at midnight too, to escape the heat of a daytime journey, as everybody does who has occasion to take it. I took excellent care of myself upon it. I met nothing but a rabbit or two and a few stray cattle. It never occurred to me that Yates was not as safe on that road as in his own house. And I *did not* ask him to go. He volunteered. I *did* make too great a com-

motion over your being hurt, and I admit it. I was a fool for that; and I was mistaken—considerably—both in the nature of the wound and the man that got it. I gave myself too much solicitude altogether, far more than the subject warranted."

His eyes had succeeded in meeting Rhodes's at last, but they saw little of what was before them. The candidate had lowered his arms to a normal posture; the forelegs of his chair had dropped to the floor; he sat erect, alert, looking intently and deprecatingly at his angry friend, so hard to rouse, so thoroughly roused at last. Rhodes was of that temperament best controlled by the exhibition of a counterpart emotion. Shattuck's anger quelled his own. He was eager to interrupt, wincing under the low-toned words, husky with passion. He was of versatile capacities; he could be a balance-weight were there no one else to keep the poise. His anger was only indulged under the license of impunity. It had evaporated as if it had never fired his blood. He received the demonstration with a palpable surprise—as though he had done naught to provoke it—when his friend, turning toward the door, said, ceremoniously,

"And now, Mr. Rhodes, if you will add to your kind hospitality, for which I am indebted, the favor of ordering my horse, I will trouble you with my 'interference' no more."

Even Shattuck felt that he had gone too far, that he had needlessly quarrelled on a small provocation, when the other called out naturally:

"Why, Shattuck, I *am* surprised! You ought to be ashamed ter get mad so easy, when you know how I'm bothered and tormented out of my life. And with so much at stake! And you won't let me growl a little bit here with you at home, when I can afford to growl nowhere else, confound it! You ought to be ashamed!"

Shattuck hesitated. He cast a worried, agitated glance out of the window into the large freedom of the sunshine and the wind and the flying shadows of the fleecy summer clouds. There came a day when he remembered the moment, when he regretted that he had not ridden off into the buoyant midst of these lightsome elements. But at the time it seemed impracticable. There was something ludicrous, even more, unbecoming

a gentleman, in leaving a friend's house in a pet, with the host's reproaches sounding in his ears, to be matched only by the bitterness of the guest's sneering retorts. There was, it is true, that implacable pride within him to which forgiveness is an unimagined possibility, and every fibre of it was poignantly astir. He did not conceive it possible that he could ever overlook Rhodes's lapse into the blunt speech of angry sincerity, unjustified by whatever he might have come to feel. But he must have the semblance of comity and courtesy. In fact he could hardly bestride his horse and ride away from the man's door without this friendliness, spurious though it might be, in his farewell. His face gave such token of his train of thought that Rhodes, although seeing him hearken to the suggestion of amity, did not swing back to the half-veiled surliness, too often the effect of an accepted effort at reconciliation.

"Lordy mercy! I'll let the weeds grow sky-high if you want to see the place go to rack and ruin," he said, as he bent forward to scoop up a coal in his pipe after the rural fashion he affected. "I didn't think you'd treat me so mean—the only friend I've got left; a broken reed, sure!" with a glance of reproach. "You might afford to let me maunder, and blame you or anybody else, I should think, for the confounded affair. As I'm likely to lose my election by it, I might have the poor privilege of a scape-goat."

"I won't play your scape-goat, I thank you very much," said Shattuck, his eyes eager with his wish to go, still hovering about the closed door.

"So I perceive," said Rhodes, shortly. Then, with a change of tone and an appealing glance of his dark brown eyes: "But, for God's sake, Shattuck, don't run away and leave me the minute I flounder into a lot of bothers! For the Lord's mercy! try to put up with me a little, and let me grumble once in a while, for I do swear to you this whole thing has put me nearly beside myself. You know it is a canvass of personalities, and there's no telling the use this will be to Devens and his friends. If I can't carry these mountain districts *I'm done*, for the party issues will beat me like hell in Colbury and round about."

He took out of the breast pocket of the old claret-colored coat the envelope of a letter, which was scrawled over with fig-

ures pertaining to the relative population of the mountain districts, with an approximate calculation of the votes which he and his opponent might respectively receive. The smoke from his pipe curled between the paper and his eyes, but not even its sinuous vagaries served to alter the obdurate result, nor had his disaffected anxious gaze any effect, however slight, although he scanned these estimates forty times a day.

"I wish to God I knew where that confounded fellow Yates was!" he exclaimed. "They'll all have it that he died on account of *my* selfishness, being forced into Lord knows what dangers in my service." Then, with the politician's instinct for a popular pose, even at his own fireside, and with a man whom he did not care nor seek to deceive, he continued: "And for his sake, Shattuck, I'm more troubled than for my own. Why, I give you my word of honor, I hardly knew how to speak to his wife—I nearly said his widow—when I went to the house yesterday. And I couldn't look at that child of his. It's a calamity to them—a tremendous calamity—and I am concerned in it; and the Lord above knows I had no more to do with it than if I had been as dead as Hector!"

Shattuck had seated himself, his elbow over the back of the chair, his chin in his hand. He frowned heavily as he looked absently out of the tiny window-panes at the blue mountains, with so unseeing and troubled a gaze that Rhodes began to perceive that he had not only his own anxieties to control, but those of his friend as well. He sighed to assume the double load. He had a definite appreciation, however, that his position would hardly be bettered by his friend's desertion of him at this moment, when he could not control the reasons therefor which Shattuck might give in his anger, and his opponent devise with so illimitable a license as speculation. He came to wish that he had let him go, but at that moment he exerted all his reserve force of geniality to heal the wound and frustrate his departure.

"Oh, come on!" he cried out, suddenly, springing up actively, stretching both arms above his head, shaking out first one leg and then the other, that the trousers might slip down over his long boots, and seeking to rid himself of that stupor which waits on drowsing before a fire out

of season—"come on! We are fairly baked before this fire. What ails that old nigger to build a big enough fire this weather to barbecue himself—and I wish he would! I'll order both the horses, and we will get out into the air, and get the cobwebs out of our brains. We'll ride up to Fee Guthrie's on the mountain, and I'll do a little electioneering, and show I bear no malice to him. And you'll see if he won't let you go digging around on his land in the Cove for your pygmies. I declare I haven't treated you right, old fellow;" he clapped his hand jocularly on his friend's shoulder as they stood facing each other, and his manner of friendliness was not impaired although he did not fail to see that Shattuck winced almost imperceptibly at his touch. "You haven't got a thing in the world but that old jug out of my mound"—and he glanced with a careless eye at a strangely decorated jar on the high mantel-piece—"and not a bone of a pygmy yet. Maybe Aunt Chaney could fool you with a beef bone or two—ha! ha! ha!—hearing you set such store on bones, hey!"

His discretion, his intuition, were at fault. There is naught of which the man of science, albeit the veriest amateur, is so intolerant as ignorant ridicule. His fleeing laugh jarred Shattuck's nerves, made sensitive by the ordeal of the morning, and his utter lack of appreciation of the meaning of that bit of pottery was as pitiable as if he lacked a sense, that of sight, for instance, and jeered at the idea of light. The human significance of it; the lost history of lands and peoples and civilization, of which it was a dim vague intimation; the flight of time that it so fully expressed; the idea of death, of oblivion, of which it was so apt an exponent! Shattuck could not look at it without the thought of the hands that had carried it; the lips that had touched it; the strange, strange faces that had bent above it; reflected within its walls when full of water; the words, spoken in an unknown, forgotten language, of ambition or love or homely household usage, to which it had echoed—for a vibrant quality it had, porcelain-like. These immortal seeming essences were all gone; yet here was the dumb insensate bit of clay left for him to turn in his foreign hands and ponder over with his foreign fancies—the idea wrung every fibre

of feeling within him! And Rhodes's laugh was the vulgarity of the vandal.

The state of vacuity that does not feel and cannot know is made cognizable sometimes to the thinking and the feeling soul by a dreary sense of solitude, for which the consciousness of the finer susceptibility does not compensate. It was not that Shattuck resented the fact that his friend's limitations precluded his sharing these enthusiasms, as that that burden of isolation, that painful consciousness of a lack of congeniality, that yearning for fellowship, so poignant to the gregarious human animal, came upon him for the moment; a sense of being alone, out of the reach of his companion, beset him, and he found it bitter, albeit he recognized that his higher stand-point created the inaccessibility.

Rhodes, once more in the saddle, was infinitely conversable. He had on the face which he took about with him on his canvass, his best expression, gay, gentle, kind; his conversation was full of country jokes, which he delivered with a rural drawl, and he was about as rustic a specimen as an educated man can well personate. He never dropped the character for a moment, although he hardly cared to impress his friend with its value. Its lapses from his usual habit of speech revolted Shattuck in some sort, albeit the contorted language of the ignorant mountaineers never grated upon his somewhat nice philological prejudices. One was the voice of affectation—an aping of boorishness and rusticity and yeoman simplicity, which Shattuck called by the not inapt name of "poor-mindedness"; the other was the natural speech and manners of those deprived of opportunities of culture, and was entitled to respect as being the best they could do.

"Bless your soul, Rhodes," he said at last, with a touch of satire, "you needn't put so many negatives in a sentence with the kind object of pleasing me; I'm not a registered voter in either of your counties. And I love you so that I'd vote for you, if I could, just as willingly for three or four negatives in a single negation as for eight. Save 'em up, my dear boy. I remember the fate of the man who couldn't say 'No,' but I must say I *don't* think it impends for you at present."

"Hello! I didn't know you were such a school-master. I'll have to mind my p's and q's, hey?" said Rhodes, with a

good-natured intonation, although he had flushed darkly at the taunt.

So instilled into his blood was the instinct of policy, however, that he abated naught of his determination to conciliate his friend if possible beyond this merely outward truce. And now was illustrated how subservient is the science of propitiation to the object upon which it is exerted, for Leonard Rhodes had been held to possess the subtle art to an extreme degree, and so proficient had he become therein that he was wont to find its unctuous exercise a pleasure. He could but himself admire the dexterity with which he brought the conversation to prehistoric America, especially prehistoric Tennessee. He had paused when they had reached one of the high ridges about the base of the great mountains far above, and he called to Shattuck to observe that looking back toward his place they could distinctly see the mound, and that looking forward down the multitudinous defiles amongst the ranges the pygmy burying-ground might be located by the proximity of the cataract, a mere cascade in the distance, an emerald gleam and a glittering, white, plume-like waving. Thence the transition was easy to the many antiquities found within the State. To his surprise, Shattuck seemed incomprehensibly to hold back and to grow reticent. Rhodes had material to work upon far different from the simple unsuspecting country folk. He had not thought that divination could so keep pace with most secret and supple intention, and that his object was perfectly plain and unglossed to the man whom it sought to mislead. Shattuck was almost openly impatient of the topic on which he was wont to love to talk, and which he often could not be prevailed upon to relinquish. He would not seriously discuss it now. When Rhodes demanded of him a theory concerning the ancient aboriginal races, based upon evidences of their advanced civilization, he replied with uncharacteristic flippancy that he was never acquainted with any of them, and that he could make a pretty pot of money if he had been. And when Rhodes, with that heavy assuming ignorance which is so ready to trench upon unknown, untried ground of laborious research, deeming all things slight and of small difficulty which are strange to its meagre acquisitions, attempted to argue certain theories upon which he had heard him descant, Shat-

tuck left the disquisition to his host, not even affecting to set him right when Rhodes himself could feel that he was floundering. The candidate was wanting in any fine capacity to read character or conduct in its more delicate script, and Shattuck's state of mind was as undecipherable hieroglyphics. Thus at cross-purposes they at last reached Guthrie's cabin high up on the mountain.

IX.

The house was the usual small log cabin, so overshadowed, however, by trees, dense and dark, that not the whole structure, but only the tiny porch and door were visible down the dusky green vista. When the sun fell through the leaves it was in fleckings of abnormal lustre, so deep was the shade. Fowls pecked about in the long dank grass. From high up on the mountain-side came the clear metallic clink of a cow-bell. A spring gurgled close at hand in the yard, and a vessel, with butter or milk in it, covered with a white cloth, was visible among the gravelly banks that bounded the spring branch. An old woman, tall and stalwart, sitting upon the porch, looked at the two visitors as they came through the bars and up the path; she had so forbidding an aspect that Shattuck was reminded of the superstition of "an evil-eye." She gave them no greeting, but listened silently as Rhodes, having pulled himself together again into his genial, rustic, canvassing identity, asked for Felix Guthrie. He broke off short.

"Now I wonder if you ain't Mrs. Guthrie!" he exclaimed.

"Ye air a good guesser," she said, with a sneer. "Who else would I be, hyar in Fee Guthrie's house?"

She wore no cap. Her hair, luxuriant and gray, was combed plainly down over her ears and caught in a heavy coil, that betokened its great length, at the back of her head. Her face in contrast was sallow and parchment-like. The features were singularly straight; her eyes were dark, her spectacles were mounted upon her head, and her expression was unsmiling. It was hardly wonderful that Rhodes should have lost his balance, and he had a discomfited sense that Shattuck might relish the fact. Shattuck, however, was looking about with his usual keen susceptibility to the interest of new places and people.

"I mean," said Rhodes, confused, "the second Mrs. Guthrie."

"I ain't the *first* one, now, sure," she said, her eyes fixed upon him with a sort of pertinacious attention. "An' what's that to you?"

Rhodes made a mighty endeavor to cast off the influences that paralyzed his advances. "You'd never guess, and so I'll tell you. I have heard my grandfather talk about you enough—how he danced with you at a bran dance down on Tomahawk Creek. Remember old Len Rhodes? Young Len, he used to be; but I'm young Len now, myself."

Her face changed suddenly, so unexpectedly that one might wonder that it did not creak, so stiff and immobile had the features seemed. There was a new expression in her eye—a sort of glitter of expectancy.

"What did he say, this hyar old young Len Rhodes o' yours? What did he say 'bout'n me?" She had a cautious air, as if she reserved her opinions.

Rhodes had taken off his hat and was leaning against the post of the porch, although he still stood upon the ground. He burst into sudden laughter that seemed to startle the somnolent dark stillness of the shadows.

"Oh no, Mrs. Guthrie," he cried, archly. "You don't catch me that way. You'll be saying next thing that because I'm running for the Legislature I'm going round the country trying to get votes by flattering the ladies. I don't know what the *t'other* Len Rhodes said to *you* that day at the bran dance on Tomahawk Creek years and years ago, but *this* Len Rhodes ain't a-goin' to repeat any of his second-hand compliments, not if he knows himself, and he think he do!"

A faint color was in her parchment-like cheek, a yellow gleam in her black eyes; the woman seemed to have grown suddenly young! A moment ago the idea might have been ridiculous, but now it was easy to see that she must have been beautiful—most beautiful. And she was determined to hear the words in which old Len Rhodes—in her day young Len Rhodes, the judge's son, and the richest and most notable man in all the county—had celebrated the fact. Her vanity still burned, albeit embers. How long, how long since fuel had been brought to feed this fire, that nevertheless would die only when her breath might leave her!

"Oh, ye air jes a-funnin'! Ye can't remember nuthin' yer grandad tole 'bout the gals he danced with forty-five year ago. He couldn't tell 'em one from t'other hisself arter twenty year had passed. Gals is mos'tly alike," she added, with a consciousness that Rhodes had knowledge, as far as she herself was concerned, which contradicted this humble assertion. She smiled upon him. "Ye mus' git in the habit o' tellin' a heap o' lies electioneerin'. An' ye feel like ye mought ez well bamboozle one or two old wimmin ez not 'mongst the men. A few lies mo' or less won't make much diffe'nce in the long count agin ye at the jedgmint-day."

"I'll tell *you* something that's got the ear-marks of truth—something that Len Rhodes told *me* about *you*," declared Rhodes, apparently led on and overpersuaded into loquacity—"something that I couldn't know of myself. Ain't that fair, Shattuck? This is my friend Mr. Shattuck, Mrs. Guthrie. I carry him around to keep the girls from running off with me. The other Len Rhodes had no such trouble when you knew him. I'll be bound the main thing was to keep *him* from running off with the girls. Ha! ha! ha!"

Mrs. Guthrie bent her softened and unrecognizable face upon Shattuck, and said that he was "right welcome" and she was glad to see him. Then she turned to the candidate, with an anxiety which was almost pathetic, to hear that younger self praised in the repeated words of a man she had known forty-five years ago.

"Waal, I'll know the ear-marks of the truth whenst I hear it," she prompted his lagging resolve.

"Your name was Madeline Crayshaw," he began. He was gayly fanning himself with his hat.

"Ye could hev fund that out ennywhar," she said, expectantly.

"And your eyes were black," he went on, with an air of gallantry.

"They air yit," she interposed, flashing them at him.

"And for all your eyes were black, your hair was as yellow as gold, a yard long. Could I find that out *now* by looking at you?"

She shook her head.

"And Len Rhodes said you looked when you danced for all the world 'like a lettuce-bird a-flying.'"

"Who would hev thunk o' hearin' that

old foolishness agin?" she cried, her eyes dim with pleasure. "I don't look like a lettuce-bird now; some similar ter a ole Dominicky hen, I reckon, stiddier a lettuce-bird. But that war the word on the tip o' Len Rhodes's tongue, for he never got tired o' talkin' o' yaller hair an' black eyes. I wonder the ooman he married at las' warn't no better favored," she added, with a sudden hardening of the lines of her features. "Sech a admirer o' beauty ez he war! But he war a admirer o' lan's an' cattle an' bank-stock ez well; an' yer granmam war mighty well off, ef she war little an' lean an' hed no head o' hair at all, ter speak of."

Rhodes did not change color. There may have been those in his grandmother's days ready to break a lance in support of the supremacy of her charms, but her grandson had no mind to enter such antiquated lists. He only said, with an electioneering subtlety,—the development of which Shattuck watched with the admiring curiosity and wonder that he might feel concerning some acrobatic feat which he should, nevertheless, never desire to imitate or emulate,—"Yes, pretty girls had mighty little need of bank-stock and lands then, as now. Beauty always will be chosen. If you had a daughter now, you might make it up to me for having given my grandad the go-by."

She looked at him with narrowing lids, wondering if he truly thought it possible that his grandfather had been her rejected suitor—a gay gallant, who had danced with all the country-side beauties, among whom he was a toast, with his soft words and his flatteries sown broadcast, but who, when about to settle down, had chosen a staid, pious, educated wife, whose social status was such as to make his marriage a decided looking-up, even for him. Leonard Rhodes's claim to rank with "the quality" was largely dependent upon her side of the house. The assumptions of vanity, however, have an elastic limit. Mrs. Guthrie stretched it, convinced that he believed that the rich, debonair, flirting son of the judge was in the old days the disappointed swain of a simple mountain girl. Thenceforward, when she set herself to boast of her youth, she claimed the trophy of his heart, dust and ashes long ago in the grave of the simple-minded old gentleman, who had grown sober under life's discipline before he was forty, and had forgotten his merry youth save for a casual reminiscence.

"Yes," continued Rhodes, "I ought to be coming up here to see some lettuce-bird of a girl, instead of those hulking step-sons of yours, Fee and Ephraim, and humbug 'em into voting for me. *Make 'em vote for me, Mrs. Guthrie.* You owe me one now—you owe me one for the old time's sake."

"They needn't kem home ter me ef they don't vote fur ye," she said, fascinated with this fictitious conquest. She bore herself more proudly for it to the day of her death, although she knew in her secret soul the falsity of what he seemed to believe. On such slight fare as this can the vanity of a woman subsist.

And when he turned casually and asked, "Where are the boys, anyhow?" she directed him to a barley field, where they were cradling barley, and told him to come back that way with his friend, and she would have a "snack" for them. Shattuck marked, as they started, the alacrity with which she was rolling up the stocking that she had been knitting, and sticking the needles into the ball of yarn, her fine head, with its wealth of gray hair, distinct against the heavy vines that draped the porch. Their way took them around the side of the house in the deep lush grass, past the beehives all ranged by the fence, which was ascended and descended by a flight of steps, and surmounted by a small platform, and thence down through the orchard. Here the birds congregated in the thickly matted foliage. Only now and then at long intervals its dark green shadow was penetrated by the sun. The warm fragrance of the so-called June apples was on the July air; the clover bloomed underfoot, and the bees boomed; the call of the jay, the sweet pensive cooing of a dove, sounded; then all was silence, save for a mere whisper of the sibilant wind.

Rhodes took off his hat as he walked with the air of a need to refresh himself, his richly brown hair slightly stirring in the breeze. He cast his absorbed glance at his friend.

"Ain't she tur'ble ooman?" he said, his electioneering ellipses sticking to his speech.

"Not so very 'tur'ble' that I can see," said his friend, with unnoticed mimicry.

"Oh Lord, yes, she is!" And Rhodes wagged his head with an unequivocal sincerity. "I know folks say she was an awful termagant with her first husband,

who was a consumptive; and they *did* have a story"—he lowered his voice, and glanced cautiously around him—"that she hastened his end to be rid of the bother of nursing him. And then she married this fellow Guthrie's father. And she made a perfect jubilee up here a-beatin' the childern. I know the tales about it useter skeer me! I was a little shaver then, and I wouldn't go in the dark for fear of meeting her, though I had never seen her. At last one day Felix got his chance, and bit her arm nearly through, and ever afterward he clawed and bit and fought till she let him and Ephraim alone. Yes, my grandfather said she turned out exactly like he always knew she would."

"Why, I thought you said he was in love with her," exclaimed Shattuck, for Rhodes's representation had borne such verisimilitude as might deceive a casual on-looker as well as one eager to be convinced. Rhodes cast upon him an amazed glance.

"What!" he said, in his genuine "quality" voice, as if this had touched the climax of the improbabilities.

Shattuck marked the vibrations of pride and surprise ring out smartly.

Then Rhodes, hesitating for a moment, added, "My grandmother was a lady. As to beauty"—the sneer about beauty *had* evidently rankled—"why, such things as prettiness and coquetry were never thought of in connection with *her*. She was a *lady*, and when you've said *that* you've said it all. And she was such a superior woman! My grandfather out-married himself more than any man you ever saw."

Shattuck was silent for a moment. "I thought," he remarked at length, "that it was the American eagle who fluttered most through the rhetoric of electioneering eloquence. I didn't know that the lettuce-bird had superseded the big national fowl."

"Oh," exclaimed Rhodes, who had waited on his friend's words with a knitted brow, and he drew a long breath of comprehension, "grandpa *did* use to say the prettiest girl he ever saw was this Madeline Crayshaw. He never saw her but once. It was at a bran dance on Tomahawk Creek—some sort of a political commotion, speechifying in favor of Henry Clay or some other old cock. He said her hair was the color of nothing in this world but a lettuce-bird, and she had the dispo-

sition of a panther. He said she reminded him of a wild woman—some sort of savage—and he wondered if she *could* look pleased, and if she were subject to the same sort of compliments that other girls like. So when she was glowering round at the other girls as if she could rend 'em with jealousy, he tried the lettuce-bird dodge. And, bless your soul, she was as pleased and sweet as pie."

"And has remembered it for forty-five years, poor thing!" said Shattuck.

"Ha! ha! ha! 'Pore thing!' She never made *you* learn to kick and bite and fight to keep a whole skin and a whole set of bones. Fee Guthrie don't say 'pore thing!' I won't go back to the first husband, for I hadn't the pleasure of his acquaintance, and he may have died simply because it was too much trouble to live."

"And *you* made her believe that you thought your grandfather was in love with her—had been rejected by her. You deceived her!"

"Man alive! how could I? She knew she never saw him but once in her life. And how can I make tenders of his affections at this late day? Tenders of affection are not retroactive. A man can't flirt as proxy for his dead grandfather. It was merely a little electioneering compliment."

"Oh, Rhodes, how do you manage to look yourself in the face in the mirror?" exclaimed Shattuck, with a laugh.

"I look at myself in the mirror with a good deal more pleasure than is proper, I expect," said Rhodes, smoothing his handsome and lustrous red-brown beard. He tipped his straw hat over his smiling, full-lashed dark eyes, for they were out of the shadows at last, and in the sun amongst a stretch of the barley. The wind bent it; long glintings of pale light pervaded it. The whole field was of a delicate, fluctuating green, with these fine undulations like quicksilver running over it. Sometimes the shadow of a cloud came, a thing swiftly scudding and noiseless too, and the green, hitherto held in indefinite solution, was precipitated into a pure emerald tint, for this was a later sowing than the spaces further down the slope, which had grown tawny with ripeness, and showed on the hither side the long swaths from the cradling, drying upon the ground. The cradles lay there too, and beneath the dark shadow of a great spread-

ing buckeye-tree in a corner of the fence—the only one in the field that bore its pristine richness of foliage, for the rest, gaunt and bare, girdled long ago, towered into the air, dead, white, and unsightly—l lounged the two brothers, loitering away the heated hour.

This field on the mountain slope was visible a long way from the depths of the Cove below. Shattuck remembered having seen it as a dull, light-tinted, tiny square in the midst of the deep primeval woods that encompassed it. Now he looked with interest to identify in turn the landmarks of the Cove. So purple it was in the distance, save where the slopes rose on either hand, and the summits of the forest grew gradually into a bronze hue, and thence to the deep, restful green of the full summer-tide. Far away all the horizon was bounded by many a range and peak, painted in all the gradations of blue, from a dull, blurred hue to the finest turquoise delicacy, and rising tier upon tier, till at last the enamelled sky limited the climbing heights. Here and there in the depths below vague lines marked where the fences ran; a moving curl of smoke first betokened the Yates cabin; he saw the sun strike full on its shining roof. But most salient of all, the river gleamed a steely gray beneath the craggy walls of the gorge, and the cataract danced all white and green, like a jewel endowed with a flashing life. This only, in the sweet serenity and peace of the scene, seemed to move. The wind came and went, it is true, but with scant token of its presence; only now and again a suggestion of the pallid reverse side of the leaves bestreaked the mountain slopes and marked its path. A flock of sheep feeding in a brambly, rocky space were as motionless as a pastoral scene on canvas. Once a glow of an intense roan-color struck his keen eye, and made him aware that a horse was tethered a little way down from the house; the sun struck upon the shining flank; then the animal moved into the dense shadow, and was seen no more.

None of this had Rhodes observed. His eyes were fixed upon the two brothers as they lounged amongst the grass and weeds in the fence corner, culpably overgrown in the eyes of a farmer, but cool and sweet in the dense shadow of the buckeye-tree, and with sundry long-tangled vines of the purple and white

passion-flowers, clear-eyed in the grass, and the scarlet trumpet blossom flaring over the staked and ridged rail-fence. There could hardly be two men less alike, the difference accented since they were both bareheaded—the one with his grave, forceful features, at once sullen and sad, his long curling hair hanging on the shoulders of his blue cotton shirt; the other bullet-headed, close-cropped, with a twinkling, merry eye, a propitiatory expression, a broad face that would look young even when it should be withered and wrinkled like a shrivelled apple, and the coarse brown tufty hair should be as white as snow. The latter looked up with a ready-made, adjustable smile as Rhodes's hearty "Howdy, boys?" rang upon the perfumed air. The candidate did not wait for them to rise, but flung himself at length into the sweet grass, taking his hat off his head and leaning his shoulders against the big buckeye-tree.

"Waal, how do *you*-uns do, Mr. Rhodes?" said Ephraim, with smooth cordiality. "How be *you*-uns a-kemin' on these days? A month o' Sundays sence we hev seen ye."

He then looked quickly at his brother, with an anxious submission of his conduct for the fraternal approval. For Ephraim Guthrie labored heavily between the quick geniality of a mercurial temperament, a lack of confidence in his own judgment, and a childlike reliance on his brother's opinion: without its coincidence with his own he could not be at ease for a moment. He always spoke precipitately on the impulse of the first, was checked by the second, and waited with pathetic anxiety for the third. He was all things to all men, and this vacillating lack of consistency rendered his amiability of little value in the eyes of the candidate, seeing with disappointment the other brother, the valid object of conciliation, rise, after a mutter of salutation, to join Shattuck, who, after a nod to the two, had turned away, and stood, with one hand in his pocket, silently surveying the scene below him. He only lifted his eyes slightly in recognition of Guthrie's approach as the burly young mountaineer drew near him, and it was his uncommunicative host who spoke first.

"Glad ter see ye, Mr. Shattuck—glad ter see ye on the mounting."

Shattuck divined that he enjoyed unusual cordiality in being deemed by his

host preferable for conversation to Rhodes. The injury which Guthrie had inflicted upon the candidate, and which he had been thought to so magnify, recurred to his mind, with the further fact that it was no accident. Guthrie evidently still cherished the motive that prompted it, and bore malice. It was intention that had led him to leave the candidate to talk to the plastic younger brother while he himself held aloof under the guise of joining the other guest. Nevertheless his ear was keen for the conversation between the two, which the crafty Rhodes may have in part designed for him, and Shattuck was aware that it was only a divided attention with which he was favored. He responded, however, with equal courtesy.

"A fine view you have here, Mr. Guthrie—a very fine view. I don't know its equal anywhere."

Guthrie glanced quickly at him, then ran his eye over the scene, with the effect of seeing it for the first time. He knew no other aspect of the world. It had never occurred to him that the lives of many other people were not bounded by these fine and massive symmetries of mountain ranges in every tender phase of purest color; by infinite distances, challenging the capacities of farthest vision; by softest pastoral suggestions of cove and slope; by primeval wildernesses and stern and rugged solemnities of crags; by phantasmal chutes of flying mountain torrents. His sense of its beauty was blunted by the daily habit of its presence; paradoxically, it could be brought home to him only if it were swept away.

"Yes," he said, uncertainly, "an' we'd hev a good lookout fur corn ef we could hev mo' rain." And he cast a weather-wise eye angrily at the sky, where all the clouds seemed gadding abroad a-pleasuring only, and with no idea of utility as they dallied with the wind. "Not," he added, with an after-thought and a certain precipitation, as if he were afraid that the remark might be overheard, and forthwith acted upon—"not ez I want ter hev enny fallin' weather nuther till we-uns git in this hyar barley."

The differing interests of his crops evidently divided his affections, and he was in the normal condition of the farmer disappointed in either rain or shine.

They stood silent for a moment by the fence, and as Shattuck turned one of the great trumpet-flowers in his hand and

looked down into its scarlet horn, then let the tendril spring back elastically into its place, Rhodes's words came to them as he wrestled with Eph Guthrie's presumable political persuasions against him. These were altogether assumed by the candidate for the purposes of argument, for which the plastic Eph furnished but a straw man, as it were, easily knocked down, requiring to be cleverly and surreptitiously picked up again by his insistent opponent, in order to plant still more well-delivered and coercive blows.

"Fee 'ain't got no grudge against me, I know," Rhodes was saying. "I don't bear no malice for a little tussle like that, and I *know* Fee don't."

"How ye know he don't?"

Shattuck was startled by hearing this *sotto voce* comment upon the dialogue by Fee in person close to his elbow. He turned and looked at the man, seeking to convey in the glance an intimation that he had spoken his thought aloud and that it had been overheard. Felix Guthrie evidently cared as little as might be. His eyes met Shattuck's unabashed.

"Fee ain't in no wise malicious," Eph piped up.

"I know it—I know that—no man better," Rhodes interrupted him promptly, for he knew that Eph could talk by the yard measure on the subject of his brother's perfections, so close was the fraternal bond. "I *know* Fee can't bear malice. I like Fee, and Fee likes me, and won't do a thing against me—not a thing!"

"Waal, ye better not be too sure o' that," the voice at Shattuck's elbow said, in that suppressed, significant soliloquy.

Shattuck, embarrassed by these confidences in prejudice to his friend's loudly expressed conclusions, was about to turn away, when Guthrie's hand was laid upon his arm.

"Stranger," he said, his head with his big broad hat and its clinging curls bent forward, "don't it 'pear a sorter curious dispensation to you-uns that that man yander b'lieves so what he say whenst it air in my heart ter kill him—yes, sir, ter kill him!—if he war ter interfere with me?"

"What!" said Shattuck, uneasily feigning. "Do you want to go to the Legislature too?"

"Legislatur' be damned!" said the other in a deep husky tone, and with a meeting of the straight heavy eyebrows above his

intent eyes. "I ain't keerin' a minit's breath 'bout'n the kentry an' sech. But ef he interferes with me 'bout—'bout Letishy Pettingill, his life ain't wuth much purchase—not," he shook his head with a formidable look in his eye, "much purchase."

Shattuck was roused to a sense of danger. He had already interfered too much, and with disastrous results, in his friend's interests; but here was a peril so patent, so immediate, that it was a most obvious duty to seek to diminish the menace. "You mustn't be disposed to lay too much blame on Rhodes," he said. "She mightn't like either one of you, but somebody else."

"Who's *he*?" demanded Guthrie, breathlessly, with an evident instantaneous transference of the intention of vengeance and the pangs of anxiety to this myth.

"I don't know. Do you suppose she told *me*? Women don't tell these things; that's one of their little ways."

Guthrie drew a long sigh. "An' a mighty mean way too," he commented.

"And men are not often more communicative," Shattuck dexterously equalized the balance. "Mr. Rhodes hasn't talked to me on the subject, but I think I might undertake to say for him that he doesn't want to interfere with you in that quarter."

"He did the night o' the infair at Pettingill's," the slow mountaineer argued, with a swift application of logic.

"Oh, pshaw! he didn't want to 'dance Tucker,' that's all," said Shattuck, with a laugh, and once more seeking to turn away.

Guthrie's hand closed upon his arm; his eyes were on the stretch of barley, bending and swaying as the wind swept through its pliant blades, and shoaling from an argentine glister to green, and from green again to elusive silver glintings—what time the Cove below was dark and purple and blurred, as a great white cloud hung, dazzling and opaque, high, high in the sky, and as it passed, the valley grew gradually into distinctness again, with the privilege of the sunshine and the freedom of the wind, and all its landmarks asserted anew.

"Stranger," Felix said, lowering his tone, "she made ch'ice o' him stiddier me. I hed the right ter dance with her, an' she made ch'ice o' him."

"What of it? That happens every day; a woman prefers one man to another. 'Tisn't worth a quarrel."

"'Pears ter me it's better wuth killin' a man fur than all the other quar'ls that men die in daily."

Shattuck, looking into his vehement eyes, felt an uncomfortable chill stealing along his spinal column, hearing all the time Rhodes's hearty voice as he lay all unconscious on the grass, and held forth to the acquiescent, utterly unimportant Ephraim.

"Would that make her like you any better if she liked him?"

Guthrie's eyes turned ponderingly away to the roof gleaming in the Cove that sheltered her at the moment.

Shattuck took confidence. "That isn't the way to make her like you, and that's what *you* want."

"Hain't Rhodes been thar lately?" demanded Guthrie. "I axed her, but she hev got sech a tormentin' way she wouldn't tell me."

"Only to talk to Mrs. Yates, and see if he could do anything to help her to hear from her husband. Oh, Rhodes would like Letitia a deal better if she could vote for him. He would go to see her every day *then*, you might be sure."

Guthrie cast a glance of frowning contempt over his shoulder at Rhodes; then, with a sudden change of tone, he said: "I hev been mightily troubled in my mind lately 'bout'n him. I war fitten ter hope in my heart ez he wouldn't git well, though I hev been layin' off ter repent some, fur I know *that* ain't well pleasin' ter the Sperit. I wouldn't hold Rhodes no gredge ef 'twarn't fur her. An' though she showed she hed ruther dance with him than with me, she *don't* 'pear ter like him noways special. An' sometimes I feel like I ought ter make myse'f easy."

The pitiable vacillations of a lover's hopes and fears appealed to Shattuck. The strength of the man's will, the sternness, almost savagery, of his character, added a force to all that he said, not lessened by Shattuck's knowledge of the object of his affections, or, rather, that upon that aerial and whimsical identity little knowledge was predicable. His disposition was to reassure, to soothe.

"Oh, you may indeed make yourself easy as far as Rhodes is concerned," he insisted. "Rhodes is thinking about nothing in this world but his election, and you ought to show a generous, friendly spirit, and vote for him, and let by-gones be by-gones."



"YES, SIR, TER KILL HIM EF HE WAR TER INTERFERE WITH ME!"

"Oh, Lord! I'd jes ez soon vote him inter a seat 'mongst the choir o' archangels ez not—though he'd look mighty comical thar, I'm a-thinkin'—ef I war sure ez he warn't gittin' ahead o' me 'bout Litt Pettingill."

He sighed deeply, and cast an absorbed unseeing glance over the landscape. His strong brawny hand, still on Shattuck's arm, trembled slightly.

"I ain't like other men, stranger. I never loved nobody but her in all my life. Hate hev been my portion. Hard licks hev been my policy, an' the more ye air ready ter give, the less ye hev ter take. That's the way the world goes."

And Shattuck could not gainsay this dictum of the mountain philosopher, albeit the world from which he deduced this cogent truth was but the breadth of the Cove.

"Ephraim, I hed ter stan' up fur, bein' ez he war so all-fired helpless whenst small, but it air sorter of a habit o' takin' keer o' him an' speakin' him fair, account o' other folks treatin' him mean; I never sure enough keered fur him—though I don't want him ter hear me *say* that, nuther. I never knowed what love meant till I tuk ter dreamin' 'bout Litt all night an' studyin' 'bout her all day. An' I do swear it's in my heart ter kill enny man ez kems atwixt us."

"Well, 'tish't Rhodes," Shattuck declared, easily. "And to that I'd be willin' to take my oath."

"Ye see, stranger, I be mightily afflicted," said Fee Guthrie, and his strong voice trembled.

"You don't look like it, my friend," returned Shattuck, with a smile.

"Oh, I *am*!" cried the other, with a poignant intonation. "Even ef Rhodes warn't ahead of me, an' ef she liked me, she moughtn't be willin' ter marry me. Some wimmen wouldn't. I hev got that step-mam o' mine ter take keer of; many a gal wouldn't 'gree ter 'bide with her. An' I can't leave her!"

Shattuck, tiring but a moment ago, felt a freshening of interest. "Why," he said, "I have heard that she was unkind to you and your brother in your youth."

"Onkind! Lord! that warn't the word fur it till I got the strength ter be more onkind ter her. But she don't own nuthin'. She 'ain't got nuthin' ter live on. I promised my dad ter support her."

There was a pause.

"Stranger, folks tell a heap o' tales on her. They 'low she killed her fust husband, an' hev 'witched folks, and casts the evil-eye. She wouldn't be safe. Ef 'twarn't fur my dad fust, an' then fur me, she'd hev been made ter answer ter the folks in the Cove fur her deeds. But the Guthries hev the name o' shootin' mighty straight. So she hev been lef' ter be."

There was another pause while he took off his hat and fanned himself with its broad brim. With it still in his hand he went on: "She 'witched my dad, I reckon, ter git him ter marry her, though folks said she war good-lookin' in them days. An' dad ez good ez 'witched me; it's an evil spell he flung around me, sure. I knowed what he war goin' ter ax me on his death-bed; I jes knowed it in all my veins, in every drap o' blood. The doctor said he couldn't live fur twelve hours more. An' I got on my horse an' I rid away. I rid fur an' I rid constant, an' when the horse couldn't git along no funder I rested under a tree. I rid fur forty-eight hours—mind ye the doctor said *twelve*—an' at last I 'lowed 'twas safe ter kem home. I kem. An' thar, propped up in the bed, war the skeleton o' a man with Death's hand on his throat, waitin' fur me an' fur my promise—an' Death waitin' too. I reckon Death tuk right smart pleasure in that minit—he knowed he got us both through that promise, fur life couldn't mean nuthin' fur me arterward. An' somehow, though I hed fled that promise I couldn't help makin' it. How kin ye look in a dyin' man's eyes an' deny him? I promised I'd bide with her an' take keer of her ez long ez she should live. He war dead in a minit. He jes waited till the words passed my lips. An' he looked at me. An' then he fell back dead."

Shattuck was silent. Even his facile optimism was at fault for the nonce. And after another long-drawn sigh Felix went on:

"Tain't made my life easy. I knowed that minit I went into chains, fur a promise ter the dead ain't like one ter the livin'. An' though I owe her nuthin' but gredges, both fur me an' Ephraim, 'tain't in gredges I be 'lowed ter pay the debt. I never knowed the weight of it, though, till I met that thar leetle snip o' a gal. 'Pears ter me Litt ain't like nobody that ever lived afore; the very way she turns her head air diff'ent,

an' the hair grows on it not similar ter none. Folks round about the mountings say she ain't good-lookin', but her face shines ter me in the darkest night."

"She *is*—she is beautiful, and the rarest type of beauty," cried Shattuck, warmly; "she is unique. She would be considered most beautiful anywhere else."

Guthrie turned upon him a face aglow with gratification. "That's what makes me like you-uns, stranger," he said, cordially. "Ye 'pear ter *sense* things so. But I war set agin ye some, at fust, knowin' ye ter be Rhodes's friend," he added, frankly. "She likes ye too, Litt do. The t'other night whenst I war visitin' thar she talked ter Mis' Yates an' me an' Baker Anderson 'bout nuthin' in this worl' but you-uns, an' how smart an' perlite ye be, an' book-larned, an' diff'ent from them in the Cove."

Shattuck received this with a vague indeterminate thrill, which he did not then discriminate as premonition, but which he remembered afterward.

Guthrie was beset by no suspicion. "Lord!" he exclaimed, his face fervent and flushed, "ef I could take that thar leetle gal's hand in mine ter walk through this life, I could make the journey well pleasin' ter the Lord, though I don't reckon I'd keer whether 'twar heaven or hell arterwards. 'Twould make up ter me fur all the troubles I hev hed in this life. An' they ain't a few—they ain't a few. But I be powerful hampered, powerful hampered, stranger, even ef I warn't so all-fired 'feared o' Rhodes. She never would abide ter live along o' my step-mam, an' I can't leave her. I hev swore a oath ter the dead." Then he seemed to shake off his fears. "It's done me good ter talk so free. I couldn't hev done it—ter a stranger too—'ceptin' I knowed what store *she* set by ye, an' how smart she 'lows ye air."

Once again that vague prophetic disquiet thrilled along Shattuck's nerves. Felix had put his hat again upon his head; his face was softened with a reminiscent smile as his eyes dwelt upon the furthest blue peaks, most illusory semblances of mountains, faint sublimations of azure, refined almost to nullity, upon the horizon.

"T'other night, what time she could spare from tormentin' Baker Anderson—an' she do make *him* funny enough ter set a horse a-laffin'—she spent in tellin' them

cur'ous tales ye hev set a-goin' 'bout the folks ez war in this kentry 'fore the Injuns. An' Baker axed ef them Phoenicians warn't jes the Fed'ral army. He 'peared ter think ez ye hedn't got the news o' the War yit. It liked ter hev killed Litt. She couldn't quit laffin'. But she tuck Mis' Yates up mighty short 'bout the Leetle People, an' 'lowed ye didn't want ter examine thar graves fur gain, but fur knowledge fur the hist'ry o' the kentry."

And suddenly Shattuck's eyes were alight. He took instant advantage of this unexpected recruit to the ranks of scientific investigation. "She was exactly right, and shows her common-sense. And I wish, Fee," he adopted a cordial familiarity of tone in his anxiety, "you would take that view yourself, and let me examine one or two of those graves."

Guthrie evidently experienced an inward struggle. He was divided between a sincere attraction which he felt toward the stranger, a wish to please, and a repugnant reluctance, into which conscience—his queer, distorted, backwoods conscience—entered largely.

"I couldn't let ye tote the bones off, even ef they air prehistoric." He thought the word signified some sect different from Baptist or Methodist, and heterodox enough to forfeit the sanctity of sepulchre, since he had heard it so often urged by Shattuck, in extenuation of his wish to examine the graves. "I couldn't do that. *He* mought not like it whenst he wakes on the jedgmint-day ter find his bones in a strange place; he mought never hev been out'n Tennessee in his life, an' not be 'quainted with nobody risin' at the same time 'round him. But ye may open one grave, an'"—he relented still further, looking into Shattuck's eyes, eagerly fixed upon him—"an' ef he hev got a jug like the one I seen, I'll let ye hev it, an'," his brows grew anxious with the devising of the expedient, "I'll *loan* him a pitcher from the house, so he'll hev one, though the Lord only knows what he wants with it, an' mebbe at the las' day he will hev forgot, an' won't know the diff'ence."

"I won't take the jug," said Shattuck, suddenly infected with the reluctance to rifle the sarcophagus, so strong amongst the mountaineers, so alien to the man of science. The forgotten relics lying there in that long rest became suddenly,

through Guthrie's homely speech, individualized, invested with the rights of property, the sense of a past and the certainty of a future, humanized as a man and a brother, rather than a system of bones that might, ethnologically considered, establish or disprove a theory; its manner of burial less significant of the universal doom of death and the hope of resurrection than of the civilization of the race and the fashion of the day. "I won't take the jug. I only want to see what this wide-spread story of prehistoric pygmy dwellers in Tennessee rests upon. That is all. I think they must be children—these Little People. I won't take the jug."

Guthrie's face cleared instantly. "Waal"—he drew a long breath—"I'm glad o' that. Fur ef they air chil'n, *he* mought set mo' store on his jug an' his beads 'n on his soul's salvation. I don't see ez it could hurt ter jes lift up the top stone an' set it back agin. Bein' ez it's you-uns, I'll resk it ennyhows."

The opportunity of investigating this

most unique myth, originating how and where no man can tell, of which so much has been so diversely written and said, caused every sentiment of the archæologist to glow within him. In this secluded region it was hardly probable that the tread of science had ever before pressed the turf of the pygmy burying-ground. He should be able to speak from actual experience. There was no doubt concerning the spot. And all the countryside confirmed the tradition with singular unanimity, with one voice. Every detail was full of interest; the very method of confining—the six slabs of stone in the shallow graves, the strange weavings and material of the shrouding rugs and mats, the ornaments, the weapons, the jugs with the sea-shells within—what rich intimations of the industrial status, the civilization of these people of the pygmy myth! Ah, here indeed was history in its most unimpugnable form! These tokens should baffle oblivion, and truth prevail even in the grave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

IV.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

IF the plays of Shakespeare, like the characters of holy men in the Catholic Church, Roman and Apostolic, had a critic, an *Advocatus Diaboli*, it is thus that he might attack the *Comedy of Errors*. It is somewhat thus that M. Darmesteter does write in a recent popular work on Shakespeare in French: "Of all Shakespeare's plays, the *Comedy of Errors* is, save in the qualities of sympathy and mercy, the least Shakespearian. Perhaps only one quotation from it, 'The pleasing punishment that women bear,' has found a way among our household words. The richness of poetry which Shakespeare lavishes even in such a farce as the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is but rarely present here, in spite of Mr. Halliwell's opinion; and, in place of humor, we have often puns of more than mortal dulness, and the practical joke of thumping slaves with sticks. An ingenious Frenchman has written a treatise on the

rôle of the *bâton* in comedy. Nowhere in Shakespeare does the stick play so large a part as in the *Comedy of Errors*. We scarcely recognize the author, except in the grave blank-verse of the opening scenes, in his one study of woman's jealousy, the character of Adriana, and in his kind and happy solution of the comic problem. Parts that seemed made for the play of his humor—the characters of the Courtesan and of Pinch, the 'mad-doctor,' school-master, and conjurer—are almost slurred over, and in these Shakespeare falls very far below his master and original, Plautus. The behavior, again, of Antipholus when charged with being insane has little or none of the pleasant farce which Molière gives us in *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, and Plautus in the determination of Menæchmus to be mad if he must. The Dromios are not to be called diverting when compared with the rival Sosii of Plautus, or of Molière in the



ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE. "Go, bear it to the Centaur."

Act I., Scene II.

Amphitryon, with their Coleridgean distinctions between their double selves—the self out-of-doors and the self in-doors.” Thus the hostile critic might speak, and not without truth; but, to follow his argument, we must try to remember the plot of the play.

Now the attempt to describe the plot of the *Comedy of Errors* reminds one of M. Sarcey's labor to analyze *Les Surprises de Divorce*. You clasp your aching brow as you study M. Sarcey, M. Lemaître says, and in place of being comic, the story, when analyzed by him, has the “austerity of a fair page of algebra.” But before coming to analysis of the play, and to comparison with its Roman originals, let us glance at the necessary antiquarianisms of the subject, at the date of the piece, and at Shakespeare's means of studying his Roman original.

The *Comedy of Errors* was never published in quarto as the “book of the play,” or no hint of such a publication has reached us. This perhaps may be a proof that it was not very popular, was not deemed worth printing or pirating. It first appears in the folio (1623). Prynne, the scourge of the stage, says: “Some Playbooks are grown Quarto into Folio, which yet bear so good a price and sale that I cannot but with grief relate it. Shakspeer's Plaies are printed in the best Crowne-paper, far better than most Bibles.” On this excellent paper, then, the *Comedy of Errors* was first printed—after Shakespeare's death, of course—but the date when the play was written remains uncertain. As Meres mentions it in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598, it must, of course, have been earlier than that year, and 1593, 1592, and 1591 have been selected as the most probable dates. One is naturally anxious to put the piece as far back as possible, and it is a pleasant hypothesis of Elze's that Shakespeare may have taken the play with him to town when he left Stratford for London in 1605. Elze remarks that as Green in 1592 called Shakespeare “the only Shakescene in a countrie,” he must have been sufficiently popular and noted by that time. Had he not been successful beyond others, Green would not, of course, have envied and assailed him. Now three or four years at least, one may guess, must have been spent in attaining such eminence as provokes literary envy, hatred, and malice. The rudimentary, tentative, and imitative

manner of the *Comedy of Errors* is so manifest that we may provisionally look on it as one of Shakespeare's very first essays, and some even put it back among the eighties. But we cannot feel certain that Mr. Richard Simpson is right when he attributes it to the end of 1585. Mr. Thornbury has conjectured that Shakespeare's mind was directed to the humors of twins when he became the parent of twins in January of that year. Much more probably, Shakespeare was merely following, like Molière, on the track of Plautus. His “little Latin” may have been enough to master the *Menæchmi* and the *Amphitryon* of the Roman; or, as we shall see, he may have used a translation. His next step would be to “combine his information,” to furnish the twin *Menæchmi* of one play with twin valets answering to the two *Sosii* of the other. The number of more or less comic combinations thus added was arithmetically incalculable, and much of the mirth of the *Comedy of Errors* lies in the development of those purely practical jests. Whatever the date of the piece, and however Shakespeare got at his knowledge of Plautus, there can be no doubt that Plautus was the source from which he drew.

The “errors” of the comedy, the mistakes that arise from the existence of persons who are “doubles,” must have been among the very earliest things that occurred to the primitive jester when he had to tell a story. The “doubles” may be obtained in various ways, and the development of their adventures may be tragic or comic. To minds believing in magic, the notion of assuming the shape and personality of another was always familiar. Eustathius has preserved a Greek legend according to which Paris won Helen by magic art, having assumed the guise and voice of her husband, Menelaus. It has been argued, from Penelope's reluctance to recognize her returned husband, Odysseus, that Homer was acquainted with this tradition. The story of Jupiter and *Amphitryon*, how the god assumed the shape of the mortal and deceived his wife, is ancient, and was turned by Plautus to a comic use. He added the idea of making Mercury put on the form of *Amphitryon's* servant, *Sosius*, and bully that unlucky slave out of the belief in his own identity. These “shape-shiftings,” comic to the fancy of the South, became real and tragic in the imagination of the



DROMIO OF EPHEBUS. "What mean you, sir?"
Act I., Scene II.

North, as when Signy changes forms with the witch-wife, and visits her brother Sigmund in this disguise, or when Sigurd lies by Brynhild in the outward form of Gunnar, in the *Volsunga Saga*. Tragic, too, is the exchange in the *Roman de Merlin*, when Uther Pendragon, in the form of Ulfín, her husband, wins the love of Ygerne, and so becomes the father of King Arthur. But confusions of identity lend themselves more easily to comedy. The magical or miraculous element is discarded, and the persons are "doubles" merely because they are twins, and are naturally like each other. This is the *donnée* of the *Menæchmi*, the play of Plautus from which Shakespeare borrows most directly. How much he took, and how much he gave, can only be estimated after studying a brief sketch of the *Menæchmi*.

A merchant of Syracuse (to abridge the prologue of the Latin play) had twin sons, so like that the mother who bore them could not tell one from the other. When the boys were seven years old, the father took one of them, Menæchmus, on board ship, with much merchandise, to Tarentum, and left the other twin at home with the mother. There were games at Tarentum when they arrived, and the father lost his boy in the crowd. A merchant of Epidamnus picked the child up, and carried him home thither. The father died, news of these events reached Syracuse, and the grandfather of the remaining twin called the child by the name of the lost brother, Menæchmus. The merchant of Epidamnus, being childless, adopted *his* Menæchmus, endowed him with all his wealth, saw him married, and died. The Syracusan twin, in the Roman comedy, visits Epidamnus in search of his brother, and all the comic perplexities arise, as each is taken for the other brother.

The play of Plautus, after the usual prologue, begins with a scene in which the Epidamnian Menæchmus, speaking to himself in the presence of his parasite Peniculus, rehearses a discourse to his jealous wife: "Whenever I go out you ask me where I am going, what business calls me. . . I have married a spy, not a wife; I have spoiled you by kindness, and presents of slaves, wool, purple, gold. Now I'll try the other tack—I'll seek a lady friend; I'll dine out." And he sends his parasite to a lady named Erotion with

presents which he has taken from his wife's wardrobe and jewel-case. It is plain that the wife of Menæchmus has too good reason to be jealous of her rival, Erotion. "How I detest my wife when I see *you*!" he cries to Erotion, when she comes on the stage. "Spoils of hers for you, my rose," he says, offering his gifts. She gives her cook orders to provide dinner for herself, Menæchmus, and the parasite, who "eats for ten." In the second act comes Menæchmus of Syracuse, landed from his ship in Epidamnus, with his slave Messenio, who gives him a very bad account of manners and morals in Epidamnus. Erotion's cook now enters, and in the Syracusan Menæchmus recognizes and addresses the Menæchmus of Epidamnus, asking "where his parasite is." Menæchmus, who, of course, never saw the man before, tells him he must be mad, and bids him buy a pig to sacrifice for his cure. Orestes, in the *Eumenides*, says that he had been purified of his matricidal guilt in the blood of swine; the same expiatory sacrifice was sovran for insanity. The cook maintains that Menæchmus is the lunatic. Erotion bustles about her *partie fine*, and she too recognizes and invites the wrong Menæchmus. "She is drunk or mad," says that hero; but she tells him his name, his father's name, his native country, and everything else which she has learned from Menæchmus of Epidamnus. In real life, of course, the Syracusan Menæchmus would have said, "Why, you take me for my brother," and there the comedy would have ended. But Menæchmus of Syracuse, finding a pretty and hospitable lady, makes up his mind to dine with her, and see the adventure out. *Minore nusquam bene fui dispendio*, he remarks. Peniculus, the parasite of the other Menæchmus, meets him, and charges him with giving his wife's robes and jewels to Erotion. More confusion! Then Erotion's maid bids him take the bracelet which the Epidamnian Menæchmus had given her (his wife's bracelet) to the jeweller's to be repaired. Still more surprises for the Syracusan Menæchmus. He leaves these suspicious quarters, when the wife of Epidamnian Menæchmus enters, upbraiding her husband with stealing her property and carrying it to Erotion. The Epidamnian Menæchmus enters: he has been detained by affairs. He has a scene with his angry wife, and goes to Erotion, who at-



DROMIO OF EPHESUS. "Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad."

Act II., Scene I.

tacks him about the bracelet (which she has now given to his twin-brother), and Erotion is as angry as his wedded wife. The wife next assails the wrong Menæchmus. She will be a widow for him, and he replies that she may be "till kingdom come"—*usque dum regnum obtinebit Jupiter*. Her father enters, is appealed to by her, and tells her, as he has often done before, that she must not play the spy on her husband, nor watch his comings and goings. Her husband is a good husband, treats her generously; his amusements are no affair of hers. These were Roman ideas. "But he has given her property to another." "That's bad, if it is true." The old man asks Menæchmus of Syracuse if he has really done this. He denies it by the head of Jupiter, and both men accuse each other of lunacy. Menæchmus even enters into the humor of the scene by affecting to be mad; he invokes Bacchus—*Evoe, evoe, Brontie!*—and begins to rave. At last the old man brings a physician to his supposed son-in-law, and there is an amusing scene in which the mad-doctor interrogates his patient. "Do you sleep well? Do you drink white wine or claret?" In the end the twins meet, explain themselves, and go home together, the Epidamnian Menæchmus arranging for an auction of his goods and the sale of his jealous wife, "if any one will buy her."

This is a curt analysis of the Roman comedy, and if it be obscure as "a fair page of algebra," the *résumé* is lucid in comparison with a *résumé* of Shakespeare's piece, where there is a double set of twins. Now in what way did Shakespeare obtain his knowledge of Plautus and the germ of his farce? Was there an older English play on the matter which he may have recast and accommodated? Mr. Halliwell points out that as early as 1576-7 *The History of Errors* (miswritten "of Terrors") was shown at Hampton Court on New-Year's Day. The "Children of Paul's" acted it, and the pieces played by these school-boys were usually taken from classical sources. Shakespeare may at least have glanced through this old *History of Errors*. As to the original source, Plautus, if Shakespeare *did* attend Stratford Grammar-school (which we cannot demonstrate—Nash talks of his "country learning"), and if that school was conducted like others of its kind, he may well have studied Plautus in

the sixth form. Mr. Baynes has proved as much in his essays on the school learning of Shakespeare. He undeniably had "a little Latin"; and what seemed little in Ben Jonson's learned eyes would be amply enough for Shakespeare's purpose. But it is a curious and perhaps noteworthy coincidence that while the *Comedy of Errors* was certainly acted at Grey's Inn in December, 1594, an English prose version of its Latin original, the *Menæchmi*, was published perhaps *before* that date. This old and lively paraphrase bears, it is true, the year 1595, but booksellers have a way of anticipating time, that their books may be longer new. Thus Shakespeare may have seen the translation, in proof at least, or even in MS., before he wrote his own comedy. The translation is entitled

MENÆCHMI

A Pleasant and fine conceited Comedie taken out of the most wittie Poet, Plautus. Chosen purposely out of the rest, as least harmful, and yet most delightful. Written in English by W(illiam) W(arner). T. Creede. London, 1595. 4^o.

The British Museum has a copy of this very rare quarto, and Mr. Halliwell has reprinted it in his large Shakespeare. The translator tells us in his preface that he "had diverse of the pretty comedies Englished for the use and delight of his private friends, who, in Plautus's own words, are not able to understand them." No doubt the translations were handed about in manuscript, as was the manner of that and later times, and it is perfectly possible that Shakespeare may thus have gained his knowledge of the *Menæchmi*. Recent paradoxical writers about Shakespeare deny him any scholarship. For my own part, I believe he could spell out Plautus in the original; but even if he could not, it has been shown that a translation was not out of his reach. The Elizabethan age was much richer in translations than the sciolists who stir up controversy about Shakespeare and Bacon suppose. The style of the version by William Warner is, like that of B. R.'s contemporary *Herodotus*, almost too colloquial and idiomatic. "Brahling foole and mad-brained scold as ye are," is Menæchmus's address to his wife, "I mean to dine this day with a sweet friend of mine." Again, "Would every man could *tame his shrew* as well as I doe mine!" he remarks, after he has taken the



ADRIANA. "Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown."

Act II., Scene II.

poor wife's goods and given them to his "sweet friend." The dinner he orders at Erotion's house has a noble and Shakespearian anachronism: "Some oysters, a marybone pie or two, some artichokes and *potato-roots*." Shakespeare himself introduces America into his *Comedy of Errors*, but he can hardly be said to have inferred the ancient knowledge of America from W. W.'s "*potato-roots*."

From the *Menæchmi*, then, or from W. W.'s translation, or from an older English piece, Shakespeare took the germ of the *Comedy of Errors*; but he has gallantly added as much as he borrowed, has introduced new errors without end, and has reconciled all quarrels in a tender affection and sympathy. Here the opponent of the *Advocatus Diaboli* finds the strength of his case. You do not know how good, how Shakespearian the *Comedy of Errors* is till you have compared it with the Roman treatment of the same situation by Plautus. First, Shakespeare moves the scene from Epidamnus to Ephesus, and queer it is to read of an "Abbess" in the sacred city of Artemis. Then he makes the father of his first pair of twins, the Antipholi, still alive; he comes from Syracuse to Ephesus in his long search for his lost boys. But Syracuse and Ephesus are on ill commercial terms; protection is so strict that if a citizen of one town appears in the markets of the other, he must pay a heavy fine or lose his life. The old father, Ægeon, is in evil plight, and as he has neither the money nor the friend to lend it, he must die. But first he tells the Duke of Ephesus his lamentable story. At Epidamnus his wife had borne him twin boys, and "a poor mean woman" in the self-same inn also bore twins (the Dromios). These Ægeon bought; but he, his wife, and the two brace of twins were all shipwrecked. In drifting on the sea, they were severed. The mother, with one Dromio and one Antipholus, was taken up by one ship; the father, with his Antipholus and his Dromio, by another. When *his* twin came to eighteen years of age he started (with his Dromio) after the other brother, and never came back. Ægeon has set out to find as many of them as he can, and has come at last to Ephesus, where he suffered, as we have seen, from the rancorous system of protection and the war of tariffs. The Duke of Ephesus is very sorry, and reprieves him for a day,

during which his younger and later lost son turns up in Ephesus, with *his* Dromio, pretending to be from Epidamnus to evade the protection laws, as before. And now the trouble begins, each Antipholus and each Dromio being taken for the other, and themselves taking either for each. I have no head for mathematics, "the low cunning of algebra" has never been mine, and I recoil from the attempt to disentangle the innumerable complications. The reader would be as puzzled as the writer by an attempt at close analysis. It is like the poem in which a lover who dwells in four-dimensional space attempts to describe to his lady a dreadful dream in which he beheld a world in three-dimensional space—our own.

"Ah, in that dream-distorted clime,
These fatal wilds I wandered through,
The boundaries of space and time
Had got most frightfully askew.
'What is askew?' my love, you cry.
I cannot answer, can't portray;
The sense of everything awry
No language can convey."

In the *Comedy of Errors*, with two sets of "doubles," and with these doubles not able to discriminate between their parallels in either group, with two Antipholi and two Dromios, similar, but dissimilarly situated, everything is, indeed, awry. Do not urge me to be more definite; it is not kind; it may quite shatter a brain which otherwise might last for years, and be moderately serviceable at light work. Even in looking at Mr. Abbey's drawings I feel a kind of hysterical emotion, a feverish frantic ambition to discern t'other from which, just as one is occasionally mad enough to cope with *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, with the money article in the newspapers, with Lycophron's *Cassandra*, with the family system of the Australian blacks. Nobody should ask to be told the plot of the *Comedy of Errors*. In the play when acted it is not particularly perplexing to a person with fair mathematical ability: but a summary of it, as Sir Walter Scott's child friend, Pet Marjory, said of Nine times Nine, "is devilish." Let it be granted that either Antipholus equals either Menæchmus, and that the Dromios may, therefore, cancel each other for the present. We shall then study the relations of the Ephesian Antipholus to his wife, to his "sweet friend," and his mad-



DROMIO OF EPHEBUS. "Let my master in, Luce."

Act III., Scene I.

doctor, as compared with the similar relations of Plautus's Epidamnian Menæchmus to his wife, to Erotion, and to his mad-doctor. In these combinations, if we set aside the appearance of old Ægeon, the father, lies such ethical interest as the *Comedy of Errors* can yield; nor, after all, is that slight; and, after all, it is not unworthy of Shakespeare.

The Menæchmus of Plautus treats his wife not only like a profligate, but like a person hopelessly *mal élevé*. He gives away her trinkets and dresses to his "dear mouse," as the Elizabethan translator calls Erotion. But Plautus, I think, intends us to understand that Menæchmus has been goaded to this excess by the irritating and perhaps originally causeless jealousy of his wife. Having been long accused, he determines to *deserve* his wife's lectures, as the other Menæchmus feigns to go mad because mad he is everywhere styled. If this idea be correct, Menæchmus is merely bent on "taming his shrew," as the old translator says, quoting the title of the *Taming of the Shrew* in its earlier form, published in 1594 (the translation is of 1595). Now great latitude was permitted of old to the husband with a shrewish wife, as ducking-stools prove. Still Menæchmus, in Plautus, goes too far even for the patience of the wife's father. The old father, in Plautus, exactly holds Dr. Johnson's theory, and a startling theory it sounds to us: "Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands." Johnson was not only a religious but a good man; yet Boswell—no pattern—was staggered by the Doctor's ethics. Boswell says, with equal truth and sense, that "a husband's infidelity must hurt a delicate attachment, in which a mutual constancy is implied with such refined sentiments as Massinger has exhibited in his play of *The Picture*." He quotes, indeed, a counter-statement of the great Doctor's; yet, years later, Johnson repeated his original observation. The truth is that Boswell was, comparatively, a Liberal, while the Doctor's Toryism on this point dated from pagan antiquity; from the morals of Plautus and of that republican Rome when a wife was *in manu mariti*: her husband's chattel.

When we turn to Shakespeare's treatment of this question, we first observe that the jealousy of womankind is all but absent from his dramas. Here he shows his inevitable artistic tact. A man's jea-

lousy is tragic, like that of Othello or Leontius, or it is comic, like that of Ford in the *Merry Wives*. It is an affair of *Don Garcie de Navarre*, on one hand, or of George Dandin on the other. But the jealousy of a woman in modern society may be neither dignified and terrible enough for tragedy, nor grotesque and humorous enough for comedy; it is bitter, shrill, ugly, a deathless torment, a poison and perversion of nature; too mean for tragedy, too hateful for comedy. In the old comedy, the Restoration comedy, the luckless husband is a standing though cruel joke. The luckless wife no man nor woman laughs at. Yet she does not fit with tragedy unless she be an empress or a queen, say an Amestris or an Eleanor, who can give her passion a tragic scope, and indulge it with a full cup of revenge. This may, at least, be offered as an explanation; or perhaps others may say that of all passions feminine jealousy is most remote from the sympathy of men, and that it is the men who write the plays.

Shakespeare, unlike Plautus, has tempered the spectacle of Adriana's green-eyed and watchful rage by placing a sweeter-tempered sister, Luciana, beside her. "A man is master of his liberty," says this good-humored wench, when the married Antipholus does not come home in time for dinner, and when, as Dromio cries (to the wrong brother):

"The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold."

The shrew, he adds, "will score your fault upon my pate"; and he has "some of my mistress's marks upon my shoulders." For Adriana is not only jealous, she is a termagant. Adriana will not listen to Luciana's

"Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence."

Adriana replies.

"Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

* * * * *

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die."

Then, pleading as it were to her husband with the wrong Antipholus, she breaks into poetry and passion, for even in this play passion cannot come in Shakespeare's mind without moving him to poetry, nor can even a shrewish jealousy fail to rouse his sympathy with mortal pain:



ADRIANA. "O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me."
Act IV, Scene IV.



DROMIO OF EPHEBUS. "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother."

Act V., Scene I.

"How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

* * * * *
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine."

So she bids her husband (that is, *not* her husband, but the wrong Antipholus) dine with her, and Dromio drives the real Antipholus from his own door. The wretched married Antipholus, in Shakespeare, then, does not seek

"a wench of excellent discourse;
 Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle,"
 that he may dine with her, till he is turned
 away from his very door, while his wife
 entertains a stranger. Thus Shakespeare
 provides his Antipholus with such an ex-
 cuse as Plautus never granted to his Me-
 næchmus. Elizabethan England was not
 Rome, after all, and Shakespeare's morality
 is better than Dr. Johnson's. Meanwhile
 Luciana pleads for her jealous sister very
 prettily with the wrong Antipholus, who
 is a little minded to fall in love with her.
 The chain, the trinket in Shakespeare's
 play, has been purchased by the married
 Antipholus as a present for his wife, not
 stolen from her by him as a gift to another
 woman, as in Plautus. Thus, through-
 out, Shakespeare is gentle and kindly
 where Plautus is all but ruffianly. The
 prize of what poetry exists in the play
 goes to the Englishman; the Roman has
 the advantage in comic passages. When
 Antipholus is arrested, in the confusions,
 Adriana promptly sends him his ducats—
 an odd coin to keep in a Greek Ephesus
 of old. Yet the married Antipholus has
 been drawn so far (no doubt in his nat-
 ural wrath at being locked out of his own
 house) as to promise the chain to the
 "wench of excellent discourse," and to
 receive a ring from her. Adriana has
 found a mad-doctor for her husband, a
 conjurer, who tries to exorcise a devil out
 of him, as in Plautus the madness is to
 be cured by an expiatory sacrifice of a pig.
 Finally Adriana desires to have the mad-
 man bound, as in old practice, when whip-
 ping was the cure of lunacy. And she
 might, by her own confession, have driven
 any husband mad by her jealousy.

"In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
 At board, he fed not for my urging it;
 Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
 In company, I often glanced it:
 Still did I tell him it was vile and bad."

"And thereof," says the Abbess, who
 proves to be Ægeon's wife, and the mo-
 ther of the twin Antipholi—

"And thereof came it that the man was mad:

* * * * *
 In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.
 The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
 Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits."

But here that excellent good girl, Lu-
 ciana, stands up for her sister against her
 sister's self:

"She never reprehended him but mildly."

Then the Duke of Ephesus comes on the
 scene. Every one makes his complaint,
 the married Antipholus particularly de-
 nouncing the mad-doctor, a forerunner of
 Romeo's apothecary:

"a hungry, lean-faced villain; . . .
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch."

So all meet. Evening brings all home:
 Ægeon, now pardoned, his wife—the Ab-
 bess—both their children, and both Dro-
 mios. Adriana is *not* sold by auction
 in Shakespeare as Menæchmus would
 have sold his wife; we may believe that
 the bachelor Antipholus married the
 sweet Luciana, and that Adriana learned
 a lesson for life in Shakespeare's *École
 des Femmes*. We may believe it, for
 Shakespeare has goodness and forgiveness
 enough for them all, for all men. Here,
 as in that darkling comedy, *Measure for
 Measure*, mercy is the burden of his poem;
 mercy is the last word even of his buf-
 fooneries, no less than of that match be-
 tween love and life and death, where even
 Claudio and Angelo are finally forgiven.

Nor need the lesson be wasted on the
 commentator, the indolent reviewer. He
 may have come prepared to ban the *Com-
 edy of Errors* almost utterly, and for this
 once to join the modern chorus of those
 who carp at our earlier literature, at our
 fathers and our betters of the dead gen-
 erations. But, lo! he finds himself bless-
 ing instead of cursing, and discovering in
 Shakespeare's prentice-work (as the *Com-
 edy of Errors* must be reckoned) still the
 same Shakespeare, the same gentle heart,
 and that wisdom which watches men

"With larger, other eyes than ours,
 To make allowance for us all."

The full force of Shakespeare's merit,
 however, will not strike the reader who
 has not compared Shakespeare with his
 original, with Plautus. In Plautus the
 jealous woman is a mere shrew; the hus-
 band is callous and a profligate. Shake-
 speare pities even the pain of a groundless
 jealousy; he touches its bitter passion with
 poetry; he gives it an excuse and an
 amiable contrast in Luciana. Even were
 his comic humors weaker in this piece—
 and it is undeniably weak—his advance
 in kindness, courtesy, in tolerant knowl-
 edge of human nature, marks him, even
 in his prentice-work, as already Shake-
 speare.

NATIONALITY IN MUSIC,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HUNGARIAN MUSIC.

BY FRANCIS KORBAY.

WE may call "music" the language of the world, for it speaks as many idioms as there are nations, races, and even individuals. One single detached note, intoned by different voices or instruments, will convey as many meanings as there may be ears to hear it. It may sound martial upon the "trumpet," sylvan upon the "horn," feminine upon the "clarinet," naïve upon the "hautboys," sublime upon the "organ," mysterious upon the "æolian-harp," prosaic upon the "street organ," and common upon the "banjo." The specific timbre of these instruments and their handling may invest *that one tone* with volumes of images and poems, to a certain degree akin among cultivated listeners, and quite contradictory to others. Sweetest remembrance may be recalled by it upon the banjo, terpsichorean inspirations roused upon the street organ, and a chorus of angels may descend from it upon the worldly cornet-a-piston. The simplest song, although provided with words, will scarcely ever repeat analogous sensations in the same person, and probably never in a large audience, in which traditions, associations, historical or national influences, will more or less increase or lessen the receptive powers. Adding to this the numerous conditions under which the performance of that song may take place—such as the singer's voice, disposition, art, and personal magnetism; the audience's number and kind; the locality, its atmosphere, light, etc.—it is evident that even if the *en gros* effect may be of a homogeneous nature, in details it will be quite kaleidoscopic.

The "pibroch," the "Marseillaise," "Die Wacht am Rhein," the "Rákóczy March," speak each its own special language, untranslatable in its real essence. It takes a Scotchman, a Frenchman, a German, and a Hungarian to understand their full meaning, although their governing spirit may be valued by everybody. This is, of course, more applicable to national than to cosmopolitan music, which may be also the subject of local, political, or other influences. National music, the source of all cosmopolitan music, is in the same measure attached to language and poetry as race characteristics, fine arts,

and sciences depend upon climatic, geographical, and political conditions. Thus it is a nation's language which generates its musical rhythm; its poetry which creates its melody; and its temperament, the spirit of its dignity, tenderness, mirth, sadness, or flightiness, whichever may express the respective people's national character.

The principal factor and stronghold of national music is *language*. The less it has in common with other languages, the more its music will differ from them. The national songs of the Gothic, Latin, and Slav races, belonging to the great Aryan or Indo-Germanic family, resemble or differ in proportion with their respective languages, and their philologically determined relationship can musically also be traced. Exceptions are met with where such heterogeneous influences left their foreign imprints, as the Moorish in Spain, the Celtic in Ireland, Scotland, the Finnish in Sweden and Norway; the Eastern in Poland, Russia, and southeastern Europe. There are comparatively few folk-songs to be found among the Indo-Germanic races the indisputable nationality of which would musically reveal itself at once without the aid of its special text, and which might not belong just as well to one or to the other nation of the great Aryan family. "Home, sweet Home" could be just as well a German as the "Thüringer Lied" an English folk-song, etc.

Unmistakable symptoms of national originality appear as soon as the languages loosen their Indo-Germanic ties and gravitate toward the East. Among the Slavic races are the Czechs, who, bordering on Germany, form a sort of transition between Western and Eastern national music, although yet predominantly tinged with Western elements. National characteristics abound in the mazurs, polonaises, dumkas, krakowiaks, etc., of the more eastern Poles; and the southern Slavs, like the Servians, Croatians, and their Latin neighbors, the Roumanians, have airs of pronounced Eastern flavor, although not entirely divested yet of their Indo-Germanic relationship. Many of their songs are, however, merely repro-

ductions of their neighbors the Hungarians', and *vice versa*; some of the Hungarian folk-songs, but very few and easily discernible, are of Slavic origin.

Many as are the fountains which contribute to the formation of the folk-song proper, its main source is language and poetry, those two infallible exponents of a people's intellectual and artistic standard. It is the language which furnishes the body—rhythm; poetry invests it with spirit and soul—melody, harmony, and form. Rhythm and melody coming from the same source, true lyrical poetry, in keeping with its very name, ought to be always musical, enshrining in itself as if dormant the song. Following the example of the folk-song, in which poetry and music grow and blossom together, to enfold and complete each other, the Hellenic poets composed their words and music alike. Stesichoros, Lasos, Anakreon, and Pindar even made mention in their poems of the modes of their respective melodies, and Euripides was blamed for employing Iophon and Timokrates of Argos to furnish the melos to his poetry.

Word and rhythm being older than song (the hypothesis that gestures accompanied by song-like utterances were man's first language cannot be taken into consideration at present), we have to turn to rhythm, to trace the race characteristics of typical nationality in music.

The rhythmically most elastic language is undoubtedly the French. Its slight accents, easily handled and shifted to the end syllable of a word or phrase, admit any amount of freedom in prosodical treatment. Ease, grace, and *esprit* are its typical attributes, and the gay chansonette, with her merry daughter, the opéra comique, are its most organic and most national products.

Although the accentuation of the end syllables suggests in two-syllabic words the iambus, | ~ - |, as in *amour*, *venir*, *bonheur* (the word *amour*, for instance, can begin just as well with the thesis, | ♪ ♪ |, as with the arsis, | ♪ ♪ |, or it can be a spondee, | ♪ ♪ |, etc.), in connection with additional syllables or words their rhythmical value is completely changed. The occasional accentuation, or half pronunciation, or entire dropping of the mute *e*, is another valuable assistance for rhythmical combinations.

Governed by no metrical laws, like those of the classical Greeks, who, with their love for form beauty, knew how to chisel even their words into solid bodies, and give flesh and blood to the rhythm of their verse, French excels more in *esprit* than in force. Sweet and dainty as French folk-songs are, rhythmically they are predominantly just as volatile. Could we reduce their average national rhythm into a formula, it might be: | ~ ~ ~ | ~ - |. Accentuation in German differs just as much from French accentuation as their national characteristics are unlike each other. The swift-winged succession of any number of short syllables in French is impossible in German, its accentuated syllables being closely followed by unaccentuated ones, and *vice versa*, with quite a military-discipline-like regularity. A correct hexameter is for this reason a very artificial product in German. As it was the iambus in French, | ~ - |, its inversion, the trochæus, | - ~ |, prevails in German. Vater, Mutter, Sonne, lieben, ferne, etc., giving the rhythm, | ♪ ♪ |, in keeping with the ancient "Allemande," or | ♪ ♪ | of the more modern waltz. The verse beginning with an unaccentuated syllable, the stercotipe average rhythm is, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~, like: "Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz." Starting with the thesis, | ~ ~ ~ | ~ - | ~ ~ ~ | ~ - ~ ~ ~ |, like: "Ach, wie ist's möglich, dass ich dich lassen kann." These two examples and the $\frac{3}{4}$ time, | ♪ ♪ |, represent the average rhythm of the German folk-song and dance, the basis upon which the great classics, Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, erected a monument solid and grand enough to bear the weight of the additional construction of the lofty romantic school, with its cloud-storming progeny, *the music of the future*.

La bella Italia, with her mild climate and azure sky, ought to have sung from times immemorial. And still we know that the Romans were no skilled musicians. Music with them was simply an exotic plant and toy of luxury, which they had to borrow from the Greeks. It was only when the muscular Latin turned into the self-singing, open-vowelled, broad and still soft Italian language that the imported plant acclimatized itself on Italian soil, and that song and singing blossomed there as nowhere else.

If true lyrical poetry is always musical,

enshrining as if dormant the song, good Italian prose is in itself music. The language opened its chalice to the art of singing, to receive and nourish it, in the same way as the vocally less favored German sheltered itself pre-eminently in the orchestra. Nothing can be more melodious than the combination of those frank round vowels, with their rhythmically rippling accentuations; and no wonder that the Italians prefer caressing sweetness to dramatic truth, vocal and melodic beauty to canonic art. It may sound sacrilegious, but one feels inclined to say, "Where melody is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise."

The Italian folk-songs vary in character as there are dialects spoken in Italy. The Neapolitans and Venetians, for instance, have their own canzones and gondolieras, etc., quite in keeping with their respective temperament and dialect. The emphasized accentuation upon the next to the last syllable in the root of the word gives the trochæus (— ◡) in words of two syllables; the amphibrachys (◡ — ◡) in three-syllabic words, which, because they represent the greater number of words, have to be considered as the typical metrical feet in Italian—in themselves a solid basis for the formation of rhythmical precision and verve.

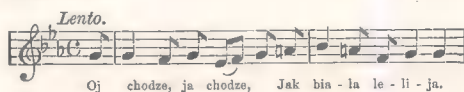
But while, with all that, the French chanson, the German Volkslied, and the Italian canzone betray nationality more through their spirit and temperament than rhythmical pregnancy, the Slavs show pronounced nationality in rhythm also. Among them stand the Poles foremost. Their mazurs, polonaises, krakowiaks, kujawiaks, etc., glitter in Oriental splendor and heroic virility, wedded to Western grace and refinement. The nation's heroic past and the courtly manners of its aristocracy reflect themselves just as faithfully in the Poles' dance music, as their dumkas (songs of sorrow) sound like swan songs upon the lips of a down-trodden, dying people, whose faintly surviving aspirations are its last hopes.

The Polish folk-music is undoubtedly one of the oldest in Europe. Its hymn "Boga rodzica," inscribed upon the tomb of its poet and composer St. Adalbert (a Bohemian by birth), in the year 959, and a great number of very weird and strangely conceived songs and dance tunes, suggesting an anterior age, still sung by the people, vouch for their great antiquity.

The rhythmical energy and clearly cut accentuations upon the first and third, occasionally upon the second, beat of the mazur or polonaise, etc., have little to do with the language, and are undoubtedly the result of the Poles' long-lasting feuds and proximity with the Orient, if not of a remote Eastern origin. The next to the last syllable being always accentuated, it is the trochæus, as in *kohgò* (to love), *viernosò* (constancy), or the amphibrachys in words of three syllables, as in *powstanie* (uprising), or *umieraò* (to die), which cling most naturally to the *krakowiak* and *dumka*. The rather monotonous succession of the trochæus manifests itself most tellingly in the touching but rhythmically rather lethargic *dumkas* (songs of sorrow), which, in keeping with the subject, express in text, tonality, and rhythmical languor a world of sadness that nothing could rival. The very scale upon which the real *dumka* rests seems to be woven of pearls of tears, and any one familiar with Polish songs may recognize its indisputable nationality. It is the minor scale, with a major sixth and a minor seventh:



One of Moniuszko's beautiful *dumkas* is built entirely upon this scale. It begins like this:



Richly endowed with patrons of art, Poland had its Italian opera as early as 1634. August II. gave Italian opera performances to invited guests free of charge. Stanislas August Poniatowsky had his own Italian opera company, consisting of the best artists. Cimarosa, Paesiello, and other great masters resided in Warschau in those days. But great as was the Italian influence upon Poland's music, it could not alter its national type. Chopin's poetical master-hand (himself also an ardent admirer of Bellini!) has known how to exploit the national treasures of his country's muse, and how to breathe immortality into them, that they may not only outlive the land's glories and disasters, but even conquer the heart of the whole civilized world.

The language which has nothing in common with the Indo-Germanic lan-

guages is the Hungarian. Together with the Finnish and Turkish it stands isolated in Europe, belonging to the Turanian or Ural-Altaic family.

During its thousand years of existence in Europe, surrounded by the most heterogeneous elements, in constant struggle for its independence, constitution, and nationality, Hungary has not only conserved its language, but invested it from organic means with a wealth and power able to sustain and to develop a glowing national poetry, drama, and an altogether productive literature. The language, however, which in times of desolation proved to be the country's only bulwark to protect its nationality, isolated it from the rest of the world, surrounding it like a Chinese wall. Few were the foreign explorers who could or cared to climb that wall, and the country was mercilessly written up *ad libitum*, *pro* and *contra*, by German, French, and other writers, who, ignorant of the language and of truth, amused themselves and their readers with Hungarian stories better fitting darkest Africa than the law-abiding Hungarian people, with their monarchical constitution antedating that of England. Good translations having been very few, and the country's history travelling mostly through foreign channels, it was no wonder that it took a Kossuth's eloquence to inform the world that the Hungarians are neither Germans nor Slavs, and that they have a history, dearly bought with centuries of destructive wars, while defending their country and the rest of Europe against Turkish and Tartar invasions, and that by doing so they have well earned their place and constitutional independence in the European commonwealth, which Austria, with endless intrigues, and even with Russian patronage, has tried in vain to annihilate. The country is, however, yet little known abroad. Emigrants swarming into Pennsylvania, mostly Slavs, or other subjects of the Hungarian crown, who do not even speak the language and are an Indo-Germanic race, still pass for Hungarians. The country's superb wines, undergoing all sorts of exotic manipulations after leaving their native soil, are called Hungarian wines abroad! Even its music is turned out of its pure nationality, and presented in a corrupted fashion to the world by a foreign race—the gypsies; and great musical authorities, who ought to have known

better, went so far as to attribute it to gypsy origin!

Gypsies are clever performers, but no creators of music. Provided with an abnormal amount of imitative power, and a very pliable and cunning nature, they became the people's musical performers in countries whose national music excels in originality, fantastic rubatos, and a certain rhapsodical spirit, too free to wear the yoke of a systematically organized score. There are no French, English, German, or Italian gypsy musicians known to the world. In these countries, the respective national melodies of which stand any amount of disciplined time and performance, the gypsies cultivate rather fortune-telling, tinkering, etc. With their stupendous gift for imitation and playing by ear, they know how to seize and render those subtleties which resist pen and ink, and constitute the very essence of the Moorish-Spanish, the Roumanian, and Hungarian national music, and accordingly it is in these countries where they flourish as the people's musicians. In Spain—whose singers and dancers from Cordova and Cadiz (Gades) excelled above all others at great festivals of ancient Rome, and of whom Martial, in the first century after Christ, wrote,

Nec de Gadibus improbis puellæ
Vibrant sine fine prurientis
Lascivos docili tremore lumbos—

where music and dance have an even share in the people's heart even to-day, as well as in Roumania, the practical enthusiasm of the gypsies pilots them in music and dance alike, catering to the popular taste in both directions with equal energy. In Hungary, where the song, with its epic or lyrical traditions, takes the lead, the dance being only incidental, the gypsies never dance, unless when commanded to perform their buffoon-like gestures and contortions, or the so-called *czigány kevék* (gypsy wheel), an athletic feat in which hands and feet combine to imitate the revolving of a wheel, following the carriages along the road-side, to the merriment of the gay lookers-on, and all that for—a humble penny! In Spain they play the national guitar or mandolin; in Hungary, the string quintet, the clarinet (in imitation of the ancient *tárogató* and the still surviving *tilinkó*), and the *czimbalom*. The long-drawn wails and re-revolving turns and runs of Moorish origin in Spanish music suit

them just as much as their restless and nervous temperament likes to overload with unappropriate but dazzling lace-works and fringes the pathetic or allegro movements of Hungarian music. May this example serve for an illustration how the gypsy dislikes classical simplicity, and how he can disfigure it. The melody is by a gentleman whose *nom de plume* is Szentirmay. The gypsy version is a faithful copy of a real and not uncommon occurrence. The original melody is:



The gypsy version is:



It is in this sort of virtuoso aspirations, mingled with incorrect basses and harmonies, that their creative genius finds free vent, not only in Hungarian, but in any kind of music they happen to play. Some of them are undoubtedly virtuosi—*sui generis*. As for their general musical aptitude, there is probably no other race existing that could rival them. Every village in Hungary has at least one or more gypsy bands; some cities count them by the score. Only a small number of their best leaders know the notes, and still most of their bands have a large *répertoire*, comprising Italian, French, and

German operatic and all nations' dance music, beginning with Offenbach and Strauss, and winding up with Wagner!

The best gypsy bands, as well as bad ones, are usually trained by some stray genius of a non-gypsy musician; in some exceptional cases also by the learned leader himself, from whom each member of the band learns by ear his own part. The detached grindings once over, it is the *ensemble* that takes its turn to blossom gradually into that intoxicating, some-

times frantic fire and swing which turned the head of many a Hungarian, and inspired even some great foreign musicians to such an extent that they deigned to appropriate for themselves, endorsing with their own names, some of the most beautiful Hungarian melodies.

And with all that there is not one single Hungarian song known to have been composed by a gypsy (zigány)! A few so-called "hallgatók" (pieces to listen to, as in contrast to pieces to be sung or to dance to), composed for the violin; a very crude and rather unintelligible exuberance of sentimentality, without any tangible

tune, decorated and illumined by glittering fireworks, in the shape of runs and cadenzas, by the king of all *czigány* musicians, Bihari, born in 1769; some dances in close imitation of well-known polkas or galops; a comparatively small number of similarly imitative "*csárdás*" (tavern dances), by Sárközi, Patikárns, Bunkó, Rácz, etc.—embrace the entire musical productivity of the *czigány* (the Hungarian name for gypsy). It is not as composers, but as performers, that the gypsies deserve being mentioned in connection with Hungarian music, and appreciated accordingly.

The first gypsy tribes of whom mention is made came to Hungary in the fifteenth century; according to some unreliable accounts, earlier. The proverbial hospitality of the country, its topographical and geological conditions, the endless hiding-places of the huge Carpathian Mountains, the vast rivers and plains in the lowlands, supremely suited for nomadic proclivities, proved to be an irresistible attraction to the gypsies, and induced a large number of them to remain. Not dreaming for centuries to utilize the musical genius which was lying dormant in them, they kept up leading an arcadic existence of sweet indolence; preferring the neighbors' labor and property to their own paradisiacal *négligé*; cultivating speed for self-defence, their ever-ready, subtle wit to prove the uselessness and injustice of law; and manifesting their love of truth and veracity in fortune-telling, ghost stories, and witchery. Nor was it merely an epicurean taste which enabled them to enjoy only the "*haut goût*" of such fowl and horses as died their natural death; it was far more than that; it was their traditional love for order and justice which made them shrink from murder, and secured for them the exclusive privilege for the high office of the "public executioner" in Hungary until not long ago. Their moral ideals were, of course, of a correspondingly high and progressive order. The far-advanced although yet faintly successful theories of "free love," as gently promulgated by a few Western enthusiasts, were for ages and ever since practically known and generously professed by them.*

* Those ideal creatures, as some books and accounts describe the gypsies, who play with flowers, converse with babbling brooks and gentle zephyrs, in meditative contemplation of the stars and hea-

Still they were neither persecuted nor hunted down, as in other countries, notably in France, England, and Germany, but charitably tolerated. And when their manual skill in fabricating cannons and cannon-balls proved them to be useful subjects in the country, where for so many centuries all available hands had to be employed in the endless wars against the Turk, they rose to something like public esteem. They were granted certain privileges, and vigorous means were employed to rouse them from their vagrant *perpetuum mobile* indolence. Most of them, however, abeyed true to their proverb: "As a crow cannot be transformed into a dove, the gypsy will remain a gypsy." Some of them took to the fiddle about a hundred years ago, and became gradually the people's musicians, playing the war-ridden and decimated Hungarian nation's favorite airs, rescuing thus perhaps from utter oblivion many a traditionally and only orally descended song treasure. The Hungarians, very susceptible to the sounds of their national airs, went very often so far that their enthusiasm and generosity knew no bounds when the gypsies happened to strike the right tune. The gypsies had good reasons to know it, and well informed of each noted person's favorite song, they would play it for him, at him, weep or laugh themselves, so to say, into his heart with it, until, as if under an enchantment, he would be carried away. Many an estate was thus sacrificed to a love-song, and many a tear thrown into the bargain. No wonder if, under such encouragements, the *czigánys* developed into better performers in Hungary than anywhere else. Since they travel abroad under the name of Hungarian bands, they pick up just as readily the popular tunes and dance music of foreign nations as they are apt to lose the home-made verve and snap belonging to the Hungarian style, and forget the very melodies upon which they were brought up. This circumstance alone may testify what an acquired taste Hungarian music is with them. Should the Hungarian gypsies in a body emigrate to the United States to make their steady home there, and were there not ample records to prove the contrary, I should not be surprised if a hundred years hence

venly spheres, knowing the existence of a moral code, or the use of soap, are among gypsies scarcely known in Hungary, where they are just as numerous as they are understood and studied.—F. K.

some learned musician would try to establish the theory that "Yankee Doodle" is also of gypsy origin.

Of purely Oriental origin is the music of the Hungarians. Its language belongs to the Turanian family, and being metri-

of twelve bars appears in the form of three dipodies, like:



Even the pentapody exists in song and dance. Thus in a fragment of a well-known song:



The $\frac{3}{4}$ time exists only in combination with $\frac{2}{4}$ and $\frac{4}{4}$, making $\frac{5}{4}$ and $\frac{7}{4}$, like:



or,



cally nearly as rich as the classical Hellenic, it lends itself with perfect ease to all metrical combinations.

The prevailing metrical feet are the choriambus, | --- |, and the antispastus, | --- |; but the spondeus, | -- |, the trochæus, | - - |, very rarely, though, and never two of them in succession, the dactylus, | - - - |, the anapæstus, | - - - |, and the amphibrachys, | - - - |, abound in harmonious and well-proportioned combinations in Hungarian verse and song.

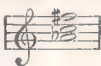
While in some nations' music it is a certain rhythmical sameness which makes its originality, in Hungarian it is its great variety which seals originality upon it. Folk-songs, as a rule, dwell upon one rhythmical motive; not so the Hungarian. If there occurs a tetrapody of four equal bars, the fifth bar changes but too willingly to relieve the monotony. But most tetrapodies consist of different rhythmical elements, like this, for instance, | ♩. ♩. ♩. ♩. | ♩. ♩. ♩. ♩. |; and a number of them are formed of two dipodies, | ♩. ♩. ♩. ♩. | ♩. ♩. ♩. ♩. |. The first example giving a choriambus, a spondeus, an anapæstus, and an amphibrachys; the second an anapæstus, and its inversion, the dactylus. Besides a great variety of dipodies and tetrapodies, the *tripodies* (very rarely met with in other countries) occur just as frequently. Song-motives of three bars occur in endless combinations. Example: | ♩. ♩. ♩. | ♩. ♩. ♩. |, or | ♩. ♩. ♩. | ♩. ♩. ♩. | ♩. ♩. ♩. |, etc. A remarkable combination is when each part of a period

The Finns, who belong also to the Turanian family, have the $\frac{5}{4}$ and $\frac{7}{4}$, as well as some other characteristics in common with the Hungarian language and music.

These few allusive examples may be sufficient to show that while most folk-songs are constructed upon tetrapodic periods, there are hundreds of them in Hungarian music consisting of dipodies, tetrapodies, tripodies, pentapodies, and hexapodies, making it, as far as rhythmical construction goes, the best equipped among all nations' folk-music.

The advantage of possessing, besides the ancient church modes and the regular diatonic major and minor scales, this scale,





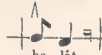
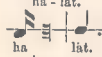




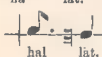
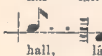
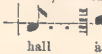
carrying organically in itself the chord of the augmented sixth, , gives to

the Hungarian song a wealth of harmony equalled by no European folk-song.

The correct accentuation and phrasing of Hungarian music is so closely interwoven with the *language* that no explanation could be satisfactory without a passing glance into its intricate net-work.

Every first syllable, whether short or long, has an emphasis of its own. This is the reason why no Hungarian song can begin with an *up beat* (arsis). Every long syllable can be short, and *vice versa*, in certain cases. There are two distinct sounds and lengths for every vowel; the

a and *e* have even three: *a*, *á*, *â*, and *e*, *é*, *ê*. Their correct emphasis, length, and pronunciation determine the meaning of a word and even of a sentence. The combination of two syllables can undergo the following metamorphoses:

 = if a lot (weight).
 = the fish (in the accusative).
 = his fish (in the accusative).
 = if he sees.
 = he makes himself to be heard.
 = gratitude (in the accusative).
 = he sleeps and sees.
 = if he sees.
 = the fish sees.
 = he hears and sees.
 = he hears through (something).

Accents, intonation, and even rests, scarcely noticeable to a foreign ear, are just as essential in word as in phrasing, which again requires an intimate knowledge of the *cæsuras*, richly applied in Hungarian poetry.

The language is the mirror in which we can see the physiological causes of the rhythmical heart-beats of the song. Its soul, dwelling beyond the reach of the dissecting-knife, hovers over the country's history, its vast lowlands, and abides in cot and palace, tavern and church, joy and sorrow, as a heavenly messenger or cheerful companion alike.

The national spirit pervades the ancient Hungarian church music, and colors the priest's oration during high mass even to-day. Our ancient chant to St. Elizabeth (used by Liszt as one of the principal motives in his oratorio *Legend of St. Elizabeth*) might be the mother of some of our folk-songs, those songs which from the cradle to the end remain the people's faithful friend. Their power seems to be omnipotent, and their sway irresistible. The wild and untamed son of the "puszta" (plains) will listen in tears to the pa-

thetic melodies that the obedient gypsy plays for him, and the peaceful peasant farmer may be transformed into a hurricane at the hearing of certain patriotic songs, or such that may recall the memory of a pair of treacherous brown eyes. Mighty Austria suffered more defeats in 1848-9, thanks to the Rakóczy, Hunyady, Kossuth, and Klapka marches, than through the inability of her proud generals.

Of a more recent date may be mentioned the following incident: It was in 1878-9, during the occupation of Bosnia. The battle of Maglaj was raging. The enemy, well protected in its fortified position, repulsed the repeated attacks of the third escadron of heavy dragoons (Bohemians), who, disheartened and decimated, retreated in wild disorder. Defeat seemed to be inevitable. Captain Milinković's presence of mind bade him to call in the second escadron of the Thirteenth Regiment of Hungarian hussars. Using no eloquence, no encouraging word, he simply ordered the band to play three Hungarian melodies for them. The thundering hurrah which drowned the song's last chord led the lads into the fire, and although only twenty out of their hundred survived the carnage, they dislodged the enemy and won the battle.

When in 1849, after the country's victorious self-defence, the magnanimity of Russian hordes intrusted Hungary to the fatherly care of defeated Austria, whose patronage, bravery, and civilizational fervor flourished upon the gallows and in dungeons, and the very utterance of the names of the nation's decapitated heroic martyrs became a *Majestätsverbrechen* (crime against his Majesty), and punished accordingly; when all the refinements of the Spanish Inquisition, revived and improved upon, were the masters of the day; properties confiscated, the language suppressed, and mournful silence accompanied the nation's requiem—song was still soaring in the air.

The love-songs, those genuine poems of nature, renewing and arraying themselves in eternal youth and variety, kept on exhaling the perfume of the fields, and the spirit of sincerity, warmth, and truth. The corn fields; the flowers; the maidens' brown eyes, or the stars in heaven; the sunlight upon the plains, with its fairy structure, the *Fata Morgana*, finishing the horizon; the mysteries of night in

mountain and forest; the heroic brigand, who single-handed combats armed soldiers to capture the horse which strikes his fancy, or alleviates the rich nobleman's purse to give its contents to the poor; the rushing waters of the Tisza River, or the fiery juice of the country's wine, and the almighty power of song—they are all subjects and elements existing merely to glorify the bliss couched in a pair of brown eyes, or to bewail deception and misery that lie buried in them. Love and song complete each other as melody and harmony. The yearning, the dejected, the happy or love-lost lad, or lass sings the heart's exuberance in appropriate song, very often their own. One might say that every single folk-song is the singing, ringing testament of some actual love drama. Those immediate and sincere creations of such unspoiled and vigorous children of nature as are to be found among the real Hungarian (Magyar) peasantry may be naïve in text and musical construction, but while almost never sinking into vulgarity, they are true and ori-

ginal. Their growth and development occur frequently in the following manner: The first two or four lines of a newly blossoming song will usually challenge an appropriate sequence of so many lines and bars in some sympathetically afflicted companion, whose contribution may be augmented by others, until the whole village having added its own heart's share to the new song, they all will sing it, spread it, and by-and-by the entire country re-echo with it. It is then that this crystallized essence of so many heart-throbs and tears, transformed into a precious pearl, enters the treasury of Hungarian folk-songs, and becomes the nation's property.

But the two brown eyes which struck the first spark, and the loving heart which nurtured it into the glowing first two or four lines, and the others, where are they? Have they joined some travelling breezes laden with seeds of wild flowers to reblossom somewhere else? Or have they vanished into oblivion, simply to make room for others to come?

IN THE VESTIBULE LIMITED.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I.—IN THE SLEEPING CAR FROM BOSTON.

THE New York and Chicago Limited train, composed wholly of vestibule "sleepers" (with a subsidiary baggage car and a comfortable dining car), leaves the Grand Central station in New York every morning at ten minutes before ten o'clock; and about three hours later it arrives at Albany, where there is adjoined to it another sleeper (of the same vestibule fashioning), which has left Boston at seven o'clock that morning. Then the train which has come up the valley of the Hudson, lengthened by the added car which has come across the valley of the Connecticut, starts out of the Albany station at a quarter past one o'clock on its journey up the valley of the Mohawk, and thence along the shore of Lake Erie, and across the broad prairies of Michigan to Chicago.

One afternoon in the last week of September, when this train drew out of the Albany station in the teeth of a driving rain—the tail end of the equinoctial storm—there sat in the car which had come

from Boston a young man of perhaps twenty-eight or thirty, solidly built, with a firm mouth, and with a pair of resolute gray eyes which contrasted with his thick brown hair. He occupied the forward section on the western side of the sleeper, and a heavy leather valise lay on the seat before him, with the October number of the *Arctic Monthly* tucked beneath one of its straps. A New York morning paper was held tightly in the young man's grasp. But he was not reading it, although he had his glasses on. He was staring out of the window at his side, though the pane was so bespattered with rain-drops that it was scarcely possible to see even the telegraph poles at the side of the track. He had chanced to notice the date—September 27th—and then he had suddenly remembered that this had been his wedding day. September 27th was the day she had set for them to be married; not only had the engagement been announced, and many of the wedding presents received, but even the cards had been ordered. Yet here he was going West, alone, almost at the very hour when he had hoped to stand

with her at the altar before which they were to be made man and wife. And it was all because of a foolish quarrel about nothing, in which both of them had been wrong, no doubt, and for which both of them were paying the penalty. He loved her as much as ever, and he cursed the miserable pride which had prevented his going to her once again to find out whether she did not love him still despite their disagreement and their silly parting.

Her figure rose before him again as he continued to gaze out of the car window—indeed it was rarely that she was not before his vision—and he saw once more the flash of her black eyes, and he caught the glint of the sunlight on the coils of her black hair, and he noted again the trembling of the sensitive little mouth as she told him that they had made a mistake, and that it was well they had found it out before it was too late, and that they had best part forever. And as the rain beat hard upon the window through which the young man looked as through a glass darkly, seeing nothing, he wondered why he had taken his dismissal calmly. He marvelled now that he had accepted her unjust accusations, and that he had not defended himself more energetically. He recalled his emotions at the moment of the parting; he felt again the hot wave of indignation that she should think so meanly of him as to believe him capable of the fault with which he was charged. He knew now by the chill at his heart that his pride had been misplaced. He knew now that it had been his duty to clear himself in her eyes then and at once. He knew now that he had not acted for the best. And it was too late, for the day had come which had been set for the wedding; and here he was going West alone, and he did not know even where she might be—except that he and she were parted.

After five years' hard work in the West, Hallett Larcom had earned a vacation, and he had come East early in July for the first time since he had been graduated from the Harvard Law School. He had gone to spend a few days with a classmate at Narragansett Pier, and there he had met Anita Vernon, and there he had staid until he had made her promise to marry him. She was an orphan; a sister of the classmate at whose house they had met. She lived in New York with an old-maid aunt, Miss Mary Van Dyne, and

she was spending the summer at the Pier with her brother, Rudolph Vernon. After the lovers' quarrel that night she had left Narragansett by the earliest train the next morning, sending back, without a word, the engagement ring he had given her but a few days before. On receipt of this, Hallett Larcom had been seized with a desire to rush off to New York after her, and to insist on explaining all, and force her to love him again as he loved her still. But his pride was strong, and he knew that he had been unjustly accused, and he did nothing. He lingered at the Pier for a week or more in hope of hearing from her; then he had gone back to Boston to his relatives there, forbidding them to ask questions, and indignantly denying that Anita Vernon was in any way to blame for breaking off the match. At last, cutting his vacation short, he had started back to Denver, in the hope that hard work might bring surcease of sorrow. Until his eyes had fallen on the date of the newspaper, he had not known that he was taking a journey on the very day she had set for the wedding.

So intent was he in following the train of bitter thoughts and of delightful memories which the discovery had started that he had not noticed the movements of the other passengers in the car.

As soon as the Boston sleeper had been joined at Albany to the train from New York, the two ladies who occupied the section immediately behind him had left their seats, and gone forward into the dining car for luncheon. Hallett Larcom had barely remarked them as they passed, and he was too absorbed by his own thoughts to pay any attention to them when they returned.

One of them was an alert old lady of nearly seventy, brisk and cheerful, with ample gray hair and the most wonderful bright blue eyes. The other lady was younger, scant sixty perhaps, yet of a much more sedate appearance, as though conscious of her duty as the chaperon of her more frivolous companion. She called the pleasant old lady with the curls and the smile "Miss Marlenspuyk," and the pleasant old lady called her "Mrs. Hitchcock."

As the two ladies resumed their seats behind Hallett Larcom, they continued their conversation.

"I met her last year in Washington,"

said Miss Marlenस्पुय्क, "and we were having a delicious chat, when some man broke in and carried her off. That's the trouble with Washington—it's so hard to have your talk out; it's the city of magnificent distances and interrupted conversations. Now in Philadelphia nobody ever interrupts anybody. That's why I like to go there; they let me have my say out. You see, my mother was a Philadelphian, so they tolerate me. You know in Philadelphia they hold that the Tree of Life is a family tree, and they think that Columbus discovered America just to get acquainted with the Biddles."

Mrs. Hitchcock laughed lightly, but with dignity. "What a remarkable woman you are!" she returned; "and so restless, too. You are going now from Boston to Chicago, and last winter you divided yourself between New York and Philadelphia and Washington. I don't believe you will be satisfied in heaven; you will find it too monotonous."

"Oh, I shall make out, I'm sure," responded the old maid, cheerily. "I have read that 'in my Father's house there are many mansions,' and I expect I shall go visiting around."

This time Mrs. Hitchcock's little laugh indicated that she was slightly shocked. All she said was, "Oh, Miss Marlenस्पुय्क!"

"You mustn't mind what I say," the old lady went on. "I must talk. I'm a conversational Gatling-gun—at least, that's what Rudolph Vernon called me last year. You know Rudolph Vernon, don't you, Mrs. Hitchcock—the brother of Anita?"

By chance these proper names fell into Hallett Larcom's ear, and roused him from his reverie. He had no desire to overhear his neighbors' conversation, but the sound of her name was an irresistible temptation.

"I've met him," Mrs. Hitchcock replied.

"Anita spent part of the summer at his place at Narragansett Pier," Miss Marlenस्पुय्क continued. "It was there that she met the man she was going to marry; but I'm afraid he didn't know enough to appreciate her, as the engagement seems to have been broken off suddenly. She's a good girl, and she'll make a good wife some of these days; and when I heard that she was going to marry this Larcom from out West, somehow I had hopes that she had found a real man, and not one of the little

whipper-snappers we see every summer at the watering-places nowadays—mere broilers, I call them."

The conversation was getting personal; still the man in the section in front of the speaker could not help but hear.

"We must take men as we find them," said Mrs. Hitchcock, philosophically. She wore black, merely edged with crape, and there was the faintest outline of a widow's cap inside her bonnet.

"I wonder how it is I never found a man who would take me?" returned Miss Marlenस्पुय्क, with a smile and a shake of her silver-gray curls.

"So do I, indeed, my dear," Mrs. Hitchcock responded. "I have often said I don't see how it was you never married."

"Nobody axed me, sir, she said," the old maid returned, laughing heartily; "and I'm not like a government contract, I can't advertise myself under the head of 'Proposals Invited.'"

"Do you mean to say, really, that no man ever proposed to you?" inquired Mrs. Hitchcock, with real interest.

"Not one," answered Miss Marlenस्पुय्क. "I thought one was going to speak once, but he didn't. He was a lieutenant in my father's regiment, and he danced with me three times running at a West Point ball, just before he joined his company and went to the Mexican war. He was killed at Chapultepec, and I lost my last chance. I believe girls nowadays think nothing of refusing half a score of good offers before they pick the right one. I've a great mind to go forward into the dining car again, and ask Annie Vernon how many times she has had to 'decline with thanks,' as the editors say."

Hallett Larcom started. It needed all his self-control to prevent his turning around and breaking into the conversation of the two ladies behind him. If he understood what the old lady had just said, then the woman he loved was in the very same train with him. And if she were? His heart gave a bound as he realized that fortune might still favor him with another chance.

A sudden gust of wind again flecked the car window with little drops of rain, and then they passed on out of the storm, and there was even a hint of sunshine at the edge of the clouds on the hill-tops across the river.

"Miss Vernon is a pretty girl, as you say," Mrs. Hitchcock returned, "and that

gray suit is becoming to her. No doubt she has had her share of attention."

Larcom listened with an intentness of which he felt ashamed. His ears had not deceived him, then; there was a Miss Vernon in the dining car. The old lady had called her Annie, and this was the name by which Rudolph Vernon's sister had been christened. "Anita" was little more than a nickname given to her by a schoolmate, because of the black eyes and brown skin, which seemed to insist on a Spanish name. Yet "Vernon" was not very uncommon, and it might well be that there were other Annie Vernons in the world besides the one he was longing for.

"And she deserved it all, no doubt," Miss Marlenspuyk responded. "She's a bright little body. Nothing is more saddening than foolish gayety, I find, and so many girls nowadays are giddy and giggling. But Annie Vernon is wholesome. Yet I don't believe even she can thaw out the old couple she is travelling with."

"Who are they?" asked Mrs. Hitchcock. "They seemed very plain people; not used to society, I thought."

"His name's Carkendal," Miss Marlenspuyk answered. "He's from Rhinebeck, or Catskill, or somewhere up there, I believe, and he's the new Second Vice-President of the Methuselah Life-insurance Company. That's the company of which Annie Vernon's father was President until he died three years ago, you know."

"I remember now," said Mrs. Hitchcock.

"Mr. Carkendal is taking his wife with him on his annual tour to inspect all the agencies of the Methuselah company in the West," Miss Marlenspuyk continued. "And I suppose Annie Vernon is going out to Denver with them."

This last sentence Hallett Larcom did not catch, for as soon as he heard that the Annie Vernon on that train was the daughter of the late President of the Methuselah Life-insurance Company, he knew that the woman he loved was near him. He sprang to his feet, and left the sleeper.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Hitchcock. "That young man jumped up so suddenly, it quite startled me."

"I wonder what we said that scared him," Miss Marlenspuyk responded. "Unless I'm very much mistaken, he has been

taking in our conversation intently for the last five minutes."

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," quoted Mrs. Hitchcock.

"And rarely of other people, either," added Miss Marlenspuyk.

II.—IN THE DINING CAR FROM NEW YORK.

Hallett Larcom was resolved to see Anita Vernon again, and at once. Putting his pride in his pocket, he intended to make an urgent appeal for her forgiveness. He did not know how she would receive him, but he was determined to insist on an interview, brief though it might be, and inconveniently public as it must be in a crowded railroad car. He knew that Mrs. Carkendal, who was Anita's aunt, did not like him, and had always been opposed to his marriage with her niece, and he decided that it would be wiser to keep her in ignorance of his presence, if this were possible.

The Boston sleeper had been attached to the end of the train, and when Larcom passed across the vestibuled platform, he found that he had to traverse three long New York and Chicago sleepers before he came to the dining car. Even when he reached this he had to go down a narrow passage by the side of the kitchen and the pantry before he came to the broad central space where the tables were set.

He was all aglow for a sight of her face again, and with the ardent desire for a reconciliation. He had glanced right and left as he went through the train, fearing that she might have finished her luncheon and returned to her place. But when he came to the dining compartment, there she was before him.

He dropped into the nearest vacant chair without taking his eyes from her. She was seated on the other side of the car, three tables away from him. Her place faced his, and in front of her sat Mr. and Mrs. Carkendal, whose forbidding backs were turned toward the door through which Larcom had entered. At first she did not see him. She was looking out of the window, still dotted with little drops of rain. As he gazed, he thought he discovered a weary droop of the eyelids, and he was sure that she was paler and thinner than when they had parted a few weeks before at Narragansett Pier. He saw that she had suffered from the separation, and he longed to take her in his arms again to comfort her.

The new Second Vice-President of the Methuselah Life-insurance Company was concluding an elaborate luncheon, in which pleasant task his wife had been aiding and abetting him; but the little food on her niece's plate was scarcely touched. Larcom saw Mrs. Carkendal speak to Anita, evidently urging her to eat, but the girl shook her head languidly, still staring out of the rain-besprinkled window.

Larcom could not take his eyes from her face even when the waiter came and stood by the side of his table. At last the lover became aware of the attendant's presence, and waved him away impatiently.

"I don't want anything," he cried. Then, suddenly recalling his situation, and finding himself seated at a table in a dining car, he said, hastily, "Oh, well, you may bring me what you like."

"Soup?" asked the man, a little surprised.

"Yes, soup," he answered; "that will do."

A moment after the waiter had gone back to the pantry to give the order, Anita Vernon moved uneasily, as though uncomfortable under Larcom's direct stare. As she turned her head from the window, he was gazing at her imploringly, with the adoration of love in his eyes. Their glances met, and for a second they looked each other full in the face.

She flushed instantly, and then she dropped her glance, and the color fled from her cheeks. His heart beat quickly, but he continued to watch her with the same silent submission in his eyes. She broke off a bit of the roll beside her plate, and crumbled it nervously in her fingers. The blood slowly came back to her face, and then deserted it again. She reached out for the glass of water before her, and took two or three little sips. As she set down the glass, she raised her eyes again, and again they met his; and this time she could not but see his appealing expression, pathetic in its self-surrender. In that second glance, brief as it was, she recognized that he had suffered also. There was a line in his forehead she had never seen before; he seemed worn and heart-sore. She was sorry for him.

In the golden days of their summer courting at Narragansett Pier, when they were often in the midst of a crowd of merry young people on the beach, at the

Casino, on the "Rocks," off yachting, or away on some excursion, he had devised a little signal whereby he could communicate his desire to have speech with her alone, if only for a minute or two. If she noticed that he had taken off his eyeglasses temporarily and hung them on the upper button of his coat, she understood that he wanted a word in her private ear; and if then she raised her hand to adjust a chance hair-pin, this told him that she had seen his signal.

Now when they sat apart in the dining car after the long weeks of disheartening separation, he removed his glasses, and by an almost automatic movement he hung them on the accustomed button of his coat. Apparently she was not looking in his direction, but she was somehow conscious of this signal. Again the color flushed her cheeks, and fled at once, leaving them paler than before, and then a hesitating hand stole up to thrust back a straggling wisp of hair. All at once hope returned to the man who was following her every motion with wistful glance, and now he made sure that she was willing that he should speak to her.

The waiter brought Larcom the soup, and was sent away impatiently. Soon it was apparent to the young lover that Mr. and Mrs. Carkendal had finished their repast. The waiter withdrew from their table with obvious dissatisfaction, bearing in his hand the exact money needed to liquidate their bill. Seemingly the new Second Vice-President of the Methuselah Life-insurance Company asked Anita Vernon if she were ready to return to their own car. She nodded, and rose to her feet; and then once more, and for the fourth time, her cheeks flamed up and whitened again.

As it happened, the dining car had been slowly emptying itself, and a scant half-dozen passengers remained in it when Mr. and Mrs. Carkendal left their table and turned to go out. Oddly enough, the hat which Hallett Larcom had been holding on his lap for a few seconds fell on the floor, and he had to bend down to pick it up. So far did he stoop that Mrs. Carkendal followed her husband down the aisle to the door of the dining car without catching sight of the man to whom her niece had been engaged. Miss Vernon came after her aunt. Her hand hung by her side, and as she passed, it was seized by the young fellow who had gone down

on his knees but a moment earlier. She withdrew it gently, but not before he had managed to imprint a kiss on it, and not before he had felt a faint answering pressure of her tapering fingers.

"I must speak to you," he whispered as she went on, "and now!"

She made no response, walking firmly, as though she had not heard.

"Aunty," she cried, suddenly, pausing just as Mr. and Mrs. Carkendal reached the door, "I think I'll change my mind, and have a cup of coffee, after all."

Mrs. Carkendal turned back. "Very well, my child," she said. "Shall I wait here with you?"

"Oh no," responded the girl. "You go on with Uncle Carkendal. I will be back in a few minutes."

"Don't be long," said aunty, as she turned again to follow the new Second Vice-President of the Methuselah Life-insurance Company through the vestibuled passage to the adjoining sleeper, where their sections were.

Then Miss Vernon walked quietly back to the seat she had just vacated, and ordered a cup of coffee.

At last, looking up, as though by chance, she saw her lover's eager eyes still fixed upon her.

"Why, Mr. Larcom!" she cried. "Is that really you? Who would ever have thought of seeing you here?"

The few other passengers in the dining car saw nothing to call for remark in this chance meeting of a young man and a young woman. The portly clergyman who was then paying his bill thought that the young fellow was very lucky to know such a pretty girl.

"They are a good-looking couple," he said to himself as he passed them on his way forward to the smoking car. "Why isn't he enterprising enough to make her marry him?"

Larcom was by her side almost as soon as she had spoken his name. "Yes, it is I," he answered; "and I am happy to be here since I see you again. Oh, Nita, Nita, I have longed for you all these weeks! And now I have found you again, I shall make you listen to me."

Just then the waiter brought the cup of coffee she had ordered. When at length he departed, overpaid and smiling, she looked at her lover and spoke rapidly:

"You need not make me listen to you

at all. Indeed you needn't say a word; I know what you want to tell me. I've known for weeks now that the miserable story isn't true that I was foolish enough to believe. It is I who want you to listen to me till you promise to forgive me for having been so mean as to think that you could ever be so base as I thought you were. Oh, I don't know how I ever did it, and I don't see why you didn't insist on explaining everything."

"I know," he answered, penitently—"I know, Anita; it's all my fault. I was proud, and I've been ashamed of it ever since. But now I have you again, I—"

"But you haven't me now," she broke in. "I'm going out West. I'm traveling with my aunt, you know. I can't stay here gossiping with you. They will be wondering where I am."

"I must talk to you," he returned, forcibly. "And you must listen to me."

"Oh, if I *must*," she answered, "I suppose I must. But you needn't be so violent about it."

"Nita, if you only knew—" he began.

"Where is your seat?" she interrupted.

"In the rear car," he replied.

"The Boston car?" she continued.

"Yes," he answered.

"That's the one Miss Marlenspuyk is in," she returned. "She's a great friend of mine, and perhaps—mind, I say only perhaps—I may go back there by-and-by, just to have a little chat with her."

"Nita, you are an angel," he answered, trying to take her hand again.

She foiled this attempt with quiet dignity. "I think it will be best if Uncle Carkendal and aunty don't know that you are on the train," she said. "So you had better stay here till we get to Utica, which will be in a few minutes now. Then you can step out there, and slip back to your seat through the crowd in the station, so they won't see you. I sha'n't pay my visit to Miss Marlenspuyk until after we leave Utica."

She touched her lips to the coffee, and then rose to go.

"Don't leave me yet," he cried.

"I must," she answered. "But if you are a good boy, I'll introduce you to Miss Marlenspuyk after we get to Utica. She's the most delightful old maid I know."

And with that she was gone, leaving him quite alone in the dining car.

III.—IN THE SLEEPING CAR FROM BOSTON.

When the train drew into the dark station at Utica about half past three, Hallett Larcom stepped down from the platform of the dining car, and threaded his way through the crowd about the tracks, and thus regained the Boston sleeper at the far end of the train. He dropped into his seat just in time to hear Miss Marlen-spuyk remark:

"My father used to say that no woman had a right to dress so as to attract attention, unless she was beautiful enough to reward it."

"That is a hard saying," Mrs. Hitchcock responded.

"I took it to heart in the days of my youth, when I was homely," Miss Marlen-spuyk returned, "and I've acted on it ever since."

"I won't believe that you were ever a homely girl," asserted Mrs. Hitchcock.

"You may believe it, for I was plain enough, goodness knows! My brother told me once he never could keep the clock wound up when I was at home."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Hitchcock returned, doubtfully. "How curious!"

"It wasn't until I was nearly three-score and ten that I had any looks at all," Miss Marlen-spuyk continued. "Of course now I know that I am a very presentable old tabby."

Mrs. Hitchcock's reply was lost in the sudden starting of the train, and indeed Hallett Larcom hardly heard the conversation of the two ladies who were talking barely a yard behind his ears. He was conscious of nothing but his own exceeding joyfulness. He had seen Nita again, and they had made up, and they would never quarrel more. His heart swelled with abundant happiness, and he was oblivious of all things else. He failed to remark that the clouds were now clearing away, and that the westering sun shone out for the first time that day. He did not see the lovely views which passed before his staring eyes, and he was careless that the trees showed the first faint flush of the fall, and that the yellowing leaves were whirled along in the wake of the train.

He did not even hear Mrs. Hitchcock's declaration that her head ached, and that she would therefore go back to her own private compartment at the rear of the car. He did not see this declaration carried into effect, and he did not note the

stoppage of the stream of talk behind him. He was thinking of Nita, and only of her. He was wondering how soon he could see her again—how soon she would come to the car where he was awaiting her. He kept watch of the door, and was disappointed as it opened only to admit the conductor, or a passenger returning from the smoking car, or the train boy, who proffered for sale a tall armful of novels, which were distributed about for examination that a casual purchaser might be tempted. As it chanced, the volume which was laid on the lap of Hallett Larcom was *Their Wedding Journey*. As he glanced down involuntarily and caught the title of the book, he thought bitterly of the irony of fate. If it had not been for the foolish quarrel, now all explained away, he would then be going on his bridal tour. Oddly enough, the trip would have been along the same road, for Nita and he had determined to go to Niagara on their way to his home in Denver.

It must have been near four o'clock when the vestibule door at the head of the car was pushed open, and Anita Vernon stood for a moment in the doorway.

Hallett Larcom sprang forward, but before he could reach her she had already recognized Miss Marlen-spuyk in the section behind him.

"Why, Mr. Larcom!" she cried, as though surprised to see him. "Who would ever have thought of seeing you here?"

She shook hands with him speechless, and brushed past to Miss Marlen-spuyk, conscious that her cheeks were not burning, although nearly every eye in the car was raised at her entrance.

"Annie Vernon," said Miss Marlen-spuyk, "it's very good of you to come back here to see an old woman."

"But you are the dearest old woman in the world," returned Anita Vernon, dropping into the place Mrs. Hitchcock had recently vacated.

Not knowing exactly what to make of this, her lover stood helpless in the aisle. She looked up, and saw his masculine predicament.

"Miss Marlen-spuyk," she said, "may I present Mr. Larcom to you?"

He bowed, and shook the hand the old lady held out to him, and sank into the seat before them.

"Mr. Hallett Larcom?" inquired Miss Marlen-spuyk, with intention.

"Yes," answered the young lady, and her dark eyes met Miss Marlenspuyk's gaze without flinching.

"But I thought—" began the elderly woman. "However, it's none of my business."

"You are an old friend and a good friend too," asserted Anita, sinking her voice, "and I can tell you everything."

"That would take a long while," returned Miss Marlenspuyk; "but I confess I am a little curious to know how it is that you and Mr. Larcom here happen to be on the same train."

"It's all an accident, I assure you, Miss Marlenspuyk," he broke in. "I had no idea Nita was on board until I heard you mention her name. And then I just had to go and look her up."

"You know we were engaged," said Anita, shyly, "and I was foolish enough to believe some silly stuff Uncle Carkendal had heard about Hallett, and—"

"Oh, it was he who told you, was it?" Hallett interrupted.

"I didn't mean to let you know that," she answered; "but he only reported what he had heard, and I was goose enough to think that there might be something in it, and Hallett—"

"And I was too proud to defend myself," he interrupted again. "And so it was broken off, and I haven't had a happy hour since."

"Neither have I," she responded. "But now we have explained everything, and I shall never be so silly again."

"I see," said Miss Marlenspuyk; "and it seems to me that it was a very lucky railroad accident for you both that you should both happen to be passengers on the same train."

"Nita," declared Hallett Larcom, leaning forward, "you haven't told me how it is that you are here."

"Haven't I?" she answered. "I'm here because I knew you were very proud, and I'd treated you so badly you'd never come to me, and I knew I couldn't be happy without you one single day, so when Uncle Carkendal was going to start off on his rounds, I asked aunty to take me along, because, you see, I thought that perhaps while we were in Denver I might—"

"You are going to Denver?" he cried. "Nita, you are an angel!"

"No, she isn't," said Miss Marlenspuyk. "She's only a woman."

"Well, I'm satisfied with her just as she is," he returned, emphatically.

"And so the engagement is on again?" was Miss Marlenspuyk's next inquiry.

"Of course it is," asserted the lover.

"Is it?" queried the young lady. "I suppose it must be."

"Don't you want to marry me?" he asked.

"I don't want another engagement," she responded, "with congratulations, and presents, and fixing the day once more, and all that. I couldn't stand it again."

"You are the only wedding present I want," he declared. "And as for fixing the day, I'll elope with you to-morrow, if you'll have me at such short notice."

"There is plenty of time to talk of that," she responded, rising. "I'll see you again before we arrive in Chicago to-morrow morning."

"But you are not going to leave us now?" he asked, piteously.

"I must," she answered, taking off her long musketeer gloves. "Uncle Carkendal will be wondering what has become of me."

"And sha'n't I see you again to-night?" he besought.

She let her gloves fall upon the seat from which she had just risen. "If I forget them here," she said, "I suppose I shall have to come back for them."

Miss Marlenspuyk smiled. "Your mother was a woman," was her comment.

"How soon will you come?" Larcom inquired, eagerly.

"Not till after dinner," she answered. "I'll come back just to say good-night before we get to Buffalo. And now I must leave you, and I want you to be very nice to Miss Marlenspuyk, and very attentive, for she's a dear friend of mine, and she's just as good as she can be."

And with that she kissed the old lady, and shook hands with the wondering lover, and vanished through the vestibule door.

He stood looking after her for a moment in silence. Then he took the seat beside Miss Marlenspuyk.

"Don't you think you are a very lucky young man?" she asked.

"Don't I!" was his energetic answer.

"I'm very fond of nice girls, and I know lots of them, but I don't know one nicer than Annie Vernon. When are you two going to be married?"

The young man smiled bitterly. "We were going to be married to-day—I believe the cards were printed—but now I don't know when the wedding will be. Nita says she doesn't want another engagement and more cards; and she's travelling with old Carkendal, and he disapproves of me, it seems; and I'm afraid he'll disapprove of me all the more when he gets out to Denver. But wait till I get her out there, and I'll make her marry me—off-hand—on the spot."

"An engagement is only a skirmish, you know," Miss Marlenspuyk said, "while matrimony is a pitched battle; and love, like war, has its food for powder. Do you think you are going to be happy?"

"I'm certain of it," he replied, forcibly.

"And she?" asked the old lady.

"I shall do my best to make her happy," he answered, with ardor; "and if love can give happiness, she is sure of it. Why do you doubt?"

"I don't know," she responded, with a note of sadness in her voice. "For the most part happiness is either a hope or a memory; it is rarely a present possession, even during the honey-moon; and you two have quarrelled once already."

"That was a stupid mistake," he declared; "it will never happen again."

"Perhaps not," the old lady assented, "and yet— Well, you seem to be a straightforward young fellow, decent and manly, and you certainly are very much in love. Why do you wait till you get to Denver? To-day was your appointed wedding day—why not marry Annie to-day?"

"To-day?" he echoed, taken by surprise.

"Yes," she answered.

"On the cars?" he went on.

"Why not?" was her retort.

"But how?" he asked. "There isn't a clergyman on the train."

"Yes, there is. I saw him at lunch," she responded.

"And where could he marry us?" the young man inquired, having at last seized the fact that the old lady's suggestion was possible.

"My friend Mrs. Hitchcock has a private compartment in the rear of this car," said Miss Marlenspuyk. "I will borrow it from her if you will get the clergyman."

"And will Nita consent?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Ah," returned the old lady, "as to that I don't know. You will have to talk her over."

"And I'll do it, too," said Hallett Larcom, emphatically. "Miss Marlenspuyk, Nita was right to call you good. You are more than that; you've got lots of business sense."

Miss Marlenspuyk smiled. "I hope I am not so old," she said, "that I cannot understand young folks' ways."

"Who is this clergyman you saw?" he inquired. "Do you know him? Can't you give me a few pointers about him?"

"He is Dr. Pennington," she responded—"Dr. Rittenhouse Huger Pennington, of Philadelphia—and I know him pretty well. He is a portly man of about fifty, with grayish side whiskers. He was a lawyer before he entered the ministry. He is a clever man—perhaps a little too well aware of his cleverness."

"I see," Larcom assented. "Then I suppose I can flatter him up?"

"Flattery is a skeleton-key that opens the hearts of most men," the old maid answered. "If you insert it skilfully into Dr. Pennington, you can probably get anything out of him you want."

"I think I have him down fine," he said. "Philadelphian—used to be a lawyer—thinks a good deal of himself. Oh, I say, perhaps he won't think much of me. He doesn't know me from Adam—except by the costume."

"Are you a son of General Larcom?" she asked.

"How did you know?" he returned.

"And your mother was an Otis, wasn't she?"

He nodded.

Then she went on. "Well, let him know that, and he will be glad to see you: he's a Philadelphian. My mother was a Philadelphian, you see, and so I have a sort of doomsday-book memory."

"What is Dr. Pennington's church?" he inquired.

"He is the rector of St. Boniface's," she replied.

"Then I suppose he will have on a white choker and a regular clergyman's outfit?" he continued. "I guess I can recognize him." He took out his watch and looked at it. "It's ten minutes to five now. At four-fifty-five we are due in Syracuse, and then I'll slip through the crowd once more, and get into the smoker without letting Uncle Carkendal

catch sight of me. If the dominie is there, I'll tackle him; I've got two hours to do it in, for we don't get to Rochester till six-fifty. If he has left the smoker, I'll pursue him to his lair, even if I have to face the Carkendals, male and female. Has the doctor any special hobby?"

"Let's see," the old lady replied. "He plays whist, and he is President of the Prison Reform League, and he is very Broad Church; but what he is most interested in is himself."

"A real philanthropist, I suppose," the young man commented; "he believes in the greatest good of the greatest number, only in his eyes the greatest number is No. 1. It's lucky I've only two hours with him; he might be a terrible bore."

"You can always treat an egotist on the homœopathic plan," said Miss Marlenspuyk, as the train slackened its speed on entering Syracuse. "Talk to him about yourself, you know."

"I won't try the remedy till after I've got him to promise to marry us," Larcom returned; "and I'll make him do that, if I have to use personal violence."

"And if that fails," the old lady suggested, "you can tell him that I am in this car, and that I would like to see him for a few minutes. Perhaps I may be able to persuade him."

Then the train stopped in the station at Syracuse. Hallett Larcom started for the door of the car. Miss Marlenspuyk reached down to her travelling bag and took out of it a simply bound copy of *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*.

IV.—IN THE SMOKING CAR FROM NEW YORK.

The car at the head of the New York and Chicago Limited was divided, and subserved several uses. The forward half of it contained the baggage; the two small compartments "amidships," so to speak, were arranged, one as a bath-room, and the other as a barber-shop; and then came the more spacious saloon reserved for the smokers, and furnished with a *buffet*, or, in other words, with a bar, behind which stood the sable attendant, who was ready to prepare a mixed drink for the traveller, or to provide him with any book that might be chosen from the little library of modern literature that filled two or three shelves. Here also were desks supplied with abundant writing materials.

When Hallett Larcom entered this

smoking car at Syracuse there were only six or seven men in it, lounging about in the comfortable wicker arm-chairs; and it was with pleasure that he discovered the Rev. Rittenhouse Huger Pennington among them. There was no difficulty whatever in recognizing him from Miss Marlenspuyk's description. He was obviously a clergyman, and as obviously a Philadelphian. He was portly and handsome, full-bodied and full-blooded, with an air of high breeding, and with the manner of one accustomed to deference. Larcom saw at once that Dr. Pennington was certainly Broad Church, that he probably played whist, and that he was a proper President of the Prison Reform League, at once dignified and energetic. The young Denver lawyer "took stock" of the Philadelphia clergyman—he "sized him up," to use his own idiom—and he decided that whatever the rector of St. Boniface might undertake to do would be thoroughly well done, and that therefore the rector of St. Boniface would be an excellent person to perform the rite of marriage between Hallett Larcom and Anita Vernon. He concluded also, after as careful a study of Dr. Pennington's face as he dared attempt, that it would be no easy matter to persuade the clergyman to marry them, but that it might be done if one went to work about it in the right way.

When the train rolled out of the Syracuse station at five o'clock, Dr. Pennington had been engaged in conversation by a casual stranger, a little sandy man, who was smoking a rapid succession of cigarettes. To this person's loquacity Dr. Pennington, who was finishing a remarkably good cigar, listened with an air of amused superiority, of which the little man was wholly unconscious.

Hallett Larcom dropped into a seat opposite to them, and began his study of the clergyman so that he might devise a plan of attack.

The little sandy man had just laid down a newspaper. "There's England, now," he was saying, "she can't keep her hands off the rest of the world. She's always prying and meddling and grabbing something somewhere. There isn't anything too big for Great Britain to swallow, and there isn't anything too little, either. She just takes anything she can lay her hands on."

"Except a joke," remarked the Philadelphian, blandly.

"How?" asked the other.

"England is not quick at taking a jest," explained the clergyman. "The British are known to be often impervious to humor."

"Oh, I see," said the little man. "That's so, too. As my brother says—he is in the hardware business at Utica, and got almost the biggest store in the city, too—as my brother says, 'If you've got to explain a joke to an Englishman, you want to start in early in the morning and take your dinner pail along.'"

"Indeed," assented Dr. Pennington, courteously.

"And he's got a joke for 'em, too," the little man went on, "a real practical joke, if they'll only take it. His idea is to find an English syndicate to buy out all the retail hardware stores in the United States. He'll sell his, too—at a price. He ain't afraid of British gold, he ain't."

The Philadelphia clergyman continued to listen with amused tolerance, like an explorer on his first meeting with some strange new manner of man.

By this time Larcom had concluded his examination of Dr. Pennington, and he had made his deductions therefrom. He believed that he would be able to persuade the clergyman to perform the marriage. Believing this, he made ready for the event. Certain that the Philadelphia would not leave the smoking car until his cigar was finished, Larcom left his seat and went over to one of the little desks. Taking pen and paper, he thought for a moment, and then he wrote a letter, pausing now and again as though to pick a word, and smiling as if it were a joke which he enjoyed hugely. When the letter was written he read it over carefully, and enclosed it in an envelope, which he addressed to John Abram Carkendal, Esq. Then he placed it in his pocket.

Thinking that Dr. Pennington must now be nearing the end of his cigar, Larcom left the half-screened section in which the desks were made private, and returned to the main smoking saloon. He was just in time to see the sandy little man rise from his seat by the side of the clergyman, saying:

"I really must go now. I've got my wife back there in the sleeper, and she don't like to be left more than two or three hours at a whack. You know what women are. But I'm mighty glad to have seen you, and if you ever get out to She-

boygan, you must come and see me. My name's Cyrus C. Tuttle. I've got the biggest clothing emporium in all that section of Michigan, and I'll be glad to show you round."

When he had gone, Larcom took the seat just vacated. "Have I not the pleasure of speaking to Dr. Pennington?" he began.

"That is my name," said the Philadelphian, with a faint intonation of severity.

"I thought I could not be mistaken, although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before," the young man continued.

Dr. Pennington's silence indicated cold but courteous expectation.

"My name is Hallett Larcom, and I think you used to know my father, General Larcom."

"Bless my soul!" said the clergyman, with sudden cordiality. "Are you a son of Eldridge Larcom? Yes, I see a likeness, now that I look for it. I went to Trinity College with your father, and we studied law together in Judge Hildreth's office at Hartford. I gave up the law for the Church, but your father had no summons to the pulpit, and he remained at the bar. He used to say that I preached and he practised. Ha! ha!"

Hallett Larcom's laugh at his father's joke was commingled of filial piety and self-seeking tact.

"And your mother," Dr. Pennington continued, "she was a charming woman. Miss Otis, was she not? Ah! I thought my memory was not at fault. There were three sisters, all charming women. Ah, young man! it is for you to be proud that you come of so good a stock. There are forms of family pride that are foolish and offensive, no doubt; but a proper respect for one's ancestors, and for one's self as their descendant, is not misplaced. That it is which makes me so thoroughly out of patience with this Darwinian theory, which otherwise has much to recommend it. How can a man expect sympathy who insists on climbing up his own family tree merely to shake hands with the monkey grinning at the top?"

Thus Dr. Pennington dropped at once into friendly talk with the son of his old friend, and thus the young man let him run on, acting the part of the good listener, and supplying the proper proportion of appreciative queries. Knowing that

the man with a hobby is always anxious to lead a cavalry charge on it, Larcom slowly steered the conversation to the subject of prison reform, and finally captivated the President of the League by adducing certain heretical theories, and then allowing himself to be convinced of their falsity, and converted to the proper opinion.

Thus the time passed, and the train drew nigh to Rochester, and as yet Hallett Larcom had seen no chance of introducing the subject nearest his heart. Once or twice, when occasion served, the young man had not ventured to avail himself of it, in spite of himself awed not a little by the impressive manner of the clergyman. What he wanted Dr. Pennington to do was most unconventional, and Larcom really dreaded the expression of condemnatory surprise with which the rector of St. Boniface's would surely greet his request. The afternoon waned, and there was a beautiful sunset, rosy with promise and gilt by hope; then the brief twilight descended, and veiled the fleeting landscape with its haze. Still the young lawyer from Denver had not yet mustered up courage to ask the clergyman from Philadelphia to perform the marriage ceremony.

At last Dr. Pennington looked at his watch. "Bless my soul!" he said. "It is nearly seven o'clock. I must go and see what they can give me for dinner. Really the table is not at all bad, when you consider the many difficulties under which the cooks must labor; and of course any one who is used to good living does not expect too much when he is traveling."

At ten minutes to seven the train was due in Rochester, and if Larcom did not capture his clergyman then, he had lost his last chance. He roused himself as the engine slowed up on nearing the station.

"Doctor Pennington," he began, in desperation, "I have a very great favor to ask you."

"What is it?" the clergyman returned, with a stiffening of manner so slight that only a man made doubly observant by anxiety could detect it.

Yet, slight as it was, it sufficed to check Larcom again. Then he caught at a means of saving time, and of gaining a more favorable occasion for making the final request.

"You know Miss Marlenspuyk, of New York?" he said, hurriedly.

"A charming old lady, and she is on the train with us, I believe," the doctor replied.

"Yes," the young man went on; "it was she who told me you were on board, and she told me that she wanted to see you for a moment. There was something very particular she wished to ask you."

"Bless my soul!" declared Dr. Pennington. "Something very particular Miss Marlenspuyk wishes to ask me? I confess that I cannot conceive what it may be. However, I will go back and wait on her after dinner."

"Doctor," urged the young man, "I should take it as a great favor if you would go now. The train will stop in a minute, and we can get out and walk back to the Boston car, where Miss Marlenspuyk is."

The brakes grated beneath them at that moment, and the train came gently to a stand in the Rochester station.

"Well," Dr. Pennington yielded, "since you are so urgent, I will go with you. But I confess my curiosity to discover why Miss Marlenspuyk desires to see me thus particularly."

Elated at this temporary advantage, Hallett Larcom handed the clergyman his hat, and the two left the smoking car, and walked through the station toward the end of the train.

V.—IN THE SLEEPING CAR FROM BOSTON.

The train was starting forward again just as Dr. Pennington and Hallett Larcom entered the rear car. Miss Marlenspuyk was waiting for them. She greeted the clergyman most cordially.

"Why, Dr. Pennington," she said, "I'm delighted to see you. It is really very kind of you to come. I don't know what these young people would have done if you had not been here to help them out of the difficulty."

"I confess that I can scarcely say I understand exactly what—" Dr. Pennington began.

"The fact is, Miss Marlenspuyk," interrupted Larcom, "I have not yet been able to explain to Dr. Pennington just what it was we wanted him to do. I—I haven't had time. I told him only that you wished to see him."

"And so I do," she declared, promptly. "I've arranged everything with Mrs.

Hitchcock; she will be delighted to let us have her state-room whenever we are ready for the wedding."

"For the wedding?" echoed the clergyman, in stiffening astonishment.

"Yes," Miss Marlenspuyk replied. "I will explain it all to you in a minute."

"I confess that I don't see—" he began again.

"But you shall see all in good time," the old maid assured him. "Now, Mr. Larcom, since you have left this for me to do, I leave Annie Vernon in your hands. She may be here any minute, and I rely on you to break it to her gently, and to persuade her."

"I'll do that," he declared. Adding in a whisper, "I can coax *her*, if you will only talk over the dominie."

"I understood from Mr. Larcom here," said Dr. Pennington, "that you desired to see me, Miss Marlenspuyk, and—"

"And you are a dear good man to come at once," the old maid broke in. "To-day is the day fixed for Mr. Larcom's wedding."

"Indeed?" exclaimed the clergyman, in surprise. "Is he then taking his bridal tour alone?"

"He and the young lady had a lovers' quarrel," explained Miss Marlenspuyk, speaking rapidly, "and broke off the engagement. But she is on this train to-day by accident, and they have made up, and we rely on you to marry them."

"On me?" he repeated, in astonishment.

"On you," she returned.

"But I never heard of such a thing in my life," he declared.

"Neither did I," she said; "but that's no reason. Here are two young people engaged to be married, and here is the appointed day, and you are the only clergyman available, so of course we count on you."

"But I can't marry a couple in another man's parish," he asserted. "It would be most unprofessional."

"Whose parish are you in now?" she asked.

"Really I have no idea," he answered.

"This train is going fully forty miles an hour," she declared; "probably you won't be able to finish marrying them all in one parish. Very likely we shall even be in another diocese before the ceremony is finished."

"But, my dear lady, I—" he began once more.

"Hush!" cried Miss Marlenspuyk. "Here is the bride."

Hallett Larcom sprang to the door as Anita Vernon passed in through the vestibule.

"I've run away only for a minute," she said; "just to get my gloves."

"Never mind your gloves now," her lover responded. "Nita, do you know what day this is?"

"It's the 27th of September, isn't it?" she answered.

"It's our wedding day," he said. "And as we are engaged again, just as if nothing had happened, we are going to be married right now."

"Now!" she repeated. "Don't be absurd."

"But you fixed the day yourself," he answered, unhesitatingly, and with far more courage and energy than he had shown in his dealing with Dr. Pennington.

"Oh, I can't," she declared, and he detected a hint of wavering in her tone.

"You must," he asserted, forcibly.

"Why not wait till we get to Denver, at least?" she urged.

"Because I don't want to take any chances," he responded, firmly. "And besides, when we get to Denver your uncle Carkendal will be down on me more than ever: I'm retained in three important cases against the Methuselah."

"But there isn't any clergyman," she said, beating about for objections.

"That's the Rev. Dr. Pennington," he answered, "talking to Miss Marlenspuyk in the section right behind us."

"And you haven't any ring," she said.

"I can't be married without a ring."

For a second the lover was puzzled. Then he leaned forward, and unstrapped the leather valise on the seat before him, and unlocked it and took out a little box.

When she saw this, she said, "Oh!"

He opened the box and lifted out a diamond ring.

"Here's the engagement ring you sent back to me," he explained, placing it on her finger. "Now we are engaged again. And you may remember that it was a little too large, and so I got you a plain gold 'keeper' to hold it on safely. Here is that 'keeper,' and I propose to use it as a wedding-ring."

"We can't be married out here, right

in the middle of a parlor car," she said, with obvious signs of yielding. "That would be horrid."

"Mrs. Hitchcock has the private compartment at the end of the car," he explained, with triumphant persistence; "and she has placed this at our disposal."

"Oh, you have an answer for everything," said the bride.

"I have an answer for the dominie when he asks me, by-and-by, if I'll take this woman for my wedded wife," he replied.

"But I can't get married without telling aunty, and then there's Uncle Carkendal," she objected.

"You are going to get married without telling aunty or Uncle Carkendal either," he declared, emphatically; "though you may go back to them after the ceremony for the few minutes before we get to Buffalo."

"But I'd never dare tell Uncle Carkendal," she said.

"You needn't tell him," he responded.

"What's his seat, and what's the car?"

"The car is the 'Rip Van Winkle,'" she answered, "and his section is No. 10."

He took out of his pocket the letter he had written at the desk in the smoking car, and beneath the name of John Abram Carkendal he wrote, "Section 10, sleeper 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

"Do you see that?" he asked. "That is a full explanation, and that will be handed to Uncle Carkendal by the porter of the car as the train pulls out of Buffalo without us."

"Without us?" she echoed.

"Don't you remember that we are going to Niagara for our wedding trip?" he explained. "You will step out of the 'Rip Van Winkle' at Buffalo at half past eight, and I will be on the platform waiting for you, and in less than an hour we shall be at Niagara, ready for a walk to see the Falls by moonlight."

She looked at him with admiration. "You have a head for business," she declared. "You quite take my breath away."

Hallett Larcom had never doubted of his victory, but he was rejoiced when it was won. He rose to his feet, and leaning over the back of the seat, he called to the clergyman, who was sitting there by the side of Miss Marlenspuyk, with whom he was still keeping up a most animated discussion.

"Dr. Pennington," said the young man, "I want to introduce you to Miss Nita Vernon, and we are ready to proceed with the ceremony whenever you are."

"Oh, Hallett!" cried Miss Vernon.

"Is not this the charming young lady I noticed this afternoon in the dining car?" inquired Dr. Pennington, rising. "And, bless my soul! I remember now, it was you I saw talking to her."

"You cannot refuse to marry so good-looking a couple, can you, now?" urged Miss Marlenspuyk. "Besides, I shall not let you go until the ceremony is performed, and I warn you that we shall be in Buffalo in an hour now, and they take off the dining car there."

"Bless my soul!" said Dr. Pennington again, "I didn't know that. I thought it went all the way to Chicago. Well, then, if you insist, I suppose I must marry these young people, though it is all very irregular, and I do hope that the papers will not get hold of it."

As he walked to the rear of the car with Miss Marlenspuyk, following the bride and groom, he said: "She is really a charming girl. I do not wonder that he does not desire the wedding day to be postponed. I shall certainly claim the old-fashioned privilege of saluting the bride."

When they reached Mrs. Hitchcock's compartment, barely large enough to hold them all, Miss Marlenspuyk had to present them to the occupant of the state-room.

"I have often heard my son Mather speak of you," said Mrs. Hitchcock to Anita.

"Oh, is little Mat Hitchcock your son?" asked Larcom, looking at Anita, who smiled gently, remembering that her lover had once been jealous of young Hitchcock's attentions to her early in the summer at Narragansett Pier, when the bride and the groom were beginning to fall in love.

Then Miss Marlenspuyk produced a prayer-book, which she had taken from her bag, where it had lain side by side with *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*.

Dr. Pennington took the book, and began to read the marriage service with great dignity and impressiveness. Miss Marlenspuyk, smiling, though a tear lay close to her eyelid, acted as the only bride-maid, and at her request Mrs. Hitchcock ventured to give away the bride. The

groom was ready with the ring when it was needed.

And thus, on the appointed day, Hallett Larcom and Anita Vernon were made

man and wife, while the New York and Chicago Limited was rushing onward through the gathering night at a speed of nearly fifty miles an hour.

MEMORIES OF THE ST. JOHN'S.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I.

I LOVE to drift upon the sea of palms
That Ribault called the Rivière du Mai:
'Mid leafages of odorous scents and balms,
Where hermit Gulf winds like the dryads play
In pendulous mistletoes and mosses gray;
Past hoary live-oaks, in whose veiled arcades
Triumphal chariots seem to just have passed,
And left the glimmering air to birds and bees;
Past ghost-white herons in the cypress shades,
And mocking-birds that fill the orange trees
With viols, flutes, and thrilling serenades.
I seem to see below high regions glassed
In these celestial mirrors of the seas—
The same light blooms in heavenly scenes and these.

II.

O Florida, thou poem of the States,
Thou coral garden where the warm sea sings,
'Tis sweet in dreams to drift beyond thy gates,
Like voyagers old who sought immortal springs
'Neath golden skies impearled with ibis wings,
Afar from crystal seasons' lines of blue,
And cloudy conifers of ice and snow,
And with the double sense of beauty view
In things we feel the things we are to know,
And almost hear the palpitating strings
Of life harps lost in answering numbers play.
Would that my song could like thy bird songs flow
Like wingèd poets to the sun lands true!
Sweet would I sing, O Rivière du Mai!

III.

In memory oft my shallop drifts again
Upon thy stream. I hear the ring-dove pass,
And see live sunsets through heaven's window-pane,
And watch the waving of the para-grass.
The passion-lilies rim the water's glass,
Zenaida doves o'er cool savannas fare,
And Night in melting splendors spreads her wing
O'er influent tides, cerulean fountains, where
I almost list to hear immortals sing....
Beneath the palms my lonely shallop shell
May drift no more at liquid morn or even,
But though afar from endless springs I dwell,
Each sense of beauty is a sense of heaven.
Though wait my soul till life's diviner day,
'Twill know thy bliss again, O River Mai!



BY THOMAS HARDY.

IT is a Saturday afternoon of blue and yellow autumn-time, and the scene is the high street of a well-known market-town. A large carrier's van stands in the quadrangular fore-court of the White Hart Inn, upon the sides of its spacious tilt being painted, in weather-beaten letters, "Burthen, Carrier to Longpuddle." These vans, so numerous hereabout, are a respectable if somewhat lumbering class of conveyance, much resorted to by decent travellers not overstocked with money, the better among them roughly corresponding to the old French *diligences*.

The present one is timed to leave the town at four o'clock precisely, and it is now half past three by the ancient dial face in the church tower at the top of the street. In a few seconds errand-boys

from the shops begin to arrive with packages, which they deposit in the vehicle, and then they turn away whistling, and care for the packages no more. At twenty minutes to four an elderly woman places her basket upon the shafts, slowly mounts, takes up a seat inside, and folds her hands and her lips. She has secured her place for the journey, though there is as yet no sign of a horse being put in nor of a carrier. At the three-quarters two other women arrive, in whom the first recognizes the postmistress of Upper Longpuddle and the registrar's wife, they recognizing her as the aged groceress of the same village. At five minutes to the hour there approach Mr. Proffitt, the school-master, in a soft felt hat, and Christopher Twink, the master-thatcher; and

as the hour strikes there rapidly drop in the parish clerk and his wife, the seedsman and his aged father, the registrar, also Mr. Day, the world-ignored local landscape-painter, an elderly man, who resides in his native place, and has never sold a picture outside it, though his pretensions to art have been nobly supported by his fellow-villagers, whose confidence in his genius has been as remarkable as the outer neglect of it, leading them to buy his paintings so extensively (at the price of a few shillings each, it is true) that every dwelling in the parish exhibits three or four of those admired productions on its walls.

Burthen, the carrier, is by this time seen bustling round the vehicle; the horses are put in, the carrier arranges the reins, and springs up into his seat as if he were used to it—which he is.

"Is everybody here?" he asks, preparatorily, over his shoulder to the passengers within.

As those who were not there did not reply in the negative, the muster was assumed to be complete, and, after a few hitches and hinderances, the van, with its human freight, was got under way. It jogged on at an easy pace till it reached the bridge which formed the last outpost of the town. The carrier pulled up suddenly.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "I've forgot the curate!"

All who could do so gazed from the little back window of the vehicle, but the curate was not in sight.

"Now I wonder where that there man is?" continued the carrier.

"Poor man, he ought to have a living at his time of life."

"And he ought to be punctual," said the carrier. "'Four o'clock sharp is my time for starting,' I said. And he said, 'I'll be there.' Now he's not here; and as a reverent old church minister he ought to be as good as his word. Perhaps Mr. Maxton knows, being in the same line of life?" He turned to the parish clerk.

"I was talking an immense deal with him, that's true, half an hour ago," replied that ecclesiastic, as one of whom it was no erroneous supposition that he should be on intimate terms with another of the cloth. "But he didn't say he would be late."

The discussion was cut off by the ap-

pearance round the corner of the van of the curate's spectacles, followed hastily by his face and few white whiskers, and the swinging tails of his long gaunt coat. Nobody reproached him, seeing how he was reproaching himself; and he entered breathlessly, and took his seat.

"Now be we all here?" said the carrier again.

They started a second time, and moved on till they were about three hundred yards out of the town, and had nearly reached the second bridge, behind which, as every native remembers, the road takes a turn, and travellers by this highway disappear finally from the view of gazing burghers.

"Well, as I'm alive!" cried the post-mistress from the interior of the conveyance, peering through the little square back window along the road toward.

"What?" said the carrier.

"He's hailing us."

Another sudden stoppage. "Somebody else?" the carrier asked.

"Ay, sure!" All waited silently, while those who could gaze out did so.

"Now, who can that be?" he continued. "I just put it to ye, neighbors, can any man keep time with such hinderances? Bain't we full a'ready? Who in the world can the man be?"

"He's a sort of gentleman," said the school-master, his position commanding the road more comfortably than that of his comrades.

The stranger, who had been holding up his umbrella to attract their notice, was walking forward leisurely enough, now that he found, by their stopping, that it had been secured. His clothes were decidedly not of a local cut, though it was difficult to point out any particular mark of difference. In his left hand he carried a small leather travelling bag. As soon as he had overtaken the van he glanced at the inscription on its side, as if to assure himself that he had hailed the right conveyance, and asked if they had room.

The carrier replied that though they were pretty well laden they could carry one more, whereupon the stranger mounted, and took the seat cleared for him within. And then the horses made another move, this time for good, and swung along with their burden of fourteen souls all told.

"You bain't one of these parts, sir?"

said the carrier. "I could tell that as far as I could see ye."

"Yes, I am one of these parts," said the stranger.

"Oh!"

The silence which followed seemed to imply a doubt of the truth of the newcomer's assertion. "I was speaking of Upper Longpuddle more particularly," continued the carrier, hardily; "and I think I know most faces of that valley."

"I was born at Longpuddle, and nursed at Longpuddle, and my father and grandfather before me," said the passenger, quietly.

"Why—to be sure," said the aged groceress in the background, "it isn't John Lackland's son—never—it can't be—he who went to foreign parts five-and-thirty year ago with his wife and family? Yet—what do I hear?—that's his father's voice!"

"That's the man," replied the stranger. "John Lackland was my father, and I am John Lackland's son. Five-and-thirty years ago, when I was a boy of eleven, my parents emigrated across the seas, taking me and my sister with them. Kytes's boy Tony was the one who drove us and our belongings to Casterbridge on the morning we left, and his was the last Longpuddle face I saw. We sailed the same week across the ocean, and there we've been ever since, and there I've left those I went with—all three."

"Alive or dead?"

"Dead," he replied, in a low voice. "And I have come back to the old place, having nourished a thought—not a definite intention, but just a thought—that I should like to return here in a year or two, to spend the remainder of my days."

"Married man, Mr. Lackland?"

"No."

"And have the world used ye well, sir—or rather John, knowing ye as a child? In these rich new countries that we hear of so much, you've got rich with the rest?"

"I am not very rich," Mr. Lackland said. "Even in new countries, you know, there are failures. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong; and even if it sometimes is, you may be neither swift nor strong. However, that's enough about me. Now, having answered your inquiries, you must answer mine; for, being in London, I

have come down here entirely to discover what Longpuddle is looking like, and who are living there. That was why I preferred a seat in your van to hiring a carriage for driving across."

"Well, as for Longpuddle, we rub on there much as usual. Old figures have dropped out o' their frames, so to speak it, and new ones have been put in their places. You mentioned Tony Kytes as having been the one to drive your family and your goods to Casterbridge in his father's wagon when you left. Tony is, I believe, living still, but not at Longpuddle. He went away and settled at Lewgate, near Mellstock, after his marriage. Ah, Tony was a sort o' man!"

"What was his character? It had hardly come out when I knew him."

"Oh, 'twas well enough, as far as that goes. But I shall never forget his courting—never!"

The returned villager waited expectantly, and the carrier went on:

TONY KYTES, THE ARCH-DECEIVER.

"I shall never forget Tony's face. 'Twas a little, round, firm, tight face, with a seam here and there left by the small-pox, though not enough to hurt his looks in a woman's eye, though he'd had it badish when he was a boy. So very serious-looking and unsmiling 'a was, that young man, that it really seemed as if he couldn't laugh without great pain to his conscience. He looked very hard at a small speck in your eye when talking to 'ee. And there was no more sign of a whisker or beard on Tony Kytes's face than on the palm of my hand. He used to sing with a religious manner, as if it were a hymn:

"I've lost my love, and I care not—
I've lost my love, and I care not!
I shall soon have another
That's better than t'other—
I've lost my love, and I care not!"

He was quite the women's favorite, and in return for their likings he loved 'em in shoals.

"But in course of time Tony got fixed down to one in particular, Milly Richards, a nice, light, small, tender little thing; and it was soon said that they were engaged to be married. One Saturday he had been to market to do business for his father, and was driving home the wagon in the afternoon. When he reached the foot of the very hill we shall be going over in ten minutes, who should he

see waiting for him at the top but Unity Sallet, a handsome girl, one of the young women he'd been very tender toward before he'd got engaged to Milly.

"As soon as Tony came up to her she said,

"My dear Tony, will you give me a lift home?"

"That I will, darling," said Tony. "You don't suppose I could refuse 'ee?"

"She smiled a smile, and up she hopped, and on drove Tony.

"Tony," she says, in a sort of a tender chide, 'why did ye desert me for that other one? In what is she better than I? I should have made 'ee a finer wife, and a more loving one too. 'Tisn't girls that are so easily won at first that are the best. Think how long we've known each other—ever since we were children almost—now haven't we, Tony?"

"Yes, that we have," says Tony, a-struck with the truth o't.

"And you've never seen anything in me to complain of, have ye, Tony? Now tell the truth to me."

"I never have, upon my life," says Tony.

"And—can you say I'm not pretty, Tony? Now look at me!"

"He let his eyes rest upon her a long while. 'I really can't," says he. "In fact, I never knowed you was so pretty before!"

"Prettier than she?"

"What Tony would have said to that, nobody knows, for before he could speak, what should he see ahead, over the hedge past the turning, but a feather he knew well—the feather in Milly's hat—she to whom he had been thinking of putting the question as to giving out the banns that very week.

"Unity," says he, as mildly as he could, 'here's Milly coming. Now I shall catch it mightily if she sees ye riding here with me; and if you get down, she'll be turning the corner in a moment, and seeing 'ee in the road, she'll know we've been coming on together. Now, dearest Unity, will ye, to avoid all unpleasantness, which I know you can't bear any more than I—will ye lie down in the back part of the wagon, and let me cover you over with the tarpaulin till Milly has passed? It will all be done in a minute. Do!—and I'll think over what we've said, and perhaps I shall put a loving question to you after all, instead of to Milly. 'Tisn't

true that it is all settled between her and me.'

"Well, Unity Sallet agreed, and lay down at the back end of the wagon, and Tony covered her over so that the wagon seemed to be empty but for the loose tarpaulin; and then he drove on to meet Milly.

"My dear Tony!" cries Milly, looking up with a little pout at him as he came near; 'how long you've been coming home! Just as if I didn't live at Upper Longpuddle at all! And I've come to meet you as you asked me to do, and to ride back with you, and talk over our future home—since you asked me, and I promised. But I shouldn't have come else, Mr. Tony!"

"Ay, my dear, I did ask ye—to be sure I did, now I think of it—but I had quite forgot it. To ride back with me, did you say, dear Milly?"

"Well, of course! What can I do else? Surely you don't want me to walk, now I've come all this way?"

"Oh! no, no! I was thinking you might be going on to town to meet your mother. I saw her there—and she looked as if she might be expecting ye."

"Oh no; she's just home. She came across the fields, and so got back before you."

"Oh, I didn't know that," says Tony. And there was no help for it but to take her up beside him.

"They talked on very pleasantly, and looked at the trees and beasts, and birds and insects, and at the ploughmen at work in the fields, till presently who should they see looking out of the upper window of a house that stood beside the road they were following but Anna Jolliver, another young beauty of the place at that time, and the very first woman that Tony had fallen in love with—before Milly and before Unity, in fact—the one that he had almost arranged to marry instead of Milly. She was a much more dashing girl than Milly Richards, though he'd not thought much of her of late. The house Anna was looking from was her aunt's.

"My dear Milly—my coming wife, as I may call 'ee," says Tony, in his modest way, and not so loud that Unity could overhear, 'I see a young woman looking out of window who I think may accost me. The fact is, Milly, she had a notion that I was wishing to marry her, and since she's discovered I've promised an-

other, and a prettier than she, I'm rather afraid of her temper if she sees us together. Now, Milly, would you do me a favor—my coming wife, as I may say?

"Certainly, dearest Tony," says she.

"Then would ye creep under the tarpaulin just here in the front of the wagon, and bide there out of sight till we've passed the house? She hasn't seen us yet. You see, we ought to live in peace and good-will since 'tis almost Christmas, and 'twill prevent angry passions rising, which we always should do."

"I don't mind, to oblige you, Tony," Milly said; and though she didn't care much about doing it, she crept under, and crouched down just behind the seat, Unity being snug at the other end. So they drove on till they got near the road-side cottage. Anna had soon seen him coming, and waited at the window, looking down upon him. She tossed her head a little disdainful, and smiled off-hand.

"Well, aren't you going to be civil enough to ask me to ride home with you?" she says, seeing that he was for driving past with a nod and a smile.

"Ah, to be sure! What was I thinking of?" said Tony, in a flutter. "But you seem as if you was staying at your aunt's?"

"No, I am not," she said. "Don't you see I have my bonnet and jacket on? I have only called to see her on my way home. How can you be so stupid, Tony?"

"In that case, of course you must come with me," says Tony, feeling a dim sort of sweat rising up inside his clothes. And he reined in the horse, and waited till she'd come down stairs, and then helped her up beside him. He drove on again, his face as long as a face that was a round one by nature well could be.

"Anna looked round sideways into his eyes. 'This is nice, isn't it, Tony?' she says. 'I like riding with you.'

"Tony looked back into her eyes. 'And I with you,' he said, after a while. In short, having considered her, he warmed up, and the more he looked at her the more he liked her, till he couldn't for the life of him think why he had ever said a word about marriage to Milly or Unity while Anna Jolliver was in question. So they sat a little closer and closer, their feet upon the foot-board and their shoulders touching, and Tony thought over and over again how handsome Anna was. He spoke tenderer and tenderer, and called her 'dear Anna' in a whisper at last.

"You've settled it with Milly by this time, I suppose?" said she.

"N—no, not exactly."

"What? How low you talk, Tony."

"Yes—I've a kind of hoarseness. I said, not exactly."

"I suppose you mean to?"

"Well, as to that—" His eyes rested on her face, and hers on his. He wondered how he could have been such a fool as not to follow up Anna. 'My sweet Anna!' he bursts out, taking her hand, not being really able to help it, and forgetting Milly and Unity and all the world besides. 'Settled it? I don't think I have!'

"Hark!" says Anna.

"What?" says Tony, letting go her hand.

"Surely I heard a sort of a little screaming squeak under that tar-cloth? Why, you've been carrying corn, and there's mice in this wagon, I declare!" She began to haul up the tails of her gown.

"Oh no; 'tis the axle," said Tony, peacefully. "It does go like that sometimes in dry weather."

"Perhaps it was. . . . Well, now, to be quite honest, dear Tony, do you like her better than me? Because—because, although I've held off so independent, I'll own at last that I do like 'ee, Tony, to tell the truth; and I wouldn't say no if you asked me—you know what."

"Tony was so won over by this pretty offering mood of a girl who had been quite the reverse (Anna had a backward way with her at times, if you can mind) that he just glanced behind, and then whispered, very soft, 'I haven't quite promised her, and I think I can get out of it, and ask you that question.'

"Throw over Milly?—all to marry me! How delightful!" broke out Anna, quite loud, clapping her hands.

"At this there was a real squeak, an angry, spiteful squeak, and afterward a long moan, as if something had broke its heart, and a movement of the wagon cloth.

"Something's there!" said Anna, starting up.

"It's nothing, really," says Tony, in a soothing voice, and praying inwardly for a way out of this. 'I wouldn't tell 'ee at first, because I wouldn't frighten 'ee. But, Anna, I've really a couple of ferrets in a bag under there, for rabbiting, and they quarrel sometimes. I don't wish it knowed, as 'twould be called poaching. Oh, they can't get out, bless ye—you are

quite safe! And—and—what a fine day it is, isn't it, Anna, for this time of year? Be you going to market next Saturday? How is your aunt now? and so on, says Tony, to keep her from talking any more about love in Milly's hearing.

"But he found his work cut out for him, and wondering again how he should get out of this ticklish business, he looked about for a chance. Nearing home, he saw his father in a field not far off, holding up his hand as if he wished to speak to Tony.

"Would you mind taking the reins a moment, Anna," he said, much relieved, 'while I go and find out what father wants?'

"She consented, and away he hastened into the field, only too glad to get breathing-time. He found that his father was looking at him with rather a stern eye.

"Come, come, Tony," says old Mr. Kytes, as soon as his son was alongside him; 'this won't do, you know.'

"What?" says Tony.

"Why, if you mean to marry Milly Richards, do it, and there's an end o't. But don't go driving about the country with Jolliver's daughter, and making a scandal. I won't have such things done.'

"I only asked her—that is, she asked me—to ride home.'

"She? Why, now, if it had been Milly, 'twould have been quite proper; but you and Anna Jolliver going about by yourselves—'

"Milly's there too, father.'

"Milly? Where?'

"Under the tarpaulin. Yes, the truth is, father, I've got rather into a nunny-watch, I'm afeard. Unity Sallet is there too—yes, under the other end of the tarpaulin. All three are in that wagon, and what to do with 'em I know no more than the dead. The best plan is, as I'm thinking, to speak out loud and plain to one of 'em before the rest, and that will settle it; not but what 'twill cause 'em to kick up a bit of a miff, for certain. Now which would you marry, father, if you was in my place?'

"Whichever of 'em did *not* ask to ride with thee?'

"That was Milly, I'm bound to say, as she only came by my invitation. But Milly—'

"Then stick to Milly; she's the best. . . . But look at that!' His father pointed toward the wagon. 'She can't hold

that horse in. You shouldn't have left the reins in her hands. Run on and take the horse's head, or there 'll be some accident to them maids!'

"Tony's horse, in fact, in spite of Anna's tugging at the reins, had started on his way at a brisk walking pace, being very anxious to get back to the stable, for he had had a long day out. Without another word, Tony rushed away from his father to overtake the horse.

"Now of all things that could have happened to wean him from Milly, there was nothing so powerful as his father's recommending her. No, it could not be Milly, after all. Anna must be the one, since he could not marry all three. This he thought while running after the wagon. But queer things were happening inside it.

"It was, of course, Milly who had screamed under the tarpaulin, being obliged to let off her bitter rage and shame in that way at what Tony was saying, and never daring to show, for very pride and dread o' being laughed at, that she was in hiding. She became more and more restless, and in twisting herself about, what did she see but another woman's foot and white stocking close to her head. It quite frightened her, not knowing that Unity Sallet was in the wagon likewise. But after the fright was over she determined to get to the bottom of all this, and she crept and crept along the bed of the wagon, under the cloth, like a snake, when lo and behold she came face to face with Unity.

"Well, if this isn't disgraceful!' says Milly in a raging whisper to Unity.

"'Tis,' says Unity, 'to see you hiding in a young man's wagon like this, and no great character belonging to either of ye!'

"Mind what you are saying,' replied Milly, getting louder. 'I am engaged to be married to him, and haven't I a right to be here? What right have you, I should like to know? What has he been promising you? A pretty lot of nonsense, I expect! But what Tony says to other women is all mere wind, and no concern to me!'

"Don't you be too sure,' says Unity. 'He's going to have Anna, and neither you nor me either: I could hear that.'

"Now at these strange voices sounding from under the cloth Anna was thunderstruck a'most into a swoond; and it was just at this time that the horse moved on.

Anna tugged away wildly, not knowing what she was doing; and as the quarrel rose louder and louder Anna got so horrified that she let go the reins altogether. The horse went on at his own pace, and coming to the corner where we turn round to drop down the hill to Lower Longpuddle, he turned too quick, the off wheels went up the bank, the wagon rose sideways till it was quite on edge upon the near axles, and out rolled the three maidens into the road in a heap.

"When Tony came up, frightened and breathless, he was relieved enough to see that neither of his darlings was hurt, beyond a few scratches from the brambles of the hedge. But he was rather alarmed when he heard how they were going on at one another.

"Don't ye quarrel, my dears—don't ye!" says he, taking off his hat out of respect to 'em. And then he would have kissed them all round, as fair and equal as a man could, but they were in too much of a taking to let him. 'Now I'll speak out honest, because I ought to; and this is the truth,' says he. 'I've asked Anna to be mine, and she is willing, and we are going to put up the banns next—'

"Tony had not noticed that Anna's father was coming up behind, nor had he noticed that Anna's face was beginning to bleed from the scratch of a bramble. Anna had seen her father, and had run to him, crying.

"My daughter is *not* willing, sir," says Mr. Jolliver, hot and strong. 'Be you willing, Anna? I ask ye to have spirit enough to refuse him.'

"That I have, and I do refuse him," says Anna, partly because her father was there, and partly, too, in a tantrum because of the discovery and the scratch on her face. 'Little did I think when I was so soft with him just now that I was talking to such a false deceiver!'

"What, you won't have me, Anna?" says Tony, his jaw hanging down like a dead man's.

"Never—I would sooner marry nobody at all!" she gasped out, though with her heart in her throat, for she would not have refused Tony if he had asked her quietly, and her father had not been there, and her face had not been scratched by the bramble. And having said that, away she walked, upon her father's arm, thinking and hoping he would ask her again.

"Tony didn't know what to say next. Milly was sobbing her heart out; but as his father had strongly recommended her he couldn't feel inclined that way. So he turned to Unity.

"Well, will you, Unity dear, be mine?" he says.

"Take her leavings? Not I!" says Unity. 'I'd scorn it!' And away walks Unity Sallet likewise, though she looked back when she'd gone some way, to see if he was following her.

"So there at last were left Milly and Tony by themselves, she crying in watery streams, and Tony looking like a tree struck by lightning.

"Well, Milly," he says at last, going up to her, 'it do seem as if fate had ordained that it should be you and I, or nobody. And what must be must be, I suppose? Hey, Milly?'

"If you like, Tony. You didn't really mean what you said to them?"

"Not a word of it," declares Tony, bringing down his fist upon his palm.

"And then he kissed her, and put the wagon to rights, and they mounted together; and their banns were put up the very next Sunday. I was not able to go to their wedding, but it was a rare party they had, by all account. Everybody in Longpuddle was there almost; you among the rest, I think, Mr. Maxton?" The speaker turned to the parish clerk.

"I was," said Mr. Maxton. "And that party was the cause of a very curious change in some other people's affairs; I mean in Steve Hardcome's and his cousin James's."

"Ah! the Hardcomes!" said the stranger. "How familiar that name is to me! What of them?"

The clerk cleared his throat and began:

THE HISTORY OF THE HARDCOMES.

"Yes, Tony's was the very best wedding randy that ever I was at; and I've been at a good many, as you may suppose"—turning to the newly arrived one—"having, as an ecclesiastical officer, the privilege to attend all christening, wedding, and funeral parties—such being our Wessex custom.

"Twas on a frosty night in Christmas week, and among the folk invited were the said Hardcomes o' Climmerston—Steve and James—first cousins, both of them small farmers, just entering into business on their own account. With them



"AMONG THOSE WHO DANCED MOST CONTINUALLY WERE THE TWO ENGAGED COUPLES."

came, as a matter of course, their intended wives, two young women of the neighborhood, both very pretty and sprightly maidens, and numbers of friends from Abbot's-Cernel, and Weatherbury, and Mellstock, and I don't know where—a regular houseful.

"The kitchen was cleared of furniture for dancing, and the old folk played at 'put' and 'all-fours' in the parlor, though at last they gave that up to join in the dance. The top of the figure was by the large front window of the room, and there were so many couples that the lower part of the figure reached through the door at the back, and into the darkness of the out-house; in fact, you couldn't see the end of the row at all, and 'twas never known exactly how long that dance was, the lowest couples being lost among the fagots and brushwood in the out-house.

"When we had danced a few hours, and the crowns of we taller men were swelling into lumps with bumping the beams of the ceiling, the first fiddler laid down his fiddle bow, and said he should play no more, for he wished to dance. And in another hour the second fiddler laid down his, and said he wanted to dance too; so there was only the third fiddler left, and he was an old, aged man, very weak in the wrist. However, he managed to keep up a feeble tweedle-dee; but there being no chair in the room, and his knees being as weak as his wrists, he was obliged to sit upon as much of the little corner table as projected beyond the corner cupboard fixed over it, which was not a very wide seat for a man advanced in years.

"Among those who danced most continually were the two engaged couples, as was natural to their situation. Each pair was very well matched, and very unlike the other. James Hardcome's intended was called Emily Darth, and both she and James were gentle, nice-minded, in-door people, fond of a quiet life. Steve and his chosen, named Olive Pawle, were different; they were of a more bustling nature, fond of racketing about, and seeing what was going on in the world. The two couples had arranged to get married on the same day, and that not long thence; Tony's wedding being a sort of stimulant, as is often the case; I've noticed it professionally many times.

"They danced with such a will as only

young people in that stage of courtship can dance; and it happened that as the evening wore on James had for his partner Stephen's plighted one, Olive, at the same time that Stephen was dancing with James's Emily. It was noticed that, in spite o' the exchange, the young men seemed to enjoy the dance no less than before. By-and-by they were treading another tune in the same changed order as we had noticed earlier, and though at first each one had held the other's mistress strictly at half-arm's length, lest there should be shown any objection to too close quarters by the lady's proper man, as time passed there was a little more closeness between 'em; and presently a little more closeness still.

"The later it got, the more did each of the two cousins dance with the wrong young girl, and the tighter did he hold her to his side as he whirled her round; and, what was very remarkable, neither seemed to mind what the other was doing. The party began to draw toward its end, and I saw no more that night, being one of the first to leave on account of my serious calling. But I learnt the rest of it from those that knew.

"After finishing a particularly warming dance with the changed partners, as I've mentioned, the two young men looked at one another, and in a moment or two went out into the porch together.

"'James,' says Steve, 'what were you thinking of when you were dancing with my Olive?'

"'Well,' said James, 'perhaps what you were thinking of when you were dancing with my Emily.'

"'I was thinking,' said Steve, with some hesitation, 'that I wouldn't mind changing for good and all.'

"'It was what I was feeling likewise,' said James.

"'I willingly agree to it, if you think we could manage it.'

"'So do I. But what would the girls say?'

"'Tis my belief,' said Steve, 'that they wouldn't particularly object. Your Emily clung as close to me as if she already belonged to me, dear girl.'

"'And your Olive to me,' says James. 'I could feel her heart beating like a clock.'

"'Well, they agreed to put it to the girls when they were all four walking home together. And they did so. When they

parted that night the exchange was decided on—all having been done under the hot excitement of that evening's dancing. Thus it happened that on the following Sunday morning, when the people were sitting in church with mouths wide open to hear the names published as they had expected, there was no small amazement to hear them coupled the wrong way, as it seemed. The congregation whispered, and thought the parson had made a mistake; till they discovered that his reading of the names was verily the true way. As they had decided, so they were married, each one to the other's original property.

"Well, the two couples lived on for a year or two ordinarily enough, till the time came when these young people began to grow a little less warm to their respective spouses, as is the rule of married life; and the two cousins wondered more and more in their hearts what had made 'em so mad at the last moment to marry crosswise as they did, when they might have married straight, as was planned by nature, and as they had first fallen in love. 'Twas Tony's party that had done it, plain enough, and they half wished they had never gone there. James, being a quiet, fireside, perusing man, felt at times a wide gap between himself and Olive, his wife, who loved riding and driving and out-door jaunts to a degree; while Steve, who was always knocking about hither and thither, had a very domestic wife, who worked samplers, and made hearth-rugs, scarcely ever wished to cross the threshold, and only drove out with him to please him.

"However, they said very little about this mismating to any of their acquaintances, though sometimes Steve would look at James's wife and sigh, and James would look at Steve's wife and do the same. Indeed at last they were frank enough toward each other not to mind mentioning it quietly between themselves, in a long-faced, sorry-smiling, whimsical sort of way, and would shake their heads together over their foolishness in upsetting a well-considered choice on the strength of an hour's fancy in the whirl and wildness of a dance. Still, they were sensible and honest young fellows enough, and did their best to make shift with their lot as they had arranged it, and not to repine at what could not now be altered or mended.

"So things remained till one fine summer day they went for their yearly little

outing together, as they had made it their custom to do for a long while past. This year they chose Budmouth-Regis, as the place to spend their holiday in; and off they went in their best clothes at nine o'clock in the morning.

"When they had reached Budmouth-Regis they walked two and two along the velvet sands—their new boots going squeakity-squash. I can seem to see 'em now. Then they looked at the ships in the harbor; and then went up to the Lookout; and then had dinner at an inn; and then walked two and two squeakity-squash again upon the velvet sands. As evening drew on they sat on one of the public seats upon the esplanade, and listened to the band; and then they said, 'What shall we do next?'

"'Of all things,' said Olive (Mrs. James Hardcome, that is), 'I should like to row in the bay! We could listen to this music from the water as well as from here, and have the fun of rowing besides.'

"'The very thing; so should I,' says Stephen, his tastes being always like hers."

Here the clerk turned to the curate.

"But you, sir, know more of the strange particulars of that strange day of their lives than anybody else, having had it from their own lips; and perhaps will oblige the gentleman?"

"Certainly, if it is wished," said the curate. And he took up the clerk's tale:

"Stephen's wife hated the sea, except from land, and couldn't bear the thought of going into a boat. James, too, disliked the water, and said that for his part he would much sooner stay on and listen to the band in the seat they occupied, though he did not wish to stand in his wife's way if she desired a row. The end of the discussion was that James and his cousin's wife Emily agreed to remain where they were sitting, and enjoy the music, while they watched the other two hire a boat just beneath, and take their water excursion of half an hour or so, till they should choose to come back and join the sitters on the esplanade; when they would all start homeward together.

"Nothing could have pleased the other two restless ones better than this arrangement; and Emily and James watched them go down to the boatman below, and choose one of the little yellow skiffs, and walk carefully out upon the little plank that

was laid on trestles to enable them to get alongside the craft. They saw Stephen hand Olive in, and take his seat facing her; when they were settled they waved their hands to the couple watching them, and then Stephen took the pair of sculls and pulled off to the tune beat by the band, she steering through the other boats skimming about, for the sea was as smooth as glass that evening, and pleasure-seekers were rowing everywhere.

"How pretty they look moving on, don't they?" said Emily to James (as I've been assured). "They both enjoy it equally. In everything their likings are the same."

"That's true," said James.

"They would have made a handsome pair if they had married," said she.

"Yes," said he. "'Tis a pity we should have parted 'em."

"Don't talk of that, James," said she. "For better or for worse we decided to do as we did, and there's an end of it."

"They sat on after that without speaking, side by side, and the band played as before; the people strolled up and down; and Stephen and Olive shrank smaller and smaller as they shot straight out to sea. The two on shore used to relate how they saw Stephen stop rowing a moment, and take off his coat to get at his work better; but James's wife sat quite still in the stern, holding the tiller ropes by which she steered the boat. When they had got very small indeed she turned her head to shore.

"She is waving her handkerchief to us," said Stephen's wife, who thereupon pulled out her own and waved it as a return signal.

"The boat's course had been a little awry while Mrs. James neglected her steering to wave her handkerchief to her husband and Mrs. Stephen; but now the light skiff went straight onward again, and they could soon see nothing more of the two figures it contained than Olive's light mantle and Stephen's white shirt sleeves behind.

"The two on the shore talked on. 'Twas very curious—our changing partners at Tony Kytes' wedding,' Emily declared. 'Tony was of a fickle nature by all account, and it really seemed as if his character had infected us that night. Which of you two was it that first proposed not to marry as we were engaged?'

"H'm—I can't remember at this mo-

ment,' says James. 'We talked it over, you know; and no sooner said than done.'

"'Twas the dancing,' said she. 'People get quite crazy sometimes in a dance.'

"They do," he owned.

"James—do you think they care for one another still?" asks Mrs. Stephen.

"James Hardcome mused, and admitted that perhaps a little tender feeling might flicker up in their hearts for a moment now and then. 'Still, nothing of any account,' he said.

"I sometimes think that Olive is in Steve's mind a good deal," murmurs Mrs. Stephen; 'particularly when she pleases his fancy by riding past our window at a gallop on one of the draught-horses.... I never could do anything of that sort; I could never get over my fear of a horse.'

"And I am no horseman, though I pretend to be on her account," murmured James Hardcome. 'But isn't it almost time for them to turn and sweep round to the shore, as the other boating folk have done? I wonder what Olive means by steering straight away to the horizon like that? She has hardly swerved from a direct line seaward since they started.'

"No doubt they are talking, and don't think of where they are going," suggests Stephen's wife.

"Perhaps so," says James. 'I didn't know Steve could row like that.'

"Oh yes," says she. 'He often comes here on business, and generally has a pull round the bay.'

"I can hardly see the boat or them," says James again; 'and it is getting dark.'

"The heedless pair afloat now formed a mere speck in the films of the coming night, which thickened apace; till it completely swallowed up their distant shapes. They had disappeared while still following the same straight course away from the world of land-livers, as if they were intending to drop over the sea edge into space, and never return to earth again.

"The two on the shore continued to sit on, punctually abiding by their agreement to remain on the same spot till the others returned. The esplanade lamps were lit one by one, the bandsmen folded up their stands and departed, the yachts in the bay hung out their riding lights, and the little boats came back to shore one after another, their hirers walking on to the sands by the plank they had climbed to go afloat; but among these Stephen and Olive did not appear.

"What a time they are!" said Emily. "I am getting quite chilly. I did not expect to have to sit so long in the evening air."

"Thereupon James Hardcome said that he did not require his overcoat, and insisted on lending it to her.

"He wrapped it round Emily's shoulders.

"Thank you, James," she said. "How cold Olive must be in that thin jacket!"

"Yes—I was thinking so," he answered. "Well, they are sure to be quite close at hand by this time, though we can't see 'em. The boats are not all in yet. Some of the rowers are fond of paddling along the shore to finish out their hour of hiring."

"Shall we walk by the edge of the water," said she, "to see if we can discover them?"

"He assented, reminding her that they must not lose sight of the seat, lest the belated pair should return and miss them, and be vexed that they had not kept the appointment.

"They walked a sentry beat up and down the sands immediately opposite the seat; and still the others did not come. James Hardcome at last went to the boat-man, thinking that after all his wife and cousin might have come in under shadow of the dusk without being perceived, and might have forgotten the appointment at the bench.

"All in?" asked James.

"All but one boat," said the lessor. "I can't think where that couple is keeping to. They might run foul of something or other in the dark."

"Again Stephen's wife and Olive's husband waited, with more and more anxiety. But no little yellow boat returned. Was it possible they could have landed further down the esplanade?"

"It hev been done, to escape paying," said the boat owner. "But they didn't look like people who would do that."

"James Hardcome knew that he could find no hope on such a reason as that. But now, remembering what had been casually discussed between Steve and himself about their wives from time to time, he admitted for the first time the possibility that their old tenderness had been revived by their face-to-face position more strongly than either had anticipated at starting—the excursion having been so obviously undertaken for the pleasure of

the performance only—and that they had landed at some steps he knew of further down toward the pier, to be longer alone together.

"Still, he disliked to harbor the thought, and would not mention its existence to his companion. He merely said to her, 'Let us walk further on.'

"They did so; and lingered between the boat stage and the pier till Stephen Hardcome's wife was uneasy, and was obliged to accept James's offered arm. Thus the night advanced. Emily was presently so worn out by fatigue that James felt it necessary to conduct her home; there was, too, a remote chance that the truants had landed in the harbor on the other side of the town, or elsewhere, and hastened home in some unexpected way, in the belief that their friends would not have waited so long.

"However, he left a direction in the town that a lookout should be kept, though this was arranged privately, the bare possibility of an elopement being enough to make him reticent; and full of misgivings the two remaining ones hastened to catch the last train out of Budmouth-Regis; and when they got to Casterbridge drove back to Upper Longpuddle."

"Along this very road as we do now," remarked the parish clerk.

"To be sure—along this very road," said the curate. "However, Stephen and Olive were not at their homes; neither had entered the village since leaving it in the morning. Emily and James Hardcome went to their respective dwellings to snatch a hasty night's rest, and at daylight the next morning they drove again to Casterbridge and entered the Budmouth train.

"Nothing had been heard of the couple there during this brief absence. In the course of a few hours some young men testified to having seen such a man and woman rowing in a frail outrigger, the head of the boat kept straight to sea; they had sat looking in each other's faces as if they were in a dream, with no consciousness of what they were doing, or whither they were steering. It was not till late that day that more tidings reached James's ears. The boat had been found drifting bottom upward, a long way from land. In the evening the sea rose somewhat, and a cry spread through the town that two bodies were cast ashore in Lullstead Bay, several miles to the eastward.

They were brought to Budmouth, and inspection revealed them to be the missing pair. It was said that they had been found tightly locked in each other's arms; and their features were still wrapt in the same calm and dream-like repose which had been observed in their demeanor as they had glided along.

"Neither James nor Emily questioned the motives of the unfortunate man and woman in putting to sea. They were both above suspicion as to conduct, whatever their mutual feelings; underhand behavior was foreign to the nature of either. Conjecture pictured that they might have fallen into tender reverie while gazing each into a pair of eyes that had formerly flashed for him and her alone, and, unwilling to avow what their mutual sentiments were, they had continued thus, oblivious of time and space, till darkness suddenly overtook them far from land. But nothing was truly known. It had been their destiny to die thus. The two halves intended by nature to make the perfect whole had failed in that result during their lives, though in their death they were not divided. Their bodies were brought home, and buried on one day. I remember that on looking round the church-yard while reading the service I observed nearly all the parish at their funeral."

"It was so, sir," said the clerk.

"The remaining two," continued the curate (whose voice had grown husky

while relating the lovers' sad fate), "were a more thoughtful and far-seeing, though less romantic couple than the first. They were now mutually bereft of a companion; and found themselves by this accident in a position to fulfil their destiny according to nature's plan, and their own original and calmly formed intention. James Hardcome took Emily to wife in the course of a year and half; and the marriage proved in every respect a happy one. I solemnized the service, Hardcome having told me, when he came to give notice of the proposed wedding, the story of his first wife's loss, almost word for word as I have told it to you."

"And are they living in Longpuddle still?" asked the home-comer.

"Oh no, sir," interposed the clerk. "James has been dead these dozen years, and his mis'ess about six or seven. They had no children. William Privett used to be their odd man till he died."

"William dead too—dear me?" said the other. "All dead."

"Yes, sir. William was much older than I. He'd ha' been over eighty if he had lived till now."

"Ah! there was something very strange about William's death—very strange indeed," sighed a melancholy man in the back of the van. It was the seedsman's father, who had hitherto kept silence.

"And what might that have been?" asked Mr. Lackland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN LEADS AT WHIST, AND THEIR HISTORY.

BY N. B. TRIST.

THE ever-growing interest manifested in everything pertaining to the scientific game of whist will, no doubt, make the history of American Leads acceptable to the whist players of this country. As those leads are based on certain well-recognized principles of the game, it will be expedient to trace them as evolved through years of experience and practice. In doing so I will not confine myself to the examination of those principles bearing more directly on American Leads, but propose to note also, in a cursory manner, and chiefly from a chronological point of view, the other main developments of the game which preceded and have fol-

lowed the introduction of American Leads. The great majority of players have rather confused ideas as to the time when some of its most important features were incorporated into the game. They are generally under the impression that all there is good in whist has been introduced in comparatively modern times. They will therefore be surprised to learn that a good many of the rules as laid down by Hoyle, nearly a century and a half ago, are now followed by them in their daily practice. I have, more than once, heard advanced players say to a beginner: "With king, queen, knave, and two or more small cards, the *modern* rule

is to lead the knave, and not the king, as you did"; little suspecting that Hoyle gave the same advice in the following words: "If you have a sequence of king, queen, knave, and two small ones, whether you are strong in trumps or not, it is the best play to begin with the knave, because by getting the ace out of any hand, you make room for the whole suit." Particular attention has been drawn to this lead for the reason that, on the principle which underlies it, is based one division of American Leads, as will be seen hereinafter. This and other still practised rules of play, given by Hoyle in his treatise published in 1742, doubtless came into existence some years anterior to that date; for it is safe to assume that, if not all, at least the greater part of his work is but a compilation of the principles and rules of play, as he found them understood and practised by Lord Folkestone and other fine players of his day. We are, therefore, now following some orders of play formulated at least one hundred and seventy years ago.

The next advance was the introduction of that important rule which directs that, in returning your partner's lead, you should play the higher card, having but two remaining; and the lowest, having three. It is not known when this rule was first introduced into the game, but it found its way into print about 1770, in the following words: "In returning your partner's lead, play the best you have when you hold but three originally" (Payne's *Maxims*). Mathews gives the rule, somewhat amplified, in his *Advice to the Young Whist Player*, published about 1805.

In the early part of this century short whist came into existence, by the points of the game being altered from ten to five, and the calling of honors abolished. Mr. Clay gives an account of how this occurred, in his delightful little work on whist, which should be in the hands of every earnest player.

The next important development was the call for trumps. It was first introduced, some fifty years ago, at Graham's, a great card club in London. Lord Henry Bentinck, a player of high repute, is credited with its invention. He is said to have afterward bitterly regretted his ingenuity, which had deprived him of much of the advantage which he derived from superior play, by making the game easier

for the moderate player. Although it is admitted that the call for trumps was evolved from certain correct principles of play, yet it is considered by the best authorities to be no improvement. One thing, however, is certain—it has added much interest to the game for the beginner.

We now come to an event in the history of whist, apparently insignificant, but which was fraught with the future welfare of the game, for it produced "*Cavendish*."

This event was the coming together of the "knot of young men" who played whist at Cambridge, and afterward in London, between 1850 and 1860, referred to by Dr. William Pole, in the introduction to his *Philosophy of Whist*.

The facts concerning this "Little Whist School," so far as I have been able to ascertain them, are that shortly after 1850, Mr. Daniel Jones, brother of "Cavendish," and others, some of whom are mentioned below, used to play whist at Cambridge in much the same way as other young men. It seems that, contrary to the general impression, Mr. Henry Jones, afterward so well known under the pseudonyme of "Cavendish," was not of the party, as he was then pursuing his medical studies at St. Bartholomew's College, in London. After these gentlemen had taken their degrees, they and "Cavendish" used to meet in London, about the year 1854. The regular players were Mr. Edward Wilson, J. P., Mr. W. Dundas Gardiner, Mr. Daniel Jones, and Mr. Henry Jones. Although others used to join in the play at times, the four named formed the backbone of the "Little School." When these four met, they used to play every hand through to the end, for the sake of science, and also for the purpose of making certain calculations. They, moreover, wrote down interesting hands, of which more anon. It was in the nature of things that these four whist enthusiasts, who were young men of "considerable ability," as Dr. Pole calls them, should argue, and that they should not always agree. They had the advantage over most beginners of being able to refer disputed points to the late James Clay, then the acknowledged authority on whist. The cases were written down and submitted to Mr. Clay through the medium of Mr. Henry Deriviche Jones, F.R.C.S., father of "Cav-

endish," who happened at that time to be chairman of the Portland Club, the headquarters of English whist, where he often met Mr. Clay.

About 1860 the "Little School" ceased to meet, owing to circumstances over which the members had no control. A number of manuscripts which had accumulated were thrown into a drawer, and there they would probably have remained to this day but for the following accident:

In *Macmillan's Magazine* of December, 1861, appeared an article, "Games at Cards for the Coming Winter." It was signed "W. P." In the course of the article the following passage occurred: "It would be a great boon if some good authority would publish a set of model games of whist, with explanatory remarks, such as are found so useful in chess, for example."

The future "Cavendish" having read this article, wrote to W. P. that he happened to have a number of whist hands in manuscript, and should be happy to lend them to him. He received a reply from no less a person than Dr. William Pole, F.R.S., etc., saying that he would like to see the hands.

Before forwarding, "Cavendish" thought he would just read the hands over. He found the "Little School" had taken so much for granted that the MSS. would probably be unintelligible to Dr. Pole. Thus, if A led from his strong suit, no remark was made about it; or if B, when returning his partner's lead, and holding the three and the two, returned the three in preference to the two, no reason was given for it. So "Cavendish" began to rewrite. In order to avoid repetition, he erected some of the instructions into principles, to which he referred as occasion required. He also added a few elementary reasons for each line of play. Dr. Pole examined the MS., and wrote to the effect that its contents were a revelation to him, and that Jones ought to publish; so, as "Cavendish," the name of his then club, he rushed into print, in 1862, with a modest 250 copies. The rest every whist player knows. "Cavendish" rushed into print again in 1889, with an eighteenth edition of 5000 copies. So much for an accident. But to return to the "Little School."

It was first so christened by a writer in the *Quarterly Review* of January, 1871.

Then a storm arose. The late Abraham Haywood wrote to the *Morning Post* to say that none of the most celebrated players of the day were aware of the existence of this school. That was not surprising, considering that the players named had no idea they formed a school until after the publication of the *Quarterly*, when they "awoke and found themselves famous." Haywood added, in the *Post*, "Did these young men originate or elaborate or compass anything, or did they merely arrange what was well known and procurable before?" To this "Cavendish" replied, "What I claim for the Little School is that in one book we gave for the first time the reasoning on which the principles of whist play are based, logically and completely." It does not appear that the "Little School" originated any alterations worthy of record. These came later, as we will see further on.

In consequence, doubtless, of the reputation achieved by him through his book, "Cavendish" was given charge of the card department of the London *Field* in December, 1862. This was a most fortunate occurrence, as it contributed not a little to the subsequent unity and stability of the game, by making the *Field* the medium through which all improvements or alterations are suggested, discussed, adopted, or rejected, as the case may be.

But to return to the progress of whist. The earliest of the cases elaborated, after the appearance of *Cavendish on Whist*, was the protective discard from strength. This was first noticed in the *Field* of November 30, 1867, and explained in the eighth edition, 1868. The kernel of this is contained in the advice given by Mathews: "If weak in trumps, keep guard on your adversary's suits; if strong, throw away from them."

The next advance was the penultimate lead from suits of more than five cards (*Field*, October 12 and 26 and November 2, 1872), followed by the echo of the call (same paper, July 25, 1874). These are duly noted in the tenth edition of *Cavendish on Whist*, dated June, 1874.

On September 11 and October 16, 1875, were published in the *Field* two articles by "Cavendish" on leads. They are, to my mind, so important as forerunners of the present system of American Leads, showing what was then "in the

air," as it has since been called, that I quote from them at length.

"Cavendish" says: "From ace, queen, knave, and two or more small ones, the proper lead is ace, then knave, instead of the usual ace, then queen; because, with five of the suit, you want partner, if he held king and two small ones originally, to put his king on second round." He also says: "The usual lead from ace, queen, knave, ten, is ace, then queen. This, however, is wrong, as it is not the game for partner to put king on queen led after ace, he having king and two small ones originally. He thereby blocks the suit on the third round. The proper lead from ace, queen, knave, ten, with or without small ones, is ace, then ten. . . . The partner of the player who leads ace, then ten, should put the king on the ten—in plain suits—if he had three originally, but not if he had four. Hence. . . . the third player's hand can be counted when he has the king."

"Cavendish" then proceeded to show that, by a parity of reasoning, the proper lead from the queen, knave, ten combination is queen, then knave, with four in suit; and queen, then ten, with more than four.

These leads were evidently so correct that they found immediate favor. They are introduced in the eleventh edition of *Cavendish on Whist*, 1876.

From the foregoing it would appear that a great whist advance was made between the years 1867 and 1876.

In 1879, Colonel, now General, A. W. Drayson, in his *Art of Practical Whist*, recommended the lead of the antepenultimate from a suit of six cards. He furthermore suggested, with ace and five others, to lead the ace, then the smallest but one—that is, the original *fifth*-best. This, to some extent, foreshadowed American Leads, although the object of the Drayson rules was solely to show number. In the *Field* of April 8, 1882, the same author suggested that, when the trumps were all out, the play of an unnecessarily high card would be a direction to change the suit. He argues that the call for trumps is, in reality, a command to "change the suit to trumps"; consequently, when, the trumps being all out, you play an unnecessarily high card, you can only imply that you want the suit changed to another plain suit. This suggestion appears to be sound, and will no doubt be eventual-

ly adopted as a rule of play by advanced players.

In three articles, the first of which appeared in the *Field* of April 28, 1883, Dr. William Pole applied the laws of probabilities to the ever-vexed question of the play of the king and a small card, second hand, with the result of confirming the practice of playing the small card, as a general rule.

We now come to the epoch of American Leads.

Although American Leads are extensively played in this country, many players who follow them are ignorant of the principles on which they are based, probably because these leads were suggested, explained, discussed, and abused in an English paper—the London *Field*—which has but a limited circulation in America. This necessitates going over well-trodden ground for the many who play the leads without knowing the principles on which they are founded.

The rules for American Leads are as follows:

1. When you open a strong suit with a *low card*, lead the *fourth-best*.
2. When you open a strong suit with a *high card*, and next lead a *low card*, lead the *original fourth-best*, ignoring in the count any high card marked in your hand.
3. When you remain with two *high indifferent cards*, lead the higher, if you opened a *suit of four*; the lower, if you opened a *suit of more than four*.

Rules 1 and 2 are component parts of that principle governing the original lead which demands that it should be from the longest suit, inasmuch as they provide a system which points out the card to be uniformly led from the long suit, under the contingencies mentioned in those rules. The selection of the particular card to be led is not purely arbitrary, but is founded on reason, as I will proceed to show.

A suit of four cards is considered to be numerically strong, because it contains a number of cards over the average due to each player. It is the long suit of minimum strength, and therefore is the one held the most frequently. It is, so to speak, the type of the long suit.

One of the results of opening a four-card suit from the bottom is, that the leader remains with three cards higher

than the one led. The information contained in this simple fact is very important, as it often enables the partner of the leader to place certain cards in his hands.

Suppose the cards to lie as follows:

Qu., 10, 7											
<table border="1"> <tr><td colspan="3">B</td></tr> <tr><td>Y</td><td></td><td>Z</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="3">A</td></tr> </table>			B			Y		Z	A		
B											
Y		Z									
A											
A., Kg., 4		5, 3, 2									
Kn., 9, 8, 6											

A leads the six and the king; seven and two fall; when A again obtains the lead he plays the eight; Y, the ace; B now knows that A must hold the knave and nine, the only two unplayed cards which are higher than the six. He can therefore safely throw his queen on the ace, and thus, perhaps, enable A to gain a trick by unblocking the suit.

Now give to A another small card, say the two, and suppose he opens the suit with it; when it becomes B's turn to play on the second round, he will know nothing certain about the position of the knave and nine, and therefore cannot unblock, as he might lose a trick by so doing.

The opening of a four-card suit from the bottom affording incidentally, as we have seen, valuable information as to number, and often as to strength of certain cards remaining in leader's hand, the question arises, cannot this information be imparted in the opening of long suits containing more than four cards?

The solution of the question is simple: bring that class of cases under one system, and *treat every long suit opened with a low card as if it contained four cards only; therefore lead your fourth-best*, and the rest follows.

For instance:

From Kg., Kn., 8	6	5
" Kg., Kn., 8	6	5
" Kg., Kn., 8	6	5, 3
" Kg., Kn., 8	6	5, 3, 2

The six is the proper card to lead in each case, leaving, invariably, three cards higher than the one led in the leader's hand.

As will be perceived by an examination of the above example, "Cavendish's" penultimate and Drayton's antepenultimate

leads, introduced to show number, are fractions of the system, outlying islands discovered before the main-land.

Another incidental advantage of the system is that frequently some of the small cards which have not fallen to the first and second rounds are marked in leader's hand. If you will examine the following diagram, you will perceive that if A leads the seven (his fourth-best), B can place, in the first round, queen, knave, eight in his partner's hand, and on the second round the four also, leaving the position of only one card—the six—doubtful.

Ace, Kg., 9											
<table border="1"> <tr><td colspan="3">B</td></tr> <tr><td>10</td><td></td><td>Z</td></tr> <tr><td colspan="3">A</td></tr> </table>			B			10		Z	A		
B											
10		Z									
A											
		6, 5, 2									
Qu., Kn., 8, 7, 4, 3											

If A leads the three originally, his partner will know next to nothing about his suit.

The same system applies to suits of more than four cards which are opened with a high card, followed with a low one (Rule 2); that is, we also treat them as containing four cards only, and lead the *original fourth-best* after quitting the head of the suit. By adhering to system we preserve the advantage incidental to the play of a four-card suit similarly opened—of giving the information that the leader holds exactly two cards higher than the one led by him on the second round.

EXAMPLE.				
	1st Lead.		2d Lead.	
From	Ace	Kn., 8	6	5
"	Ace	Kn., 8	6	5, 3
"	Ace	Kn., 8	6	5, 3, 2

The king being no longer led from more than four cards, we may take suits headed by the ace as the type of the long suit opened from the top, because it is the one most frequently held. Now in dropping from the ace to the original fourth-best, there always remain in the leader's hand two cards intermediate in value between the ones led to the first and second rounds; therefore, in order to obtain analogous results in the opening of the king, queen, more than four suits, the queen should be followed with the original fourth-best, *ignoring the king* in the

count, because it is marked in leader's hand by the nature of the lead.

EXAMPLE.

	Not Counted.	1st Lead.	2d Lead.
From Kg.	Qu.	8, 6	5
" Kg.	Qu.	8, 6	5 3
" Kg.	Qu.	8, 6	5 3, 2

Hence Rule 2 is herein formulated so as to be general in its application: heretofore it has been given without the last clause.

Here is an example from actual play of the working of Rule 2:

Qu., 8, 3

		B	
Kg., Kn.	Y		Z 6, 5
		A	

Ace, 10, 9, 7, 4, 2

A, after leading the ace, played the seven; when it became B's turn to play to the second round, he knew that A held the ten and nine, so he threw the queen to the king, thus unblocking A's suit, which enabled him to make four more tricks in it—a gain of three to the partnership.

The second branch of American Leads, which comes under Rule 3, relates to the lead of high indifferent cards, marked in the player's hand, and is based on the principle that with such cards, in opening suits of more than average numerical strength, the aim should be to get the master card out of partner's hand so as to free the suit.

This principle is at least as old as Hoyle, and he put it in practice, as we have seen above, by directing that, with king, queen, knave, and two small ones, you should begin with the knave, and giving the reasons for so doing. This was an isolated case, which stood "alone in its glory" until "Cavendish," carrying the principle one step further, introduced, in 1875, the modification of the three leads quoted above—that is, following the ace with the knave instead of queen, from ace, queen, knave, more than one small; following the ace with the ten instead of queen from ace, queen, knave, ten, with or without small ones; and following queen with the ten, instead of knave, from queen, knave, ten, with more than one small one.

It appears that this principle was susceptible of being carried still further. For instance, with a suit headed by ace, queen, knave, ten, you lead the ace, then the ten, to get partner's king out of the way. Suppose he holds the king and three small ones; his proper play is to throw a small card to each of the first two leads. Your suit consists of more than four cards; you want it cleared, so you follow the same tactics on the third round as you did on the second, and continue with the smaller of the remaining indifferent cards, the knave. Your partner, seeing that you want the king out of the way, concludes that you must have a suit of more than four cards. If you held but the four high cards mentioned, there would be no advantage in his unblocking, therefore you would lead the queen after the ten, which would inform him that you held but four cards of the suit.

Should your partner hold but two small cards along with the king, he will play the king on the ten; now, although the blocking card is gotten rid of, you should still extend the same principle to the play of the two high indifferent cards remaining in your hand, and lead the queen after the ten when you hold but four cards, and the knave when you hold more than four, because by this uniformity of play you are able to convey to your partner valuable information as to the length of your suit. This principle governs the lead in numerous cases, which are fully detailed in *Cavendish on Whist*.

Sometimes you are marked with two, and even three, high indifferent cards after the first round. Those cases afford the opportunity of increasing the information as to number in suit: for example, from king, queen, knave, two or more small ones, after the knave, you lead the king, with exactly five, and the queen, with more than five. Again, with ace, king, queen, knave, one or more small ones, you lead the knave, you follow with the ace, holding five exactly, with the king, holding six exactly, and with the queen, holding more than six; therefore when from the nature of the lead five cards at least are indicated, the lead of the higher of the indifferent cards shows five exactly, and the lead of the lower shows more than five. It was not thought necessary to embody this detail in rule No. 3, which is sufficiently broad, as stated, to cover the general principle.

The system of American Leads having thus been briefly explained, I will now proceed to give their history.

In July, 1883, I wrote to "Cavendish" as follows: "With a suit headed by king, knave, ten, the lead of the ten forcing out the queen, I always follow with king when I had originally four of the suit, and with knave when I had originally five or more. I have no book authority for this, but I find it gives my partner valuable information." My letter went on to explain the reasons for so leading, which were substantially the same as those which have been given above for the play of high indifferent cards. This letter was published in the *Field*, with a note by "Cavendish," from which I quote the following extracts: "We have submitted our correspondent's king, knave, ten, etc., 'notion' to several good players, and they are all of opinion that his system of leading is correct, and justifiable on general principles. We have stated over and over again in the *Field* that conventional rules of play are founded on extensions of principles, notwithstanding that the reason which led to the adoption of the original principle does not exist in the conventional cases.... As soon as the convention with regard to return leads was fully established, viz., to return the higher of two cards for the sole purpose of affording information, though this higher card were perchance only the three—the present extensions of a similar rule to leads were certain to follow after a time. In the case of this particular lead from king, knave, ten, no rule, so far as we know, has ever been previously laid down, and our valued correspondent is entitled to the credit of having applied the extension to an omitted case."

Although the germ of the system was contained in the above case, it was not until the beginning of the next year that it dawned upon me that this line of play was applicable to many other cases, and in March, 1884, I sent to the *Field* a short article, in which I suggested the adoption of the now generally accepted rule for the play of high indifferent cards, arguing that it was based on the extension of a recognized general principle, and giving a number of examples.

Mark how slowly the application of a whist principle seems to work itself into the human understanding. Hoyle gives

an isolated case—king, queen, knave lead—involving a principle. One hundred and thirty odd years elapse before "Cavendish" applies it to other leads; eight more years go by before the principle is extended to another isolated case—king, knave, ten example; and it takes another twelve months' mental incubation to bring forth the generalization of the principle. What appears to be specially worthy of note is the fact that the king, knave, ten example was before the best whist players of the world for several months, and not one of them seems to have perceived that it was but the application to one case of the extension of a well-established principle, and which was susceptible of being generalized so as to embrace numerous cognate cases.

During the interval between the publication of the two articles on the lead of high indifferent cards I furnished to the *Field* a letter on "the penultimate lead on the second round of the suit," in which the penultimate was recommended as the proper lead after quitting the head of the suit, in order to show number. In commenting on this suggested method of play, "Cavendish," in a *Field* article, after giving one favorable position and two unfavorable ones, concluded by saying: "If N. B. T. will class the cases after analysis in which a trick cannot be given away by his method, and can thence formulate a plain rule of play, I think his proposed method might be advantageously employed. Perhaps he will kindly try his hand at this, and send result to the *Field*. I think, however, he will find it more troublesome than he expects."

This elicited the suggested analysis published in the *Field* April 5, 1884, the result of which was the formulating of a rule of play which would leave a never-varying interval of two cards between the card first led and the one led to the second round; afterward put in a more concise way by directing the follow of the "original fourth-best."

The lead of the fourth-best when opening a suit with a low card was not advocated by me in print, but was settled between "Cavendish" and me by correspondence. What is not generally known—for Mr. Henry Jones has modestly kept it to himself—is that he independently suggested this rule of play in a letter which crossed one from me of the same import.

In his letter "Cavendish" said: "I call four the normal number in strong suits. It is the type; more than four is very strong. Treat every suit (except ace suits and king, queen, knight suits with five) as though you held only four, without the supernumerary small cards. The rest follows." I wrote: "Treat every long suit as if it were originally the ordinary long suit of four cards; consequently, lead the fourth from the top, or drop down to the fourth from the top, on quitting the head of the suit."

It seems from the above that our ideas on the subject ran parallel, and whatever credit may attach to the introduction of the fourth-best when a low card is led, "Cavendish" is certainly entitled to his share of it.

For some time after the publication of the articles in the *Field*, nothing more appeared in print on the subject. In the mean time it was evident from the letters of Mr. Jones that "American Leads," as he called them, were growing in his estimation. He wanted me to publish them in pamphlet form, but not being inclined to do so, I left it to him to champion the leads, and on the 9th of August, 1884, there appeared in the *Field* the first article on American Leads by "Cavendish," in the introduction to which he said, "Having satisfied ourselves that these leads are sound and in harmony with general principles of play, and that they are advantageous to those who practise them, there is evidently but one course open to us, viz., to give them our unqualified support." In this, and in two other articles which followed during the same month, he explained the whole system of American Leads in a clear and forcible manner, which must have carried conviction to any unbiassed mind.

That an unknown individual signing himself N. B. T. was suggesting some innovations to the game seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to the conservatives, who paid not the slightest attention to his articles; but when "Cavendish" declared that he intended to give his "unqualified support" to American Leads, the mediæval division of players rose up in arms against the proposed improvements.

"Mogul," a whist celebrity, put on his war-paint, and made some savage attacks in the *Field* on American Leads and their authors, denouncing the leads as "abominable modern inventions." "Pembroke,"

the clever author of *Whist or Bumble-puppy*, rushed into print with *The Decline and Fall of Whist*, in which he gave vent to his pent-up feelings "of abhorrence of the recent proceedings of the new academy"; and several of the lesser whist lights also entered the lists against American Leads.

The denunciations of these parties did not in the least alter "Cavendish's" opinion, for he continued to champion American Leads in every possible manner. In February, 1885, he delivered a lecture on the subject to a large gathering of prominent whist players, in the drawing-room of the United Whist Club, in London, a summary of which appeared in the *New York Spirit of the Times*, March 14, 1885. In the following month he published, in the same paper, an article entitled "Mr. Barlow on American Leads at Whist," containing an instructive lesson under the guise of a clever travesty of the old-fashioned style of *Sandford and Merton*, and of the pompousness of Mr. Barlow, who did not forget to back up Harry and snub Tommy, as was his habit. In December of the same year he published an article on American Leads in *Baily's Magazine*, and finally, after the pros and cons had been pretty thoroughly threshed out in the *Field*, he incorporated the whole system of American Leads in the sixteenth edition of his *Laws and Principles of Whist*, 1886, the recognized textbook of the whist player. From that moment the future of those leads as a permanent feature of the game was assured.

The American Leads discussion in the *Field* was summed up by "Merry Andrew," one of the participants, in a pamphlet entitled "The American Lead Controversy." The title-page bore the motto: "*Vous savez les American Leads, jeune homme? Quelle TRIST(e) vieillesse vous vous préparez!*"—engrafting a pleasantry on a parody of Talleyrand's well-known prediction of a cheerless old age to the youth who was ignorant of the game.

During this period whist was advancing with rapid strides in other directions. Dr. Pole, applying his high mathematical and logical attainments to the solution of the question of second hand covering an honor with an honor, holding fewer than four in suit, published the results of his calculations in the *Field*, April 26, 1884, by which he demonstrated that the covering

was disadvantageous. Since that period this time-honored practice has been abandoned.

In the *Field* of October 11, 1884, appeared the first of nine articles on "The Play of Third Hand," a masterly and exhaustive piece of whist analysis, by which "Cavendish" reduced the unblocking play to a system, called by him the "Plain-suit echo." This consists in retaining the lowest card of your partner's long suit, when you hold four exactly, by which play you often clear his suit, and gain one or more tricks for the partnership. This, together with American Leads and the new play of not covering an honor (except, of course, with the ace), as recommended by Dr. Pole, was embodied by "Cavendish" in his well-known work, *Whist Developments*, published in 1885.

In 1885 the sub-echo, or showing three trumps, was suggested by me to our whist circle. It was pronounced to be sound in theory, being an instance of progressiveness of whist language, and after some months' trial was adopted as a useful device. It is merely echoing, after showing that you have not four trumps. There are several ways of sub-echoing; the simplest case is this: your partner leads a trump on which you play the two—you cannot therefore have four. A plain suit is opened, you echo, and you thus tell him you held three trumps originally. I am bound to say that "Cavendish" does not approve of the sub-echo, which was explained in a *Field* article, November 21, 1885.

As far back as February, 1884, "Cavendish" wrote to me as follows: "From king, queen, five in suit, might not queen be led? If queen wins, continue with small. This cannot be queen, knave, ten lead, or knave would be next lead; so it must be something else, viz., king, queen, more than four in suit. . . . This may also necessitate reconsideration of leads from ace, king, five in suit. If ace is first led, then king, leader has at least three small ones; this lead has often been proposed, but at present the best players I know think the immediate demonstration of ace, king more important than declaration of number." Although his conviction grew stronger every day that these leads were right, in fact, necessary, as adjuncts to the unblocking play, yet so great is his respect for British conservatism that four

years elapsed before "Cavendish" formally recommended them in print, which he did "in fear and quake" (as he afterward acknowledged), in three *Field* articles, the first appearing May 12, 1888. To his great surprise, however, his fears that these innovations would meet with violent opposition proved to be groundless. In the *Field* of December 28, 1889, he says: "I find that these leads are adopted all over the kingdom, not only by the minority, but by players to whom American Leads are a sealed book, and who never dream of unblocking."

In the analysis made of these leads the fact became evident that a suit of more than four cards headed by a quart or tierce major could be opened in a manner more advantageous than formerly; the result was, leads full of information, viz., the knave in the case of the quart major, and the queen in the case of the tierce major, instead of king in both instances; the remaining high indifferent cards being used to show number on the second round.

All of the above leads have been adopted by the advanced players of this country.

The latest whist novelty is the *eleven rule*, the object of which is to give a simple method by which the number of cards superior to the fourth-best led that are out against the leader may be quickly ascertained. This is accomplished by deducting the number of pips on the fourth-best card from eleven, the remainder being the number of the higher cards. This has been derisively called playing whist by arithmetic. The eleven rule was first worked out by Mr. R. T. Foster, of New York, who, however, did not divulge it, except to his pupils. It was afterward independently discovered by Mr. E. F. M. Benecke, of Oxford, England, and given to the public in the *Field* of January 4, 1890.

It is evident from the foregoing that whist has made great progress in the last two decades. The general tendency of improvement has been toward defining and generalizing the principles inherent to the game, with the result of systematizing the play, which, in turn, has assisted to further the interests of the combination of partnership hands, which Dr. Pole justly considers to be the broad fundamental principle on which the modern scientific game is based.

MOODS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

I.

ANOTHER DAY.

ANOTHER day, and with it that brute joy,
Or that prophetic rapture of the boy
Whom every morning brings as glad a breath
As if it dawned upon the end of death!

All other days have run the common course,
And left me at their going neither worse
Nor better for them; only, a little older,
A little sadder, and a little colder.

But this, it seems as if this day might be
The day I somehow always thought to see,
And that should come to bless me past the scope
Of my most incommensurable hope.

To-day, maybe, the things that were concealed
Before the first day was, shall be revealed,
The riddle of our misery shall be read,
And it be clear whether the dead are dead.

Before this sun shall sink into the west
The tired earth may have fallen on his breast,
And into heaven the world have passed away. . . .
At any rate, it is another day!

II.

LIFE.

ONCE a thronged thoroughfare that wound afar
By shining streams, and waving fields and woods,
And festal cities and sweet solitudes,
All whither, onward to the utmost star:

Now a blind alley, lurking by the shore
Of stagnant ditches, walled with reeking crags,
Where one old heavy-hearted vagrant lags,
Footsore, at nightfall limping to Death's door.

III.

TEMPERAMENT.

WHERE love and hate, honor and infamy,
Change and dissolve away, and cease to be;
Where good and evil in effect are one
In the long tale of years beneath the sun;
Where like the face a man sees in a glass
And turns from, character itself shall pass—
Out of the mystery whence we came we bring
One thing that is the one immutable thing,
Through which we fashion all that we do here,
Which is the body of our hope and fear,
The form of all we feel and all we know,
The color of our weal and of our woe,
And which alone, it may be, we shall bear
Back to that mystery when we go there.

IV.

WEATHER-BREEDER.

AH, not to know that such a happiness
 To be wished greater were to be made less;
 That one drop more must make it spill in tears
 Of agony that blisters and that sears;
 That the supreme perfection of thy bliss
 Alone could mother misery like this!

V.

PEONAGE.

How tired the Recording Angel must begin
 To be of setting down the same old sin,
 The same old folly, year out and year in,
 Since I knew how to err, against my name!
 It makes me sick at heart and sore with shame
 To think of that monotony of blame
 For things I fancied once that I should be
 Quits with in doing; but at last I see
 All that I did became a part of me,
 And cannot be put from me, but must still
 Remain a potent will within my will,
 Holding me debtor, while I live, to ill.

VI.

SOME ONE ELSE.

LIVE my life over? I would rather not.
 Though I could choose, perhaps, a fairer lot,
 I cannot hope I should be worthier it,
 Or wiser by experience any whit.
 Being what I am, I should but do once more
 The things that brought me grief and shame before.
 But I should really fancy trying again
 For some else who had lived once in vain:
 Somehow another's erring life allures;
 And were I you, I might improve on yours.

THE LITERARY LANDMARKS OF EDINBURGH.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs."

THE Scottish men of letters seem to have been heroes even to their own valets—when they had valets—and they are certainly revered at home as much as they are honored abroad. While Scotchmen's sons in the antipodes organize Burns Clubs and Waverley Societies, their fathers erect statues to their Scott and their cotter bard in every corner of the mother-land; and when the poets of Scotland ask for bread they are given baronetcies and positions in the excise; and love and reverence as well as stalled oxen go therewith. The first thing which attracts the eye of the stranger upon his arrival in Edinburgh is the Scott Monument, not the Castle. The figures of Allan Ramsay, Professor Wilson, and their peers, in bronze or marble, standing on the lofty pedestals upon which their countrymen have placed them, are as suggestive of Scotland's might and of Scotland's right as is the Palace of Holyrood or the Cathedral of St. Giles. And the long line of the creators of Scottish literature from Drummond of Hawthornden, the friend of Ben Jonson, to John Brown of Edinburgh, the friend of Rab, have done more to make and keep Scotland free than have all the belted knights her kings have ever made. The Roman alphabet was probably the

first which found its way into Scotland, and its introduction, no doubt, was co-eval with the introduction of Christianity; and Richard, Abbot of St. Victor in Paris, a celebrated theologian, who died in 1173, may be considered the earliest literary man of Scottish birth. This prior, however, had but little to do with Edinburgh, and the first Scottish author of renown who was familiar with the Netherbow or the Castle Hill was, unquestionably, Michael Scott, who wrote *A Booke of Alchemy* toward the end of the thirteenth century. Between his day and that of the other Michael Scott, who wrote *Tom Cringle's Log* in the beginning of the nineteenth century, many scores of brilliant Scotchmen have walked the High Street and the Canongate—men “with intellects fit to grapple with whole libraries,” or men who have been the author of but one immortal song; and men, all of them, of whom Scotland and the world are justly proud.

Although William Drummond of Hawthornden passed the greater part of his life as a retired country gentleman at his famous mansion on the banks of the Esk, he was educated at the High-school at Edinburgh and at the Edinburgh University, to which latter institution he bequeathed his collection of books; and from his close neighborhood to the capital he was, without question, a frequent visitor to its streets and closes. The first “Hie Schule” of Edinburgh, in which Drummond was a pupil, was built in 1567, in the garden of the monastery of the Blackfriars, at the east end of the present Infirmary Street, and near the head of what was once the High-school Wynd. It was taken down in 1777, to make room for the second High-school, which is now the College of Surgeons. The present University buildings, dating back only from 1789, stand upon the site of the original establishment, no portion of which has been preserved.

Hawthornden, which its owner, anticipating Gray's famous line, described as a sweet flowery place, “far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords,” is but seven miles from Edinburgh by country road, and half an hour by rail. Unfortunately it is not the identical mansion which Ben Jonson knew, although it was enlarged and altered by the poet's friend in 1638, eleven years before Drummond's death, and twenty years after that memo-

rable visit, upon which, perhaps, in most minds, the Scotch poet's fame now rests. If Drummond, as he sat under his sycamore-tree that memorable afternoon, watching Jonson's approach, did not cry, “Welcome, welcome, royal Ben,” and if Jonson did not reply on the instant, “Thank'e, thank'e, Hawthornden,” as tradition has ever since asserted, there can be no question that the welcome was a right royal one. Jonson might not have been so free with his thanks and his speech, however, if he had known that his “Hawthornden” was to become, at his expense, the inventor of interviewing. Drummond died at Hawthornden in 1649, and lies in the church-yard of Lasswade, not very far distant.

The Scotchman who was to outshine Drummond as an interviewer, and to excel all the writing world in that particular line, brought another if not a greater Johnson to Scotland in 1773. On the night of the 14th of August of that year the following note was written and received in Edinburgh: “Mr. Johnson sends his compliments to Mr. Boswell, being just arrived at Boyd's.” His sojourn at this time lasted but four days. After their return from the Hebrides, on the 9th of November, Johnson remained about a fortnight in the Scottish capital, as Boswell's guest; but, except to Boswell, neither visit was freighted with much importance. The great man was shown the Parliament House, the Advocates' Library, the Cathedral, the Castle, the College, and the Cowgate, and he had something disagreeable to say about each; he supped heartily, he dined heavily, and he talked ponderously; he made a deep impression upon his host's “daughter Veronica, then a child about four months old”; and, although his host forgot to mention it, he so pleased Mr. Henry Erskine, who was presented to him in the Parliament House, that Erskine slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand, whispering that it was “for the sight of the bear.”

“Boyd's,” at which Johnson alighted on his first arrival in Edinburgh, was “The White Horse Inn,” in Boyd's Close, St. Mary's Wynd, Canongate; but tavern, close, and wynd have all been swept away by the besom of improvement. St. Mary's Wynd stood where now stands St. Mary Street, and the site of the tavern, on the northeast corner of Boyd's Entry and the present St. Mary Street, is marked with a



SCOTT MONUMENT, FROM THE SOUTH END OF WAVERLEY BRIDGE.

tablet recording its association with Boswell and Johnson. "The White Horse" continued to be a coaching house until the close of the eighteenth century, and in Boswell's day it was one of the best hostelries in the town. It must not, however, be confounded with "The White Horse Inn," a picturesque ruin, with its shattered gables, its broken chimneys, and the date 1623 over its window, still standing at the foot of White Horse Wynd, at

the other end of the Canongate. This is one of the most antique buildings left in Edinburgh, and it was the lodging-place of Captain Waverley "in stirring '45."

The only other place of public refreshment associated with Johnson in Edinburgh or its neighborhood is the old inn at Roslin, at which the bear's ward and the bear stopped once for a dish of tea on their way to Hawthornden. No longer an inn, it stands almost directly opposite

the chapel, back from the road, and is now a private house, of gray stone, with a tiled roof, little more than a cottage in size or condition.

Some one has called Boswell's Ursa Major "the Jupiter of English letters with one satellite," which sounds very

describe as having no "sensible eccentricity"—how can the scientists ignore Tom Davies, Arthur Murphy, Topham Beauclerc, Bennet Langton, "Peter Pindar," Lucy Porter, Letitia Hawkins, Anna Williams, Charlotte Lennox, or Mrs. Thrale? If these were not Jupiter's moons, the



JAMES'S COURT, 501 HIGH STREET.

epigrammatic, but is not very true. The grand old primary planet of Bolt Court, who revolved about Fleet Street and the Temple in the days of the early Georges, had more little stars in his train than the naked eye could see. Granting that James Boswell was the first satellite—a stellar body, by-the-way, which the astronomers

whole planetary system is a delusion and a snare.

How much this literary Jupiter owes to his literary satellites, particularly to the first one, it is not easy, at this distance of time, to tell. But who reads his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* in these days? How often is his *Diction-*

ary consulted? What influence has his *Rambler* upon modern letters? Which sweet girl graduate or cultivated Harvard "man" of to-day can quote a line from *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, or knows whether that production is in prose or verse? What would the world have thought of Samuel Johnson at the end of a hundred years if a silly little Scottish laird had not made a hero of him, to be worshipped as no literary man was ever worshipped before or since, and if he had not written a biography of him which is the best in any language, and the model for all others?

Mr. Croker in his preface calls attention to the curious fact that Boswell's personal intercourse with Johnson was exceedingly infrequent and limited, a fact which is very apt to be overlooked even by the more careful readers of the *Life*. They first met about twenty years before Johnson's death; and after that meeting Boswell was not in England more than a dozen times. Mr. Croker even counted the days they were together in London, as well as during the visits to Edinburgh and the tour to the Hebrides, and shows them to have been but two hundred and seventy-six in all; so that this marvellous biography, with its minuteness of detail, its small-talk and gossip, its wise and foolish disclosures, is the result of but nine months of actual observation of its subject by its author. Were nine months ever so profitably and so industriously employed!

Boswell's house in James's Court, Lawn-market (a continuation and part of the High Street), to which he conducted Johnson as soon as the new arrival had thrown the lemonade out of Lucky Boyd's window, and had threatened Boyd's wait-



HUME'S LODGINGS, RIDDLE'S CLOSE, 322 HIGH STREET.

er with a similar mode of exit, is no longer in existence. James's Court, a little square, has three distinct entrances from the Lawn-market, and is surrounded by houses eight or nine stories in height. In its present state it is picturesque enough and exceedingly unsavory, filled as it is with ragged women, beer and whiskey sodden men, dirty children, and clothes which are hung out to dry, and are supposed to be clean. Robert Chambers was of the opinion that Boswell had two different suits of apartments in this court, and there is every reason to believe that as tenant of the earlier of these he succeeded David Hume, who had gone there in 1762. This house has also been taken

down. Fortunately for Boswell's own peace of mind, he had left Hume's old lodgings when Johnson was his guest, for if Johnson had been told that the rooms he occupied had ever been profaned by the presence of "that echo of Voltaire," it is to be feared that Mrs. Boswell's tea, and Veronica herself, and all of the Boswell family, would have gone the way of Lucky Boyd's lemonade.

Hume's first Edinburgh home was in Riddle's Close, on the opposite side of the Lawn-market—No. 322 High Street—his family consisting of himself, a maid, a cat, and now and then a sister, but never a wife. His house has been described as "in the first court reached on entering the close, and it is approached by a projecting turret stair." It is black with age and dust and with the petrified smoke of many a score of years. It may not be out of place here to say that a "close," as defined in Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, and by other authorities, is a passage, an entry, an area before a house, a place fenced in; a "wynd" is an alley, a lane; a "pend" is an arch; a "bow" is the curve or bending of a street; a "port" is a gate; a "land" is a house consisting of different stories, generally as including different tenements; a "toll" is a turnpike; a "tolbothe," or a "tollbooth," is a jail; a "trone," or "tron," is a weighing-beam; a "brig" is a bridge; a "change-house" is a small inn or ale-house; a "hole i' the wa'" is literally a hole in the wall, a doorway in a piece of masonry which has no window, or other door, or other embrasure of any kind; "scale stairs" are a straight flight of steps, as opposed to a "turnpike stair," which is of a spiral form; and "luckie," or "lucky," is a designation given to an elderly woman, the mistress of an ale-house.

Hume began his *History of England* in Riddle's Close, but wrote the greater part of it in Jack's Land, in the Canongate, to which he removed in 1753, and where he lived for nine years. Jack's Land, now numbered 229 Canongate, on the north side, is an old, dusky, dingy, four-storied building, entered from Little Jack's Close, and still standing as Hume left it to go to James's Court. After his return from the Continent, seven or eight years later, Hume built for himself a more pretentious house in the New Town. It is now No. 21 South St. David Street, and No. 8 St. Andrew Square, the entrance

being on St. David Street facing Rose Street. John Hill Burton, the author of *The Book Hunter*, in his *Life of Hume*, says that a tradition existed among the domestics of Hume's household that St. David Street was so called in derision, because David Hume lived in it, and that he is said to have told one of his "lassies," who protested against what she considered an insult, that "many a waur man than he had been made a saint before." He died in his new house in 1776; and he lies under an ugly round tower, which is supposed to be of classic form, in the Calton Burying-ground. There is no record of the place of Hume's birth, except that it was in the "Tron Church Parish, Edinburgh."

It is a curious coincidence that the man so closely associated with Hume as the historian of England should have lived for some time in a house directly opposite the house once occupied by Hume in the Canongate. Mrs. Telfer, a sister of Tobias Smollett, occupied the second flat of the house 182 Canongate, over the archway leading into St. John Street; and here the novelist spent some time in 1766. The house is unchanged; the front windows look out upon the Canongate, although the apartments are entered from that thoroughfare through the first door to the right after passing the pend, and up the circular steps in the tall abutment now numbered 22 St. John Street. Robert Chambers, writing almost sixty years after this visit of Smollett to Edinburgh, describes him as he heard him described by "a person who recollects seeing him there, as dressed in black clothes, tall and extremely handsome, but quite unlike the portraits at the front of his works, all of which are disclaimed by his relations." This is a picture which will interest those collectors who need to be assured by contemporary evidence that perhaps no genuine engraved picture of the author of *Peregrine Pickle* exists.

Smollett studied the Scottish capital and its inhabitants, and introduced them both into his *Humphrey Clinker*, published in 1771, a very curious and ingenious commingling of facts and fancy. Picturing himself as Matt Bramble, he writes to "Dr. Lewis": "Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius; I have the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the first distinction, such as the two Humes, Robertson, Smith, Wallace, Blair,



SMOLLETT'S HOUSE, ST. JOHN STREET, CANONGATE.

Ferguson, Wilkie, etc., and I have found them all as agreeable in conversation as they are instructive and entertaining in their writings. These acquaintances I owe to the friendship of Dr. Carlyle."

The Robertson in question was William Robertson, D.D., the historian, who died in 1793, in the Grange House, still standing near the Grange Cemetery: Wallace was Robert Wallace, D.D., author of the

Dissertation on the Numbers of Mankind, who died in the then suburban village of Broughton in 1771; Blair was Hugh Blair, D.D., the rhetorician, who was the first to introduce the poems of Ossian to the world, who occupied Hume's apartments in James's Court when Hume was on the Continent, who once lived in Argyle Square, and who was buried in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, his monu-

ment standing on the south side of the church; Wilkie was William Wilkie, D.D., whom Henry Mackenzie in his *Life of Home* called the "Scottish Homer"; Ferguson was Adam Ferguson, the professor of moral philosophy, in whose house Burns and Scott had their first and only meeting, of which more anon; Dr. Carlyle was the Rev. Alexander Carlyle, of Inveresk and Musselburgh, who became unpopular in his church on account of his assistance to Home in the production of *Douglas*; and Smith was Adam Smith, author of *The Wealth of Nations*, one of the most remarkable books which bear a Scotchman's name—and that is saying much for it, and for him.

Adam Smith spent the last twelve years of his life in Panmure House, Panmure Close, 129 Canongate. This edifice still stands on the right-hand side of the close, numbered 15, as one enters from the Canongate. He died here in 1790, and was buried in the Canongate Church-yard, hard by, a tall mural tablet on the wall of the rear of the Court-house, on the extreme left of the ground, recording that fact.

"The two Humes" of whom Smollett wrote, were unquestionably David Hume and John Home, the author of *Douglas*, as both of them were often in his society in Edinburgh. It is said that the only approaches to a disagreement in the long and intimate friendship existing between these "two Humes" were regarding the relative merits of claret and port, and in relation to the spelling of their name, the philosopher in early life having adopted the orthography indicated by the pronunciation, the poet and preacher always clinging to the old and invariable custom of his family. David carried the discussion so far that on his death-bed he added a codicil to his will, written with his own hand, to this effect: "I leave to my friend Mr. John Home, of Kilduff, ten dozen of my old claret at his choice; and one other bottle of that other liquor called port. I also leave him six dozen of port, provided that he attests, under his hand, signed John *Hume*, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at a sitting. By this concession he will at once terminate the only difference that ever arose between us concerning temporal matters." It is to be inferred that this is a joke *which got into the head* of one Scotchman without a surgical operation.

John Home was born on the east side of Quality Street, near Bernard Street, Leith, in a house no longer standing. He was educated at the Grammar-school in his native town, and at the University of Edinburgh. In 1767 he bought the farm of Kilduff, in East Lothian, where he remained until he removed to Edinburgh, thirteen years later. In *Home's Life and Letters* no hint is given as to his Edinburgh abiding-place. He died there, at a ripe old age, in 1808, and was buried in the yard of South Leith Parish church, on the outer wall of which, on the south side, is a tablet with a simple inscription to his memory. It is visible, but not legible, from Kirkgate Street.

Douglas was first produced upon the regular stage on the 14th of December, 1756, at the Canongate Theatre (of which there is no sign now), in Playhouse Close, 200 Canongate. According to tradition, however—and very misty tradition—it was performed privately some time before at the lodgings of Mrs. Sarah Warde, a professional actress, who lived in Horse Wynd, near the foot of the Canongate, and with the following most astonishing amateur cast:

<i>Lord Randolph</i> . . .	Rev. Dr. Robertson [principal of the University of Edinburgh].
<i>Glenalvon</i>	Dr. David Hume [historian].
<i>Old Norval</i>	Rev. Dr. Carlyle [minister of Musselburgh].
<i>Douglas</i>	Rev. John Home [the author of the tragedy].
<i>Lady Randolph</i> . . .	Dr. Ferguson [professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh].
<i>Anna</i> (the Maid) . .	Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair [minister of the High Church of Edinburgh].

Adam Ferguson as Lady Randolph and Hugh Blair as Anna must have added an unexpectedly comic element to the tragedy. It is not more than justice to say that Dugald Stewart, the biographer of Principal Robertson, asserts that the Randolph of this cast "never entered a playhouse in his life." On the other hand, the Lady Randolph of this occasion, writing to Home some years later, used very professional and rather unfeminine language when she said: "Dear John, damn the actors that damned the play." Lord and Lady Randolph, by-the-way, were billed as Lord and Lady Barnet when *Douglas* was originally produced, and the original Norval originally declared

his name to be "Forman, on the Grampian Hills," etc.

Henry Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling and the biographer of Home, was born in 1745 in Liberton's Wynd, which ran north and south between the Lawn-

zie's home, when it was known as No. 4 Brown Square. The last years of his life were passed at No. 6 Heriot Row, in one of a long line of eminently "genteel" houses facing the Queen Street Gardens, over which he had shot as a boy.



ADAM SMITH'S HOUSE, PANMURE CLOSE, 129 CANONGATE.

market and the Cowgate, where George IV. Bridge now stands. Like so many of his towns-people, he was educated in the High-school and the University. He had many residences in Edinburgh during his long life. An umbrella-maker occupying the present No. 36 Chambers Street in 1889 pointed out with no little pride that tenement as having once been Macken-

The last of his own generation, he was the connecting link between the men of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. He could remember the figures of Allan Ramsay and Robert Ferguson, and he was himself in his old age a familiar figure to some of the men of his guild who walk the streets of Edinburgh today. He died in Heriot Row in 1831, at

the age of eighty-six, and he lies under a plain mural tablet in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, on the north side of the terrace. He is described thereon as "an author who for no short time and in no small part supported the literary reputation of his country"; and yet the custodian of the little city cemetery, an enthusiastic lover of the spot and of its associations, said, in a regretful way, to an American visitor not very long ago, that Mackenzie was entirely forgotten by the men of the present day, and that no one had asked to see his resting-place in many years. Such graves as his should be pilgrim shrines; but the only shrine in Greyfriars' which pilgrims care for now is the grave of a man of whom nothing is known except the fact that his single mourner was a little terrier-dog!

A review of the first (or Kilmarnock) edition of Burns's poems, contributed by Mackenzie to a short-lived periodical called *The Lounger*, may be said to have been the turning-point in the career of the poet, and to have decided his fate and his fame. Burns was on the eve of emigration perhaps when this article, coupled with the friendly efforts of Dr. Blacklock, brought him into public notice and into Edinburgh, and procured for him the patronage which encouraged his later efforts.

A neighbor of Mackenzie's in that little city of the dead is another man of letters almost equally forgotten by the world, yet of whom it was said when he died that Scottish poetry died with him. For Allan Ramsay is believed to lie under a birch-tree almost in front of the tablet to his memory, on the south side of the Greyfriars' Church, but there is no stone to mark his grave. Ramsay began his life in Edinburgh as an apprentice to a periwig-maker in 1701, but some time between the years 1716 and 1720 he became a maker and a seller of books, his publications after the latter date bearing an imprint which stated that they were "sold at the sign of the Mercury, opposite the head of Niddry's Wynd." In 1726 he removed from this shop to one on the second floor of a building which stood upon the line of the High Street, "alongside St. Giles's Church," his windows commanding the City Cross and the lower part of the High Street. Here he changed his sign, substituting the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummond of Hawthornden

for that of Mercury; and here he added to his business a circulating library, the first in Scotland. Below him, on the ground-floor, was the shop of Creech, who published the second, or "Edinburgh," edition of Burns's Poems in 1787, and hence the name Creech's Land, so often given to Ramsay's second and last shop, to the confusion of the interested inquirer after literary landmarks. It was a part of the Luckenbooth, a group of queer-looking buildings which stood in, not on, the High Street, blocking up and disfiguring that thoroughfare in the days of Ramsay and Creech, but long since removed.

"The Gentle Shepherd" was written and published while Ramsay was trading, and living too, in the establishment opposite Niddry's Wynd—now Niddry Street—and the house, still standing at 155 High Street, is, for its associations' sake, one of the most interesting of the old buildings in Edinburgh to-day. It has now but two stories (the gables that surmounted it have lately been removed) and a high and sloping roof, from which rises an enormous square chimney, that might pass in the frequent mists of the place for a cupola or a bell tower.

The last years of Ramsay's life were passed in a straggling stucco house off the present Ramsay Place and Ramsay Gardens, standing now very much as Ramsay built it, with a little bit of green behind it, and all of the New Town of Edinburgh at its front; having from its windows a fine view of the Castle, of a long line of streets and spires, and of a beautiful stretch of open country. Architecturally it cannot be commended, but it is superbly placed, and it hardly merits the name "Goose Pie," given it because of its peculiar shape by the would-be humorists of Ramsay's day. A statue of Ramsay stands in Princes Street Gardens, immediately in front of this house.

The theatre built by Ramsay in 1736, and in which he lost so much of the money his books had brought him, stood at the foot of Carrubber's Close, No. 135 High Street. It was afterward converted, and became a church called Whitfield Chapel, but no stick or stone of chapel or play-house now remains. Ramsay and Gay often met in an ale-house called "Jenny Ha's Change-house," which used to stand in front of Queensbury House, in the Canongate, the mansion of Gay's patron-

ess, described by Walpole as "Prior's Kitty ever fair." Johnson in his *Lives of the Poets* says nothing of Gay's Edinburgh experiences, but he certainly spent some time there, and tradition used to point out his lodgings in the upper story of a poor tenement opposite Queensbury House, not far from Jenny Ha's establishment. Queensbury House, No. 64 Canon-gate, is now a House of Refuge for the Destitute. It is little altered in outward appearance, and is an ugly, dark, uninviting pile of gray stone, with no attempt at ornamentation or architectural display. Jenny Ha's Change-house has entirely disappeared.

Dugald Stewart, a contemporary and friend of Mackenzie, and the biographer of Dr. Robertson, lies not very far from Adam Smith in the Canongate Church-yard, near the northwest corner, under a large altar tomb of gray stone. He lived in Lothian Hut in the Horse Wynd, Canongate, upon the site of which a brewery now stands, and he died at No. 5 Ainslie Place, in the New Town, in a house on a little square at the west end of Queen Street, surrounded by aristocratic private residences. He was a constant frequenter of Creech's, although he had, naturally, no association with Ramsay, who died when Stewart was a boy of ten studying at the High-school, and living in the precincts of the University, of which his father was professor of mathematics.

Two notable Scotchmen, whose mortal parts now keep company with Smith and Stewart in the Canongate Church-yard, are "the two Fergusons," Robert and Adam, men far apart in thought and character during their lives, but closely united in death. Robert Ferguson, whom Burns acknowledged as his master, was born in 1751 in Cap and Feathers Close, the site of which is now covered by the buildings standing on the east side of the North Bridge. He went to a small school in Niddry's Wynd, and later to the first High-school, and before he had reached the age of twenty-four he died in the pauper lunatic asylum called Old Darien House, which was demolished a century later. A tablet on the comparatively modern building No. 15 Bristo Place states that there the Bedlam of poor Ferguson stood. Like so many children of genius, Ferguson's conduct reflected but little credit on his dam, and he was a relentless enemy toward himself, if not toward his



A RESORT OF ROBERT FERGUSON'S, CRAIG'S CLOSE, 265 HIGH STREET.

brothers and sisters. He abandoned the study of medicine because he fancied himself afflicted with every disease of which he read the description, and no doubt he died in a mad-house from fear that he would die insane.

Ferguson can be traced to his taverns and his clubs in Edinburgh more easily than to any of his homes, except the last one, and wherever fun was rampant and gin cheap, there was Ferguson to be found. He would often, as he sang in his "Cauler Oyster,"

"To Luckie Middlemist's loup in,
And sit fu' snug
Owre oysters and a dram o' gin
Or haddock lug."

Lucky Middlemist's establishment in the Cowgate has given place to the south pier of the South Bridge.

Another favorite resort of Ferguson's, where, "wi' sang and glass he'd flee the power o' care, that wad harras the hour," was the Cape Club, which met at the Isle of Man's Arms, Craig's Close (265 High Street). In Craig's Close is still to be seen the broken-down and neglected sign of the Cockburn Tavern, in front of a broken-down and neglected tenement, about half-way up the close on the east side, with all of its flashes of merriment gone this many a year. Standing as it does "between the back and front tenements," this may perhaps have been once the Isle of Man. Still another of the inns to which Ferguson went to "get his cares and pother laid" was Johnnie Dowie's Tavern, in Liberton's Wynd, which was later a favorite resort of Burns, and which has been dubbed "The Mermaid of Edinburgh." It was famous as the Burns Tavern in the last years of its existence, and was long one of the architectural lions of the Old Town for Burns's sake; but when George IV. Bridge was built both tavern and wynd were swept away, and, like everything else associated with Ferguson in life, no trace of it is left. There is even no absolutely authentic portrait of him known to the collectors; and the best, if the most homely, of the contemporary descriptions of him represents him as being "very smally and delicate, a little in-kneed, and waigled a good deal in walking."

How far Burns was really influenced by the verse of Ferguson it is not easy to say; he certainly was ever ready to acknowledge that influence. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was assuredly inspired by "The Farmer's Ingle," and there is no doubt that one of the first visits Burns made in Edinburgh was to the neglected grave of his "elder brother in the Muses." If he did not "sit him down and weep, uncovered," by the side of that lowly mound in the Canongate Church-yard, there can be no question that many a hat—of American make, at all events—has since been lifted in reverence there for Burns's sake if not for Ferguson's. Burns, in his letter to The Honorable Bailies of Canongate, showed his feeling on this subject, and in a most substantial way. "I am sorry," he wrote, "to be told that the remains of Robert Ferguson, the so justly

celebrated poet, a man whose talents for ages to come will do honor to our Caledonian name, lie in your church-yard among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown. Some memorial to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song when they wish to shed a tear over the narrow house of the bard who is now no more is surely a Tribute due to Ferguson's memory—a Tribute I wish to have the honor of paying. I petition you, then, gentlemen, to permit me to lay a simple stone over his reverend ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame."

The simple stone which "directs Pale Scotia's way to pour her Sorrows o'er her Poet's Dust" is on the west side of the church, not many steps from the gateway, and on the left as one enters the church-yard. It is always well cared for, and a royal Scottish thistle, planted by some devout hand, rises, as if defiantly, to guard the spot.

Time has dealt kindly with the landmarks of Burns in the Scottish metropolis, and improvement in its disastrous march has passed around, not over them. He reached town for the first time toward the end of November, 1786, when he found lodgings in Baxter's Close; during the same winter he is said to have lived on the Buccleuch Road; and in the winter of 1787-8 he had rooms in St. James Square in the New Town. These houses are fortunately still standing, as are also the Lodge of Freemasons in St. John Street, the residence of his friend Lord Monboddo in the same street, the Hole-in-the-Wa' in Buccleuch Pend, the inn at Roslin, and Sciennes House.

Lockhart in his *Life of Burns* quotes from the manuscript note-book of R. H. Cromak as follows: "Mr. Richmond, of Mauchline, told me that Burns spent the first winter of his residence in Edinburgh in his [Richmond's] lodgings. They slept in the same bed, and had only one room, for which they paid three shillings a week. It was in the house of a Mrs. Carfrae, Baxter's Close, Lawn-market, first scale stair on the left hand going down, first door in the stair." John Richmond was merely a lawyer's clerk, but the apartment was not quite so humble as Allan Cunningham represents it in his *Life of Burns*—"a deal table, a sanded floor, and a chaff bed." It is a fair-sized room, panelled with wood; the window, however, looks out upon Lady Stair's Close



BURNS'S LODGINGS, HIGH STREET, BETWEEN BAXTER'S CLOSE AND LADY STAIR'S CLOSE.

(No. 477 High Street), not upon Baxter's Close (No. 469 High Street). The house itself was an old house even in Burns's day, and now it is reduced to the very lowest social level; it holds no tablet to tell the passer-by of its former famous tenant; but nearly all of its present humble occupants are well aware, and very proud, of the fact that they sleep under the roof that once sheltered Robbie Burns.

Lockhart is the authority for saying that Burns lodged with William Nicoll,

one of the teachers of the High-school, on the Buccleuch Road (now Buccleuch Street), during the winter of 1786-7. This house is over the pend leading into St. Patrick Square, and directly opposite Buccleuch Place; and Nicoll's apartments were on the top floor. If Burns did not lodge with Nicoll, he was certainly familiar with the neighborhood, for in the archway was and still is a hole-in-the-wall, leading, in Burns's day, to an underground public-house kept by one Lucky



LADY STAIR'S CLOSE—BURNS'S WINDOW,
FIRST FLOOR, SECOND STORY.

Pringle, and much frequented both by Nicoll and Burns. The oldest inhabitants of the street and the square have no recollection of Lucky Pringle, or of her dram-shop; but, no doubt, it was in the basement of the house just to the north of Buccleuch Pend, and numbered now 14 Buccleuch Street.

When Burns revisited Edinburgh he lodged with William Cruikshank, another teacher of the High-school, in a house on the southeast corner of St. James Square, in the New Town, and his was the topmost or attic window in the gable looking toward the General Post-office in Waterloo Place. Herefrom Burns wrote: "I am certain I saw you, Clorinda, but you don't look to the proper story for a poet's lodging—'where speculation roosted near the sky.' I could almost have thrown myself over for very vexation. Why didn't you look higher? It has spoiled my peace for the day. To be so near my charming Clorinda—to miss her look when it was searching for me...! I

am sure the soul is capable of disease, for mine has convulsed itself into an inflammatory fever."

This window of Burns's was pointed out to an enthusiastic pilgrim one summer morning in 1889, by an old resident of St. James Square to whom Clorinda had pointed it out herself. He remembered Clorinda (Mrs. Maclehouse) in her old age, when she lived with his own father in a small flat in a house at Greenside, upon an insignificant annuity allowed her by her brother. She went once to her husband in Jamaica, but did not leave the ship, as Mr. Maclehouse insisted upon her immediate return on the ground that the climate would not agree with her. She was in very poor circumstances during her later years, but never wearied of telling the story of her flirtation with Burns. As the aged resident remarked: "The auld donnert leddy bodie spoke o' her love for the poet just like a halikit bit lassie in her teens, and while exhibitin' to her cronies the faded letters from her Robbie she would juist greet like a bairn. Puir auld creature, she never till the moment o' her death jaloused or dooted Robbie's professed love for her; but, sir, you ken he was juist makin' a fule o' her, as his letters amply show."

Mrs. Maclehouse, deserted by her husband, lived, in Burns's time, with two young children in General's Entry, which lay between the Potterrow and Bristo Street; but no houses dating back to Clorinda's day stand within a stone's-throw of Clorinda's flat. The somewhat pretentious public school on Marshall Street was built upon General's Entry.

On the 14th of January, 1787, Burns wrote: "I went to a Mason lodge yesternight, where the M. W. Grand Master Charteris and all the Grand Lodge of Scotland visited. The meeting was numerous and elegant; all the different lodges about town were present in all their pomp. The Grand Master, who presided with all solemnity, among other general toasts gave 'Caledonia and Caledonia's bard, Brother B——,' which rang through the whole assembly with multiplied honors and repeated acclamations. As I had no idea such a thing would happen I was downright thunderstruck, and trembling in every nerve, made the best return in my power."

This was at the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, of which Burns af-

terward was made Poet-Laureate, and his inauguration, painted by William Stewart Watson, is familiar to all Scotchmen and Scotchmen's sons on both sides of the Atlantic, by reason of the many engravings

self uninteresting, half-way between the Canongate and the South Back of the Canongate, and now numbered 13 St. John Street, Burns was a frequent guest, as he was at the town residence of many a belt-



BURNS'S LODGING, BUCCLEUCH PEND, 14 BUCCLEUCH STREET.

made of it. The hall of the Kilwinning Lodge is still standing, on the west side of St. John Street, and is square and grim and rigid in appearance, the exterior and interior remaining as Burns saw them.

Nearly opposite the Kilwinning Lodge lived Lord Monboddo and his daughter, the lovely Miss Burnet, whose untimely death the poet mourned in verse. At this house, still left, commonplace and in it-

ed knight and at the humble home of many an honest man in Edinburgh during his happy life there, in houses of which no record need be given here.

The old inn at Roslin, already described as a stopping-place once of Boswell and Johnson, is perhaps more famous still because of certain lines to the landlady written by Burns on the back of a wooden platter, in which he declares that

although "he ne'er was here before, he'll ne'er again gang by her door."

A print of Dowie's Tavern is to be found in Hone's Year-book, accompanied by a verbal description written in 1831, when the place was doomed to destruction. At that time, the writer states, "few strangers omitted to call in to gaze at the coffin [?] of the bard; this was a small dark room which could barely accommodate, even by squeezing, half a dozen, but in which Burns used to sit. Here he composed one or two of his best songs, and here is preserved to the last the identical seats and table which had accommodated him."

Another favorite tavern of Burns which has long since disappeared was that of Dawney Douglas, in Anchor Close, where met the Crochallan Fencibles, whose performances Burns has chronicled in more places than one; and where "rattlin', roarin' Willie," and other rattlin', roarin' gentlemen, sat at the board with him on many a rattlin', roarin' occasion. At the foot of this same Anchor Close, 243 High Street, was the printing-office of William Smellie, where Burns corrected the proofs of his poems in that winter of 1786-7. This establishment was taken down in 1859 when Cockburn Street was constructed, and, strangely enough, the modern presses of the *Scotsman* newspaper roll and tumble now upon the spot where Black and Blair, and Smith and Hume, and Burns and Ferguson, watched the printing of their own works.

One of the most interesting of all the literary landmarks of Edinburgh, naturally, is the house in which Burns and Scott met for the first and only time. The story has been often told by Scott himself, and by others who were present, and is familiar to all admirers of both poets; but the question of the identity of the house has been the subject of much discussion among the local historians and antiquarians for many years. That it was the house of Professor Adam Ferguson there is no doubt, but as to where the professor at that time lived the doctors differ. In Peter Williamson's *Edinburgh Directory* of 1786-8, his address is given as Argyle Square—which was near the University, and which disappeared on the construction of Chambers Street—and this fact led to the inference that the interview must have occurred in that place, as Burns was in Edinburgh during the winter of '86-7. But Scott himself speaks

of Ferguson as living in an insulated house some distance from the town (Argyle Square was almost in the heart of the city); in a biographical sketch of Ferguson, printed in *The Transactions of the Edinburgh Royal Society* (1861-4), the writer says he lived at that time "in a suburb called the Sciennes"; Henry Cockburn in his *Memorials* says, "Old Adam Ferguson lived just east of my father's house," which would point clearly to the neighborhood of the Sciennes; and to crown all, Mr. Archibald Munro, in a letter to one of the Edinburgh papers published about ten years ago, says he found a printed record in the Register Office showing that Professor Ferguson disposed of his house in Argyle Square on the 3d of October, 1786—almost two months before Burns arrived in town—and that he got possession of Sciennes House on the 11th of October of the same year. This must surely settle the question of locality. Certain antiquaries assert that the stone cottage now called Alice Villa, and numbered 2 Sciennes Hill, was Ferguson's home—a claim which neither the size nor the modern construction of the house would seem to warrant. So that the old building, or what is left of it, still known as Sciennes House—and here for the first time pictured—certainly appears to have been

"the spot
Where Bobbie Burns ordained Sir Walter Scott."

It stands on the north side of Braid's Place—which is not numbered—two doors from the street called "The Sciennes." The present front, entirely rebuilt, was the back of the house occupied by Ferguson. The original front, still remaining in part, looked out upon its own grounds, now a paved yard full of children and of drying clothes. This front is not visible from the streets about it, and the fact of its existence is comparatively unknown even to the inhabitants of its own immediate neighborhood. Sciennes House in its day must have been an imposing mansion. It has four windows in breadth, and is three stories high; on its roof is a balustrade, and groups of flowers and fruits carved in stone are still to be seen upon it.

The name Sciennes, by-the-way, is derived from the old Convent of St. Katherine of Siena, which once stood near by, and the word is pronounced in the local vernacular as if spelled "Sheens." The fact that all of these points are now for



SCIENNES HOUSE.

the first time established and made public must be the excuse for the devotion of so much space to this particular matter.

Those lovers of Scott who love the inanimate things which Scott loved will find much to interest them in Edinburgh; for, with the exception of the house in which he was born, almost all of his homes and haunts in the metropolis are still to be seen there, and in very much the same state as that in which he saw them. A tablet upon the modern house No. 8 Chambers Street, between South Bridge Street and West College Street, states that it was built upon the site of the birthplace of Sir Walter Scott. This stood at the head of College Wynd, described as "a steep and straitened alley" ascending from the Cowgate toward the southern side of the town. It was originally called the Wynd of the Blessed-Mary-in-the-Field, and what is left of it is now called Guthrie Street, perhaps after the famous Dr. Guthrie, who never officially recognized the Blessed Mary anywhere. Scott's house and others about it were pulled down, when Scott was a child, to make room for the front of the new College, and the family moved to No. 25 George Square, into a broad and rather imposing mansion in what was once a fashionable quarter, and is still the home

of people who belong to the upper middle class if not to the gentry. It may be described as the Washington Square or Chester Park of Edinburgh. The Scotts' house is entirely unchanged, although the buildings on each side of it have been retouched and regarnished. It is close to the Meadows, and almost in the country.

This, according to his own statement, continued to be his "most established place of residence (after his return from Prestonpans in 1776) until his marriage in 1797." Here Mrs. Cockburn, who wrote "The Flowers of the Forest," found in 1777 "the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on. It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'That's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes. They will all perish.' After his agitation he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he; 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked him his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. . . . Pray what age do you suppose this boy to be? Why, twelve or fourteen. No such thing. He is not quite six years old!" In this same George Square house,

in 1791, Jeffrey went to see the young Scott "in a small den in the sunk floor, surrounded by dingy books"; and here he made the translation of Bürger's "Lenore," his first published literary work.

Scott's earliest school was in a "small cottage-like building with a red-tiled roof, in Hamilton's Entry, off Bristo Street." It was taken down not very long ago, the rear of the house No. 30 Bristo Street occupying its site now. In 1779 he went to the High-school, where he remained some years. He entered the University in 1783. Scott's High-school was the second of that name. It is now the College of Surgeons, at the foot of Infirmary Street, and so far as its exterior is concerned, it is entirely unchanged. A story of his conduct here, as told by himself, is too good to be lost. "There was a boy in my class at school who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day and still he kept his place, do what I would, till at length I observed that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button in the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes, and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure; and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation; but it ended in good resolutions. Though I never renewed my acquaintance with him, I often saw him, for he filled some inferior office in one of the courts of law at Edinburgh. Poor fellow! I believe he is dead. He took early to drinking."

Scott was married on the day before Christmas, 1797, and he carried his bride to lodgings on the second floor of No. 108 George Street, a house still standing, next door to the corner of Castle Street. Later they took the house No. 19 South Castle Street, and not long after the house 39 Castle Street, where they lived while in

town for upward of twenty-six years. All of these domiciles are virtually unchanged. Lockhart has fully described the interior of "dear old 39," and the routine of life there, the glorious work done there, the notable company gathered there. It was the house, as Scott wrote, which had sheltered him from the prime of life to its decline; and he left it with no little regret.

He never had a settled home in Edinburgh after leaving Castle Street. In the summer of 1826 he was lodging with Mrs. Brown at No. 6 St. David Street, where on May 12th he wrote: "When I was at home I was in a better place. I must when there is occasion draw to my own Bailie Nicol Jarvie's consolation—'One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut Market about with one.' Were I at ease in my mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy—a clergyman—and despite his name, said to be a quiet one." On the 15th of the same month Lady Scott died at Abbotsford. Sir Walter returned to St. David Street on the 30th of May, and remained there until the 13th of July. Mrs. Brown's establishment was a second-rate lodging-house, which has now disappeared. Here Scott, among other things, was diligently at work upon his *Napoleon*. In November, 1826, he took a furnished house—more comfortable in every way—at No. 3 Walker Street, on the east side, near Coates Crescent. From this house, on the evening of the 23d of February, 1827, he walked to the Assembly Rooms in George Street, near Hanover Street, and there, at a public dinner, he confessed for the first time in public the authorship of the "Waverley Novels." As Lockhart writes, "The sensation produced by this scene was, in newspaper phrase, 'unprecedented.'"

Between 1828 and 1830 Scott lived at No. 6 Shandwick Place—now Maitland Street, a continuation of Princes Street. In February, 1831, while superintending the making of his will, he was the guest of his bookseller, Robert Cadell, in Athol Crescent, and the last night he spent in Edinburgh was at the Douglas Hotel, 34 and 35 St. Andrew Square, now the office of the Scottish Union and Insurance Company; and on the morning of the 11th of July, 1832, he was carried unconscious from this house and from Edinburgh, to die at Abbotsford two months later.

To follow the footsteps of Sir Walter



HYNDFORD'S CLOSE, 50 HIGH STREET.

Scott in Edinburgh, it is only necessary to walk through all the streets and alleys of the Old Town, and through most of the streets and avenues of the New. Despite his fondness for Abbotsford, he was a thorough cockney at heart, and he knew and loved every inch of the smoky old city from the College Wynd to St. Andrew Square. He limped at full speed up and down the Cowgate in his boyhood; and "no funeral hearse," says Lockhart,

"crept more leisurely than did his landau in his middle age up the Canongate; not a queer tottering gable but recalled to him some long-buried memory of splendor or bloodshed, which by a few words he set before the hearer in the reality of life."

As a boy Scott was fond of the precincts of Hyndford's Close (50 High Street)—of which some of the old houses are still left—for here lived his mother's brother, Dr.

Daniel Rutherford; and as a man in 1819 he bade farewell to his mother at 75 George Street, now a shop, and carried her therefrom to St. John's Church at the west end of Princes Street, where she lies in an unmarked and unknown grave. His father, who died some time before, rests in the Greyfriars' Church-yard, on the south side of the walk by the archway into the west ground, and according to the register, "just at the foot of the stone marking the foot of the grave of Alexander Grant." There is nothing to show that this was the family burial-place until 1819, although it is said that the Town Council of Edinburgh contemplates a memorial of some sort there at some time. It seems strange that the great-souled, great-brained author of *Waverley*, whose heart was as large as his head was high, should have placed a commemoration stone over the grave of "Helen Walker, the humble individual who practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of Jeanie Deans," and should have neglected entirely the spot where the authors of his own being were laid.

Some of the scenes of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* are said to have been written under a tree by the side of Duddingston church, of which Scott was chosen an elder in 1806, but neither Helen Walker nor her father nor her sister ever lived in the little hut now called Jeanie Deans' Cottage, on St. Leonard's Hill not far off, where local legend places the scenes of the story.

One of the most notable of the Edinburgh houses associated with Scott is that of James Ballantyne, his friend and publisher, at No. 10 St. John Street, a grim, heavy-looking mansion of plain stone, four stories high, a few doors from that of Lord Monboddo, so familiarly associated with Burns. Here the "*Waverley Novels*" were planned and discussed, and were read from manuscript or advance sheets to the happy and select few in the secret of the Great Unknown. Ballantyne's printing-office was near the foot of Leith Wynd, now Cranston Street, and is at present an upholstery and cabinet-making establishment.

Constable's shop, in Scott's time, was at No. 10 Princes Street. Scott naturally was often there, and also at the establishment of the Blackwoods, first at No. 17 Princes Street, still a book-shop, and later, as at present, at 45 George Street, on the north side. Peter, in his *Letters*

to his *Kinsfolk*, describes the famous oval saloon of the Blackwoods, with its "loungers and literary dilettanti," and its portraits and sacred relics. A new generation of loungers has appeared, but the surroundings are all unchanged.

Sir Walter was a frequent guest in all of the best houses in Edinburgh, and knew the book-rooms of Wilson in Anne Street and Gloucester Place, the poor little parlor of Hogg in Deanhaugh Street, and the libraries of Jeffrey in George Street and Moray Place, as well as he knew his own homes.

Wilson lived with his mother for many years, and even after his marriage in 1811, at No. 53 Queen Street, near Castle Street, in a three-story house looking out on Queen Street Gardens. In 1819 he removed to a tall and rather imposing house, No. 29 Anne Street, in the north-western suburbs, and near the Water of Leith. He went to No. 6 Gloucester Place in 1826, where he died in 1854. A granite obelisk on the left of the main walk in the Dean Cemetery marks Wilson's grave. Haydon once described Wilson as looking "like a fine Sandwich Islander who had been educated in the Highlands. His light hair, deep sea-blue eyes, tall athletic figure, and hearty hand-grasp, his eagerness in debate, his violent passions, great genius, and irregular habits, rendered him a formidable partisan, a furious enemy, and an ardent friend." His tall figure made him a member of the "Six Feet Club," an athletic and convivial association of which the Ettrick Shepherd was once president, and Sir Walter more than once the umpire; his irregular habits perhaps took him to Johnnie Dowie's tavern now and then, where he records that he met Tom Campbell; and his genius led him to inaugurate the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and to place them in the tavern of Ambrose, in Gabriel's Road. This justly celebrated public-house, which is said to have looked more like a farm-house on a country pathway than a city inn, has long since disappeared, and none of the local histories give its exact position. This, according to those who still remember it, is the site of the New Register House, in the rear of the old Register House; and it is approached from West Register Street by the narrow alley running now between the New Register House and the new Café Royal. This little paved foot-path was, in the time of

Ambrose's, a green lane called Gabriel's Road, leading diagonally across the New Town to Silvermills, and it is said still to claim its ancient privilege of a right of way.

Lockhart and Hogg were familiar figures at Ambrose's tavern in the famous

Waverley Bridge, but an irregular row of old gabled houses, still standing, and converted into shops and poor tenements, from 46 to 54 Candlemaker Row, are the shells of the Harrow Inn.

It was in front of this tavern, by-the-way, that Rab first introduced Dr. Brown



OLD HARROW INN, CANDLEMAKER ROW.

days of the Round-table there, and Hogg was one of the wildest of the knights sung by Wilson in his *Noctes*. When he dropped into poetry in a professional way he went to Edinburgh, lodging in Anne Street, "down along the North Brig towards where the new markets are, and no vera far frae the playhouses"; and sometimes he made the Harrow Inn near the Grass Market his abiding-place. Anne Street was swept out of existence altogether upon the construction of the

to his friends James Noble, the Hawgate carrier, and to Jess, the carrier's horse, after that Homeric dog-fight under the single arch of the South Bridge.

In 1812 and later Hogg wrote to Archibald Constable from "Deanaugh," which was Deanhaugh Street, a row of poor-looking houses in the northwestern suburbs of Edinburgh, running from Dean Terrace over the Water of Leith to Raeburn Place. Here he completed "The Queen's Wake."

Lockhart gives a queer description of Hogg's first dinner with the Scotts at 39 Castle Street. When he entered the drawing-room he found Mrs. Scott, who was then an invalid, reclining upon a sofa. "The Shepherd, after being presented and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at his full length, for, as he said afterward, 'I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.' As his dress at that period was precisely that in which any ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of recent sheep-smearing, the lady did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this, dined heartily and drank freely, and by jest, anecdote, and song afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from 'Mr. Scott,' he advanced to 'Shirra,' and thence to 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and 'Watty'; until at supper he fairly convulsed the whole company by addressing Mrs. Scott as 'Charlotte.'"

The fact that Hogg succeeded Burns as Poet-Laureate of the Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons will show the regard felt for

him by that portion of the community at least.

Lockhart's various abiding-places in Edinburgh from the time of his going there as a member of the Scottish bar in 1816 until his establishment in London ten years later are not very clearly defined. It is recorded that Scott spent much time with him one summer at his house in Melville Street, Portobello. He was at No. 23 Maitland Street, a few doors from Athol Crescent, in 1818, and a letter of his to Hogg was addressed from No. 25 Northumberland Street in 1821; but in his own correspondence, and in that of his friends, and in the printed gossip of his contemporaries, no hint is given as to any other of his local habitations. Naturally he was often in Scott's various houses, and a guest at all of the tables of all of the men of his own charming coterie. He died at Abbotsford, and was buried at Sir Walter's feet.

In *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, published anonymously by Lockhart in 1819—a most amusing and seemingly correct picture of the men and manners of Edinburgh at that time—he speaks with enthusiasm of the book-shop of David Laing, at No. 49 North Bridge. "Here," he says, "my friend Wastle [Lockhart himself] commonly spends one or two hours every week he is in Edinburgh, turning over all the Aldines, Elzevirs, Wynkyn de Wordes, and Caxtons in the collection; nor does he often leave the shop without taking some little specimen of its treasures home with him." David Laing was an accomplished antiquarian scholar, the librarian of the Signet Library, and the intimate friend of Scott, Jeffrey, and their peers. As a bookseller he succeeded his father, William Laing, who had a shop in the Canongate near St. Mary's Wynd.

Francis Jeffrey was born in the four-storied house No. 7 Charles Street, which has known no change. In 1801 he began his married life on the third floor of No. 18 Buccleuch Place, one of a row of plain three-storied houses standing now on a broad quiet street two or three hundred yards long, roughly paved with round cobble-stones, between which the grass forces its way in almost rural luxuriance. In his little parlor here, with Brougham and Sydney Smith, the next year, he projected the *Edinburgh Review*.

Between the years 1802 and 1810 Jeffrey lived at No. 62 Queen Street, facing the Gardens. In 1810 he removed to No. 92



NO. 39 CASTLE STREET.

George Street, which has since been modernized by the addition of a swell front, and is now a shop. His last home was in an imposing mansion with tall columns, numbered 24 Moray Place. Here he died. His high sarcophagus, "erected by his friends," and holding a bronze medallion portrait, stands near the west wall of the Dean Cemetery.

Carlyle, in his *Reminiscences*, says: "I remember striding off with Procter's introduction one evening toward George Street. . . . I got ready admission into Jeffrey's study—or rather 'office,' for it had mostly that air—a roomy, not over-neat apartment on the ground-floor, with a big baize-covered table loaded with book rows and paper bundles. On one, or perhaps two, of the walls were book shelves, likewise well filled, but with books in tattery, ill-bound, or unbound condition; . . . five pairs of candles were cheerfully burning, in the light of which sat my famous little gentleman. He laid aside his work, cheerfully invited me to sit down, and began talking in a perfectly human manner." It is to be regretted that Jeffrey never put on record his first impressions of Carlyle.

The Carlyles at this time were living at Comely Bank, in one of a row of two-storied, uninteresting houses, calling themselves "villa residences," at the north-west of Edinburgh, quite out of town even now, and facing a green called Stockbridge Public Park. Carlyle's cottage is numbered 21. Here Jeffrey often came, and "he was much taken with my little Jeannie," writes Carlyle, "as well he might be, one of the brightest, cleverest creatures in the whole world, full of innocent rustic simplicity and vivacity, yet with the gracefulest discernment, calmly natural deportment, instinct with beauty and intelligence to the finger ends. He became, in a sort, her would-be openly



CARLYLE'S LODGINGS, SIMON SQUARE.

declared friend and quasi-lover; as was his way in such cases. He had much the habit of flirting about with women, especially pretty women, much more the both pretty and clever; all in a weakish, most dramatic, and wholly theoretic way (his age now fifty gone)," etc. Comely Bank was the first home of the man and wife, and in it they were as happy as it was in their power to be, meeting Wilson, Brewster, De Quincey, and other notable men and women—although never Scott—and corresponding with Goethe.

Carlyle's first Edinburgh lodging, humble and very cheap, was in Simon Square, a dingy little street, then as now full of dingy and forlorn houses. It is entered from Gibb's Entry, 104 Nicolson Street. Later he lodged in Moray Place, now Spey Street, running parallel with Leith Walk from Pilrig Street to Middlefield Street. His house, No. 3 Spey Street, is a decent tenement, from the front windows of



CARLYLE'S HOUSE, 21 COMELY BANK.

which, as Mr. Dickens would have said, the occupants can get an uninterrupted view of the dead-wall over the way. A pane of glass from this house is preserved by Mr. A. Brown, an antiquarian bookseller in Bristo Place, upon which somebody, perhaps Carlyle, had scratched with a diamond four lines—slightly altered—from “The Queen’s Marys,” to wit:

“Little did my mither think,
That night she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should see—
O foolish thee!”

The last line sounds not unlike Carlyle; and it is not improbable that the man who called Charles Lamb in print an “emblem of imbecility, bodily and spiritual,” might have written his own mother down on a window-pane as “a silly bodie.”

Carlyle’s pictures of De Quincey at this time—1827—are graphic if not flattering. “He is one of the smallest men you ever in your life beheld, but with a most gentle and sensible face, only that the teeth are destroyed by opium, and the little bit of an underlip projects like a shelf. He speaks with a slow, sad, and soft voice, in the politest manner I have almost ever witnessed, and with great gracefulness and sense, were it not that he seems decidedly given to prosing. Poor little fellow! It might soften a very hard heart to see him so courteous, yet so weak and poor, tottering home with his two children to a miserable lodging-house, and

writing all day for that king of donkeys, the proprietor of the *Saturday Post*.” This miserable lodging-house, at No. 44 Lothian Street, is one of the few houses in Edinburgh considered worthy of a label, a tablet upon it recording the fact that it was once De Quincey’s home. The poor little cottage occupied by “the poor little fellow” during the last ten or fifteen years of his life at Lasswade still stands near Midford House, on the road to Hawthornden. De Quincey’s grave in St. Cuthbert’s Church-yard is designated by a flat mural stone, with a plain inscription.

It is not easily found without a guide, but the visitor who takes the first pathway to the right of the graveyard after entering from the Lothian Road, and then bears to the left, will come upon it.

Among the men and women distinguished in the world of letters who at some time or other have breathed the reekie atmosphere of Edinburgh may be mentioned De Foe, who once edited the *Courant*; Sir Richard Steele, who is said to have lodged in Lady Stair’s Close; Goldsmith, who lodged in the College Wynd; Sydney Smith, who spent five years in Edinburgh; Lord Brougham, born at No. 21 St. Andrew Square, the once fine old mansion at the corner of St. David Street, which is now the office of the City of Glasgow Insurance Company; Thomas Campbell, who wrote *The Pleasures of Hope*, in Alison Square, of which square no trace is left; Rev. Rowland Hill, who preached to twenty thousand persons on Calton Hill in 1798; Rev. John Wesley, who preached on the Castle Hill in his eighty-seventh year; George Buchanan, the historian, who died in Kennedy’s Close in the High Street, a few doors to the west of the Tron Church, and who was buried in a grave, now unknown, in Greyfriars’ Church-yard; Archibald Alison, the historian, who lived in his father’s house, No. 44 Heriot Row; Sir David Brewster, who was educated at the University, who preached his first ser-

mon at the West Kirk (St. Cuthbert's), and who dated his letters from George Square, from No. 9 North St. David Street (in 1808), and from No. 10 Coates Crescent (in 1823); Hugh Miller, who died by his own hand, in Tower Street, Portobello, and was buried in the Grange Cemetery; Pollok, who published his "Course of Time" in Edinburgh, and preached his only sermon in Dr. John Brown's chapel, still standing in Rose Street; William Edmondstoune Aytoun, author of *The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, who has been described as "one of those Charlie-over-the-water Scotchmen," who lived at No. 1 Inverleith Terrace, who died at No. 16 Great Stuart Street, and who lies in the Dean Cemetery; Lady Anne Lindsay, who was born in Hyndford's Close, and who was the author of "Auld Robin Gray"; Jean Elliot, who lived in Brown Square, and who wrote the original version of "The Flowers of the Forest"; Mrs. Cockburn, who wrote "another of the same," who lived in Blair's Close, at the Castle Hill, who died in Crichton Street, and who is buried in the grounds of Buccleuch Free Church, at the junction of the Cross Causeway and Chapel Street; Catharine Sinclair, author of *Modern Accomplishments*, *Modern Flirtations*, and many other books, who lies in the churchyard of St. John's; and the good Dr. Brown, who lived for so many years in Rutland Street, where he was loved, and visited, by all of the literary men of his own generation. He is buried in the cemetery on Calton Hill.

No city in the world of its age and size, for Athens is older and London is larger, is so rich as Edinburgh in its literary associations; and no citizens anywhere show so much respect and so much fondness for the history and traditions of their literary men. This is particularly noticeable among the more poorly housed and the less educated classes, in whom one would least expect to find it. Policemen and postmen, busy men and idlers, old women and maidens, no matter how poor in dress or how unclean in person, are ever ready to answer questions or to vol-

unteer information—sometimes impertinent, often pertinent—concerning the literary shrines of their own immediate neighborhoods; and they display a knowledge of books, and a familiarity with the lives and the deeds of the bookmen of past generations, which are most remarkable in persons of their squalid appearance and wretched surroundings. There is always some poor old man to be found, generally in some poor old public-house in the Old Town—both tavern and man having long ago seen their best days—who will, for the price of a "gill," give the literary pilgrim personal information concerning the literary history of an adjoining close or wynd or pend which is not to be gathered from any of the printed books. And because of his long and intimate acquaintance with the place of which he speaks, his identification of a particular old house—after it has been verified, and usually it can be verified—is often of more value than that of all the guide-books put together. For while he contradicts himself sometimes, the guide-books sometimes contradict each other, to the utter confusion of the seeker after truth.

It has been said that "the Scots wha hae do never spend." And yet the poor Scots of the Old Town of Edinburgh, rich only in local knowledge and tradition, are certainly generous in their information and lavish with their good-will; and without the kindly help and friendly sympathy of many a miserably clad, rough-handed, poverty-stricken Solon of the modern British Athens, these pages could hardly have been written.



DE QUINCEY'S COTTAGE, LASSWADE.



PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES OF THE PAST.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
HOUSE-KEEPER (*showing visitors over historic mansion*): "This is the portrait of Queen Catherine of Medici—sister to the *Texas* of that name...."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE portraits of famous artists painted by themselves are among the most interesting pictures in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and there are some of the same kind in our Academy of Design. If such a portrait of a great artist hitherto unknown should now be discovered, the interest in it among all lovers of art would be universal and profound. But such a portrait of a great literary artist has been lately disclosed in the *Journal of Sir Walter Scott*. It was, indeed, already known, and it was used at his discretion by Lockhart in his life of his father-in-law. But the impression of extracts from such a work to illustrate a narrative and that of the work itself are very different.

There is, indeed, always a question of the value of a diary as illustrative of the writer. It is too much to expect of a man voluntarily to expose his weaknesses, and even when he seems to make a clean breast, as Rousseau did, there is still a lurking doubt that he is posing, and that it is his humor to trick the reader. There are humorists—men, that is, who indulge their own whims—who in actual manner and conversation hide behind a character which they feign, and the temptation to this diversion in writing a diary is sometimes probably irresistible.

In his last great oration, that on the centennial anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard in 1881, Wendell Phillips said: "Journals are excellent to record the depth of last year's snow and the date when the mayflower opens, but when you come to men's motives and characters, journals are the magnets that get near the chronometers of history, and make all its records worthless. You can count on the fingers of your two hands all the robust minds that ever kept journals. Only milksops and fribbles indulge in that amusement, except now and then a respectable mediocrity." But even Phillips would have admitted Scott to be a robust mind; and when that is not so, if the diary or the autobiography be evidently veracious, as in the case of Rousseau, or Benvenuto Cellini, or the Margravine of Bayreuth, what book is more entertaining?

Lockhart's *Scott* has been sometimes thought second only to Boswell's *John-*

son, and there is no doubt that it is a very pleasant book. But it does not produce the vivid impression of Scott's character and personality which is derived from the *Journal* itself. The *Journal* covers only about six years, beginning in 1825, just before the catastrophe of the failure, and extending to the end of Scott's life in 1832. He is writing *Woodstock* when it begins, and it proceeds through the sudden loss of fortune, the death of his wife, the tremendous strain and struggle to pay the enormous debt, the writing of all the later books with the power flickering to extinction, the shocks of apoplexy or paralysis, the flight to Italy, the return, and the unended sentence of the *Journal*, the last words he ever wrote, followed after a few weeks by the final scene at Abbotsford, which Lockhart describes: "On the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

The figure of Scott, unconsciously drawn by his own hand during all this sad and extraordinary vicissitude, is one of the bravest and manliest in literature. The sturdy simplicity, the steady heart, the sweet and wholesome temper, the healthy vigor, the acceptance of tradition, and freedom from metaphysical speculation, which would be inferred from the "Lay" and "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake," from *Waverley* and the *Antiquary*, the *Heart of Mid-Lothian* and *Old Mortality*, are all revealed upon the luminous pages. There is no pomp of self-portraiture, no parade in holiday and ceremonial attire of the self-conscious great man. As Motley says in his letters describing his visits at Varzin that he had constantly to remind himself "this is Bismarck, the great statesman, the arbiter of Europe, the master figure of the time," so the reader, as he follows the simple record of the daily life at Abbotsford or Edinburgh, must with an effort recall that this is the most famous man of his day, the great unknown, the Wizard of the North.

Whoever reads this *Journal*, as he lays it down, should take up Carlyle's article on Scott published in the *Westminster Review* when Lockhart's *Life* appeared. It is the estimate of the great Scotchman by the greatest Scotchman who followed him, and who belonged to the new era as distinctively as Scott to the old. There is no writing of Carlyle's in which his human feeling and sympathy are more tenderly and beautifully expressed; and it is the more striking because the review is the first significant sign of the reaction against Scott. It is the judgment of a radical, inquisitive, serious, introspective age, to which Scott could seem only a pleasant minstrel and story-teller who had no "message to deliver."

A man like Carlyle, who held that men had no business, in an earnest world, to be drivelling about happiness, and who laughed with Titanic scorn at those who, like the old smoke-jack, were always whining, "Once I was hap-hap-happy, now I am meeserable," could find in Scott only a superficial and healthy good-nature, a childlike and unquestioning acquiescence in shallow and formal answers to the vital problems of life and destiny that ought to shake men's souls with the effort of adequate explanation. Tales of chivalry and romances of the border, historical pictures of feudal England and the Crusades, were only lullabies of an indolent and careless age—sugar-candy for children, not strong meat for men.

Confronted with the question, was Scott a great man? Carlyle, kindly, reluctantly, regretfully, answers, "he was a strong and healthy man." But what travail of the soul does he soothe? what inward pain does he allay? what spiritual thirst assuage? Shakespeare drops immortal balm upon the weary heart of man; Dante speaks to his inner want; Goethe mirrors the unrest and the aspiration of an intellectual age. But Scott, says Carlyle, tells romantic or touching tales of costume and manners; his figures are quaint clothes, not persons; he never touches the real springs of life.

All this is said by Carlyle with a kind of yearning fondness for the man of whom he speaks. That great shaggy sincerity, that hearty manhood, which the Tweed and Teviotdale knew, that strong sweet voice which the English-speaking world loved to hear—all these could not fail to touch and charm so true and strong a man as Carlyle, Scott's countryman and

his lover. In a letter to Scott, conveying a message from Goethe, the young and then unknown Carlyle had acknowledged the debt which, in common with millions of men and women, he owed to the magician. Indeed, Scott himself held much the same opinion of his works that Carlyle critically expressed. Tributes to his renown were very distasteful to him, and he spoke of himself deprecatingly as a mere writer of stories to entertain the public.

None the less since Shakespeare's women there is no truer woman than Jeanie Deans, and Amy Robsart is as fair and hapless as Ophelia. What range of figures "bodied forth" by genius surpasses in our literature—with whatever length of interval between—those of Shakespeare and of Scott? It was tragical to see the best-beloved author of his time overwhelmed in the struggle for money to raise a pseudo-baronial castle. But it was ennobling to behold a strong man resolved that no one who had trusted to his word should suffer. To determine the comparative greatness of a story-teller and a philosopher, of a dramatic poet and a moralist, is an interesting speculation, but it is not of vital importance. Homer is a friend and benefactor of mankind not less than Plato and Aristotle. Carlyle's estimate of Scott's genius may be good, but his feeling for the man is better. There is nowhere a more sympathetic treatment of one great author by another. His view of the "greatness" of Scott will not lessen delight in the story-teller, nor the quickening impulse of his heroic self-sacrifice.

There is no more pathetic passage in all Carlyle's works than the last words of his paper on Scott: "It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, ploughed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen; take our proud and sad farewell."

A RECENT performance of Beethoven's *Fidelio* at the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York helps to explain the decline

of the Italian opera. It was but a few months before that the reigning *diva* of the Italian music sang Lucia upon the same stage, and the contrast was striking. The house was crowded with a vast throng, and everybody had paid a great price for his seat. One graybeard said to another, "My wife brought me because she said she wished to remind me of Jenny Lind." "And are you reminded?" asked the other. There was a wistful smile: "I was younger then."

The curtain went up, but there was no spirit in the orchestra and none in the singers. They all felt that the audience had not come to hear the opera, still less to hear them, but to see and hear the incomparable *diva*. It was not Donizetti's night, nor Lucia's night, nor music's night, it was solely Patti's night; and lo! she comes—but not Lucia. It was the conscious queen of song, flattered, even *blasée*, but with all the pretty artifice of freshness and coyness and youth. She courtesied to the generous welcome; then she sang. But with what care, with what skill, she evaded and restrained and saved! But, also, with what supremacy of confidence, with what certainty, that no ear would dare to detect a little falling from the key, or find any flaw in the Koh-i-noor! The whole scene, the stage, the opera—everything was merged in one engrossing personality.

She left the scene, and at once the uninterested house murmured and stared, intent upon itself, and the act went perfunctorily to an end. The drop fell, and thunders of acclamation summoned the singer. Out she came through the stage-door, smiling and happy, bending and courtesying, kissing her hands, pressing her heart, with fervid dumb-show of protestation, raising her eyes to the box in which sat another singer, then mutely again expressing to the applauding house her overwhelming sense of its unmerited goodness, its gracious favor, its generous enthusiasm. Once more, and once more, advancing toward the prompter's box, then retreating with grateful, deprecating genuflections to the same door; then, yielding to the sweet persistence of acclamation, advancing once more, and this time, as if daring to presume upon a continuance of favor until she had passed quite across the stage, the smiling goddess ventured, and with simulated passion of inexpressible acknowledgment, bent low,

as if supplicating such goodness to forbear its blessings, and vanished through the other door.

It was a well-acted ardor of emotion, but there was something artificial in the entire spectacle. In the applause there was not the unmistakable tone of genuine and irrepressible enthusiasm, and in the performance of the goddess there was an affectation of overpowering delight. There was also an aggressive insistence of applause, which was plainly meant to assert the superiority of the exiled house of song over the newly crowned dynasty. "This," it seemed to say—"this is the music and the singing that are scorned for strange and unmelodious orchestral fantasies and wearisome mythologic spectacles, in which supernatural and mysterious beings move in an incomprehensible world, and the soft palpitations of familiar human love and sorrow are condemned as sentimental trash."

So the opera languished, and the *diva* came again, and sang with exquisite skill, but with declining power, and with a voice bird-like and beautiful still, but not the voice of the morning. There was no drama, no Lucia, no tragedy. There was a famous prima donna singing; a sole personality no longer fascinating. The curtain fell, the audience waited for "Home, sweet Home," then coolly arose and departed. There was apparently no interest, no real feeling. The singers had none, nor the prima donna, nor the orchestra, nor the audience. The performance gave an opportunity for an "ovation." That was all. It was a ghost, not a living, breathing, palpitating form. If, even with its chief magician, Italian opera had come to this, no wonder that the star of its fate had declined.

When the same curtain lately rose upon *Fidelio*, the house was full, not crowded, and the usual *Leonora* overture—not the great one, which came later—was played with a spirit and precision that forecast a great delight. Half the opening scene was not over when the listener was conscious of a spirit on the stage and in the house which was unmistakable. It was that of common and sympathetic reverence for the work of a master and for a master-work, the consciousness of that refined delight which comes from the noblest forms of art.

It is long since an opera has been played and sung with such uniform and pro-

portioned excellence. With the exception of Mr. Fischer, one of the best of Roccos, there was no especial "star," but every part was done with conscience, and the effect was most happy. How full of charm was the noble quartet in the first act! a performance so sincere and fine that the *encore* was instinctive and irresistible. The singers were plainly resolved not so much to be applauded as that the great work should be worthily performed. They had evident pride in aiding such a result, and the attitude of the audience was one of the same serious respect. The silence of rapt attention was most impressive, and when some of the box company came rustling in at a late hour, and not yet fully emancipated from the manners of the gulch and mines and rude frontiers in which probably the family money was made, began the usual chattering and giggling, the sudden and indignant hiss which instinctively arose promptly silenced them. There are optimists who believe that even the delinquent boxes of the opera will be gradually taught good manners.

It is a curious estimate of the musical taste of New York which is revealed by the fact that the direction of the opera contemplated only one performance of *Fidelio* during the season. But it is the taste of the parquet, not the boxes, which should determine such a decision. People who laugh and chatter during the singing of *Fidelio* are not to be consulted or considered in the settlement of the questions of musical taste or excellence. Some of them are reported to have said that they supplied the money for the maintenance of operas, and they should certainly talk in their boxes if they chose. To this ultimatum the parquet can only offer its own. If the boxes chatter, the parquet will hiss. If for that reason the parquet is closed to lovers of music, the opera itself will disappear.

It was a noble army of such lovers who filled the parquet on this memorable evening. The sympathy with the performance was so complete that the occasion seemed to be almost that of a religious function. It was interesting to observe both the audience and the orchestra during the performance of the third overture to *Leonora* which preceded the third act. Mr. Seidl, who is an admirable operatic conductor, was peculiarly happy in directing this performance, and the pre-

cision of the orchestra was so admirable, the gradation and shading of sound, if we may borrow a phrase from a kindred art, were so delicate, the *forte* so strong and full, and the *piano* of so soft and dying a fall, that a better performance seemed scarcely possible. The audience was worthy of it. The rapt attention revealed a thorough comprehension of the fact that it was listening to great music, a master-work of human genius of its kind. Every hearer was like the devotee of Mozart who said to the Easy Chair long ago in Berlin, at a performance of *Don Giovanni*, "I have heard it every time it has been sung in this city for more than thirty years." There was that intelligence of listening which shows the deepest appreciation, and probably the feeling was universal when the last note was played that, upon the whole, a more satisfactory performance of a great opera has not been known in New York.

It is the music of the future, said the *Times* the next morning, because it is for all time. There is no fashion in Beethoven, as there is none in Shakespeare. The music of his great symphonies and of his *Fidelio* is as fresh and cognate to the taste of to-day as of his own day. The quality of such works is like that of beauty, which is eternal. Homer holds the American boy of to-day with the spell of his story as surely as he has held any boy of an earlier age or of another land. The melody of Mozart to the ear is as constantly enchanting as the grace of Raphael to the eye. Will the time come when the Sistine Madonna may not be lovely to the intelligent beholder? Then a time may come also when the wand of Shakespeare may be broken, and the spell of Beethoven dissolved.

THE public dinner was never such an "institution" as it is now in the United States. Dr. Johnson said that dinner lubricates business, and certainly with us it lubricates every kind of business. The traditions of the Northern races are of tremendous eating and drinking in the halls of Odin, and their spirit has not been lost in the later day. Our American feasts are more frequent and more sumptuous, and, if we may trust our British brethren, more brilliant in the speech-making, than their own. Indeed, Thackeray's sly sketch of the dinner and the speeches of the Ancient and Worshipful

Guild of Bellowsmenders suggests a blank and stately formality, comical by its dullness, of which an American public dinner gives no hint.

But we are always in danger of expanding everything to the continental scale. A public dinner has its essential conditions and limitations, and it may be magnified beyond enjoyment. A barbecue, where an ox is roasted whole in the open air, and the crowd of people is popularly measured by the acre, may be a festival full of enjoyment of a certain kind, but it is not the kind of pleasure afforded by a public dinner which is not a barbecue. The conditions of such a feast are obvious. They are chiefly a good dinner served promptly and hot, but not of many courses, a brilliant hall, not too large, and a company which can readily hear without effort upon the part of the speakers.

There are other equally indispensable conditions. People go to a public dinner for two reasons—one is to eat a good dinner in pleasant company; the other to hear good speeches. But the social excitement of eating and drinking and smoking disposes to conversation, and there is no such sense of propriety in maintaining the attitude of listening at a dinner as in church, or at a lecture, or even a public meeting. If the speech is dull, the tables begin to murmur; and when the guests are full—of eloquent speech, be it understood,—they are very apt to chat and to leave the tables at their own sweet will.

The larger the hall and the greater the difficulty of hearing, the more certain are inattention and confusion. The longer the list of speeches, the more unhappy the fate of the later speakers. Then the public dinner is becoming more and more like a play, and, as at a play,

"the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious."

The stars at the table, as on the stage, are heeded and heard, but there is often short shrift for others who are of no less parts, but parts not yet known or acknowledged.

Hence another condition must be considered imperative, and that is a short list of speakers. The man who rises after midnight, and after three hours of speech-making, faces a jaded, diminishing, and careless audience, which melts away as

he proceeds. It is a questionable honor to any man to invite him to such an ordeal. A dinner committee which bids a stranger to its feast is bound to do all that a committee can to show him the honor which it desires to confer. But this can be done by them only by securing every favorable condition. If they give him an exhausted audience they fail in their duty, and the only way in which a committee can make sure that the audience is not exhausted is to invite only four or five speakers.

This subject was recently argued in admirable temper by the *New York Tribune* after one of the great dinners of the year, to which distinguished speakers had been invited from other States, who had prepared admirable speeches, and who arose to speak under the most dismal conditions of early morning hours and an exhausted remnant of revellers. During the last year also the great dinner of the Judiciary celebration at the Lenox Lyceum was, like most of the exercises of that occasion, distended to a degree that came near destroying the pleasure. *Non omnia omnes*—everything cannot be done by everybody at once. If a great multitude of people be placed in an immense hall in which it is difficult to hear, and they eat and drink and smoke and try to hear what is said until late at night, they will no longer try to hear as morning advances.

The conditions which every dinner committee should bear in mind may be described negatively: not too large a hall; not too long a dinner; not too many speakers. The painstaking committee may wisely remember that everybody cannot come, nor can everybody speak. The author should remember, said Macaulay, writing of a work of enormous extent, that the age of Methuselah is passed. Mankind cannot give many years to the perusal of a single book. So with the public dinner. Every cause, every country, every college, every party, which may give a dinner could doubtless furnish distinguished men enough to fill a public square, and eloquence enough to overflow a week. But the conditions of human life and human nature must be considered. Better to invite but one distinguished guest from a distance, and crown him with the honors of priority and attention, than bid a dozen who, having come, secretly wish they had staid at home.

Editor's Study.

I.

IF ever there was a lovable time in the history of English literature, it seems to have been the time of Charles Lamb and his friends; yet no doubt the time had its hatefulness, and it is only a small literary group that one's heart may really warm to. Perhaps it is only Lamb himself: it will not do to inquire too curiously about anything. But Lamb one may always make sure of loving: not for his weaknesses and errors, which were small part of him, but for his good sense and kindness, which make him seem rather the best and wisest, as well as the delightfulest, of his contemporaries. The fact that he has been unsparingly sentimentalized, not only for his tragical experiences, his sacrifices and his sorrows, but for what his poor mad sister called his smokiness and drinkiness, without being rendered loathsome, is proof that he was too largely sound and sage to be made the prey of his weaker-minded worshippers. He had a robust, inward strength, like Keats, which has defended him from the worst endeavors of literary mawkishness, while his fortunes and his circumstances have moved the tenderness of all comers but Carlyle, who no doubt caught one aspect of him truly enough. We are never tired hearing of him; we are glad of every chance of his intimacy; and such a book as Dr. B. E. Martin's *In the Footprints of Charles Lamb* will come like a personal favor to each of his lovers. It is in novel wise another life of Lamb, and in tracing him from place to place, from house to house, from his first home to his last, it sees almost as much of him as most other biographies; and the point of view is such as shows him not merely at his best, but at his truest, which was his best, too. Dr. Martin tells us that in looking over the mass of literature about Lamb he noted the want of "what might be called a topographical biography of the man," and he has supplied this in terms such as only diligent study and genuine affection for the subject could inspire. There is a great deal of variety in the narrative, for its events are the different removals of Lamb, and Lamb lived in many houses: always very plain and simple ones, and usually very little ones. Where they were, or

where they are, Dr. Martin lets us see, with glimpses of their neighborhoods and interiors, and such account of Lamb's sojourn in each as serves to make it for the time a living home.

We do not remember to have read anything so full and definite concerning the tragedy which shaped and colored Lamb's whole career as the explicit story told here of his mother's death at the hands of his insane sister; and we find it easy to agree with Dr. Martin that there was no longer any reason for withholding any part of it. There long ago ceased to be any for blinking Lamb's own foibles. It is in its frank and philosophic treatment of these, and of his whole character, that this charming study of localities is lifted so far above the level of gossip and anecdote as to seem a new species in its kind. It is so suggestive of further work in the same direction that we hope Dr. Martin may deal in like manner with other literary figures in the places he knows so well.

II.

The book addresses itself from an American to Americans with peculiar force, for we fancy that the English do not yet rank Lamb so high as we do, or care so tenderly for him. This is to be accounted for by other facts as well as by the fact that his humor seems as little English in character as Heine's wit seems German. Lamb, by his intimate relations with such low radicals as Hunt and Hazlitt, in the time of the English reaction against the French Revolution, suffered some such disadvantage with his home public as a friend of abolitionists would have suffered sixty years ago, or a friend of socialists would suffer among us now. He had long to be explained and tolerated; very likely there was a time when he appeared "dangerous"; so fine a spirit must always have been apprehended gingerly by the Philistine world; and his associates whom we now see transfigured in the rosy sunset light must have looked very different in the hard noonday to their contemporaries. Yet they seem, as we began by saying, a lovable group of men; and one has a sort of grief in the dudgeon with which the kind-hearted Walter Scott resents the kind-heartedness of one of them. "Mr.

Barry Cornwall writes to condole with me," he records in his *Journal*, shortly after the death of his wife. "I think our acquaintance scarcely warranted this; but it is well meant, and modestly done," and we wish that the good romancer had taken it as well as it was meant. His feeling about it limits him, and breaks the flow of the reader's sympathy as nothing else in his diary does. The volumes of his *Journal* now given to the world are indeed such as must endear him more than ever to those who take him on his own faery ground; and they are in the last degree interesting. Of course the material was very freely used by Lockhart in his *Life*, but here, in its continuous course, it has a fresh value, and it forms a sort of monograph upon the most momentous passage of Scott's career. Almost from the first we see the great and finally overwhelming disaster looming up; and the rest is the story of the long fight he made to ward off the financial ruin brought upon him by others. It is all very pathetic, though the struggle seems so needless, first through what appears to be the bad management of Scott's associates, and then through his own fatal devotion to a mistaken ideal of happiness. He really enslaved himself to the property he owned, and dedicated incessant toil to its preservation; his exertion was also to save from loss the creditors whose interests he had not himself imperilled; but the impression which the reader of his *Journal* keeps is of labor by night and day for the sake of the home created at Abbotsford: not that real home which a man may have anywhere, but the unreal home, the merely material home in which Scott had suffered his fancy to bind his heart up. He became the victim of his self-imposed conditions, and he worked himself to death that he might live at Abbotsford. His endeavor was by no means selfish; a thousand generous purposes were implied in it; this is what makes the spectacle so touching. But it is not alone touching; it is consoling; and one need not refuse to be comforted by the thought that Scott liked hard work, and that probably his greatest happiness in a most unhappy time was when he could lose himself in his work. It was not wholly an unhappy time; it was a time of prodigious literary triumphs and of pecuniary rewards past all modern paralleling. Think of forty-five thousand dollars cash in hand for

Woodstock, which he wrote in three months! Other gains of his were upon the same scale, and then the sum grows till one wonders at the ruin that could engulf it all. But there were long reliefs to the work, even. The *Journal* is a record of many travels, distractions, pleasures, and is a sort of object-lesson to any student of the art of representing life in its evidence of the fact that tragedy is not incessantly tragedy. Scott had accumulated sorrows and disasters of many kinds upon his money troubles; yet he often escapes from them all, from his grief for his wife's death, from his wearing fear for his little sick grandson's life. It is not gay, but it is not altogether dismal, either; and he sets it all down with equal courage, and almost equal fulness. He has a certain misbehavior of the bile which employs his pen a good deal, and there are such excursions as a recurrent rheumatism may afford the mind. There is also some mention from time to time of political as well as social matters; such an inveterate Tory cannot escape self-question in view of the fact that most of his wisest and best friends are Whigs. There are glimpses of right feeling about the labor problem, then already beginning to haunt men's thoughts; where his Toryism is not concerned, the poor have Scott's kindness. His was, in fact, one of the kindest hearts in the world, as well as the greatest heads; but his sympathies were limited in time and space. He was an early nineteenth-century North Briton; he had little outlook beyond his place and period.

In the *Journal* there is not much about his literary methods, and nothing of his theories. Perhaps he had none of these. He wished to tell a taking and keeping story, and he had little artistic scruple about ways and means; the great matter, so far as the *Journal* witnesses, was to get so many sheets a day done; but it is not safe to infer that his delight in writing was less than that of his public in reading; they were of a piece, and all romantic together in their ideals.

The paucity of literary "impression" in the *Journal* is somewhat compensated in the full and careful notes of Mr. David Douglas, the editor, who has always thrown a pleasant light upon matters where Scott is slight and cursory. Mr. Douglas's work is throughout faithfully and admirably done, and it adds greatly

to the comfort and pleasure of the reader of the fascinating volumes of the *Journal*. With its help one comes to know distinctly the persons and places whom the author leaves in the vague of familiar allusion; and not the least service it renders is that of setting in the full light of circumstance certain passages and events that might have left one thinking less tenderly and reverently of Scott than one could have desired. The sins of omission, in the interest of a purely heroic conception, that is to say a false conception of him, have been few or none: one is allowed to see that it is not always his superhuman toil that Sampson Agonistes is sinking under, but that imprudences of diet have something to do with his sufferings, and that more than once he is prostrated by careless exposure to the weather without a great-coat or an umbrella.

III.

As to the overwork of the brain which we fondly wish to imagine the sole cause of Scott's breaking up, it was inevitable. Scott himself suggested that to caution him against it was like saying to the kettle over the fire, "Don't boil." Given the conditions, he could not do other than he did; he was over the fire and he must boil. The question is not of the consequences but of the conditions, whether they were necessary or not; and a like question of all conditions which lamentable consequences follow is becoming more and more the mood of the philosophic spectator. Such a spectator, we think, would by no means permit himself the virtuous self-satisfaction which we have seen some critics enjoy in censuring Mr. Ward McAllister's amusing volume, *Society as I have Found It*. The spiritual squalor of the status which this volume reveals is the inevitable consequence of conditions which incite men to a rivalry in money getting and women to a rivalry in money spending, and do not really incite them to anything else with at all the same strenuousness. The contempt in which aristocracies have always held commercialized society is natural, and it is natural that such a society should always try to escape from itself by reverting to the ideals of aristocracy; this was the way of commercialized society in Venice and in Florence; but it is none the more dignified in New York for that reason. It

is always and everywhere amusing to see a plutocracy trying to turn into an aristocracy, and this is what Mr. McAllister shows us, with no apparent sense of its comicality. These men who have had no ideal but to get more and more money, these women who have no ideal but to spend more and more, are necessarily ridiculous in the transformation act; but it is not Mr. McAllister who has made them so; he has merely shown them so. He did not create society; it created him; and if he is deplorable, society is to blame for him. If society had known how to do something besides dress and dine and dance, we have no doubt he would have said so; that is, he would have written a different book. But you cannot make something out of nothing.

For our own part we would on no account have missed having his book; it is worth a thousand satires of the sort that "lash" and "scathe" society without taking account of conditions, and that conjure it to elevate itself by laying hold, as it were, of the legs of its trousers. His book is a contribution, if not to literature, then certainly to autobiography, whose delightful store it enriches after its own fashion; a fashion which prevailingly suggests that of the imaginary autobiographer Barry Lyndon in a certain provinciality which persists through all his experience of the world; his knowledge widens, but his point of view never changes; his ideal was formed very early. It would be absurd to make fun of him, and would partake of that bad-heartedness which he never shows in a book abounding in every manner of solecism. Upon the whole it seems better than the society that inspired it; and Mr. McAllister himself is superior to his circumstance. It is in reflecting upon these facts that the reader can get good from the book, and we heartily commend it to the reader's consideration in this light.

IV.

It does not follow because this is so, that "society" as Mr. McAllister found it represents the civilization of New York. There are several people in this city interested in the arts and sciences, and in polite literature. Whether they are in "society" or not, we do not know; but we think very likely not. One mostly meets them in their pictures and in their

books; and it seems a pity Mr. McAllister never saw any of them. We think he would have liked them; a man whose own brother went about all his life with Milton under his arm at least could not have despised them. But it is useless to blame him for not having seen them. Again we insist that he is an effect, not a cause, and if you do not admire him, your quarrel is not with him but with "society" and the conditions of "society." Morally and mentally he is like the rest of it, and he is better than the spirit of "society," more kindly, more refined, really more educated, though we suppose that some of the four hundred must know when to sign their letters "Yours sincerely" and when "Yours truly."

At the moment his autobiography was "put upon the market," if we may color our phraseology from that of the plutocracy he celebrates, another autobiography appeared: that of a man whose name Mr. McAllister may have noticed on the play-bills, and whom he may have made up a theatre party to see, some time. This autobiographer must also inspire the reader with kindness, but of another quality and of even greater quantity than that which springs from regarding Mr. McAllister as the irresponsible creature of conditions. We are all that, in some measure, and once more we protest that if he is not wholly admirable, he is not chiefly to blame; but we wish he could realize how much better and finer it is to be one Joseph Jefferson than all the four hundred of any best society, though we have no right to suppose him the only man insensible to the most incomparable art of our time, or, we imagine, of any. How much of his charm as an actor Jefferson is able to translate into literature will be the question with every one who turns to the story of his life; and we confess that its measure in the first chapters is a very little bit disappointing. The manner, there, especially in some facetious passages, is too intentionally funny; but as it goes on the manner sobers and mellows; and the humorist, as all humorists are apt to be, is at his best when he is at his most serious. Actors always talk delightfully of their art, and what Jefferson has to say of it, now and again, is said with the clearest subtlety. He gives you the same kind of pleasure when he analyzes his Rip Van Winkle that you get from seeing him play the

character. It is measurably so when he speaks of another actor's art, and something more is gained then by the infusion of the man's sweet nature in the generous praise he gives his compeers, living or dead. He makes you love him the more in loving them; and it can be said that there is not a harsh or selfish criticism in his book, though he frees his mind at all times about people he has met on and off the stage. The world beyond the foot-lights is getting better and better known as one inhabited by a race peculiarly kind-hearted and finely impulsive; and Mr. Jefferson's book will make us like it more and respect it more. Out of all the multitude of portraits he paints, none are so winning and typical as those of his father and mother: both genuine artists, but so differently devoted to their art; one all light-hearted hopefulness and natural goodness, the other an anxious conscience, carrying into the theatre the high motives and ideals that governed her life. Such people, and the other people like them who abound in this friendly book, are the real people of the theatre, too long defamed, too long romanced out of all likeness to themselves; and one of the greatest services it can do the world outside is to make them truly known.

Actors' autobiographies are always interesting. Their varied lives abound in every sort of incident, and Mr. Jefferson's has been peculiarly rich in experience, in both America and Europe, and amidst

"The long wash of Australasian seas."

Its unity is in a dedication of all its endeavors to an art which he has dignified and refined to an ideal delicacy and a beautiful reality never surpassed, to our thinking. We believe those who have seen his Rip Van Winkle have seen the perfection of that art; and the charm of that exquisite impersonation, the charm of a humor forever touching and blending with pathos, is the charm of his own personality, of his life, his book.

Many of the people who figure in his reminiscences are to be met again in Mr. Laurence Hutton's very agreeable volume, *Curiosities of the American Stage*, whose quality is already known to our readers through the papers reprinted in it from these pages. The most important chapter is that on the Native American Drama, with its subdivisions of Indian, Revolutionary, Frontier, Character, Local

New York, and Society Drama. This is good work in a region little explored, work not merely historical, but critical, in the liberal spirit of modern criticism, which inquires whether a thing is good of its time as well as good of its kind. In fact the whole book may be regarded as a historical criticism of our theatre, dramatically and histrionically considered, and the persons and characters sketched in the various studies of the Stage Negro, the American Burlesque, the American Hamlets, are all in the sort of illustrations to the general theme. The book is both valuable and entertaining, and with an informality that is occasionally scrappy, is still of a final effect to which such an impression would be unjust.

V.

Another autobiography which we wish to commend is that of Chester Harding, one of our old masters, whom his extraordinary gifts and works have won a place in art not to be contested. He called it his *Egotistography*, when it was first published, but now that it is newly reprinted, with an introduction by his daughter, it is more soberly entitled *A Sketch of Chester Harding, Artist, drawn by his own Hand*. Of all careers his was one of the most marvellous: a man of as simple origin, almost, as Lincoln, coming to his artistic consciousness long after he had come to manhood (and then through the stress of poverty and by a species of fortuity), he mingled with the best society of two worlds, and died unspotted by either, a modest giant physically and intellectually. "Nature," Washington Allston wrote of him to a friend, "not only made him a painter but a gentleman; and you know her too well not to know that she does her work better than any Schools." Yet Nature has not made all of us masters or gentlemen, any more than she has made us six feet three and endowed us with the strength of oxen, as she did in Harding's case. So we can still be schooled a little to our advantage; and we can learn from Harding himself that it is well to assist Nature, even when she seems disposed to do all the work herself. He never failed to lend her a helping hand, and as one reads the plain and diffident story of his life, it sometimes seems as if Harding had done the most of the work by taking thought and taking pains.

Apparently there are always opportunities waiting for the right men, in every direction, and sometimes they wait so long that we get to thinking they are not there till the right man comes along and seizes one of them, or it seizes him. No doubt there had always been a chance for some one to do the eminently good work which Mr. G. W. Smalley has long been doing in his *London Letters* to reconcile journalism and literature in a sisterly embrace; but now that much of his *Tribune* correspondence has been collected in two substantial volumes, we see with the clearness of retrospective prophecy the fact that he has done it for the first time. We do not know that we like all the qualities of Mr. Smalley's mind; we suspect that we do not; he has certain conventionalities of ideal which we are sure we do not like; much of his boldest thinking seems done on the safest lines; but the fact of his artistic handling of contemporaneous history remains unaffected by these considerations. His point of view is his own, and is taken with intelligence if not always without prejudice; his style is always clear and often brilliant; his manner is always interesting; he knows his London as few know it, and he has not forgotten his America. Those who recur to his work of many years in the volumes which form a fit monument to his skill and industry, will, we think, be impressed by a sense of their slowly accumulated debt to his full and easy affluence, and those who first make his acquaintance in them will be much more than instructed; they will be most agreeably and continually attracted by the literary charm of work which is primarily newspaper work. Much of it, perhaps all of it, was done in the days before the correspondents of our great journals cabled their letters home, but it was, quite the same, written with the pressure of the journalist's anxiety to be, above everything, timely in it. Under these circumstances the graces are not usually invited, or at least induced to come; but apparently Mr. Smalley always knew how to secure the presence of some of the "smartest" of them. His work is that of a man of the world, and its excellences are of one origin with its limitations. Such a man is not likely to think outside of the circles in which he moves; but within them he is very likely to think aptly, quickly, and symmetrically. As Mr. Smalley thinks, so he writes.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of January.—Congress: The Congressional Apportionment Bill, providing that under the eleventh census the House of Representatives shall consist of 356 members, passed the House December 17th (186 to 82).—Henry B. Brown, of Michigan, was nominated December 23d to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Justice Samuel F. Miller.—In a proclamation dated December 24th the President made formal official announcement of the holding of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893.—The Urgency Deficiency Bill passed the House January 5th.—The correspondence on the Behring Sea controversy was submitted to Congress by the President January 5th.

The Legislatures of many of the States convened January 6th and 7th. In Nebraska and Connecticut the first days of the session were occupied in determining the gubernatorial succession. In the former State Governor Thayer refused to surrender his office to Governor-elect Boyd, on the ground that the latter is not a citizen of the United States. In Connecticut the House of Representatives refused to concur with the Senate in declaring the election of Luzon B. Morris, and the returns were placed in the hands of a committee to canvass, Governor Bulkeley holding over until the settlement of the matter. The Legislature of New Hampshire, January 7th, elected Hiram A. Tuttle, Republican, Governor of the State.

Fears being felt of an uprising among the Sioux Indians in the Northwest, large numbers of troops were sent to the frontier. On December 15th the Sioux chief Sitting Bull, being suspected of hostile intentions, was taken prisoner by the Indian police at Grand River, South Dakota, and in an attempt by his followers to rescue him, he and eleven others were killed. Several conflicts afterward occurred between hostile Indians and United States troops—one at Wounded Knee Creek, South Dakota, December 29th, in which 30 soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry, including Captain George D. Wallace, and nearly 200 Indians were killed. Large numbers of hostile Indians took refuge in the Bad Lands, and threatened to attack the neighboring agencies. Lieutenant Edward W. Casey was killed while scouting near the hostile camp. On January 2d General Miles took command of the government troops.

During the month there was much agitation in political circles in Ireland owing to an effort to compel Mr. Parnell to resign the leadership of the Irish Parliamentary party. Much bad feeling was engendered between the rival factions, and in some places riot and bloodshed followed. A special election for Parliament held in Kilkenny December 22d resulted in a decided victory for the anti-Parnellites.

On the 1st day of January, 1891, the German government took formal possession of an extensive territory and numerous towns on the coast of Zan-zibar.

Reports received from the Caroline Islands January 7th stated that the natives had revolted against the Spaniards, had destroyed the houses of all the missionaries at Ponapi, and killed upward of 300 foreigners. A Spanish vessel of war bombarded and burned several native towns.

DISASTERS.

December 17th.—In a colliery at Hornu, in Belgium, eighteen miners were killed by the falling of an elevator cage in which they were descending.—In Bombay, India, thirty persons were killed and many injured by the collapse of a house.

December 18th.—By the breaking of a trestle on the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railroad, near Bolivar, Ohio, a passenger train was wrecked and five lives were lost.—In a wreck on the Intercolonial Railway, near Quebec, Canada, five persons were killed.

December 21st.—Reports received of the bursting of a canal at Cordoba, Argentine Republic, and the loss of nearly one hundred lives.

December 23d.—A despatch from Pernambuco announces the sinking of the British ship *Talookdar* by colliding with the Hamburg ship *Libuesa*. Twenty-three persons drowned.

December 26th.—News received of the burning in Chinese waters of the British steam-ship *Shanghai*, and the loss of the entire crew of over sixty, besides a large number of Chinamen.

December 28th.—The schooner *Lucinda G. Porter* wrecked off Barnegat, New Jersey. Seven men drowned.

December 30th.—A fire in London destroyed property to the value of \$2,000,000.

January 3d.—Sixty lives lost by an explosion in a coal pit in Ostrow, Poland.—A fire in New York destroyed the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and property valued at more than \$200,000.

January 5th.—By the falling of an elevator in the shaft of the Utica Mine, near San Andreas, California, twelve lives were lost.

January 6th.—Reports received of the wreck, off the coast of Sicily, of an unknown English vessel and the loss of the crew of twenty-four men.

January 11th.—Two steamers, the *Britannia* and *Bear*, collided and sunk in the Firth of Forth, Scotland. Thirteen men drowned.

OBITUARY.

December 9th.—In London, England, the Very Reverend Richard William Church, Dean of St. Paul's, aged seventy-six years.

December 16th.—At New Haven, Connecticut, Major-General Alfred H. Terry, aged sixty-three years.

December 21st.—At Copenhagen, Denmark, Niels Gade, celebrated Danish composer, aged seventy-four years.

December 26th.—At Naples, Italy, Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, aged sixty-nine years.

December 29th.—In Paris, France, Octave Feuillet, celebrated French writer and Academician, aged sixty-nine years.

December 31st.—At Jacksonville, Florida, General Francis Elias Spinner, Treasurer of the United States 1861-1875, aged eighty-nine years.

January 2d.—In London, England, Alexander William Kinglake, the historian, aged eighty-one years.

January 5th.—At Salt Lake City, Utah, Emma Abbott-Wetherell, famous opera-singer, aged forty-one years.

January 7th.—In Boston, Massachusetts, Brevet Major-General Charles Devens, aged seventy-one years.

January 12th.—In Paris, France, Baron Georges Eugène Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine under Napoleon III., aged eighty-two years.



Editor's Drawer.

ONE of the burning questions now in the colleges for the higher education of women is whether the undergraduates shall wear the cap and gown. The subject is a delicate one, and should not be confused with the broader one, what is the purpose of the higher education? Some hold that the purpose is to enable a woman to dispense with marriage, while others maintain that it is to fit a woman for the higher duties of the married life. The latter opinion will probably prevail, for it has nature on its side, and the course of history, and the imagination. But meantime the point of education is conceded, and whether a girl is to educate herself into single or double blessedness need not interfere with the consideration of the habit she is to wear during her college life. That is to be determined by weighing a variety of reasons.

Not the least of these is the consideration whether the cap-and-gown habit is becoming. If it is not becoming, it will not go, not even by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States; for woman's dress obeys always the higher law. Masculine opinion is of no value on this point, and the Drawer is aware of the fact that if it thinks the cap and gown becoming, it may imperil the cap-and-gown cause to say so; but the cold truth is that the habit gives a plain girl distinction, and a handsome girl gives the habit distinc-

tion. So that, aside from the mysterious working of feminine motive, which makes woman a law unto herself, there should be practical unanimity in regard to this habit. There is in the cap and gown a subtle suggestion of the union of learning with womanly charm that is very captivating to the imagination. On the other hand, all this may go for nothing with the girl herself, who is conscious of the possession of quite other powers and attractions in a varied and constantly changing toilet, which can reflect her moods from hour to hour. So that if it is admitted that this habit is almost universally becoming to-day, it might, in the inscrutable depths of the feminine nature—the something that education never can and never should change—be irksome to-morrow, and we can hardly imagine what a blight to a young spirit there might be in three hundred and sixty-five days of uniformity.

The devotees of the higher education will perhaps need to approach the subject from another point of view, namely, what they are willing to surrender in order to come into a distinctly scholastic influence. The cap and gown are scholastic emblems. Primarily they marked the student, and not alliance with any creed or vows to any religious order. They belong to the universities of learning, and to-day they have no more ecclesiastic

meaning than do the gorgeous robes of the Oxford chancellor and vice-chancellor and the scarlet hood. From the scholarly side, then, if not from the dress side, there is much to be said for the cap and gown. They are badges of devotion, for the time being, to an intellectual life. They help the mind in its effort to set itself apart to unworldly pursuits; they are indications of separateness from the prevailing fashions and frivolities. The girl who puts on the cap and gown devotes herself to the society which is avowedly in pursuit of a larger intellectual sympathy and a wider intellectual life. The enduring of this habit will have a confirming influence on her purposes, and help to keep her up to them. It is like the uniform to the soldier or the veil to the nun—a sign of separation and devotion. It is difficult in this age to keep any historic consciousness, any proper relations to the past. In the cap and gown the girl will at least feel that she is in the line of the traditions of pure learning. And there is also something of order and discipline in the uniforming of a community set apart for an unworldly purpose. Is it believed that three or four years of the kind of separateness marked by this habit in the life of a girl will rob her of any desirable womanly quality?

The cap and gown are only an emphasis of the purpose to devote a certain period to the higher life, and if they cannot be defended, then we may begin to be sceptical about the seriousness of the intention of a higher education. If the school is merely a method of passing the time until a certain event in the girl's life, she had better dress as if that event were the only one worth considering. But if she wishes to fit herself for the best married life, she may not disdain the help of the cap and gown in devoting herself to the highest culture. Of course education has its dangers, and the regalia of scholarship may increase them. While our cap-and-gown divinity is walking in the groves of Academia, apart from the ways of men, her sisters outside may be dancing and dressing into the affections of the marriageable men. But this is not the worst of it. The university girl may be educating herself out of sympathy with the ordinary possible husband. But this will carry its own cure. The educated girl will be so much more attractive in the long-run, will have so many more resources for making a life companionship agreeable, that she will be more and more in demand. And the young men, even those not expecting to take up a learned profession, will see the advantage of educating themselves up to the cap-and-gown level. We know that it is the office of the university to raise the standard of the college, and of the college to raise the standard of the high-school. It will be the inevitable result that these young ladies, setting themselves apart for a period to the intellectual life, will raise the standard of the young men, and of married life generally. And there is nothing

supercilious in the invitation of the cap-and-gown brigade to the young men to come up higher.

There is one humiliating objection made to the cap and gown—made by members of the gentle sex themselves—which cannot be passed by. It is of such a delicate nature, and involves such a disparagement of the sex in a vital point, that the Drawer hesitates to put it in words. It is said that the cap and gown will be used to cover untidiness, to conceal the makeshift of a disorderly and unsightly toilet. Undoubtedly the cap and gown are democratic, adopted probably to equalize the appearance of rich and poor in the same institution, where all are on an intellectual level. Perhaps the sex is not perfect; it may be that there are slovens (it is a brutal word) in that sex which is our poetic image of purity. But a neat and self-respecting girl will no more be slovenly under a scholastic gown than under any outward finery. If it is true that the sex would take cover in this way, and is liable to run down at the heel when it has a chance, then to the "examination" will have to be added a periodic "inspection," such as the West-Pointers submit to in regard to their uniform. For the real idea of the cap and gown is to encourage discipline, order, and neatness. We fancy that it is the mission of woman in this generation to show the world that the tendency of women to an intellectual life is not, as it used to be said it was, to untidy habits. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CANDID.

FRED (*enthusiastic young fellow off for a day's sport*). "Good-by, Charley; I wish you were going with me."

CHARLEY. "What are you going to shoot, Fred?"

FRED (*in a burst of frankness*). "I never can tell till after I've fired."

NO OFFENCE MEANT.

IN some parts of Canada it is customary to call a Justice of the Peace or local magistrate "The Squire." One of these worthies, a very estimable man, who always enjoyed a good story, even if it was at his own expense, used to be fond of relating an experience he once had with an uneducated English farmer. After transacting some business the Squire and the Englishman sat down to enjoy a smoke together. When they had lighted their pipes the stolid Britisher started the conversation by remarking,

"Hi notice as 'ow volks calls you 'The Squire.'"

"That's because I am a Justice of the Peace," replied the Canadian.

"Things is so different hat 'ome."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. In Hingland a squire—w'y, bless your 'eart, a squire, 'e's a gen'l'man!"

P. McARTHUR.

"RENT-DAY."

Drawn for HARPER'S MAGAZINE by Caran d'Ache.



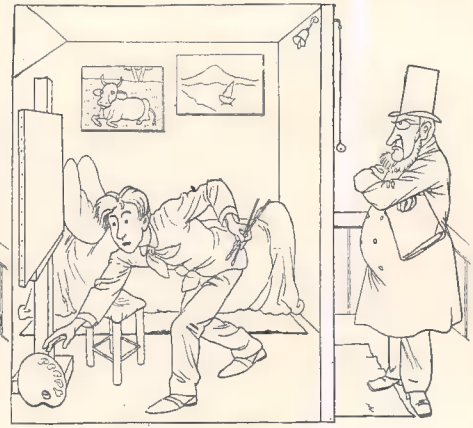
1. DREAMS, IDLE DREAMS.



2. WHO IS IT?



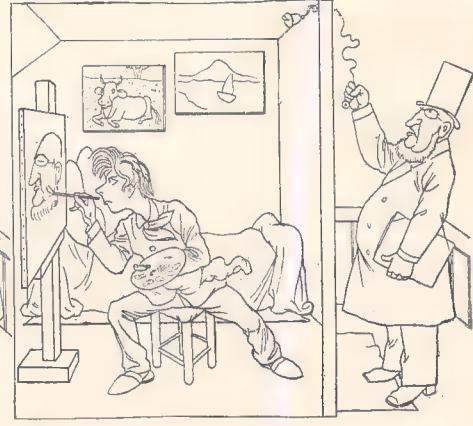
3. RENT!



4. A HAPPY THOUGHT.



5. PAINT HIS PORTRAIT.



6. THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE.



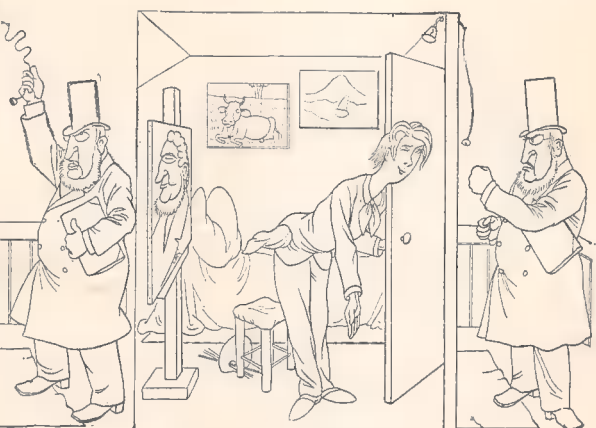
7. BALD AS A LOOT.



8. GIVE HIM SOME HAIR.



9. CONSUMMATION.



10. SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING.



11. WALK IN.



12. MANY THANKS.

A LIVE COMMISSIONER.

UNCLE SILAS BROWN is very much gratified over his election to the office of School Commissioner in the town of S—. He asserted that when he assumed the duties of his position he intended to go into it for all it was worth, and make his influence felt. So no one was surprised at the first meeting of the new board to find him in a pugnacious mood.

"I've heern lots o' complaints about the lack of eddication about these parts," he said, rising to his feet. "Now there ain't no excuse for this here state of affairs. There's plenty of eddication in the world. More'n enough to go round, and our kids have got ter have it. So I move, Mr. Chairman, that this committee find out jest how many boys 'n' gals there are in town, 'n' then get enough eddication to supply 'em all, whatever it costs. I'd like to know whar we'd be ef we hadn't got our full share of it. Give the kids a chance."

It is a pleasure to announce that Uncle Silas's remarks were received with applause, and that the "kids" got quite as much education as most of them could stand.

AN APPROPRIATE TOAST.

EVERY one has heard the story of that newly enriched English tradesman who, having received the honor of knighthood, went to the Prince of Wales's tailor to have himself measured for a "coat of arms"; and this hero has had a worthy rival in the shoddy millionaire who made a voyage to Europe on purpose to have his portrait painted by one of the old masters. But even these grotesque misapprehensions were far surpassed by the incidents of a dinner which was given about fifty years ago in one of the chief manufacturing regions of England, at which were assembled all the leading brass and iron founders of the district.

Among the company was a certain noble lord who then held an important post in the British cabinet, and who, as the guest of the evening, was naturally expected to deliver an appropriate speech. This expectation was speedily realized, though in a somewhat novel fashion, for the great man's speech—which was delivered with all the emphasis of a practised orator—took the form of a toast that ran as follows:

"Sink our coal shafts, blast our quarries, dam our rivers, consume our manufactures, disperse British commerce to the four winds of heaven!"

The men of metal around the table (to whose solid commercial intellects anything approaching to a joke was, as Lord Dundreary would have said, "one of those things which no fellow can find out") took the words quite literally, and failing altogether to perceive that the speaker was really wishing them the very things which they most desired, received this punning toast extremely ill. Not till after a good deal of loud talking, and a very elaborate explanation, was its real meaning at

length driven into the hard heads of the worthy plutocrats sufficiently to appease them.

The customary toasts had been duly honored, and the banquet was drawing to a close, when a sudden inspiration descended upon a big, florid, portly iron-founder near the foot of the table, who looked like an embodiment of British commerce itself. Rising slowly and solemnly to his feet, he spoke (amid unmistakable signs of approval from his audience) to the following effect:

"Gen'l'men, there's another toast as I'd like to propose, which I'm sure you'll hall drink gladly, seein' as it 'appens to be the 'ealth of a distinguished member o' the trade—I mean Mr. Rommleus, the great *founder* o' Rome. Whether he was a brass or a hiron founder I don't 'appen to recollect just at this minnte; but that don't matter a straw; 'ere's his werry good 'ealth!"

DAVID KER.

GOOD ADVICE.

SCENE: *The Chicago Limited.*

PORTER (*trying to arouse a man who is disturbing the whole sleeping car by his vigorous snoring*). "The whole car, sah, is annoyed, sah, at your snoring, sah!"

"That's all right, Sambo," replies the sleepy passenger; "tell them not to believe all they hear."

IRISH WIT.

SOME days ago an old Irish woman at Niagara-on-the-Lake was sending away some baskets of fruit, and asked the colored porter—whose complexion was pretty yellow—from one of the hotels to assist her. He complied with her request, assured her it was a great pleasure to serve her, and added such other compliments that the old lady told him he had blarney enough for an Irishman.

"That's exactly what I am," he replied.

"And shure I might have known," quickly responded the old woman. "Mostly all the *Orangemen* come from the north of Ireland."

A QUICK MIND.

SEVERAL years since, a darky named Tom, living at Bowling Green, Kentucky, was missed, and the dead body of another was found under a railway trestle a short distance from the town, and identified as Tom by his friends and relatives. The funeral arrangements were being made, when Tom returned. The burial was, however, proceeded with, and shortly afterward, when Tom was asked how he felt when he came back and found that he was being mourned as dead, he replied: "Why, Marse Rochester, jest as soon as I seed dat nigger I know'd it warn't me."

TO A DULL LECTURER.

DEAR SIR,—I heard you lecture here last night, And now in hand my soft-nibbed pen I take, To ask if you a line will kindly write To tell me how on earth *you* kept awake.



CUIRASSIERS.

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THE FRENCH ARMY.

BY GENERAL LEWAL.

I.



H, my brunettes! Eh! You are doing no work there. That does not help on the mowing to stretch out your necks and strain your eyes to see if there are any husbands growing in the young wheat."

Two fine girls, tip-toe on the points of the wooden shoes, clinging like goats to the branches of the green hedge, replied, gayly:

"We are not losing our time perhaps

after all, Maître Durevoix; the regiment is coming back from the manoeuvres; it will be passing here in a few minutes. Come and see."

Maître Durevoix approached, followed by all the workmen. Each one, leaning on his rake, his fork, or his scythe, scanned the valley.

"I see nothing," said one. "Where is the regiment?" asked his neighbor. "The brunettes are making fools of us," cried a third. "What! Why, it is passing at the bottom of the hill along the new road; you can see it through the trees." "There's a patrol on the hill-top close by us." "True." "There's another by the river, and another by the ruined house. When the troop is on the march it places scouts all around it, as if it were going to meet the enemy at any moment." "Ah! now they are leaving

the road, wheeling round the burnt field. They don't have to ask their way. The officers all have papers in their hands. They look at them, and then they know the way better than we do. Yes, sure. Ask Rémy, who has been a soldier."

"That's true," said the mower questioned. "In my time, before the fatal war, we knew nothing about those matters. We went through the regular drill, target practice, and marching, without ever thinking of war. Nowadays the army is always thinking of war, and learning how to make war in the best way. Formerly we soldiers did not know anything. Now the law obliges us to send our children to school, and when they have learned their book they will become finer soldiers than we were."

"So much the better," replied Maître Durevoix; "and now to work, and sharply."

"Oh, one minute more, *patron!*" cried the girls. "They will pass close by here. We shall see them splendidly. Who knows? Perhaps we shall see our future husbands in the ranks."

"Ah! then there are none but soldiers to make husbands?"

"Certainly, *patron*. One can't marry a man who has not been a soldier. At any rate, I would not." "Nor I." "Nor I," cried all the girls.

"Let us fetch our pitchers; we will give to drink to some of the men; it is so hot."

"And they have to work so hard. This morning they started out before daybreak, and they will not get home until after sundown."

"They must be tired."

"No. They are accustomed to these long marches. Look how quickly they

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A GENDARME.

go. They don't look as if they were tired."

The regiment advanced smartly. It was not a simple march, but a *manœuvre*; step correct, easy bearing, rapid pace, the different movements effected with precision, without noise, and without a word spoken. Neither bugles nor drums; from time to time a whistle. Absolute silence in the ranks; no talking, no singing, no joking.

Rémy, the mower, noticed this. "In my time," he said, "we used to leave behind a lot of weak and lame; now there are no laggards; all are hardened. We used to make a terrible noise; you could hear us long before you could see us. The general commanding yonder men will have no nonsense. He has said no laggards, no chatterers, and there are none. Who would have thought that Gascons could be made to march like mountaineers? Who would have believed that they could be prevented from talking? Well, you see, they march and they don't talk, and nobody complains.

Men and ideas have changed, I can tell you."

Indeed, since the war of 1870 things have been greatly modified in the army. The country people are not alone in remarking the progress made. More expert and less kindly disposed critics abroad have noticed it too.

II.

They are right. A new era has begun. Formerly men built temples to a Fortune whose eyes were blindfolded. They waited for Fortune to pass, trusting to boldness, luck, or hazard. Now it is different. Materially, it is necessary to have perfected instruments; spiritually, it is necessary to have complete instruction. We are endeavoring in France to acquire both.

The second Saturday of the month used to be the day of the fortnightly lecture. All the officers of the 175th regiment of infantry assembled in the lecture-room of the barracks of Fontenay, and the colonel called upon Commander Typaud to deliver his address. Typaud, a young major, or *chef de bataillon*, personifying the new army, a brilliant pupil of the *École supérieure de Guerre*, endowed with fine physical and moral qualities, had distinguished himself in the Tunisian expedition. Having knowledge and activity at the same time, he was a thorough officer, and of great promise. His lecture was impatiently looked forward to, the more so as the title was, "Reorganization after Defeat," a palpitating subject, and one worthy of the orator.

The major's discourse might be resumed as follows. After the battle of Cannæ the Roman Senate went out to meet the defeated consul, and thanked him for not having despaired of the safety of the republic. This is a fine lesson, a noble example to meditate upon. Recriminations in misfortune mean discouragement and the end of everything; whereas dignified resignation is the germ of resuscitation, for it is hope itself. Difficult to eradicate in a warlike nation that has known both victories and reverses, the hope of a better future is a vital and regenerating force, a lever of incomprehensible power. Confidence is another thing. Defeat leaves after it, like foul mud, a dissolvent impression, a sort of moral depression, an instinctive sentiment of diminution and of mistrust. Men doubt their strength. They hope, and at

the same time seek serious motives and solid bases for their hope, but they do not find them at once. It is the work of labor, of energetic efforts, of time, and, above all, of acts. They have to make essays and try themselves before entering upon great struggles.

order to avoid atrophy. She re-entered the movement in 1848, forty-two years after Jena, and supported Holstein against Denmark. It was a paltry war, with varied alternatives, without great glory, but very useful so far as practical improvement was concerned. In 1859, at the



SPAHS.

To reconstitute the *matériel*, to reform old institutions, to renew things, is merely a question of money; but to reconstitute the *moral* of a country is a more difficult task than to reorganize its army. Heroic deeds are indispensable. The words "victory," "success," must come to make the patriotic fibre vibrate and palpitate. Small triumphs are necessary to serve as a preface to the future, and from small things to great, men must be able to reason, to conclude to a probability, to half see a possibility, to feel something almost as good as a certainty. This was the way Prussia proceeded. Pulverized at Jena, invaded in a campaign of a few days, dismembered at Tilsit, almost wiped out of the map of Europe, she did not despair; she set to work and patiently reorganized herself.

For a long time Prussia collected herself in silence. She studied war, but she did not possess a single officer who had seen war. She was obliged to act in

news of the first successes of the French in Italy, the Prussians mobilized three army corps; then three others after Magenta; and, finally, all the federal contingents after Solferino. Although the peace rendered these preparations useless as warfare, they nevertheless constituted a veritable dress rehearsal or essay of mobilization. In 1861 the reign of William I. opens by the reorganization of the army and serious preparations for war.

Having thus completed her programme, comprising the military reorganization of the nation, essays in war, essays in mobilization, realization of notable improvements, Prussia found herself ready; and judging from the carelessness of other nations that she could dare a good deal, she began to unmask her projects. Nevertheless, carrying prudence to its last limits, she would not yet venture single-handed on a campaign. In 1864 she joined with Austria to crush Denmark, and in 1866 she demanded the aid of Italy



A ZOUAVE.

in order to overthrow Austria. These successive trials gave her confidence, and being thoroughly prepared, she felt herself equal to fighting France, whom she surprised before the necessary measures could be taken by the latter.

All this was rational. After the invasions of 1814 and 1815, the logic of facts led France to proceed in the same manner. The year 1823 saw an army march to help the Spanish government, enter Madrid unresisted, and push on as far as Cadiz, where the brilliant affair of the Trocadero peninsula terminated the war. In 1827 France took up the defence of Greece against Turkish oppression. An expedition started for the Levant. The capture of the castle of the Morea and the naval battle of Navarino were successes big with consequences.

Such were the forerunners of the military renovation at that epoch, which soon asserted itself brilliantly in the battle of Staoueli and the capture of Algiers, July 4, 1830. What changes in less than fifteen years! Iberia restored to liberty, Hellas independent, Christian slavery in

Africa destroyed, the Mediterranean freed from the Barbary pirates and opened to the commerce of all nations—such was the glorious work that France had accomplished before the eyes of astonished Europe. Trocadero, Morea, Navarino, Staoueli, Algiers, were names that re-echoed everywhere. The army that had been annihilated at Waterloo by the effort of the allies won back by these triumphs its old renown, recovered the first military rank, and preserved it for forty years.

This fine period was followed by the reverses of 1870. France imposed upon herself the heaviest sacrifices in order to prolong the struggle. In this gigantic combat, sustained without warning against a well-prepared enemy, she astonished the world by her obstinate resistance, and so saved her honor. Hope rose above the trial. Disasters were not unknown to France; often she had been invaded, but, like Antæus, as she fell she recovered strength and rose again. What she had done in the past she could do in the future, and this conviction sustained her in the darkest days. Without hesitating,

she set to work and rapidly reorganized her army. Excessive expense, incessant labor, universal effort—nothing was spared in this work of patriotic reconstruction.

In these circumstances some saw salvation only in extreme prudence. Doubting the vitality of the country, they advocated absolute abstention, concentration at home, a horizon restricted to the narrowest limits, the renunciation of all influence abroad. They forgot both history and logic. They did not see that the absorption of a country in one single thought is equivalent to effacement, isolation, decadence. Anæsthesia prevents suffering, but it is of no avail to regenerate. To await in inactivity and oblivion the propitious hour of revenge would mean the certainty of never seeing that hour; it would amount to bankruptcy in the future, to suicide by atrophy. After great reverses great enterprises cannot be faced without prelude, without having made the army smell powder and try its strength in engagements of less importance. Such was the conduct of Prussia after 1806; such the conduct of France after 1815. The method is always the same; there is no other method but this one. Happily France counted not only meditative and hypnotized citizens; she still had many men of action who realized the worth of a few acts of warfare in restoring confidence. Circumstances aided these latter. The repression of the insurrection in Algeria in 1871 proved that the army had not lost its qualities. Work and reforms gave it new qualities,

and when there arose in 1874 and 1875 eventualities of war, the French army, if not quite ready, was at any rate very well able to present itself respectably in line.

Africa was again the land of practical renovation. Various movements in 1876 and 1879 necessitated expeditions. The rising of the Oulad Sidi Scheikh under Bou Amema led to the war in the south Oranais. After a long and painful campaign the rebels were definitively crushed in the battle of Oued Fendi, south of Figuig.

Military affairs then resumed hold of opinion, the more so as at that moment the Tunisian events began to develop. In April, 1881, the borderers redoubled their aggressions, and the Tunisian government was powerless to repress them. The French columns penetrated into the thick of the Khoumirs, and the Bey having accepted the support of France, our troops accomplished the pacification of the whole of Tunisia. To the popular names of Mouzaia, Isly, and Taguin were added those of Bizerta, where Hamilcar fought, of Zama, rendered famous by Scipio, of Kerouan, the sacred city of the Khalifs. This brilliant and rapid campaign struck imaginations and revived memories of the glorious periods of the past.

The deception was therefore all the more acute in July, 1882, when the French government did not think proper to intervene in Egypt in concert with the English. The following year the death of Commander Rivière led to the Tonkin expedition. Hanoi, Son Tay, the heroic de-



CHASSEURS D'AFRIQUE.

fence of Tuyen Kuan, Foutcheou, saw our troops victorious in the far East. Indo-China was created. In Senegal a French expedition founded the fort of Bamakou, on the Niger. At the same time our navy took possession of the bay of Majunga and of the port of Tame-tave, and assured our preponderance in Madagascar. Fine pages of military history; smiles of victory; three protectorates founded, thus increasing the national territory. Everywhere great difficulties were surmounted; volunteers in large numbers; zeal, devotion, endurance. Each of these expeditions showed the army to be excellent. It had plenty of men, fine arms, first-class *matériel*. It could make a good figure against any enemy whatever. Hence confidence has been restored. From the army, always in progress, it has extended to the nation. And this confidence is justifiable, because it is not a thing of chance, but has sprung from the efforts of all, and imposed itself little by little. The lost *matériel* has been replaced. The blood shed has been renewed. The father-land has recovered its serenity, and although still suffering from the amputation of its beloved province, it looks out calmly upon the future. Trusting in itself and in its army, it eyes proudly the Teuton who threw it by surprise.

France is still the Velléda cherished by her children; the immortal Gaulish prophetess adored by her warriors; often vanquished, but never killed, retiring to bind up her wounds in the depths of her great forests, and reappearing again radiant with fresh youth. After the disaster of Rosbach she contemplated Jena; after the woes of Sedan she will have, if it please God, the joy of another Jena. The duel is not yet ended, but at the next *reprise* the engagement will no longer be unequal. The sons of Velléda remember, and others will remember too.

III.

By contact with misfortune, characters have been steeled. The instruction of the French army has been developed, and even its amusements have become more serious, and those which necessitate exercises useful in warfare, such as drag hunts, raids, and "rally-papier," or paper chases, are very popular. A brilliant example was recently seen in Brittany. In the middle of the trees the polygon of Rennes, with its hawthorn hedge in

bloom, looked like an immense Coliseum of verdure. The study batteries and the hill offered to the crowd every facility for viewing the marvellous panorama formed by the river Vilaine winding through the meadows striped with lines of tall poplar-trees, the woods of the domain of La Prévalaye, the town of Rennes rising up the hill-side terrace-wise, and dominated by the incomparable promenade of Thabor. The plateau on the top of the hill was the best spot whence to watch the incidents of the paper chase, and so it was occupied by all the notabilities of the district. A crowd, too, was gathered round the huntsmen at the starting-point, fixed in a clearing of the woods of the old Château de la Freslonière, whence issued the sounds of the hunting-horns announcing *le lancier*. The expectation is intense. At last the signal is given; all the horsemen go away at a gallop along the avenues and roads, following the track indicated by the scraps of paper. When they get out of the wood they see the "stag." He has made a wide double, and is already near the bridge over the Vilaine. All the troop dash into the meadows, putting to flight a herd of heifers astounded by this sudden invasion. The bridge crossed, the huntsmen enter the domain of La Prévalaye. The horns sound the *bien-aller*, and the echoes reach the polygon, where the crowd watches eagerly, with its race-glasses fixed in the direction of the old manor-house, whose pointed gables emerge from the midst of the trees. A fault cleverly prepared by the "stag" leads the huntsmen off the track toward a decayed old oak-tree, under which Henri IV. is said to have sat; they have to return in a direction almost diametrically opposite, and then turn to gain the polygon. Their zigzags in the broad avenues of the park, and the leaping over ditches and hedges that enclose the rich meadows, are all visible to the spectators, who can distinguish through the trees the dashing company of officers in varied uniforms, with here and there the red coat or the black jacket of a civilian. They get nearer, and finally they enter the polygon, bending forward over their foaming horses. When the huntsmen feel that the eyes of the ladies are upon them, their animation redoubles; their horses bound forward responsive to the spur; the jumps arranged around the hill are cleared with ease and



DRAGOONS ARMED WITH LANCES.

style; and the splendid finish is greeted with bravos and hurrahs as the horsemen pull up and salute the company.

The paper chase is over, but the day is not yet finished. The ladies know very well that the officers are not going to rest, and that they themselves have not come merely to look on, but also in the hope of having a dance after.

All the carriages laden with sight-seers are drawn up in line along one side of the polygon. The huntsmen, in ranks of six abreast, defile past the company and dismount at the extremity of the line, when all the carriages follow them. The officers then conduct the ladies into a little wood, where a delicate lunch has been prepared. A military band plays, and

after a few overtures it strikes up dance music. A closely mown lawn is ready hard by; the officers are not tired, the ladies are not tired either, and in a few seconds the ball is in full swing, and lasts until the dinner hour and the approach of night warn the gay waltzers that they must go home, and that the charming *fête* must come to an end.

IV.

Pleasure, however, does not interfere with work. After a day's amusement each one feels all the more zealous in his service. The recruits have just joined the regiment. The pessimists are in despair. The contingent seems to them to be very mediocre. It is the same story

every year. Going back to the old days in Africa and the Crimea, they vaunt those vigorous generations which braved everything—danger, climate, privation. The young armies of the terrible war of 1870 were not bad either. Improvised, badly trained, badly armed, poorly officered, always in presence of an enemy superior in number, they nevertheless managed to make a good figure during that rigorous winter, when they were incessantly beaten and yet always resisted.

The troops of to-day will be just as good. The soldier has changed; that is incontestable; but he has preserved his essential qualities. His carelessness, his "chaff"—which foreigners sometimes mistake for indiscipline—console and sustain him in the hour of trial, and render him well fitted to endure privations. The retreat from Moscow, the siege of Sebastopol, the siege of Metz, the expeditions in Asia, Africa, and Mexico, have all borne witness to the same solidity, the same endurance, the same contempt of danger, and indifference to the hardness of campaign life, the same zeal and pluck ever ready to manifest themselves.

The French soldier possesses bravery, the legendary virtue of the Gauls; his spirit is warlike rather than military. Our endeavor has been to preserve the one while developing the other; to add method and prudence to innate fancy and spirit of adventure. Military education is the great preoccupation of the modern French army, and in this matter the subaltern officer is the most precious agent.

When young the subaltern is a little light, familiar, and too near the age of the soldiers under his orders. When he re-engages, after he has settled down and won his medal, he is excellent, and possesses a considerable situation *vis-à-vis* the recruit or the reservist. His brusqueness is of the right sort; he reprimands, scolds, and punishes, but he does not abuse the men; still less does he strike them. His whole being is a picture of action and movement. He joins example to precept; he demonstrates and he executes. Athletic in form, of bronzed complexion, cleanly shaven, with heavy mustaches, a long *mouche* under his lower lip, his dress irreproachable, his physiognomy is kindly, his aspect serious, and he rarely laughs.

Such was the appearance of Sergeant Trévert when he was instructing the

newly arrived conscripts. "All your duties," he used to say to them, "may be reduced to one, namely, obedience. Obedience includes all the others. Discipline is obedience. It is very simple, you see. To wear a uniform, handle a gun properly, put a bullet in the target—all that a militia-man can do as well as a soldier. But a soldier is a different thing from a militia-man; he is disciplined; that is to say, he obeys; whereas the militia-man criticises; there's the difference between them. When I tell you to obey, that means that you must execute an order at a word or a sign, and divine the thoughts of the commander, because that is always the right track. Obey, and never make reflections; that, young conscripts, is the occult and great toe of discipline. If you do not understand my anatomical comparison, I will complete it for your limited intelligences by adding that it is the beginning and the end of the soldier's business. When I order you to do something, you need not understand. Trévert speaks. Trévert knows what he is talking about. Trévert thinks for you. All you have to do is to execute his orders, and sharply. Always keep your eye on me, whether in a manœuvre or on the battle-field. I march, you follow me. I run, you run. I fall down wounded. . . . and what do you do?"

"We pick you up."

"Nonsense! On the battle-field we do not stop to pick up the wounded. You continue all the more sharply; you go on, marching over me. I shall be pleased to feel how vigorously you are going along, and if I am not killed outright I shall shout to you, 'Trample on me, crush me, *nom d'un bleu*, but charge!'"

This was not perhaps academic eloquence, but it was nevertheless eloquence of a certain sort, warm and communicative, because it was sincere. All his young listeners, students, tradespeople, farmers, were stirred by this picturesque and often incorrect language, always frank, always to the point, and always exalting duty. A subaltern officer well educated and a good literary speaker would never have produced such an effect.

Sergeant Trévert thus terminated his discourse: "Here is the order for to-morrow. At nine o'clock review of the regiment; reception of the newly promoted; presentation of the recruits to the colors. You understand? Try and furbish



INFANTRY.

yourselves up brand-new from head to foot."

The men who have just come to the regiment are dressed on the day of their arrival, and set to work the next day. They do not take part in the manoeuvres of the regiment until they are in a condition to figure decently under arms. The moment when they are, so to speak, declared soldiers is that when they are presented to the colors—an old custom which is not followed everywhere, and which has an imposing and inspiring character. It strikes young imaginations, and at the same time it fills with emotion the hearts of the old soldiers.

In order that everything may be in order, the men sit up late and rise early, busy making up their knapsacks, brushing their clothes, polishing their accoutrements. Then comes the examination by the subalterns and the platoon officers. The men after that go down into the drill yard, and are inspected by the captain. The battalions are then set in line. The colonel arrives. The band plays. The colonel reviews the men in detail. The recruits feel their hearts thumping when they see so many officers examining them minutely. The officers and subaltern officers recently appointed are recognized according to the regulation formulæ. Meanwhile a company has gone to fetch the flag, which advances with its escort, and stops in the middle of the court-yard of the barracks.

The drums roll. The colonel orders the presentation of arms, and salutes the flag with his sword. Drums, bugles, and music sound the order, "To the flag!" All the old soldiers of the regiment who have a decoration or a medal go and take their place around the colors. The newly promoted officers stand in front of them. Then the colonel orders, "Shoulder arms! vanguard in open order," and pronounces the formula of investiture before each officer, strikes him on the shoulder with his sword, hands him the insignia of his grade, and kisses him.

Then he orders the vanguard to close its ranks, and the guns to be stacked.

The recruits, without arms, then come and stand in a semicircle before the flag, which is still surrounded by the officers and the soldiers who have decorations or medals.

"Soldiers," says the colonel, "in your towns, in your villages, in the fields, the church steeple was your rallying-point.

Around it were your families, your homes, your interests. Here the colors take the place of the steeple. They are even more; the colors are the image of the father-land itself, the sign of honor, the symbol of devotion even unto death. Proud to serve them, feeling honored to defend them, you cannot abandon them without becoming cowardly deserters, traitors to your country and to your countrymen. You see how we love and venerate our national colors. Let this same spirit of affection and respect henceforward animate you, and in all circumstances rally always to the cry, *Au drapeau! au drapeau!* You will be told the history of the colors and the history of the regiment which is now your military family. It contains already many fine pages; try by your valiant deeds to increase the number of those pages."

Then each captain explains to his men the signification of the flag. Symbol of the father-land, it remains in the middle of the regiment. Its folds speak. What words? On one side "valor" and "discipline," which embrace all the duties of a soldier; on the other, the names of the battles that recall all his souvenirs. The captains mention the brilliant actions in which the regiment has been distinguished, the losses it has sustained—in a word, its whole history; and when this record is ended, the men take up their arms and march past the colors, saluting them, to the sounds of the regimental march.

The presentation to the colors is followed by their exhibition in the *salle d'honneur*, where they remain all day, with a guard relieved every hour. The recruits, guided by their subaltern officers, come to visit them, and to see the room where are displayed all the souvenirs of the regiment—pictures, portraits, photographs, relics, busts, statues, etc. An attempt is made to explain to them all that concerns the regiment, and to give them a high idea of the military family to which they henceforward belong.

V.

It is not easy to find one's way without a guide in the Alpes Maritimes. A company of tourists more venturesome than prudent discovered that not long ago. They had started from the charming inn of La Girandola, perched on a rock on the banks of the Roya, and intended to climb the peak of Gonella, in order to get a view



ALPINE CHASSEUR.

of the high ridges. They missed their way, passed the point they were seeking, and continued up and down, almost all the time through woods, until at last fatigue caused them to stop. The ladies of the party were in despair, and began to

talk of dying of hunger in those fearful solitudes, when the notes of a bugle were heard in the distance. The tourists recognized the French *clairon*, which is much shriller than the Italian cornet, and advancing in the direction of the sound, they

were soon out of the wood, and within view of a troop on the march, a battalion of *chasseurs de montagne*, with gray dolmans and trousers and leggings. As they advanced, the tourists distinguished clearly the column developing its spirals on the side of a steep spur, mounting from the depths of the valley of Luceran toward the peak of La Calmette. On a point to the left a group halted, forming the vanguard; the main body of the troop climbed slowly, followed by a long line of mules.

At that moment the firing of a cannon re-echoed from rock to rock, and announced the beginning of the attack. Little by little all the battalion got footing on the top of the spur, deployed on this difficult ground, and advanced toward the principal peak. The musketry rattled, backed up by the thundering of the artillery. Lines of agile foot-soldiers rose from the hollows of the rocks, from the midst of the bushes, from the irregularities of the ground, showed themselves for a moment, then disappeared, and kept on advancing. The frightened chamois, surprised by these sounds in their solitudes, bounded from rock to rock. Their wild flight will carry news to the inhabitants of the Italian slope, who have a proverb saying, "When the chamois come down in flight, the French are mounting on the heights."

The attack continues. The noise redoubles. The *chasseurs* are running up the steep slopes. At last they reach the summit. What lungs! what legs they have!

Now the troops halt, assemble together, make coffee, and take a rest. The tired tourists join them. The officer in command, having been informed of their misadventure, promises to help them.

"I cannot have you taken back to the plain to-day," he says to them. "You will have to stay with us until to-morrow, and follow us to our camp to-night."

"Oh," said one of the ladies, "that is impossible. We cannot walk another step."

"Do not be alarmed, ladies," replied the officer. "Our pannier mules will carry you. We will put you up comfortably in the bivouac; and to-morrow we will go down to La Bollène, where you will find carriages for Nice."

The proposition was promptly accepted. The bugle sounded the signal for departure, and the ladies were placed on the

backs of the ambulance mules, accompanied by the men of their party, and intrusted to the care of the doctor of the battalion. For a time the road was fairly good. An hour's march brought them to the wood-cutters' camp, a group of huts inhabited by the men who work the forest. Here the mules' straps were tightened, their shoes examined, and their burdens carefully put in order, for the last part of the road is the hardest. The wood-cutters' camp is the last point where there is any water, and so, before starting, all the animals are given to drink, and all the pots, gourds, and other receptacles are filled.

The zigzag and very precipitous path, mounting up a steep incline formed of loose fragments of rock, is hampered by roots and branches of trees. The men march briskly. Their step shows that they are accustomed to the mountain, its steep paths, and its rarefied air. Their lungs, like their muscles, are strengthened by these repeated exercises in the woods, on the heights, and across the glaciers all through the fine months of the year.

Further on the ground gets bare; the path runs over the rock itself; the zigzags are so short that they have scarcely the length of a mule. The animals advance but very slowly, and by the time the ambulance reaches the plateau the soldiers have already been there some time, and the bivouac has been rapidly formed.

The officer in command comes forward to meet the tourists, and, to their great surprise, proposes to conduct them to their hotel. They follow him. The mules stop at the extremity of the plateau, where the woods begin. Under the trees a bivouac has been installed for the tourists. A *gourbi* of pine branches will protect them from the coolness of the night. The entrance is decorated with bouquets of mountain flowers.

"Here is your home for one day, mesdames," says the officer. "We will send you the mule litters, and, with some fern and a rug, you will have a fairly comfortable bed."

"We accept the lodging, but not the beds. We will not deprive your sick."

"I have no sick," replies the officer. "There is nobody in the ambulance. The ambulance is, so to speak, useless. We have been on the march during the past three months. We have just marched



TURCOS.

six long spells without a rest. We shall march again to-morrow, and then perhaps we shall take a day's rest. My men are in perfect training. Now I will leave you, mesdames. In an hour I will come to take you to dinner."

At the appointed time the officer came, and all the tourists followed him across the plateau, admiring the splendid panorama spread out before them. From the summit of the Aution (2060 metres) they saw at their feet, like a gigantic ditch, the valley of the Mimiera joining the Roya

at the east near San Dalmazzo, and commanded by an Italian fort, the most advanced of the works that defend the Col de Tende. Beyond the depth of the Mimiera rose the last chain of the Alpes Maritimes, throwing up heavenward the ridge Del Diablo (2687 metres) and the peak of L'Abisso (2775 metres), an enormous mass, with its snowy covering tinted rose by the setting sun—a grand and striking spectacle, especially when seen from the midst of a bivouac, itself always so curious and so attractive. The senti-

nels watch as they pace to and fro. The mules browse the scant but tasty grass of the high plateaux. Seated on old tree trunks, the officers finish their itineraries, complete their notes, draw up reports on the country they have traversed, make sketches of the distant mountain silhouettes. The soldiers sing as they clean their arms, shout, run, and amuse themselves with games. To see their movements and their activity you would never think that they had marched twenty-five miles and accomplished a manœuvre amidst all the obstacles of mountainous ground. The Italians have reason to be proud of their Alpine companies. Our *chasseurs de montagne* are not one whit inferior to them in tenacity and endurance.

Night closes in. Dinner is served on a table formed of wattled branches covered with flowery turf. Old pine trunks, cut down in time of former wars, serve as seats. A big fire and torches formed of pine branches light the guests at this original and rustic feast. At such an altitude frugality is obligatory, nevertheless the fare is quite respectable. The chief dishes are red partridges and *civet de chamois*, pine mushrooms, an ice made with ewes' milk and snow, while strawberries, arbutus berries, and wild forest fruits, served in nests of moss, formed the dessert. The tourists are delighted, and thank the officers by drinking their health, and soon all retire to rest, for the next morning they will have to be up betimes.

At daybreak the battalion resumes its march along the ridge, alternately through woods and across meagre pasturages. The solitude is absolute except for some *pastorello* guarding his goats, who seem literally to cling to the mountain-side. The view is marvellous when the distance appears through a rent in the opaline morning mist.

The summit of the Tuor is reached without great difficulty, and after that the road follows the jagged edge of an extinct crater, at the bottom of which winds a silver ribbon, the Planchette, which at the end bathes the foundations of the Hôtel de la Bollène, whose dazzling white walls seem not far away, although it will take hours to reach it. The inclines become steeper and steeper, and the path narrower and narrower. The ladies seated in the panniers and swayed by the

movements of the mules above the abyss are not without alarm. They are not accustomed to the sensations of these giddy heights and depths.

The road gets worse, and becomes absolutely execrable at the point where the grand descent begins, and where the track is scarcely marked out in the sinuosities of the rocks. At one point great blocks overhang; at another sharp projections have to be turned; almost all the way the road follows the edge of a precipice. One cannot imagine how the mules will pass with their burdens, or how they can even get footing in this dangerous pass. The battalion passes without winking, as if it were the simplest thing in the world, and the mountain battery follows in its turn. But not the tourists; they find the danger too imminent and dismount, preferring to trust to their feet. Meanwhile they wait till the path is free, sitting on a granite promontory, and watching the whole battery defile along this track, which seems impracticable even for the goats themselves. It is a work of strength and patience, and requires as much skill as it does coolness. The soldiers hold up the mules, and even their burdens, by means of ropes. Thus relieved, the animals glide along rather than walk, stiffening their forelegs, and almost touching the ground with their hind quarters. A few accidents happen, but, thanks to the manifold precautions and to the care of the drivers, they are rarely serious; the mules that fall are soon put on their feet again. At last this long and perilous pass is cleared; the battery and the ambulance rejoin the battalion, and after a short halt the march is resumed, and La Bollène is reached.

The tourists rushed into the hotel, delighted to find themselves once more in a civilized place, and to be able to rest for a few hours. The column, however, continued its march. Later on the tourists started for Nice in a carriage. Toward the end of the day they overtook the indefatigable *chasseurs*, who were still marching along, although more than twelve hours had passed since they had begun their day's work.

VI.

Toward the end of the month of August the station of Florac on the Midi railway presented an unaccustomed aspect. The employés were all on the *qui vive*. A picket of soldiers under arms was waiting



HUSSARS.

at the door. An officer was superintending the arrangement of tall wooden indicators with the inscriptions, "Caserne haute," "Caserne Ducale," "Caserne des Célestins." A number of subaltern officers were walking up and down the platform in the midst of a crowd of people who had come merely to see. The 4.30

train was expected, bringing most of the reservists who had been convoked to do their twenty-eight days of military service.

The train steams into the station with a bunch of heads straining through every car window, and with a din of cries, calls, and songs. From all the compart-

ments issued young men, each carrying a valise or a bundle. Most of them wear civil costume; some are in military uniform. The agitation is extreme. The officers at the top of their voices call out the names of the barracks, and group the reservists around the indicators. Gradually order is established; the noise ceases; a roll of the drums has sufficed. The reservists follow the subaltern officers out of the station, and proceed to march firmly along behind the regimental band which has come to meet them. The mass of men, so noisy and loquacious a minute ago, has become silent, taken place in the ranks in correct order, and marches along to the rhythm of the music in the most methodical manner, without murmur or protestation.

When they reach the barracks the detachments are handed over to their captains. The roll is called. There are few missing. The reservists take up their quarters in the rooms that have just been occupied by the men of the territorial army. In military life there is no dull season; the various categories of men succeed each other; recruits, *disponibles*, *non exercés*, *dispensés*, *territoriaux*, *ré-servistes*, come, one after the other, to receive or to renew their instruction.

The next morning, as if they had been touched by a magic wand, all these men were dressed, equipped, armed, and at work on the drill-ground. To see their bearing, their zeal, and their readiness in the exercises, inexperienced eyes might confound them with the regular soldiers of the regiment. This rapid transformation—one of the necessities of modern warfare—has become part of the manners and customs of the country. Three days afterward the regiment left Florac to take part in the grand autumn manoeuvres, absolutely in the same conditions as if it had started on a real campaign.

VII.

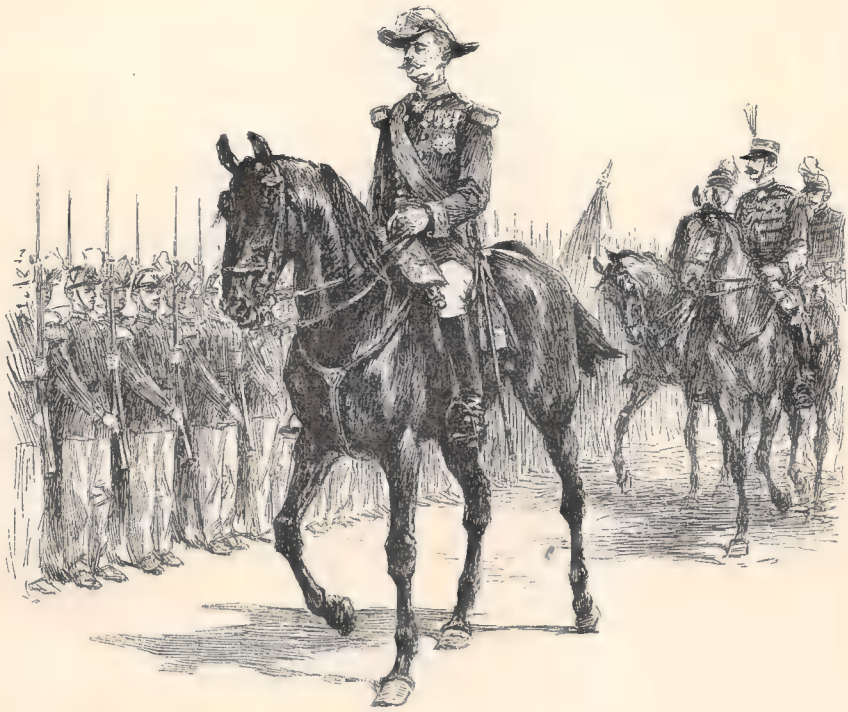
During the autumn manoeuvres the captment of the troops has a peculiar and picturesque character. It is neither a fête, nor a fair, nor a market, but all three put together. The streets are crowded with vehicles, horsemen, *estafettes*, troops, canteen women, sutlers, contractors, all hurrying about and very busy. Every house is changed into barracks. The stables, the sheds, barns, and storehouses are full of soldiers cleaning their accoutrements, fur-

bishing their arms, cooking their food. The population has suspended its existence. Those who can find anything that the troops want, offer it for sale. Those who have nothing to sell stroll about to satisfy their curiosity. Cart loads of bread and meat follow wagons laden with straw or wood, and no sooner have they arrived in the market-place than they are emptied into the regimental carts, which distribute their contents in the different quarters. Meanwhile the telegraphists unroll their cables and fix them along the houses; the ambulant station is installed in front of the town-hall, and messages begin to go and come. There is the staff—the motor, the brain, the apparatus, that transmits the will of the commander of the army corps. On horseback, surrounded by all his officers, the chief of the staff listens to reports, gives orders, signs papers; the officers write on the pommel of their saddles; messages are despatched in all directions, and conveyed rapidly by *estafettes* on horseback, orderlies on foot, velocipedists with light trousers, gaiters, and little caps.

A big cart with four horses arrives at a trot, with difficulty cleaving its way through the crowd. It contains long baskets that seem to hold poultry. The crowd salutes this apparition with a volley of jokes, but soon it becomes all attention when it sees that the baskets contain carrier-pigeons. The birds are to be let go, and all crowd and crush to see the operation. An officer verifies the indications on the baskets, and has them opened one after the other. The pigeons come out slowly, rise, sweep round two or three times, and then start off in a straight line for their homes, not a little alarmed by the cries and the joy of the public deeply interested by the spectacle.

Next follow the aeronautical carts, with a big balloon swaying over the first one, while on the other carts are numbers of little pilot or reserve balloons, the oven for making the gas, and ropes and tackle of all sorts. The sight-seers are much impressed by this new war apparatus, which they now see for the first time, and which, in their enthusiasm and astonishment, they honor with an ovation.

Suddenly the market-place is cleared. The people hasten away as quickly as they came. A word has sufficed: "Les étrangers arrivent!" The foreigners are coming! And everybody hurries away to the railway station.



GENERAL AND STAFF.

A regimental band plays when the train arrives bringing the foreign officers. The chief of the staff welcomes them in a room decorated with flowers and verdure, where the local authorities are assembled. After these compliments the foreign officers are conveyed in breaks to the principal hotel, where rooms have been engaged for them, and while the regimental wagons are bringing their baggage, a lunch is served in the dining-room. After lunch the foreign officers go for a walk through the town in little groups. The crowd gazes at them deferentially, trying to distinguish their nationality from their uniforms, and discreetly manifesting its sympathies.

But the streets are so crowded that it is not easy to walk about. It is the hour of the evening meal. The streets, the open spaces, the court-yards, are encumbered with tables. Hotels, inns, cafés, make every effort to satisfy their swarms of customers. Soldiers and reservists are eat-

ing, drinking, laughing, and singing. During the march, the manoeuvres, and the *corvées*, the men have remained serious, but now that they are no longer on duty, *gauloiserie* resumes its rights and overflows like the glasses. There are no sulkers, no sufferers from homesickness. Oblivion wipes out all cares. The soldier's life is hard at times, but there is no help for it, and the men are gay and joyous all the same—a precious quality in manoeuvres, admirable in war, and an excellent resource against adversity.

Night comes on. Lamps, lanterns, and candles are lighted, and throw into relief the dark shadows of the garlands of foliage and the transparencies, with their inscriptions in honor of the army. Indoors and out-of-doors there are sounds of music and dancing. No scandalous scenes, no drunkenness. This frank gaiety, this vigor of our men, who, after marching all day, and with the prospect of hard work the next day, still run about

and dance, always astonish foreigners, who are struck by their physical endurance and good-humor.

VIII.

A little after sunrise solitude reigned in the little town of Monvel, that had been so animated the previous night. The troops had all disappeared, and nearly all the inhabitants too, for they had gone to see the manœuvres. At a distance of about six miles from the town the columns of troops begin to appear and to close up. A long file of breaks brings the foreign officers up to a vast circular tent, where a well-provided buffet awaits them. The general-in-chief is announced, and all the officers place themselves according to nationality, and the official presentations take place. Then the general retires to order operations to begin. The foreign officers find horses ready for them, and under the guidance of French officers placed at their service they disperse, in order to follow the incidents of the action.

The attacking troops advance slowly in long lines of sharpshooters. The defence retreats, and concentrates its efforts on defending the passage of the valley, the hedges from which tall poplar-trees rise, the mill, whose dam, running parallel with the river, augments its power of resistance. Still the defence is obliged to yield, and accordingly falls back half-way up the hill, where a village forms its centre. This point becomes the object of all the efforts of the assailants. The defenders are once more forced to fall back to the summit of the hill; the position is excellent and difficult of access. The defence has taken its measures well. The attack, however, behaves equally well. The lines close up; the reserves approach. You feel that the *dénouement* is not far off.

To the right a long cloud of dust and a dull rumbling announce the approach of the artillery, which dashes forward, and soon deploys on a hill-side. They are no longer small cannons of shining bronze, such as the Prussian pieces destroyed in 1870, without fear of being touched by their projectiles. In place of these old-fashioned guns we see a long row of stiff and black steel tubes without artistic character—artillery of long and precise range, with which the enemy will have one day to count.

The public hurries up on foot, on horse-back, in carriages, eager to see the exciting spectacle of the image of war.

On the side that forms the left of the attack is an elevation commanding the Canal du Midi. Some horse batteries trot up and take their position there. They clear walls and ditches, then deploy at a gallop, stop in line, and run out their guns. Two squadrons of chasseurs, on their little smoking horses, gallop after them, leap over all obstacles, dash through stones and bushes, and take up their position a little in the rear of the batteries, to protect them.

The crowd applauds the artillerymen and the chasseurs, whose rapid evolution has been executed with incomparable dash, boldness, and *maestria*. Absorbed by their enthusiasm, the spectators want to see everything without heeding the dangers that surround them. No sooner are the batteries in position than the firing begins. The repeated detonations frighten the horses in the throng of carriages. The ladies stop their ears. Screams and cries of lamentation are heard. One horse bolts away with a carriage full of people; the coachman has lost all control; the descent is steep; the road runs along the brow of the hill that dominates the canal; the turn is very short, the danger imminent, and no help appears possible. A lieutenant of the supporting squadrons sees the danger and the way to meet it, makes his horse leap over hedge and ditch, and places himself tranquilly across the road. The carriage comes tearing along; there is a terrible shock; officer and horse are overthrown, and the runaway horse and carriage come to a stand-still in a cloud of dust. The people in the carriage are unhurt, but the lieutenant, who has saved their lives, is picked up grievously wounded and unconscious. Thereupon the men of the Red Cross Society come up and take charge of him. The canal is near, and on it is a section of the floating ambulance, a recent creation of the Union des Femmes de France, whose litter-men carry the wounded officer on board, and convey him to the village of Pontpetit, where at night the ambulance of the army corps is to be established.

This episode could naturally make no change in the normal development of the manœuvre, the intensity of which increases every second. The riflemen thicken their ranks; the reserves enter in line



FIELD ARTILLERY.



VELOCIPEDIST.

in compact masses; from right to left the artillery quickens its fire. Platoons of infantry well sheltered form veritable human mitrailleuses. The rattle of the musketry increases. The attack accumulates all its resources, thus intimating its intention of making a vigorous effort. On the right wing the cavalry advances at a trot, a little masked by the irregularities of the ground. The horses are uneasy. You

feel from their restrained step that the charge is about to take place.

The signal is given. From all sides the troops dash forward, the cavalry toward the enemy's flank, the infantry in the same direction. Bayonets are fixed. Drums and bugles beat and sound the charge. In spite of the steepness of the ascent the step is quickened to a run, to repeated cries of "En avant! en avant!" The enemy retreats, and the public too, terror-stricken by the torrent of mounting bayonets. The assault is finished; the crest of the hill is reached; the position is won.

IX.

A few days afterward the army corps was assembled on the banks of the Gers, in the splendid Armagnac region near Auch. The grand autumn manœuvres were at an end. The final review was about to take place. This event is the fête, the crowning of the efforts, the recompense of the labor of all.

From very distant points the spectators have gathered in such immense crowds that, although very numerous, the troops are almost lost amidst the ocean of heads. The faubourg is decorated with flags, garlands, triumphal arches of greenery, banners, and *banderoles* bearing inscriptions in honor of the army. The Place de Strasbourg is thronged with people—on the roofs, on the trees, at the windows—every corner is occupied. The review is passed. The general-in-chief returns to

the Place, followed by all the foreign officers in full-dress uniform, and the marching past begins amidst the applause of the spectators, who comprehend the importance of the result manifested by the smart and regular step of the infantry, still fresh and in fine form after twenty days of hard manœuvres.

In this part of France people are impressionable; they feel and appreciate vividly; their demonstrative nature delights in exterior manifestations; they feel a need of giving vent to their enthusiasm. To see their reservists, their children, their fellow-citizens, march smartly past and represent their province brilliantly in the eyes of all the foreign military missions excited their enthusiasm to the highest degree, and made them prodigal of their cheers. All the regiments, all the arms, all the colors, were greeted with roars of applause; the very length of the spectacle seemed to revive them; and their enthusiasm was justified.

When it was over, when the commander-in-chief saluted the foreigners and the authorities, and then returned into the town, followed by his brilliant cortège, cries of "Vive le général!" rose from all sides. The crowd seemed to have but one voice to say to him, "Merci!"—Thank you. Amongst these ardent Southerners it was, as it were, a veritable explosion of national sentiment and local self-love. Doubtless there was in it a warm and grateful feeling toward the chief who had directed the manœuvres, but this unanimous homage was addressed principally to the army, to its activity and its good training, which are pledges of security and of hope. And in their enthusiasm you felt the vibration of the nation itself applauding the living expression of its resuscitation.

X.

Other manœuvres, more restricted but not less interesting, were then taking place in the Vosges district, where excellent troops found enthusiastic hearts to admire them. Under the less luminous sky of eastern France you no longer find the noisy expansiveness of the south. On the frontier the attitude is silent and melancholy, and cries are replaced by looks that are as eloquent as words.

The contrast is complete between the two sides of the mountains. On the west, calm, tranquillity, hope. On the east, agitation, persecution, alarm. A strange

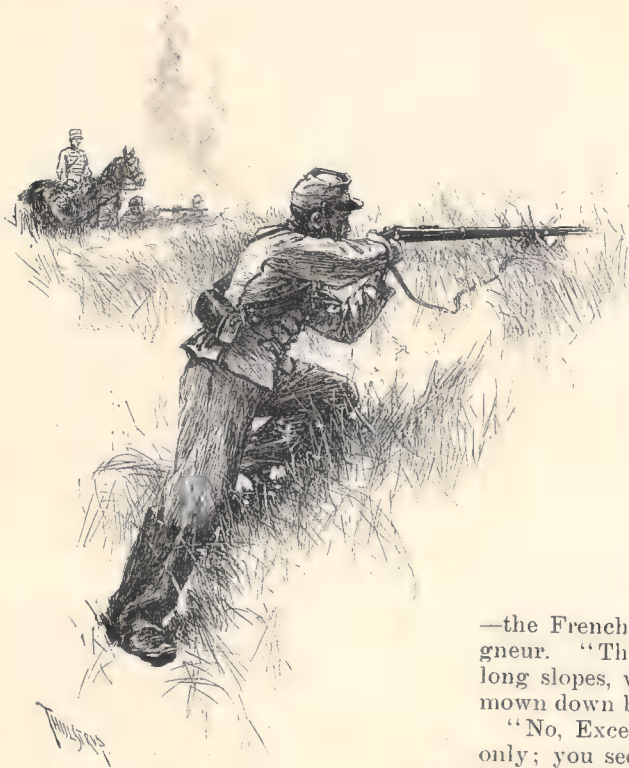
the slopes of the Hohnneck or the Prayez, drive them wild, and all sorts of suppositions come into their heads as to the motives, the means, the object. The absence of all mystery makes them think that there must be some. They want absolutely to know what we are doing. They are astonished to see us moving about in our own country, so little do they themselves feel at home on the other side of the mountains.

The Germans are tortured with apprehension. Their ever-increasing armaments do not make them feel secure. The victor, the conqueror, the mighty man, declares that he fears nothing, and at the same time he fears everything, both what he sees, and still more what he does not see. The Germans are peculiarly concerned about the progress of the French army. They feel that they are already equalled, and that perhaps they will soon be surpassed. Hence that immoderate need of getting information under all pretexts, by all means, under all disguises. Tourists, workmen, peddlers, ambulant musicians, etc., are always wandering about the frontier zone. But, in spite of that, they are always in doubt. All the precautions they take, all the spies they send, all the money they

spectacle. The Germans live in a state of perpetual suspicion. The smoke that rises in the air, the wind that blows, the gunshot of a hunter, the digging of a ditch, the building of a wall—everything excites their suspicion. The movements of our troops in particular worry them intensely. Military reconnoissances, making rapid explorations on



BALLOON CARTS.



CHASSEUR À CHEVAL.

spend, do not satisfy their curiosity. Why? Because the information obtained is not such as they could wish.

Refusing to believe in the so complete reorganization of the French army, a Pomeranian seigneur resolved to judge for himself, and requested his doctor to prescribe for him an air cure in the Vosges. Armed with an iron-shod alpenstock, which he carried so that all could see it, and with a revolver hidden in his pocket, accompanied by some friends and preceded by a few spies, he climbed up the mountain, gained the edge of the woods, and came and sat close to the frontier, on the ruins of the feudal castle of Zweifelhof. From this point he could see a portion of the French slope of the Vosges, where a manœuvre was announced to take place. He saw on the ridges some Alsacians showing themselves timidly, for they, too, wished to see our soldiers. The Pomeranian was well placed in order to appreciate the emotion of the former

and the merit of the latter.

Soon the solitude became animated. Some scouts are seen at the bottom of the valley. Riflemen appear in the black woods. There are preparations for a fight, and the firing begins.

"Oh!" cries the foreign spectator; "by the devil, who is the accomplice of these Gauls? I hear shots, but I see no smoke. Another legend gone overboard."

At this moment an infantry regiment, issuing from the forest, crossed the valley calmly, and advanced in battle array toward the opposite slope.

"Always imprudent—the French," remarked the grand seigneur. "They are going to mount those long slopes, where they would be easily mown down by the fire of the enemy."

"No, Excellency, that is a pretence only; you see they are bearing more to the right."

"To the right there are rocks. They cannot get up that way, I imagine."

"Still they seem to be doing so. Yes; they are climbing."

"They must be mad to try to climb up a rock so steep that it is almost perpendicular. The ascent is impossible."

"Still, they are getting up."

"Well, if they did get up they would be cut to pieces at once by the enemy on the top."

"But the enemy could not stay there. See the French batteries opposite, half-way up the hill, and covering by their fire the eminence that the infantry are scaling. Their bold manœuvre might be successful after all."

The Pomeranian seigneur made no reply. He seemed ill at ease, and after a moment he asked for his cloak and his flask, out of which he drank. "Where does this Branntwein come from?" he asked.

"From Aarau, Excellency; it bears the mark."

"The bottle, yes; but not what is in it. It comes from France. There can be no

mistake." Then he murmured to himself: "Inexorable fatality! Germany cannot produce cognac! What a subject of observation for the physiologist and the moralist! So much weakness combined with so much strength!"

Mute, his eyes fixed on the battalions scaling the rocks, he shook his head as if to drive away some disagreeable thought. He suffered, and yet he continued to watch. He saw the summits carried with impetuosity, while the infantry reformed their ranks in an instant, and simulated a thick fire against the enemy supposed to be retreating.

At that moment some women wearing broad bows of black ribbons in their hair, and big white embroidered aprons, and holding their children by the hand, came out of the wood and advanced toward the troops at rest, where they were received with cheers.

"What are all those women doing?" asked the Pomeranian seigneur of one of his followers.

"The French soldiers are a great attraction for the Alsaciennes, Excellency. There will probably be a dance to-night at the farm of Le Tanet."

"I thought our people were forbidden to cross the frontier and enter French territory."

"Yes, but they cross it all the same."

"Shall we have to wall in the frontier, then?"

"That would be a costly and doubtless a useless measure. Walls cannot stop hearts or ideas."

"True," murmured his Excellency. "Implacable fatality! The Germans can do everything with the help of God, but still they cannot make the Alsacians love them."

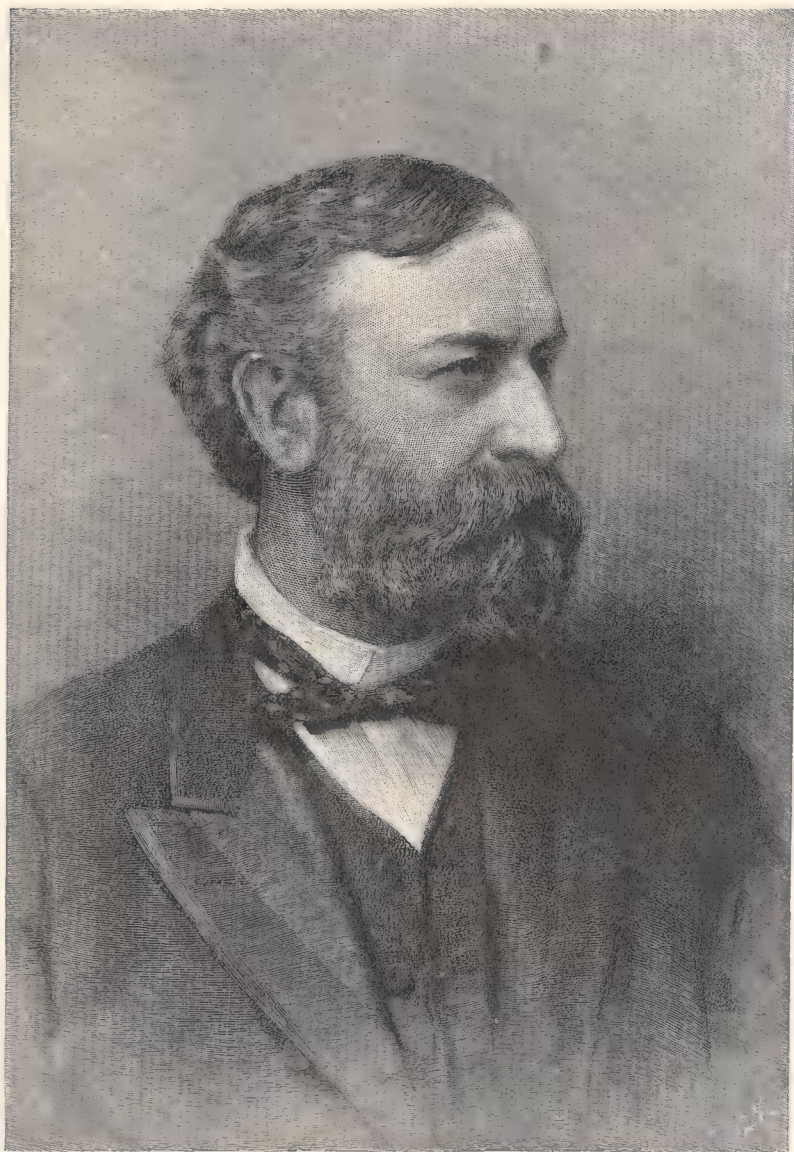
After a short rest, the troops marched back down the slopes and regained their bivouac. They had just accomplished, by way of exercise, one of those manœuvres which sometimes secure a victory. Their good-humor bore witness to their confidence and to their power of resisting fatigue.

The tourist had risen. He wished to go away, and yet he could not take his eyes off the French regiment engaged in disposing its advanced posts and patrols. Shortly afterward a patrol coming up to the guard posted just below the Zweifelhof was met by the cry, "Qui vive?" And the patrol replied, "France."

The Teuton wiped his brow, threw a last glance at the encampment, and went away with the uneven step of an angry man, while the echo of the rocks and the voices of the Alsaciennes issuing from the depth of the woods sent back to his grieved ears the words, "Vive France!"



CHASSEURS À PIED.



WILLIAM F. VILAS.
From a photograph by Kurtz, New York.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

BY THE HON. W. F. VILAS.

NO region can be more appropriately designated the heart of North America, speaking geographically, than that which lies within the embrace of the upper Mississippi, Lake Superior, and Lake Michigan. The great natural arteries of the habitable continent issue from its borders, and grant to it, although inland a thousand miles, easy commerce with the ocean on the east, and the Gulf of Mexico on the south. In the ports of both lakes ships from Europe are to be seen which have passed, by the St. Lawrence gate, through the wall of mountains that from Labrador to Georgia defends the interior. The principal water channels of the wide plains between the Rocky and Alleghany ranges are gathered by the Mississippi into a tributary system of natural intercommunication available for its practical use.

Of this territory the State of Wisconsin embraces the greater part. In the plan of the nation's forefathers it was designed that a single State should comprehend substantially all of it; and it would, in some respects, have been convenient and beneficial to its inhabitants had the plan been more nearly adhered to in the adjustment of State lines. This was all parcel of the Northwest Territory, and was delivered from European dominion by the success of the Revolution, confirmed by the Treaty of Paris, by which instrument Great Britain surrendered the country to the Mississippi, the limit of her claim westward; and the northwestern corner on the Canadian boundary was fixed in the Lake of the Woods. Virginia, however, claimed the entire expanse beyond the Ohio, at least as far as the Illinois; Massachusetts asserted title, under her royal charter, to a belt of eighty miles in width, below the parallel of $43^{\circ} 43' 12''$, extending to the river; and Connecticut to still another adjoining belt; but all relinquished their claims in the interest of common fellowship and good-will, and ceded full title and jurisdiction to the federal government. Thereupon, in consideration of their grants, the Congress of the old confederation passed the famous ordinance of 1787, and by one of its six special "articles of compact between the original States and the people and States in the said territory," which were to "forever remain

unalterable, unless by common consent," it was agreed and ordained that "not less than three nor more than five States" should be formed in the territory; of which, if but three, the third should be composed of the district of country lying west of a direct line drawn due north from the Wabash and Post Vincents to the Canadian boundary, and the division of this district to form two States, Congress was authorized to make *only* upon "an east and west line drawn through the southerly bend or extreme of Lake Michigan."

Had this "compact" been kept, the State of Wisconsin would have possessed northern Illinois, with the city of Chicago; northeastern Minnesota, with the cities of St. Paul and Duluth; and the richest portion of the upper peninsula of Michigan. But the insecurity of public engagements received signal illustration in the performance of this covenant in the first great instrument of national obligation after the establishment of our independence. Not one of the five States formed in the Northwest Territory is bounded according to the requirement of the celebrated ordinance, nor did any departure from it receive the common consent, which was the only contingency to modify the guarantee of perpetual observance. Ohio first, then Indiana, were permitted to crowd their northern lines upon Michigan; and Illinois to take 8400 square miles, in a strip of sixty-one miles width, from southern Wisconsin; in each instance the protesting Territory proving wholly defenceless in Congress, with no buckler but the nation's compact, "forever unalterable," against the arguments and influence of a new-coming State, immediately to possess votes in that body and the Electoral College. After long resistance, the people of Michigan were forced reluctantly into their lucky bargain, by which her territorial losses were far more than compensated in the gain of the entire upper peninsula; and Wisconsin was left with the usual portion, according to old customs, of the youngest in the family. Nor in the end was she permitted to keep what the others left. The great size of the remainder appeared to some of the older States dangerously dis-

proportionate; the settlers in the northwestern portion were ambitious to secure a separate State, and exerted themselves diligently to influence Congress; and many in Wisconsin favored the division. It resulted in the excision by Congress of the northwestern corner of the old Territory, and Wisconsin entered the Union in 1848, with limits much less than were originally set apart for this State, yet substantially equal in area to Michigan and Illinois, and greatly beyond Ohio and Indiana, and with a country unexcelled, rarely equalled, in variety, extent, and quality of natural resources. The south boundary of the State lies on the parallel of $42^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude; the lakes, joined by the line of the Menomonee River flowing to Green Bay, and the Montreal in opposite course into Superior, are her eastern and northern confines; the northwestern limit proceeds from the end of Lake Superior up the St. Louis River to the first rapids, thence due south by a land line of about forty miles to the St. Croix River, and by its course to the Mississippi, which forms the western border. Its superficial measurement is 53,924 square miles. Its average length is approximately 260 miles, its average breadth, 215; but its shape is not regular, and the distance between its northernmost point and south line exceeds 312 miles, while its extreme breadth is nearly or quite three hundred. The little archipelago known as the Apostle Islands, in Lake Superior, lies within its northern boundary.

Protracted controversy attended all the adjustments of State lines which have been mentioned, much bitter feeling was aroused in the breasts of the pioneers and early statesmen of Michigan and Wisconsin, and for some time efforts were pressed to undo the dispositions which Congress had made. The northern counties of Illinois unwillingly parted at the time from the expected association with their neighbors above. The inhabitants of the western part of the upper peninsula of Michigan sustained more inconvenience, because their interests and intercourse naturally unite them to Wisconsin, and their readiest communication with their capital has long been by rail through this State and around Lake Michigan by the south. Yet, except in their case, it may be doubted whether much loss of material welfare has been sustained by the people chiefly affected by the deviations from

the lines originally fixed by the ordinance of 1787; and although States of vastly greater area have been since received, the opinions which prevailed when the limits of Wisconsin were finally settled might not improbably have operated to deny it extension to the shores of Lake Superior, and possession of much of its rich northern territory, if the southern boundary had been preserved on the line drawn through the "extreme of Lake Michigan."

The history of Wisconsin in all memorable particulars is not obscure. It opens under French auspices, and is separable by five divisions. The eras of French rule, of British authority, of pre-Territorial transition, of separate Territorial and State existence, are landmarked by events.

The elucidation of the circumstances of its discovery, from neglected and forgotten testimonies, has been in recent years accomplished to general acceptance by Professor Consul W. Butterfield, an industrious and intelligent student of the antiquities and annals of the State. He has not only brought out from long obscurity the true discoverer, but has set back by many years the date of the event. The little colony of the Pilgrims on the Massachusetts coast was only in its fourteenth year when first the white adventurer saw Wisconsin. He was Jean Nicolle, an early specimen of that unique and hardy race, the *coureurs des bois*, a graft of Indian savage life upon French character, who were for two centuries the curious common carriers of the wilderness. He had come to New France in 1618, a youth of twenty, for many years was immersed alone among the Hurons, in the wilds about Lake Nipissing and the upper waters of the Ottawa, and typically embodied the adventurous spirit, fortitude, cheerfulness, and zeal which always characterized his class. It seems to have been the old geographical fantasy, so oft pursued to bitter disappointments—belief of an easy way to Cathay and the realms of the East—that spurred him to his bold journey. Rumor passed among the Indians of eastern Lake Huron, then the terminal of exploration, of a tribe that dwelt some hundreds of leagues to the westward, called Quinipigous, meaning "men of the sea." Significant name! Fancy-colored hope readily saw in the misty stories of their large wooden canoes, shaved heads, and beardless faces a people

who knew the Western ocean, had mingled with, were even kindred to, the Chinese or Tartars of the East. It would seem that even Champlain, chivalrous old knight of the forest, lent his ear to the tale, and blew the flame of expectation. And Nicollet, in company with the good Father Brebeuf, then just setting forth on his dismal and fatal mission to the Hurons, again toiled up the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers to Allumette Island, and then on alone to the Georgian Bay, whence embarking with but seven Indian companions, he first of white men traversed the mist-covered waters of upper Lake Huron, paddled up the Strait of Mackinac, ascended the western coast of Lake Michigan, crossed the threshold of "Death's Door" into the sombre Green Bay, found at its head the mouth of the Fox, and at length, in the autumn-summer of 1634, set foot on the country of his venturesome search, of the "men of the sea." He despatched a messenger, to whom they hospitably responded, and, escorted by a company of their young men, he proceeded to their village. He knew the value of first impressions, and long before had studied the effects of this momentous meeting. Through all his tedious journeying he had borne with anxious care the garments suited to the tastes of this people he was then to see. The hour was now at hand, and, brilliantly apparelled in Chinese damask embroidered with many-colored birds and flowers, exploding pistols from both hands, he theatrically presented himself, the ambassador of New France. His illusion quickly vanished. No gorgeous mandarin welcomed him with Oriental grace; no road to Cathay opened there. They were simple savages like his own companions, who marvelled at the strange whiteness of his skin, and in a great assemblage feasted him magnificently on beaver; but he found a country marked by Nature's love, and her waterway to the Mississippi.

Notwithstanding his theory of raiment miscarried, the hands that clasped the thunder were objects of reverential awe, and Nicollet readily made friends of these Winnebagoes, and later of other tribes, and tarried for months among them. He continued his journey farther up the Fox River, to where but a short portage to the Wisconsin gives access to the waters that descend to the Gulf, and not improbably learned the general course of that river.

At that point, however, he turned southward by land, traversed the prairies into Illinois, and in the autumn of 1635 returned to Quebec. But the high-mettled Champlain lay sinking to his end, and there was none then to carry the flag of France to the new-found country of the prairies, and Nicollet's adventures and discoveries lapsed into story, fruitless, except of unacknowledged guidance to later explorers.

Twenty years afterward, two bold traders in quest of peltries penetrated the Northern forests, and probably visited Green Bay; but the beginnings of settlement were due to the Society of Jesus. In 1665 Father Claude Allouez pushed along the southern coast of Lake Tracy, as they called Superior then, to the Bay of Chegoimegon, and there established the Mission of the Holy Ghost. Near the head of the bay he built a house, sided and thatched with bark, the first dwelling of a white man in Wisconsin. Six years later this mission was abandoned from terror of the Sioux, and for above a century and a half was not resumed. The name of La Pointe de Saint Esprit, abridged to La Pointe in common speech, remained to the neighborhood, and afterward attached to the place on Madeline Island where an important post of Mr. Astor's famous company was located, in the prosperity of the fur trade. There Baraga, afterward bishop, re-established the mission in 1835, and for years wrought to construct in the wild Chippewa speech the gentle messages of Christianity.

He was born in Austria, near the close of the last century, studied law in Vienna, and theology in Laibach, where he was ordained. He came to America in 1830, burning with an ardor to bring the gospel to the hearts of the Indian people, which remained unquenched through all his long life. He began his Indian studies at Cincinnati, was first installed as pastor at Arbor Croche, afterward taught at a village near the site of Grand Rapids, in Michigan, and thence repaired to La Pointe. He became distinguished for his knowledge of the Chippewa tongue, wrote and published an Ojibwe dictionary and grammar, translations from the Bible, catechism, prayer and hymn books, besides works in the German and Slavonic languages. He was consecrated Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie in 1853, but subsequently transferred his episcopal residence to Mar-

quette, and there he died in 1868, beloved and revered by all within a wide region upon which he had left the impress of his saintly purity, untiring zeal, and love for men. The humility and patience with which he labored and suffered, often in the extremest poverty and wretchedness of life, the constancy of his love for the benighted people to whom he was sent, the severity of his self-imposed tasks, his wonderful devotion and great accomplishments, have given him renown among missionaries hardly below those of earlier times who received the crown of martyrdom.

In 1669, the same missionary, Allouez, associated with Father Dablon, commenced at the head of Green Bay the enduring mission of St. François Xavier, and two years after built a chapel five or six miles above the mouth of the Fox, whence the present town of Depere derives its name, as the place *des pères*. Fort La Baye, an insignificant affair, was built where the city of Fort Howard now is, on the bank near the river's mouth. The point was one of activity in the Indian trade, but no settlement of the kind that indicates approaching civilization and development was begun there or elsewhere in Wisconsin until long after it was delivered from foreign hands. In 1761, a British officer, with less than a score of men, entered unopposed, and took possession of the post at Green Bay. Afterward, by the Treaty of Paris, negotiated in 1762, France entirely gave up the continent, yielding her northern possessions to England, and the territory of Louisiana to Spain. In the Green Bay neighborhood, the little fort, disused and decayed, the chapel and the mission house, a few families, a few *arpents* of cultivated ground, a few titles under French law, the disputed tradition of a "fort," or trading house, at Prairie du Chien, perhaps a factory at the foot of Lake Pepin, some inoculation of the French language on Indian dialects—these and nothing more were left to preserve the savor of New France in Wisconsin.

In June, 1763, on the breaking out of Pontiac's war, the Chippewas surprised and captured Michilimackinac, which necessitated immediate withdrawal of the garrison at Green Bay, and the British sway was thenceforth wholly nominal, neither settler nor soldier of England appearing afterward during its continu-

ance. Although that government surlily held the Northern posts until 1796, independence legally dates here, as in the original States, with the Declaration of 1776; and the twenty years between were free, in fact, of the manifestations of British authority.

The most interesting event of the French era was the famous voyage of Father Marquette and Sieur Joliet to the Mississippi in 1673, too often and too well described to admit repetition. It was not absolute discovery, for the great river had been De Soto's grave above a hundred and thirty years, and Indian report had also made known its existence and course toward the South. Yet the merit of discovery is theirs, because the story of De Soto's wanderings carried little geographical information, and none of the origin of the river; and it was their finding which made the world acquainted with it, even as the same that held his body.

The transitional period before organization of the Territory of Wisconsin lasted sixty years. Until 1800 the Northwest Territory remained intact. The first division was made on the Fourth of July in that year, under an act passed in the preceding May, with a view to the erection of the State of Ohio, and all west of that proposed State was constituted the Territory of Indiana. The next step was taken in 1805, by setting out the Territory of Michigan within the lines designed for the fourth State by the ordinance of 1787; but this did not embrace any country west of the lake. In 1809 Congress created the Territory of Illinois, and, still pursuing essentially the lines of the ordinance, gave to it all west of the lower Wabash and the Vincennes meridian, thus comprising Wisconsin and north-eastern Minnesota. Across this expanse the enabling act of Illinois drew the limit of that State, as already mentioned, in 1818, and annexed the northern remainder to Michigan Territory. This political association, to which was added in 1834 all the region west of the Mississippi which lies north of the State of Missouri and east of the Missouri and White Earth rivers, continued until the Fourth of July, 1836. On that day, by the act of April 20th, the Territory of Wisconsin came into being, with the area of Michigan Territory diminished by the excision of that State; Iowa, Minnesota, and the eastern half of the two Dakotas being thus included.

The first considerable immigration was due to the discovery of the lead mines. This mineral exists in great abundance in northwestern Illinois and southwestern Wisconsin, and when the fact became known, it was followed by a multitudinous rush to that region, then novel in character, though since witnessed in many other localities. Galena was the first seat of operations, and long the emporium of the trade. Its occupation began in 1822, and in three years the incoming tide was at flood. In the year 1828 the production of these mines amounted to nearly 13,000,000 pounds of the coveted metal.

The mineral district lay partly within the country claimed by the Winnebagoes, then numbering nearly 5000. They themselves had dug and reduced the ores, and looked upon the invasion with a jealousy which rose to bitter resentment. This brought about what is known as the Winnebago war, a war of no actual conflict of forces and but little bloodshed, owing to efficient measures of suppression promptly taken. General alarm, however, existed for a time, and doubtless the danger of a serious outbreak was imminent.

After a few years of peace came the Black Hawk war, the last desperate struggle of the red man east of the Mississippi. The honor of latest resistance belongs worthily to that brave tribe which in earlier days had waged so many wars in maintenance of their country—the Sacs and Foxes. The hostilities lasted from May to August, mainly in the Territory; several engagements befell, and many bloody deeds were done. The Indians were gradually driven from the mining districts, and finally, in swift retreat northerly through the Four Lake country to the Wisconsin River, on the banks of which, nearly opposite Sauk City, they were overtaken and defeated in a general engagement, on the 21st of July, 1832, with heavy loss. Their retreat and pursuit followed toward the west, and on the 2d of August the whole band—men, women, and children—were hemmed in on the banks of the Mississippi, near the mouth of the Bad Axe River. An armed steamer aided to prevent their escape, and the greater portion of the tribe was slain, little quarter being shown. The attack by the national troops was led by Colonel Zachary Taylor, afterward President. Black



HENRY DODGE.

From the painting by J. C. Marine, in possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

Hawk escaped at the time, but was in a few days captured and delivered up by Winnebagoes. He was detained in prison at Jefferson Barracks and Fortress Monroe until the succeeding June; then, being liberated, he was shown the principal cities of the country, to impress him with its power, and retired to Iowa, where he lived quietly till his death in 1838.

No one gained greater fame in this war than General Henry Dodge. He is sometimes called the hero of the war; and, so far as it afforded scope for the lofty title, was worthy of it. Black Hawk many times declared that but for the chief, Hairy Face—as his tribe had named him—he should have whipped the whites, and ranged the mining country at will. In his intrepidity, sagacity, skill, and conduct, General Dodge unquestionably manifested qualities which would have won him high renown on a wider field of arms. He commanded the mounted riflemen of the Territory, and by incessant vigilance and activity preserved the settlements from many scenes of horror, besides participating in nearly every engagement. It was his hot pursuit for over a hundred miles that secured the opportunity for battle on

the Wisconsin River, and made the Indians' final escape impossible. But the little battle of the Pecatonica, some time earlier, remarkable for desperate fighting and result, gained him most repute for personal prowess. He had pursued a party of thirteen Indians, who had done recent murders, to a bend in that river covered by a deep swamp, where in the timber behind a high bank they found a natural breastwork. Dismounting, he charged upon them with eighteen men, and, notwithstanding that until the bank was surmounted the Indians were covered, within five minutes every savage was slain, Dodge losing three killed and one wounded.

General Dodge was a frontier boy, born at Vincennes, October 12, 1782, and removed in early manhood to a part of the new-bought Territory of Louisiana, within the present State of Missouri. In the war of 1812 he became a lieutenant-colonel in the Louisiana militia, and performed service up the Missouri, in watch of the Indians. The lead mines attracted him in 1827, where he had but lately arrived when called into service against the Winnebagoes. He pursued lead mining for some years, and built the first smelting furnace in the Territory. After the Black Hawk war, though already past fifty, he accepted the colonelcy of the newly authorized First Regiment of the United States Dragoons, and in 1835 marched to the Rocky Mountains. President Jackson appointed him first Governor of the Territory and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Mr. Tyler removed him in 1841, and appointed James D. Doty, then the Territorial Delegate, in his stead. Thereupon the people elected the general as Delegate in place of Doty, and he served in the House of Representatives until 1845, when Mr. Polk restored him to the office of Governor, which he held until the admission of the State. He was then elected to the United States Senate, and re-elected in 1851. He enjoyed the singular parental felicity of the companionship in the Senate of his son, Augustus C. Dodge, a Senator from Iowa, highly distinguished for abilities and character, both having also previously sat together in the House as Delegates. At the end of his term he retired, in his seventy-fifth year, from public service, and in honored quietude enjoyed still ten years more of life, passing away at the home of his son in Burlington, Iowa, June

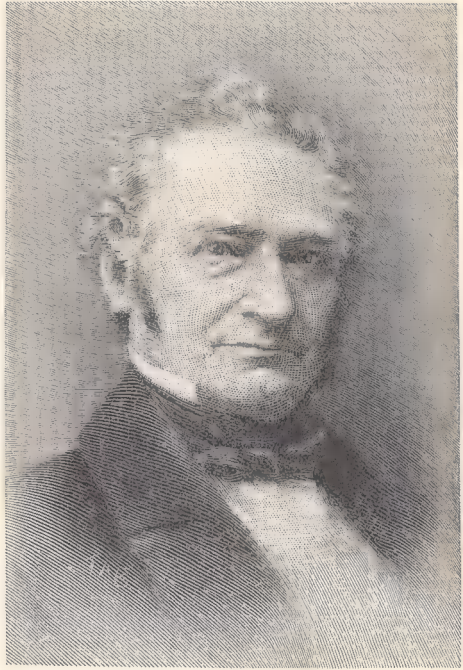
19, 1867. No man has ever possessed a greater, perhaps none so great a measure of affection and regard from the people of Wisconsin.

Its distance from Detroit by any practicable route of travel isolated the country west of the lake from the Territorial government, and begot early agitation for independent political life. The inhabitants on the eastern side also actively sought the erection of their State. But Congress, from embarrassment by the boundary disputes or other influences, delayed the necessary action. A bill to establish the new Territory was reported to the House in 1830; another passed that body in 1831; yet from year to year every measure halted incomplete. At last a novel remedy was applied, and proved successful. The Legislative Council of the Territory itself passed an act in 1835 to enable the people to form a State government without further waiting upon Congress. Provision was made for the assembling of a constitutional convention of delegates from the limits of the proposed State, while the people in the residue of the Territory were empowered to choose their Delegate to Congress and separate Legislative Council. Upon the constitution so formed, Michigan was admitted. In the west, George W. Jones was elected Delegate, and admitted to a seat in the House of Representatives in December following without a question. He rendered efficient service by procuring the act to establish the Territory of Wisconsin, and was re-elected, or chosen first Delegate of the new Territory, in the ensuing year, and served the full term. General Jones subsequently fixed his residence in Dubuque, where he had large business interests, and thenceforward his career, illustrated by eminent public services as a Senator and diplomatic representative, accrued to the benefit and honor of Iowa.

The member who introduced to the Council the bill which secured the accomplishment of the long-deferred wishes of the people was James Duane Doty, of Green Bay, one of the most eminent of Wisconsin's early settlers. Born in Salem, New York, in 1799, he had removed in 1819 to Detroit, and at once gained unusual favor and confidence; and though but twenty-four, President Monroe had appointed him to the independent judgeship provided for the region west of the Sault and Lake Michigan in the year

1823, in which capacity he had organized the courts and conducted the judicial business of the country for nine years. He had been chosen to the Council in 1834, and was at this time sitting in his second year. He became afterward Delegate to Congress for nearly three years, succeeding General Jones; Governor of the Territory from 1841 to 1844; and upon the admission of Wisconsin, for two terms a member of Congress; and rendered other useful services to the public. He settled at Green Bay in 1824, and resided there thirty years. Upon his retirement from Congress he changed his home to the pretty islet which divides the waters of the Fox as they issue from Lake Winnebago, still called Doty's Island. Earliest among the prominent pioneers of Wisconsin, he looked upon her as a father on his child, and was tireless in her service. He was strong and stubborn in his opinions, and sometimes whimsical. While Governor he denied the right of the Legislature chosen in 1843 to sit in December of that year, and after its assembling forced an adjournment to a date that obviated his objection; which led to acrimony of feeling, and an effort, though a fruitless one, for his removal. A humorous illustration of this characteristic was his persistence in spelling the name of the Territory *Wiskonsan*, which finally produced a joint resolution in the two Houses against the orthographic eccentricity. In 1861, the pioneer instinct still prevailing, he accepted appointment as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah, and was subsequently made Governor of that Territory, in which office he died June 13, 1865. Strong-willed and honest men in public life usually make enemies, but deserve the highest respect. Judge Doty earned and received a large measure from the people of Wisconsin. Especially among old settlers are coupled the names, although their political views antagonized, of Dodge and Doty, as the two pillars of the Territory.

Extinguishment of the Indian title to the southern half of the State and opening of the lands to purchase took place about the time of the Territorial establishment, and progress was soon rapid. The history of the Territory mainly presents the usual features of a new country in



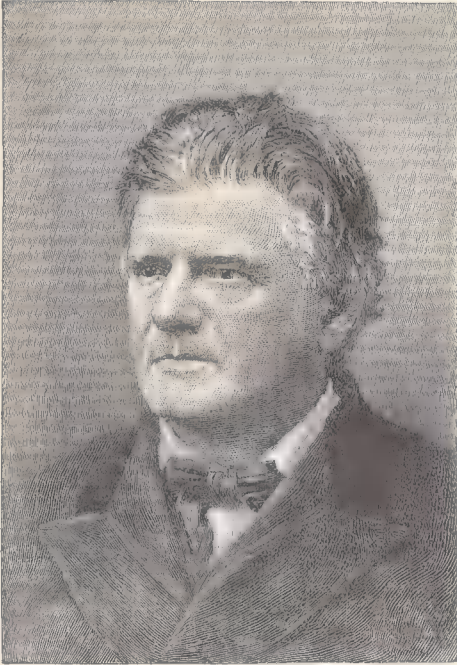
JAMES D. DOTY.

From a daguerreotype in possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

active growth, with its people laying the foundations of local government and the institutions of the future State.

The first session of the Legislature convened at Belmont, and was chiefly agitated upon the location of the seat of government. Early separation of the trans-Mississippi country being obvious, the convenience of Wisconsin ruled action; and the choice, largely influenced by the sagacious discernment of Judge Doty, fell upon the site of Madison, midway between the river and Lake Michigan, and, though yet untouched by settlement, already known for its extraordinary natural beauty. The fortunate selection has made their capital city always an object of pride to the citizens of the State.

The country west of the Mississippi was, in fact, set off as the Territory of Iowa in 1838. The enabling act for Wisconsin passed in 1846, but it required a second constitutional convention to achieve a satisfactory organic law, and it was not until the 29th of May, 1848, that the thirtieth State was received to the Union. The constitution then adopted still remains, unchanged but by a few amendments.



NELSON DEWEY.

From a photograph by Curtiss, Madison, Wisconsin.

Another prominent Territorial character was Charles Dunn, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court during the entire period. Born in Kentucky in 1799, he removed at twenty to Illinois, where he completed his legal studies and pursued his profession until 1836, when, upon his appointment to the bench, he fixed his residence at Belmont, and there he died in 1872. Strong but gentle in character and manner, assiduously faithful to duty, of perfect integrity and purity, he was an able and just judge, universally and affectionately esteemed by the bar and the people.

The first Governor of the State was Nelson Dewey, one of the earliest settlers, who had made his way unaided, by sheer force of character and ability. He was peculiarly adapted to the task of organizing the State government, and moulded the form and conduct of its affairs with great wisdom and care for the interests of the people. Of strong but not showy personality, well-trained business habits, firm in principles, and laboriously faithful to duty, Governor Dewey has not been surpassed in the executive office. He was re-elected, and remained in service until

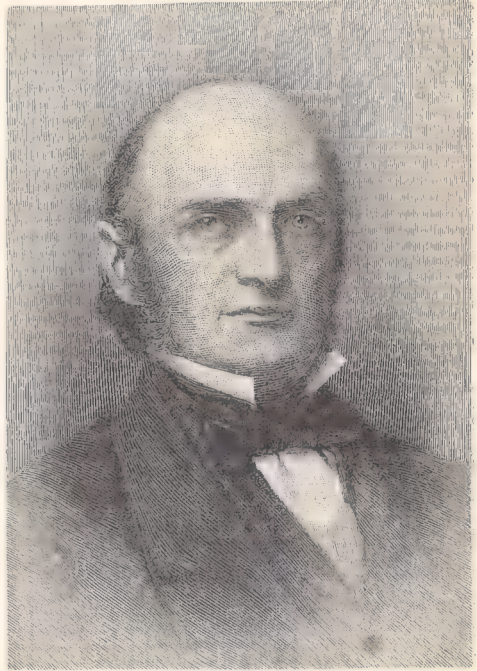
January, 1852. He afterward rendered public service of valuable but inconspicuous character, and died in the past year at Cassville, his residence for more than fifty years.

The rapid influx of population to Wisconsin in the earlier days is shown in remarkable figures. In August, 1836, after the Territorial organization, the total number was 11,683; four years later, 31,000; in 1850, over 300,000; and 776,000 in 1860. After that year the tide of immigration was checked, and the ratio of gain became less than in the adjoining prairie States of Illinois and Iowa. Natural and adventitious causes conspired to this retardation. Southward from Lake Superior, for 150 miles, dense forests covered the State, and the lower third only, roughly speaking, was readily accessible to settlement. The southern counties filled quickly to the point of saturation for agricultural purposes, and outside of the cities have gained in numbers but little since 1860. This part of the State was peculiarly attractive, being mostly prairies, interspersed with oak openings, handsome as well-kept parks, and occasional tracts of fine forest trees, while its climate is unexcelled, and upon the whole may well be claimed the best for salubrity and comfort the temperate zone affords. Counting only the area substantially occupied during the early years, this country, perhaps the world, can show no instance of more rapid, healthy, and peaceful settlement. The subjugation of the northern forests, a slow task at the best, was further checked by the civil war, and the financial depression succeeding the business misfortunes of 1873. It resulted that for twenty years after 1860 the gain in population was less by over 200,000 than during the twenty years before, being little, if any, beyond natural increase, emigration and war losses counterbalancing immigration. Within recent years, however, the transformation of the northern region has been rapid, and the eleventh census raises the State from sixteenth to fourteenth on the scale of population, the enumeration, as last reported, reaching 1,687,000.

No State has been sought by a greater variety of immigrants—it may be doubted if any possesses representatives of so many races—and her mosaic citizenship comprises enterprising spirits from nearly all

civilized countries of the globe. Next after our own land, most is due to Germany, which has given us a greater proportion than to any other State of the Union, one-sixth of our people having been born in the communities comprehended by that empire, besides probably as many more of German parentage but native birth. It need not be added that liberty, good order, and industrial prosperity will mark the State in which such blood is potential. The Scandinavian countries hold next place among the sources of our strength, having directly furnished above one-seventeenth of our population, a proportion to be reckoned a tenth, or ninth, by counting also those of the race born here. No foreigners more readily assimilate the customs and speech of America, surpassing in easy pronunciation of English with freedom from foreign accent. About two and one-third per cent. of our people were born in Ireland, and nearly as many more in Great Britain. British America has supplied one and a half per cent., Bohemia one, and other nations less. The Poles of foreign birth number near 10,000, the Dutch 7000 or 8000, the French approach 4000. In the town of New Glarus, a compact Swiss colony of nearly 1700 has reproduced upon the prairie many of the usages and faithfully maintained the virtues of their native mountains. Other nations have also their representatives, and to the resident of a quiet New England valley, the roster of our public officers or the signs on business houses might present a strange and unpronounceable aspect. But our prodigality of invitation has been on the whole well justified by those who have accepted it, and still keeping warm the memory of father-lands, their superior allegiance and duty to the State they have made their children's fatherland are faithfully maintained. Distinctive peculiarities gradually wear away and almost disappear in children grown; political and business intercourse leads to commingling of blood and social interfusion; our free people support the institutions of freedom with gaining, not failing power; and in the happy brotherhood of so various parentage, the great fact is apparent which Paul spake, that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men."

Illustration of fitness for their liberties was given by the nature of the State's participation in the civil war. The call to arms not only evoked a prompt response of five times the required number, but the continuing duty of maintenance was unflinchingly fulfilled. Every national demand was met, and the State's aggregate quota for the war was exceeded by 1260. Including 5784 veteran re-enlist-



ALEXANDER W. RANDALL.

From the painting by William Cogswell, Executive Chamber, Madison.

ments, she had credit for 91,379 men. The significance of these figures is better seen by the fact that they stand for one-fifth of the male population of the time, old and young, and exceeded one-half of the voters of the State at the Presidential election of 1864, including those who voted in the field. These soldiers won honorable fame in every quarter to which our arms were carried. Their command was prized by the fighting generals, and their service was, in consequence, so widely distributed that every revolting State witnessed their valor and was honored by their blood. It would be a pleasing office to recount the special services and gallant exploits

of many who earned pre-eminent glory among our heroes. It is a story yet to be told with full justice, a story not less due the State than them. But the present is not the opportunity, and a partial tale or invidious mention would be a sin. Age fast masters the diminishing survivors of the war; a few years, and they will live in memory alone; but Wisconsin will ever have honor by the part she bore through the deeds of her soldiers in the struggle which preserved for men the government of liberty.

At the outbreak of the war the office of Governor was held by Alexander W. Randall. Quick of apprehension and ready in opinion and action, he was admirably suited to the hour. He declared at once, with eloquent patriotism, the devotion of Wisconsin to the Union, and the purpose of her people to fight for its integrity, in a tone and manner which drew national attention, and his prompt and efficient measures, well seconded by all, augmented the useful service of the State, and gave her character and standing.

Governor Randall was sent in 1862 as Minister to Rome; but after a year's residence abroad, accepted the post of First Assistant to Postmaster-General Denison. Upon Mr. Johnson's accession to the Presidency and Mr. Denison's resignation, he was appointed Postmaster-General, and served in the office to the end of that administration. He died in 1872 at Elmira, New York, before he finished his fifty-third year.

James R. Doolittle and Timothy O. Howe sat for Wisconsin in the United States Senate during the war period. There are interesting points of incidence in their careers. Judge Doolittle was the elder by a year, born January 3, 1815, in the State of New York, whence he came in 1851 to Wisconsin, with vigorous native powers ripened by liberal culture and years of practice at the bar. He was soon chosen to the Circuit Court bench, but resigned in 1856, after three years' service. Up to midsummer of that year he had been a Democrat, but he then announced his change, ably supported Mr. Fremont for President, and at once became prominent among Republicans.

Judge Howe was born in Maine, February 24, 1816, received there an academic and professional education, and served in the Legislature. In 1845 he removed to Green Bay. He also served as Circuit

Judge, and resigned in 1855. In youth a Whig, he had been a Republican from the party's birth, and his fine abilities as a lawyer and speaker had easily given him first place, so that when the Legislature of 1857 assembled, it was hardly doubted he would be elected Senator. But his judgment refused the doctrine then ruling in his party that the State might set at naught an enactment of Congress—that is to say, the Fugitive Slave Law—and defy federal authority; and this was vociferously asserted against him by Mr. Booth, a prominent editor then recently convicted for aiding the flight of a slave, but yet was not generally credited. It led the party caucus, although in it his friends were a strong plurality, to adopt resolutions expressive of the extreme view, and to require the response of candidates. He alone among them refused assent, nobly disdaining the coveted office at the cost of subserviency. The point was not one of difficulty to Judge Doolittle, and, though so recent a convert, his conspicuous abilities commanded his choice. After four years more, the South's practical application of their doctrine of State resistance operated a change of sentiment in the party, and in 1861 Judge Howe was elected Senator, to the keen gratification of many citizens, who, though they contested his political views, profoundly admired and honored the rectitude of the man. He was twice re-elected, serving the full eighteen years. He declined, in his last term, the proffered appointment of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, so it is said, from a sense of party duty, the opposition being then able to elect his successor. He went to Paris in 1881, as one of the government's Commissioners to the International Monetary Conference. In January, 1882, President Arthur called him to his cabinet as Postmaster-General; and while still in that duty he sickened, and died on the 25th of March, 1883, at Kenosha. Uprightly fixed in all his views, Judge Howe knew his friends and his enemies—having no enemies but in politics. From his opponents he exacted honor for his honesty, patriotism, and courage; by those he admitted to friendship he was loved and revered; and the people of the State hold him in honored memory.

To Judge Doolittle the trial of integrity came in turn, not as to his colleague to deny the Senatorial office in prospect, but

in even the harder way, to cut it off in the flush of enjoyment. During his second term he found his convictions in radical disagreement with the dominant opinion of his party, and, its majority in the State being overwhelming, he sacrificed by his unflinching obedience to his sense of duty a career of official distinction which otherwise his strong hold upon the esteem of the State must have secured to him for an indefinite period. He still resides at his old home in Racine; but mainly his professional service has been given to Chicago as the head of an eminent legal firm in that city. Such worthy marks of honor and confidence as were possible to the party in minority have been repeatedly proffered him, and the people have freely manifested their unabated respect for his character and powers. He still retains, at the venerable age of seventy-six, the vigor and faculties of mid-manhood, and the genial kindness of heart and manner, always characteristic of his intercourse, returns in universal tenderness from all who know him.

A fair survey of her natural resources and the occupations of her people would exhibit the State with justice and to the best advantage, but the necessary limits of this article allow but the merest glimpse. Husbandry engages, according to the census of 1880, between fourteen and fifteen per cent. (then nearly 200,000 persons) of the whole population. The proportion is less than the average of the United States, which exceeds fifteen per cent., and it will doubtless be found still diminished by the census of last year, owing to increase of other pursuits. Depression is severe in this avocation, in common with the country at large. Yet it is difficult to find reason for it in the farms, which appear as productive as ever. The trouble would be more serious but for the wise changes from the earlier methods of our agriculture and the greater range and variety of production. The cultivation of wheat, formerly the chief end of our farming, has been subordinated to better objects, and it now employs hardly three-fourths the acreage of corn, and not half that of oats. The wheat yield is still ten to twelve million bushels annually, but the corn exceeds twenty-two, and oats thirty-two millions. Nearly as much

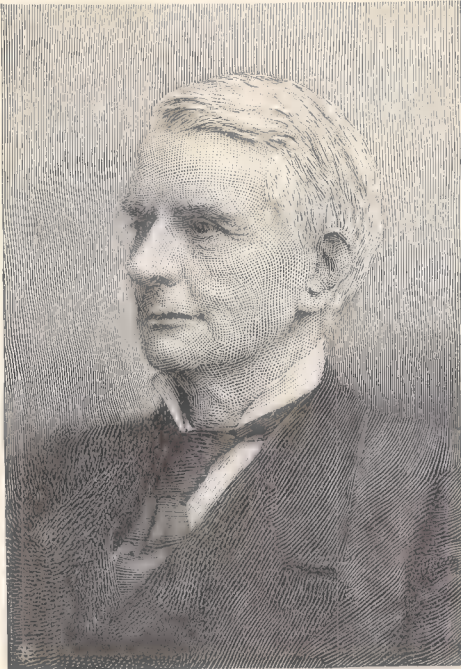
barley is grown as wheat, and the usual other grains and grasses in abundance. These facts suggest the greater attention given to domestic animals, in which farmers have shown wisdom. The economy



JAMES R. DOOLITTLE.

From a photograph by Mosher, Chicago.

of raising the best at whatever necessary cost no longer requires argument. Dairying has attained to much importance, the annual product of butter and cheese exceeding 60,000,000 pounds. The improvement of horses has been such in all classes that it is obvious to the ordinary observer. It may be shortly said, indeed, that, so much has animal culture been stimulated, there is hardly a species or breed of esteemed and valuable domestic animals, including bees and fowls, of which there are not now enterprising special breeders and importers in the State enjoying profitable success. Cranberries are indigenous to certain of the marshy lands, and their cultivation, which requires peculiar conditions and care, has yielded excellent results. Tobacco culture, more especially in the counties of Dane, Rock, and Green, is extensive, and, though subject to vexatious uncertainty



TIMOTHY OTIS HOWE.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

of price, has upon the whole proven remunerative and helpful. In certain localities the grape has responded generously to intelligent care, and the smaller fruits usually do well. Apples and pears are grown in the southern portion, but require more care and are less hardy than in the Eastern States of the same latitude.

It was for a time supposed that the forest-covered region was generally unsuited to agriculture. A better acquaintance and the actual experiment, many farms being now in cultivation, have demonstrated that the greater portion is available for excellent husbandry. The woodsman who harvests nature's great crop is making way for the planting of man, and the cleared fields will be occupied, with adaptation to the circumstances, perhaps as usefully as the prairies.

The timber which has until recent years been the main source of profit in the great forests is pine. No other wood so well subserves the various demands of new settlements for building, fencing, and other immediate needs. Its lightness makes its transportation easy, and its location in vast quantities upon the numerous rivers which rise near Lake Superior

and thence descend to the prairies is significant of great design. That no reproduction of the valuable pine takes place, a worthless species only springing up in its stead, seems a pregnant testimony that the purpose of this great provision was for temporary uses, more durable mineral material being substituted in after-developed prosperity. The active business of the timber country turns on logging and manufacturing this wood, and in the number of men engaged, the extent of operations and value of product, it stands next to agriculture. Immense as is the annual consumption, many years will be required to exhaust the generous supply of nature.

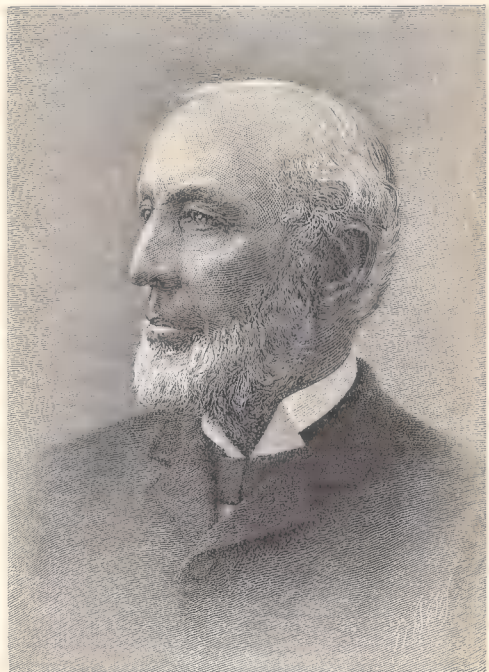
The pine is but one of the useful trees of the forest. Other evergreens, the cedar and balsam, spruce, fir, and hemlock, are there in plenty; and the hard-wood timber—and much of the finest pine grows in the midst of the hard-woods—is, perhaps, of greater value than the pine. Manufacturing of the other woods is now well established, and its increasing importance promises generations to come a vast source of wealth and profitable industry. The oak, maple, ash, cherry, walnut, butternut, hickory, birch, and many others which grow in abundance, yield material adaptable to more varied uses than the pine, and will long survive it as manufacturing stock.

With the exception of such as relate to lead and zinc, the mineral industries of Wisconsin may fairly be said to be yet mostly in their infancy. Discoveries of rich promise have been many, particularly of iron, and mining enough has been done to demonstrate that the mineral ores are so abundant that industrial avocations of great consequence will spring from their possession. In the counties of Dodge and Sauk, in the southern portion of the State, valuable but not generally extensive mines of iron have been worked for a long time. But only seven or eight years have passed since the mining district of the Gogebic range was inaccessible and almost unknown. Within that time many rich mines of Bessemer ores have been opened, and two railroads built to carry out their product, while exploration continues eager, and fresh discoveries from time to time occur. The deduc-

tions of geology have had such proof in results secured that demonstration of its still richer anticipations seems only to require continuance of the energy of pursuit. The city of Ashland, not far from Allouez's first mission across the Chequamegon Bay, was, at the taking of the tenth census, a hamlet of a few hundred people almost isolated from the world. Its population now is estimated at 20,000; four railroads enter it, and numerous lumber mills fill the air with the quaver of machinery; it possesses in active operation a charcoal blast-furnace said to be the largest in the world; three great ore docks handled and shipped to the East in the last year over 2,000,000 tons of ore, and the spires that tell of busy commerce rise beside the long piers thrust from its coast. With the forest wall still surrounding the view on the landward side, the stump stubble of nature's fields fringing the town and crowding its vacant spaces, and, as one may fancy, the primeval spirits of the air yet hovering there, the spectacle of handsome modern buildings, gas and electric lighting, excellent water-works, horse-cars in the streets, moves the contemplative observer to interesting reflection. And this may be taken for a type and expression of the mighty stir of enterprise and industry which within a decade has penetrated with universal agitation the vast woods that have maintained their silent, majestic dignity for ages beyond reach of the retrospect of man.

No valuable deposits of other ores than iron have yet been brought to light in northern Wisconsin. Geologists affirm, however, that the course of the copper-bearing rocks in which lie the rich mines upon Keweenaw Point in Michigan runs in well-marked ranges southwardly from Lake Superior through Wisconsin, and the possibility of future copper-mining is scientifically shown—a possibility only, but perhaps as well justifying exploration as before discovery was presented by that part of the series in which copious wealth has been found. But the science stands opposed to any likelihood that the precious metals lie beneath our soil, and the expectation sometimes so highly excited cannot but be thought chimerical.

Even so rapid a glance at our subterranean resources must take observation of the non-metallic minerals. The clay from which are baked the fine cream-colored bricks known as Milwaukee brick, because first made there, exists in many localities, and a now long experience has proven them as useful and durable as they are pleasing to the eye. That clay which carries trace enough of iron to give the red color also abounds, and the manufacture of both sorts is extensive. No mineral of the State for the uses of architecture equals in beauty and excellence, however, the brownstone of Lake Superior. Its hue is usually of a reddish-brown, not sombre, but light of aspect, and it harmonizes or contrasts well with other material, and presents alone a fine appearance. Numerous quarries are open, shipments go to remote cities of the country, and this trade enlarges every year. Excellent stone of many other kinds is quarried in different parts, among which is a granite much esteemed, and marble, rated of inferior quality. Altogether, the stores of building material are as various and ample as the tastes and necessities of an old and wealthy civilization



JEROME I. CASE.

From a photograph by Thomas, Racine.

may be thought to hereafter reasonably require.

Kaolin, suitable with proper treatment for fire-brick and porcelain-ware, exists in sufficient plenty for extensive manufacture, but as yet awaits the attention of enterprise and skill for its profitable use. Cement-producing rock, limestone, and



ALEXANDER MITCHELL.

glass sand are embraced in the list of nature's useful gifts to the State, and cement and lime are made of good quality.

Such a store of natural material, above and below the surface predetermined the importance of manufacturing among Wisconsin industries. Transportation is so great a factor in production that competition requires the difference in freight of raw material and finished product to be saved, when possible, by planting the factory at the source of supply. The spirit of enterprise is contagious, and various advantages attach to the convenient contiguity of manufacturing establishments, although different in character. Many cities in the State are now the seats of active transforming industries, and the objects of production are numerous. The

hard-wood of the forest goes chiefly to furniture, wagon and carriage stock, agricultural implements, interior building material, and cooperage purposes. The construction of vehicles of every sort required by the affairs, convenience, or pleasure of men has attained great proportions, and large establishments in different towns maintain a trade extending to the limits of the country.

The manufacture of the tools and implements of husbandry comprehends nearly every species and form of the wonderful machinery which has so nearly transformed the farm to a factory, and delivered to ancient memories and poetic uses much of the toilsome drudgery by which our patient forefathers sorely won their scanty recompense from nature. It is carried on in above eighty establishments in different quarters of the State, but most prominently in the city of Racine. Long ago for Wisconsin, while the flail still flogged the too plenteous sheaves, an ingenious young mechanic built a threshing-machine for neighborhood use. It was a boon of mercy to farmers, and happily the resulting demand was addressed to a man of enterprise as well as ingenuity. From small beginnings, with courage and thrift, he raised the great establishment which has spread these useful machines, and the name of Jerome I. Case, to almost every quarter of the grain-growing world, and, still maintaining their superior excellence by constant improvement, finds a demand for many thousands

every year. This proved a nucleus for other industries, and the energetic and skilful men who have gathered there have made Racine a city of manufacturing mechanics, approaching 25,000 in population, possessing numerous factories for a wide variety of objects, and manifesting the unmistakable aspect of high intelligence and prosperity. Mr. Case still lives there in enjoyment of his deserved fortune, and has amused his later years by rearing fine horses, one of them being the famous little trotter Jay Eye See.

Large tanneries are in operation at several places in the State, and the production of leather is considerable. The accessibility of the bark supply and the facilities for obtaining hides render the location advantageous for this business,

which, though requiring large capital, commonly returns large gains.

Many mills for the manufacture of woollen goods are in active operation, and at least one prosperous concern has engaged in cotton manufacture. At Bay View, a suburb of Milwaukee, are extensive rolling-mills and furnaces for production of iron, and many establishments of iron-workers, though of less extent, are maintained in different localities.

The region of Lake Winnebago and the lower Fox is especially attractive to manufacturing. Fond du Lac, at the head of the lake, and Oshkosh, midway on its western side, at the mouth of the Wolf River, have from an early period been prominent in the lumber trade and kindred industries. The Fox flows from the northern extremity of the lake, with a strong current and in copious volume, the uniformity of which is so guaranteed by the large reservoir from which it issues that only a succession of dry seasons can materially affect its force. The river thence descends until near Green Bay upon such an inclination that its power for driving machinery is continuously enormous, and the succession of suitable sites for dams and mills renders nearly its entire course available to use. The general government made a grant of lands at an early day to aid its improvement for navigation, and in the prosecution of this object the company to which it was intrusted constructed many dams convenient for delivery of the force of the stream to the driving-wheels of the mills. Rapid development has taken place, and the valley is fast filling to its limits with mills and factories. The river-banks are generally high and bluff, broken here and there by descending ravines, in places covered with trees, elsewhere with grassy verdure, and affording picturesque vistas, to which the numerous constructions by which the flood is put to work add effectively, the whole scene being of great beauty and interest. The objects of the industries are various, but the chief is paper, the aggregate daily production of which exceeds considerably, so it is said, any other paper-making locality in the United States. The aspect of this river when its harness shall become complete—not a distant day—will



C. C. WASHBURN.

From a photograph by Curtiss, Madison.

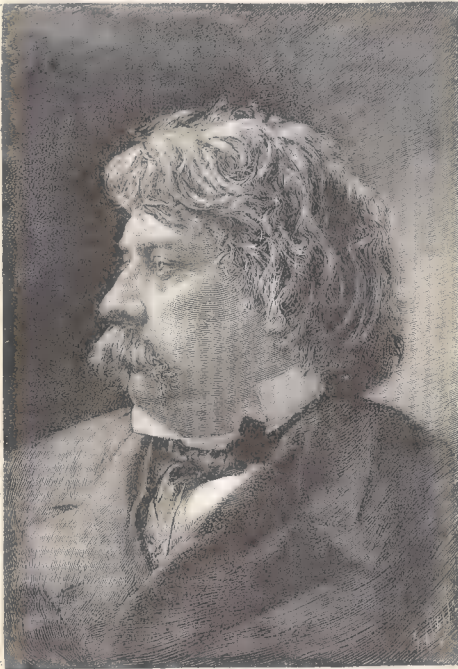
be among the most pleasing spectacles the country affords.

Other rivers furnish water-power of great value, as yet but slightly used. Particularly the Wisconsin is to be mentioned as one whose valley will some day teem with productive industries.

Ours would perhaps be commonly spoken of as an agricultural rather than a manufacturing State. The converse is probably now the fact, if all be reckoned who are fairly to be regarded as engaged in manufacture, or the value of products be compared. So many points naturally invite this form of industry that the manufacturing interests are diffused among numerous places of the State—a beneficial thing, but diminishing their apparent consequence until their large aggregate be summed. However it presently be, the promise of the future is favorable to the superiority of the manufacturing interests.

The railroads now afford the State so ample transportation service that comparatively little extension remains desirable. Their aggregate length is about 5425 miles, and but three counties are un-

touched by the rails—one in the forest and upon the course of lines projected, the other two being on the isolated peninsula which separates Green Bay and Lake Michigan. Four lines between Chicago and St. Paul traverse the State, eight cross it from east to west, four descend through it from Lake Superior, and shorter roads bring nearly all parts into convenient use of the general system. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the in-



MATTHEW H. CARPENTER.
From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

terests of rival companies have not increased the total mileage by needless construction to the disadvantage of the public in the added burden of their maintenance. One can hardly study the railroad map without thinking it might have been better for all interests if routes had been wisely prescribed with more reference to the common good, instead of having been left to the operation of the motives which have at times governed construction. The two dominant companies are known to Wall Street as the Granger roads—the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, and the Chicago and Northwestern. The former

possesses above 1330 miles in Wisconsin, the latter nearly 950. Both own lines extending through many other States, the aggregate of each system, with its dependencies, approximating 6000 miles. These are the great trunk lines of the Northwest, binding the expanse between Lake Michigan and the Missouri, and gathering the trade and produce of a vast region beyond. The St. Paul was, by reason of two men, more particularly a

Wisconsin road, and has been a large contributor to Wisconsin interests. These were S. S. Merrill, its general manager, and Alexander Mitchell, its president. Mr. Merrill was a strong example of a strong man, who rose from the lowest ranks of the service to the management of this road, and ruled it till his death. Mr. Mitchell presided over its growth and fortune, almost from its beginning, until his lamented decease in 1887. They fixed and kept its head-quarters in Milwaukee, and ever made it auxiliary to the interests of that city.

The foregoing is but a mere side look across the field of Wisconsin labor, rather than a bird's-eye view that, though swiftly, might observe the whole aspect. So much necessarily fails to appear that, without consideration and allowance, but short measure can be taken of the character and extent of material prosperity the State has attained and holds in prospect. A single additional object of view, even better illustrative, can be given a brief attention. Sharing the benefit of the wise federal policy that sought to promote education by grants of the public domain, the State upon its admission received the sixteenth section of every township for the use of common schools, and seventy-two sections, or two whole townships, for endowment of a State university. Had these gifts been husbanded with fidelity to the interests to which they were pledged, generous funds might have been realized. The eagerness for immigration characteristic of new communities, aided by some self-seeking, caused the sale of most of these lands at government price, realizing not more than one-third of what should have been their product. But the fault of the early days gave opportunity to the more enlightened spirit which now animates an intelligent and prosperous peo-

ple, and the injury has been nobly repaired by laws which levy a permanent annual tax of a mill in the dollar on the entire assessment of the State, yielding nearly \$600,000, for increase of the income of the common-school fund, and another of one-eighth of a mill for addition to the yearly revenues of the university, besides other aids, and a cordial warmth of interest not less nourishing than money. The common-school fund is now three millions, and gains something yearly from the proceeds of fines, forfeitures, and escheats. The income of it, augmented by the tax, is approximately \$800,000, and its distribution proportionably to school-children is made to no district which has not raised by tax in the year the equivalent at least of its distributive share. Few districts fail to raise much more; so that the total expenditure for public schools, including the cities, now amounts to three and one-half millions each year.

To provide the instruction of teachers, the State set apart one-half the swamp and overflowed lands granted by the general government in aid of drainage, as a fund for support of normal schools. This was a wiser use than that purposed by Congress, and, though a departure from the trust, has met with merited acquiescence by the federal authorities. Upon this foundation five excellent institutions, under government of a common board of regents, are actively at work, and the university also gives instruction in didactics. A most useful system of institutes, holden throughout the State, assists in self-culture the teachers in service. These provisions mark increasing recognition of the important truth that teaching is a high profession to which persons of talent should be engaged, not for temporary relief, but as a life avocation, and that in the proper uplifting of that profession in ambition, scope, and rewards wisdom must largely rest hope for the thorough diffusion of knowledge which will elevate the race. Teachers are now admitted to service only after satisfactory examination, which, especially for the higher grades, is exacting; a worthy *esprit de corps* gains increasing power; and year by year useful progress yields encouragement for the gigantic task that confronts this profession.

A system of free high-schools has been

established, stimulated by State bounty, with good effects. Many are well equipped and fully graded, bear the fair rank of academies, and qualify their graduates directly for the university. Question is still occasionally raised of the right of the State to provide more than a common-school education for her children; but public opinion is steadfast that the knowledge which is the safe stay of liberty and civilization cannot be too thorough and abundant, and in hope for the day when the best shall be common, the State should proffer the best she can to all who will accept it now, and the rule of free tuition wisely governs the university not less than the district schools. In above six thousand school-houses distributed throughout the State is fixed the base of the educational system; the high-schools already number one hundred and fifty, shaping the upward course, with convenient gradation, to the university as the head.

This institution is located at Madison, upon a site of great natural beauty, with ample grounds of nearly two hundred and fifty acres in area, stretching over undulating hills along the coast of Lake Mendota. No seat of learning anywhere is more "beautiful for situation," and the wise providence of the State rapidly promotes its emulation of the best in all essentials of excellence. The national provision for an agricultural college was added to its endowment, and the university then undertook instruction in agriculture and the mechanical arts. The combination has proven fortunate, and, while the humanities suffer no lack of attention or consequence, its usefulness has been greatly augmented by fostering helpful scientific understanding of practical pursuits not long ago regarded beyond the pale of collegiate learning. Not failing to press upward the standard of all education, the university now holds down a helping hand to all the youth of the State, and its relation to the educational system is no longer distant, but close, cordial, and beneficent. No other similar institution in the country enjoys so large a proportional attendance from the State which maintains it—a clear proof of its benefits, as well as of popular appreciation. Co-education of the sexes, so absolutely free that entrance, class service, and graduation are common to both upon precisely the same terms, has now been the rule for a quarter of a century, and with such

advantage that question is no longer raised of its value or propriety. It has been our good fortune to have largely escaped the distraction and enervation which have sometimes elsewhere befallen public agencies for higher education from independent establishments under exclusive control of different religious sects—although several usefully exist—or the futile efforts of wealthy men to cheaply gain remembrance by half endowing some weakling college; and in every particular of usefulness and strength the superiority of the public system stands here indisputable and dominant. The greater security of the public foundation over a memorial benefaction is shown by all history, and the utility of educational gifts is vastly enhanced when made auxiliary instead of rival and hostile to the general scheme of the State. Tribute is due, in this connection, to the memory of Cadwallader C. Washburn, who will be remembered as the giver to the university of a great instrumentality for the advancement of science, the Washburn Astronomical Observatory, long after the ephemeral glory of public station and personal consequence during a brief day and generation, so commonly the fatuous aim of ambitious effort, has faded to oblivion. Governor Washburn also rendered eminent service to the State and nation. For five terms, at different periods, he sat in the House of Representatives—one of the famous three brothers sitting together there from three several States, followed later by a fourth—was a Major-General of Volunteers in the civil war, and afterward Governor of the State. And better still than his excellent service was his example of unsullied public integrity and fidelity to public trust—a character beyond reach of the mean envy that so often barks at eminence in virtue and achievement.

Care for the blind and the deaf and dumb has provided two distinct establishments for their education, of sufficient capacity to embrace within their compass all intractable persons of either affliction within the State, and both aim to employ the most helpful methods of human kindness and skill. For the cure and comfort of the insane the State maintains two hospitals, and, with State contribution, Milwaukee County one, the three sufficient for 1400 patients. Besides these, twenty county asylums have been con-

structed for the care more especially of the incurable insane, under a law for encouragement of this system, which is peculiar to Wisconsin, by means of which the public compassion may now adequately reach out to every "mind diseased."

Separate reform schools for the criminal or vagabond youth of both sexes seek to save as much as to punish, while prisons are used for the elder offenders; and in all, humanity, not vengeance, inspires discipline, a spirit marked on our statute-book by freedom from the denunciation of death to any offender.

Government of the institutions maintained by the State is vested in a State Board of Supervision, under fair salaries, while the State Board of Charities and Reform exercises general censorship over all the eleemosynary, correctional, and penal establishments within our borders. In these measures of education and charity the thoughtful person will be apt to find the best evidence of true prosperity amidst the people.

To the roll of honored names in Wisconsin, the judiciary and the bar have furnished their customary share. The constitution committed the choice of judges to the people, and for limited terms. Their election is made in the spring, however, when partisan influences have less force, and generally with fortunate results. The wise rule that a good judge shall be re-elected, irrespective of political considerations, so long as he will serve, has become so fixed in common sentiment and custom that party whips cannot drive good citizens to its violation, and the attempt, even, is now an ancient story. The separate Supreme Court was organized in 1853, and since the expiration of the first terms of the Associate Justices, more than thirty years ago, although at times special interests have been stirred by necessary decisions to violent effort, no justice has been defeated at the polls, or left the bench but by voluntary resignation or the call of death. Four Chief Justices have presided in the Court with general approbation—Edward V. Whiton, Luther S. Dixon, Edward G. Ryan, and Orsamus Cole.

No man has gained the State a greater illustration beyond her borders than Matt. H. Carpenter. For many years he was a conspicuous figure in the nation, a leading counsel in celebrated causes before the highest tribunals, a Senator of acknowledged eminence among his fellows, and

for a time acting Vice-President. In every relation the riches of his intellect, the bold spirit of his conduct, the graces of his manner, commanding respectful attention to his opinions, and charming all to admiration of his brilliant personality. Great as were his natural gifts, his capacity for labor, itself an unusual endowment, was unsparingly pressed to increase their usefulness, so that he appeared to advantage in the performance of every duty. No man had more attached friends, and though he encountered opposition in political life, it was little mixed with rancor, which could not withstand the genial warmth of his presence and kindness. Mr. Carpenter began his professional practice at Beloit in 1848, but removed to Milwaukee eight years after, and there his grave is tenderly kept. He was chosen Senator in 1869, to succeed Judge Doolittle, was nominated in party caucus for reelection in 1875, but failed because of a combination between the opposition and some recalcitrants on his own side, which resulted in the choice of Mr. Cameron. On the happening of the next vacancy, in 1879, he was again elected, and his death befell him during the term, on February 24, 1881.

Philetus Sawyer and John C. Spooner now sit for Wisconsin in the Senate of the United States.* Mr. Sawyer was born in Vermont in 1816, but passed his youth in New York. In his thirty-first year he settled in Oshkosh, where his business career has been prosperous, mainly in lumbering, and he has amassed great riches. He served his city as Mayor and member of the State Legislature, for ten years was a Representative in Congress, and is now in his second term as Senator, having been first chosen in 1881.

Colonel Spooner, though born in Indiana, received his education in the State university, from which he was graduated in 1864, at the age of twenty-one, and enjoys the noble distinction of being first of her foster-children to bring her the honors of the Senate.

Our praise to Nature for her bountiful favor would be mean indeed if her gifts of material wealth alone inspired it. By salubrity of climate, abundance of wholesome water in streams and lakes and springs, and the most pleasing landscapes, she has marked her purpose to make the State a delectable home for man.

* This article goes to press before the session of the Wisconsin Legislature.

In general configuration the surface has been likened to a hipped roof. A water-shed of no great height stretches east and west, about thirty miles south from Lake Superior; and from that, at right angles, the line of highest ground passes southwardly through the middle of the State, descending as it goes, until it fades out of notice in the prairies of the southern border. The apex or junction of these lines of water-shed stands near the Montreal River, and rises only 1200 feet above the level of the lakes; but the descent to Superior is sharp enough to give rapid current to the frequent streams upon the northern slope, thus often broken into beautiful cascades. To the southeast and to the southwest alike the surface inclines with gentle declivity, not perceptible to the eye except in the flow of the rivers that wander in their long courses to the borders of the State on the lake and the Mississippi. No mountains add either sublimity to our scenery or isolation and severity to the lives of our people. But the superficial aspect is varied and relieved in outline by occasional hills, numerous streams, and especially by small lakes, which, to the number of thousands, dot the landscape like gems upon a handsome robe. For the most part these are of pleasing beauty, their waters supplied from springs fresh and wholesome, and filled with fine fish. The forests still contain game, but after it shall disappear the sportsman will find plentiful gratifications for rod and line in the lakes and streams; and year after year multiplies the number of tourists and summer residents who seek the delights of repose among scenes so blessed by nature.

Resulting, perhaps, from the surface shape, the privilege of artesian wells, from which streams of excellent water flow with force, is enjoyed in many places on either side of the State. At Racine and Kenosha, on Lake Michigan, such wells supply the public systems of water-works, by their own unaided force and volume carrying an abundant stream through all the ramification of pipes to the very tops of buildings. At Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, a flood sufficient almost to drive machinery pours vehemently from such a well; and many others, though of lesser power, exist elsewhere. The healing springs of the State are already famous. They issue from the earth in several places, but those of Wau-

kesha have highest celebrity, and the bottled waters of Bethesda are drunk on both continents.

The State is on three sides bordered with the beautiful scenery of the Great Lakes and a majestic river, in a charming succession of water landscapes that only artists of the pen and pencil can suitably tell the merit of, while its interior is as richly endowed to please the senses and gratify

the tastes as to minister to the comforts of men. Summarizing with these all the other evidences which have been, though but unsatisfactorily, mentioned, can more be wanting to manifest the design of Heaven, to which from long aforetime the forces of nature have labored, that here shall be for a duration beyond all prescience of man an intelligent, prosperous, happy State?

THE MOTHER.

BY WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

I.

IT was April, blossoming spring,
 I They buried me, when the birds did sing;
 Earth, in clammy wedging earth,
 They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.
 Under the damp and under the mould,
 I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.
 Out from the red beams, slanting and bright,
 I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.
 I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
 And yet I kenned all things that seem.
 I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
 But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.
 For though in the under-grave's doom-night
 I lay all silent and stark and white,
 Yet over my head I seemed to know
 The murmurous moods of wind and snow,
 The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
 The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew
 The water-ghosts up from lakes below,
 And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.
 Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
 I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.
 I felt the winds of ocean and land
 That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.
 Though they had buried me dark and low
 My soul with the season's seemed to grow.

II.

I was a bride in my sickness sore,
 I was a bride nine months and more.
 From throes of pain they buried me low,
 For death had finished a mother's woe.
 But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
 I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.
 I dreamed of my babe, and I kenned that his rest
 Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling:
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.
When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.
I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.
I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead.
Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.
I felt my breasts swell under my shroud;
No stars shone white, no winds were loud;
But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;
And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb:
Hush, baby, hush! for mother is come.
I passed the streets to my husband's home;
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb;
I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death.
I listened a space at my chamber door,
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.
My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm.
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,
"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there!
O come with me from the pain and care!
"O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,
"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will croon you a slumber-song,
"A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies!
"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there."
I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.
And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars;
Dead to its hates, its hopes, and its harms,
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.
And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on pearly floors,
And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.
For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on His throne.
And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,
With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

WESSEX FOLK.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS MAN'S STORY.

"WILLIAM, as you may know, was a curious silent man; you could feel when he came near ye; and if he was in the house or anywhere behind your back without your seeing him, there seemed to be something clammy in the air, as if a cellar door was opened close by your elbow. Well, one Sunday, at a time that William was in very good health to all appearance, the bell that was ringing for church went very heavy all of a sudden; the sexton, who told me o't, said he'd not known the bell go so heavy in his hand for years—it was just as if the rests wanted oiling. That was on the Sunday, as I say. During the week after, it chanced that William's wife was staying up late one night to finish her ironing, she doing the washing for Mr. and Mrs. Hardcome. Her husband had finished his supper and gone to bed as usual some hour or two before. While she ironed she heard him coming down stairs; he stopped to put on his boots at the stair foot, where he always left them, and then came on into the living-room where she was ironing, passing through it towards the door, this being the only way from the staircase to the outside of the house. No word was said on either side, William not being a man given to much speaking, and his wife being occupied with her work. He went out and closed the door behind him. As her husband had now and then gone out in this way at night before when unwell, or unable to sleep for want of a pipe, she took no particular notice, and continued at her ironing. This she finished shortly after, and as he had not come in she waited awhile for him, putting away the irons and things, and preparing the table for his breakfast in the morning. Still he did not return, but supposing him not far off, and wanting to get to bed herself, tired as she was, she left the door unbarred and went to the stairs, after writing on the back of the door with chalk: *Mind and do the door* (because he was a forgetful man).

"To her great surprise, and I might say alarm, on reaching the foot of the stairs his boots were standing there as they al-

ways stood when he had gone to rest; going up to their chamber she found him in bed sleeping as sound as a rock. How he could have got back again without her seeing or hearing him was beyond her comprehension. It could only have been by passing behind her very quietly while she was bumping with the iron. But this notion did not satisfy her: it was surely impossible that she should not have seen him come in through a room so small. She could not unravel the mystery, and felt very queer and uncomfortable about it. However, she would not disturb him to question him then, and went to bed herself.

"He rose and left for his work very early the next morning, before she was awake, and she waited his return to breakfast wi' much anxiety for an explanation, for thinking over the matter by daylight made it seem only the more startling. When he came in to the meal he said, before she could put her question, 'What's the meaning of they words chalked on the door?'

"She told him, and asked him about his going out the night before. William declared that he had never left the bedroom after entering it, having in fact undressed, lain down, and fallen asleep directly, never once waking till the clock struck five, and he rose up to go to his labor.

"Betty Privett was as certain in her own mind that he did go out as she was of her own existence, and was little less certain that he did not return. She felt too disturbed to argue with him, and let the subject drop as though she must have been mistaken. When she was walking down Longpuddle street later in the day she met Jim Weedle's daughter Nancy, and said, 'Well, Nancy, you do look sleepy to-day!'

"'Yes, Mrs. Privett,' says Nancy. 'Now don't tell anybody, but I don't mind letting you know what the reason o't is. Last night, being Old Midsummer Eve, some of us went to church porch, and didn't get home till near one.'

"'Did ye?' says Mrs. Privett. 'Old Midsummer yesterday was it? Faith I didn't think whe'r 'twas Midsummer or Michaelmas; I'd too much work to do.'

* Begun in March number, 1891.

"'Yes. And we were frightened enough, I can tell 'ee, by what we saw.'

"'What did ye see?'

"(You may not remember, sir, having gone off to foreign parts so young, that on Midsummer Night it is believed hereabout that the faint shapes of all the folk in the parish who are going to be at death's door within the year can be seen entering the church. Those who get over their illness come out again after a while; those that are doomed to die do not return.)

"'What did ye see?' asked William's wife.

"'Well,' says Nancy, backwardly—'we needn't tell what we saw, or who we saw.'

"'You saw my husband,' says Betty Privett, in a quiet way.

"'Well, since you put it so,' says Nancy, hanging fire, 'we—thought we did see him; but it was darkish, and we was frightened, and of course it might not have been he.'

"'Nancy, you needn't mind letting it out, though 'tis kept back in kindness. And he didn't come out of church again: I know it as well as you.'

"Nancy did not answer yes or no to that, and no more was said. But three days after, William Privett was mowing with John Chiles in Mr. Hardcome's meadow, and in the heat of the day they sat down to eat their bit o' lunch under a tree, and empty their flagon. Afterwards both of 'em fell asleep as they sat. John Chiles was the first to wake, and as he looked towards his fellow-mower he saw one of those great white miller's-souls as we call 'em—that is to say, a miller-moth—come from William's open mouth while he slept, and fly straight away. John thought it odd enough, as William had worked in a mill for several years when he was a boy. He then looked at the sun, and found by the place o't that they had slept a long while, and as William did not wake, John called to him and said it was high time to begin work again. He took no notice, and then John went up and shook him, and found he was dead.

"Now on that very day old Philip Hookhorn was down at Longpuddle Spring dipping up a pitcher of water; and as he turned away, who should he see coming down to the spring on the other side but William, looking very pale and odd. This surprised Philip Hookhorn

very much, for years before that time William's little son—his only child—had been drowned in that spring while at play there, and this had so preyed upon William's mind that he'd never been seen near the spring afterwards, and had been known to go half a mile out of his way to avoid the place. On inquiry, it was found that William in body could not have stood by the spring, being in the mead two miles off; and it also came out that the time at which he was seen at the spring was the very time when he died."

"A rather melancholy story," observed the emigrant, after a minute's silence.

"Yes, yes. Well, we must take ups and downs together," said the seedsman's father.

"You don't know, Mr. Lackland, I suppose, what a rum start that was between Andrey Satchel and Jane Vallens and the parson and clerk o' Scrimpton?" said the master-thatcher, a man with a spark of subdued liveliness in his eye, who had hitherto kept his attention mainly upon small objects a long way ahead, as he sat in front of the van with his feet outside. "Theirs was a queerer experience of a pa'son and clerk than some folks get, and may cheer 'ee up a little after this dampness that's been flung over yer soul."

The returned one replied that he knew nothing of the history, and should be happy to hear it, quite recollecting the personality of the man Satchel.

"Ah no; this Andrey Satchel is the son of the Satchel that you knew; this one has not been married more than two or three years, and 'twas at the time o' the wedding that the accident happened that I could tell 'ee of, or anybody else here, for that matter.'

"No, no; you must tell it, neighbor, if anybody," said several; a request in which Mr. Lackland joined, adding that the Satchel family was one he had known well before leaving home.

"I'll just mention, as you be a stranger," whispered the carrier to Lackland, "that Christopher's stories will bear pruning."

The emigrant nodded.

"Well, I can soon tell it," said the master-thatcher, schooling himself to a tone of actuality. "Though as it has more to do with the pa'son and clerk than with Andrey himself, it ought to be told by a better churchman than I."

ANDREY SACHEL AND THE PARSON AND CLERK.

"It all arose, you must know, from Andrey being fond of a drop of drink at that time—though he's a sober enough man now by all account, so much the better for him. Jane, his bride, you see, was somewhat older than Andrey; how much older I don't pretend to say; she was not one of our parish, and the register alone may be able to tell that. But, at any rate, her being a little ahead of her young man in mortal years, coupled with other circumstances, made her very anxious to get the thing done before he changed his mind; and 'twas with a joyful countenance (they say) that she, with Andrey and his brother and sister-in-law, marched off to church one November morning as soon as 'twas day a'most, to be made one with Andrey for the rest of her life. He had left our place long before it was light, and the folks that were up all waved their lanterns at him, and flung up their hats as he went.

"The church of her parish was a mile and more from the houses, and, as it was a wonderfully fine day for the time of year, the plan was that as soon as they were married they would make out a holiday by driving straight off to Port Bredy, to see the ships and the sea and the soldiers, instead of coming back to a meal at the house of the distant relation she lived wi', and moping about there all the afternoon.

"Well, some folks noticed that Andrey walked with rather uncertain steps to church that morning; the truth o't was that his nearest neighbor's child had been christened the day before, and Andrey being godfather had staid all night keeping up the christening, for he had said to himself, 'Not if I live to be a thousand shall I again be made a godfather one day and a husband the next, and therefore I'll make the most of the blessing.' So that when he started from home in the morning he had not been in bed at all. The result was, as I say, that when he and his intended bride walked up the church to be married, the parson (who was a very worthy, strict man inside the church, whatever he was outside) looked hard at Andrey, and said, very sharply:

"'How's this, my man? You are in liquor. And so early, too. I'm ashamed of you!'

"'Well, that's true, sir,' says Andrey. 'But I can walk straight enough for practical purposes. I can walk a chalk line,' he says (meaning no offense), 'as well as some other folk: and I reckon that if you, Pa'son Billy Toogood, had kept up a christening all night so thoroughly as I have done, you wouldn't be able to stand at all; d—— me if you would!'

"This answer made Pa'son Billy—as they used to call him—rather spitish, not to say hot, for he was a warm-tempered man if provoked, and he said, very decidedly: 'Well, I cannot marry you in this state; and I will not. Go home and get sober!' And he slapped the book together like a rat-trap.

"Then the bride burst out crying as if her heart would break, for very fear that she would lose Andrey after all her hard work to get him, and begged and implored the pa'son to go on with the ceremony—which, poor soul, she had very good reason to hasten. But no.

"'I won't be a party to your solemnizing matrimony with a tipsy man,' says Mr. Toogood. 'It is not right and decent. I am sorry for you, my young woman, but you'd better go home again. I wonder how you could think of bringing him here drunk like this.'

"'But if—if he don't come drunk he won't come at all, sir!' she says, through her sobs.

"'I can't help that,' says the pa'son; and plead as she might, it did not move him. Then she tried him another way.

"'Well, then, if you'll go home, sir, and leave us here, and come back to the church in an hour or two, I'll undertake to say that he shall be as sober as a judge,' she cries. 'We'll stay here, with your permission; for if he once goes out of this church unmarried, all Van Amburgh's horses won't drag him back again!'

"'Very well,' says the parson. 'I'll give you two hours, and then I'll return.'

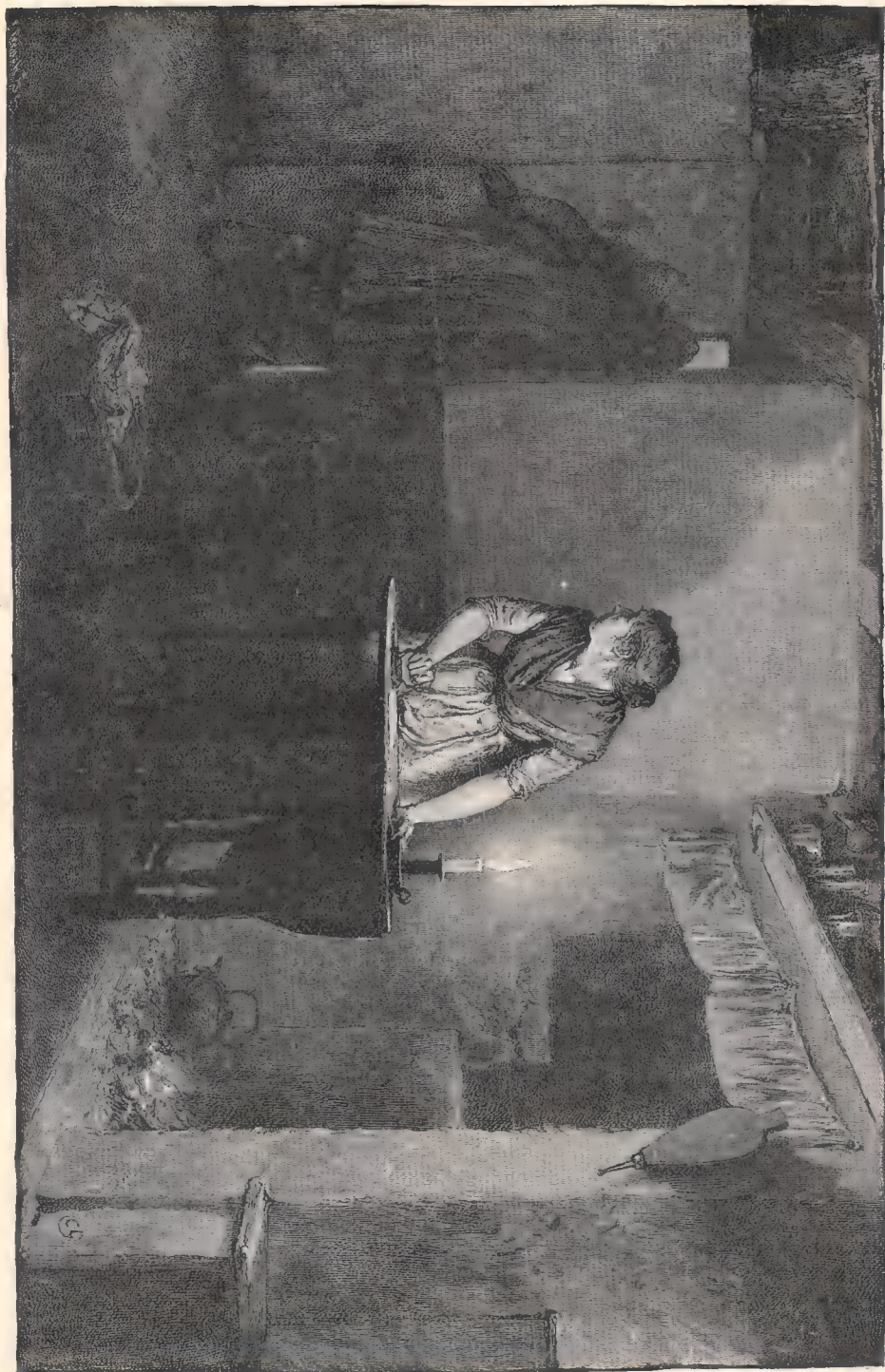
"'And please, sir, lock the door, so that we can't escape!' says she.

"'Yes,' says the parson.

"'And let nobody know that we are here.'

"The parson then took off his holy white surplice, and went away; and the others consulted upon the best means for keeping the matter a secret, which it was not a very hard thing to do, the place being so lonely, and the hour so early.

"HE WENT OUT AND CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND HIM."—[See page 698.]



The witnesses, Andrey's brother and brother's wife, neither of whom cared about Andrey's marrying Jane, and had come rather against their will, said they couldn't wait two hours, wishing to get home to Longpuddle before dinner-time. They were altogether so crusty that the clerk said there was no difficulty in their doing as they wished. They could go home as if their brother's wedding had actually taken place and the married couple had gone onward for their day's pleasure trip to Port Bredy as intended. He, the clerk, and any casual passer-by would act as witnesses when the parson came back.

"This was agreed to, and away Andrey's relations went, nothing loath, and the clerk shut the church door and prepared to lock in the couple. The bride went up and whispered to him, with her eyes a-streaming still.

"My dear good clerk," she says, 'if we bide here in the church, folk may see us through the winders, and find out what has happened; and 'twould cause such a talk and scandal that I never should get over it: and perhaps, too, dear Andrey might try to get out and leave me! Will ye lock us up in the tower, my dear good clerk?' she says. 'I'll tole him in there if you will.'

"The clerk had no objection to do this to oblige the poor young woman, and they toled Andrey into the tower, and the clerk locked 'em both up straightway, and then went home, to return at the end of the two hours.

"Parson Toogood had not been long in his house after leaving the church when he saw a gentleman in pink and top-boots ride past his windows, and with a sudden flash of excitement he called to mind that the hounds met that day just on the edge of his parish. The parson was one who dearly loved sport, and much he longed to be there.

"Now the clerk was the parson's groom and gardener and general manager, and had just got back to his work in the garden when he, too, saw the hunting man pass, and presently saw lots more of 'em, noblemen and gentry, and then he saw the hounds, the huntsman, Jim Tread-hedge, the whipper-in, and I don't know who besides. The clerk loved going to cover as frantical as the parson, so much so that whenever he saw or heard the pack he could no more rule his feelings than if they were the winds of heaven.

He might be bedding, or he might be sowing—all was forgot. So he throws down his spade and rushes in to the parson, who was by this time as frantical to go as he.

"That there mare of yours, sir, do want exercise bad, very bad, this morning," the clerk says, all of a tremble. 'Don't ye think I'd better trot her round the downs for an hour, sir?'

"To be sure, she does want exercise badly. I'll trot her round myself," says the parson.

"And there's the cob, sir. Really that cob is getting unmanageable through biding in stable so long. If you wouldn't mind my putting on the saddle—'

"Very well. Take him out, certainly," says the parson, never caring what the clerk did so long as he himself could get off immediately. So, scrambling into his riding boots and breeches as quick as he could, he rode off towards the meet, intending to be back in an hour. No sooner was he gone than the clerk mounted the cob, and was off after him. When the parson got to the meet, he saw a lot of friends, and was as jolly as he could be: the hounds found almost as soon as they threw off, and there was great excitement. So, forgetting that he had intended to go back at once, away rides the parson with the rest o' the hunt, all across the fallow ground that lies between Lippet Wood and Green's Copse; and as he galloped he looked behind for a moment, and there was the clerk close to his heels.

"Ha, ha, clerk—you here?" he says.

"Yes, sir, here be I," says t'other.

"Fine exercise for the horses!"

"Ay, sir—hee, hee!" says the clerk.

"So they went on and on, into Green's Copse, then across to Higher Jirton; then on across this very turnpike-road to Climmerston Ridge, then away towards Yalbury Wood: up hill and down dale, like the very wind, the clerk close to the parson, and the parson not far from the hounds. Never was there a finer run known with that pack than they had that day; and neither parson nor clerk thought one word about the unmarried couple locked up in the church tower waiting to get j'ined.

"These horses of yours, sir, will be much improved by this," says the clerk as he rode along, just a neck behind the parson. 'Twas a happy thought of your reverent mind to bring 'em out to-day. Why, it may be frosty in a day or two,



"THE CLERK SAW THE HUNTING MAN PASS."

and then the poor things mid not be able to leave the stable for weeks.'

"They may not, they may not, it is true. A merciful man is merciful to his beast,' says the parson.

"Hee, hee!" says the clerk, glancing sly into the parson's eye.

"Ha, ha!" says the parson, a-glancing back into the clerk's. 'Halloo!' he shouts, as he sees the fox break cover at that moment.

"Halloo!" cries the clerk. 'There he goes! Why, dammy, there's two foxes—'

"Hush, clerk, hush! Don't let me hear that again! Remember our calling.'

"True, sir, true. But really, good sport do carry away a man so, that he's apt to forget his high persuasion.' And the next minute the corner of the clerk's eye shot again into the corner of the parson's, and the parson's back again to the clerk's. 'Hee, hee!" said the clerk.

"Ha, ha!" said Parson Toogood.

"Ah, sir," says the clerk again, 'this is better than crying Amen to your Ever-and-ever on a winter's morning!'

"Yes, indeed, clerk. To everything there's a season,' says Parson Toogood, quite pat, for he was a learned and devout Christian man when he liked, and had chapter and verse at his tongue's end, as a parson should.

"At last, late in the day, the hunting came to an end by the fox running into an old woman's cottage, under her table, and up the clock-case. The parson and clerk were among the first in at the death, their faces a-staring in at the old woman's winder, and the clock striking as he'd never been heard to strike before. Then came the question of finding their way home.

"Neither the parson nor the clerk knew how they were going to do this, for their beasts were wellnigh tired down to the ground. But they started back along as well as they could, though they were so done up that they could only drag along at an amble, and not much of that at a time.

"We shall never, never get there!" groaned Mr. Toogood, quite bowed down.

"'Never!' groans the clerk. "'Tis a judgment upon us for our iniquities!"

"'I fear it is,' murmurs the parson.

"Well, 'twas quite dark before they entered the rectory gate, having crept into the parish as quietly as if they'd stole a hammer, little wishing their congregation to know what they'd been up to all day long. And as they were so dog-tired, and so anxious about the horses, never once did they think of the unmarried couple. As soon as ever the horses had been stabled and fed, and the parson and clerk had had a bit and a sup themselves, they went to bed.

"Next morning when Parson Toogood was at breakfast, thinking of the glorious sport he'd had the day before, the clerk came in a hurry to the door and asked to see him.

"'It has just come into my mind, sir, that we've forgot all about the couple that we was to have married yesterday!"

"The half-chewed victuals dropped from the parson's mouth as if he'd been shot. 'Bless my soul,' says he, 'so we have! How very awkward! Have you been to the church to see what happened to them, or inquired in the village?"

"'Not I, sir. It only came into my head a moment ago, and I always like to be second to you in church matters. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I thought o't, sir; I assure 'ee you could!"

"Well, the parson jumped up from his breakfast, and together they went off to the church.

"'It is not at all likely that they are there now,' says Mr. Toogood, as they went; 'and indeed I hope they are not. They are pretty sure to have escaped and gone home.'

"However, they entered the church-yard gate, and looking up at the tower, there they saw a little small white face at the belfry window, and a little hand waving. 'Twas the bride.

"'Pon my life, clerk,' says Mr. Toogood, 'I don't know how to face 'em!' And he sank down upon a tombstone. 'How I wish I hadn't been so particular!"

"'Yes—'twas a pity we didn't finish it when we'd begun,' the clerk said. 'Still, since the feelings of your holy priestcraft wouldn't let ye, the couple must put up with it,' he says.

"'True, clerk, true.... Dear me, how

the small of my back do ache from that ride yesterday!.... But to business.'

"They went on into the church, and unlocked the tower stairs, and immediately poor Jane and Andrey burst out like starved mice from a cupboard, Andrey limp and sober enough now, and his bride pale and cold.

"'What,' says the parson, 'you haven't been here ever since?"

"'Yes, we have, sir,' says the bride, sinking down upon a seat in her weakness. 'Not a morsel, wet or dry, have we had since! It was impossible to get out without help, and here we've staid.'

"'But why didn't you shout, good souls?' said the parson.

"'She wouldn't let me,' says Andrey.

"'Because we were so ashamed at what had led to it,' says Jane. 'We felt that if it were noised abroad it would cling to us all our lives! Once or twice Andrey had a good mind to toll the bell, but then he said: "No; I'll starve first. I won't bring disgrace on my name and yours, my dear." And so we waited and waited, and walked round and round; but never did you come till now.'

"'To my regret,' says the parson. 'Now, then, we will soon get it over.'

"'I—I should like some victuals,' said Andrey; 'if it is only a crust o' bread and a onion; for I am that leery that I can feel my stomach rubbing against my backbone.'

"'I think we had better get it done,' said the bride, getting a bit anxious in manner; 'since we are all here convenient, too!"

"Andrey gave way about the victuals, and the clerk called in a second witness who wouldn't be likely to gossip about it, and soon the knot was tied, and the bride looked smiling and calm forthwith, and Andrey limper than ever.

"'Now,' said Parson Toogood, 'you two must come to my house, and have a good lining put to your insides before you go a step further.'

They were very glad of the offer, and went out of the church-yard by one path while the parson and clerk went out by the other, and so did not attract notice, it being still early. They entered the rectory as if they'd just come back from their trip to Port Bredy; and then they knocked in the victuals and drink till they could hold no more.

"It was a long while before the story of

what they had gone through was known, but it was talked of in time, and they themselves laugh over it now; though what Jane got for her pains was no great bargain after all. 'Tis true she saved her name."

"Was that the same Andrey who went to the squire's house as one of the Christmas fiddlers?" asked the seedsman.

"No, no," replied Mr. Profit, the school-master. "It was his father did that. Ay, it was all owing to his being such a man for eating and drinking." Finding that he had the ear of the audience, the school-master continued, without delay:

ANDREW SATCHEL'S EXPERIENCE AS A
MUSICIAN.

"I was one of the choir boys at that time, and we and the players were to appear at the manor-house as usual that Christmas week, to play and sing in the hall to the squire's people and visitors; afterwards going, as we always did, to have a good supper in the servants' hall. Andrew knew this was the custom, and meeting us when we were starting to go, he said to us: 'Lord, how I should like to join in that meal of beef, and turkey, and plum-pudding, and ale, that you happy ones be going to just now! One more or less will make no difference to the squire. I am too old to pass as a singing boy, and too bearded to pass as a singing girl; can ye lend me a fiddle, neighbors, that I may come with ye as a bandsman?'

"Well, we didn't like to be hard upon him, and lent him an old one, though Andrew knew no more of music than the Cerne Giant; and armed with the instrument he walked up to the squire's house with the others of us at the time appointed, and went in boldly, his fiddle under his arm. He made himself as natural as he could in opening the music books and moving the candles to the best points for throwing light upon the notes; and all went well till we had played and sung 'While shepherds watch,' and 'Star, arise,' and 'Hark the glad sound.' Then the squire's mother, a tall gruff old lady, who was much interested in church music, said quite unexpectedly to Andrew: 'My man, I see you don't play your instrument with the rest. How is that?'

"Every one of the choir was ready to sink into the earth with concern at the fix Andrew was in. We could see that

he had fallen into a cold sweat, and how he would get out of it we did not know.

"'I've had a misfortune, mem,' he says, bowing as meek as a child. 'Coming along the road I fell down and broke my bow.'

"'Oh, I am sorry to hear that,' says she. 'Can't it be mended?'

"'Oh no, mem,' says Andrew. 'Twas broke all to splinters.'

"'I'll see what I can do for you,' says she.

"And then it seemed all over, and we played 'Rejoice, ye drowsy mortals all,' in D and two sharps. But no sooner had we got through it than she says to Andrew,

"'I've sent up into the attic, where we have some old musical instruments, and found a bow for you.' And she hands the bow to poor wretched Andrew, who didn't even know which end to take hold of. 'Now we shall have the full accompaniment,' says she.

"Andrew's face looked as if it were made of rotten apple as he stood in the circle in front of his book; for if there was one person in the parish that everybody was afraid of, 'twas this hook-nosed old lady. However, by keeping a little behind the next man he managed to make pretence of beginning, sawing away with his bow without letting it touch the strings, so that it looked as if he were driving into the tune with heart and soul. 'Tis a question if he wouldn't have got through all right if some of the squire's visitors hadn't noticed that he held the fiddle upside down, the nut under his chin, and the tail-piece in his hand, and they began to crowd round him, thinking 'twas some new way of performing.

This revealed everything; the squire's mother had Andrew turned out of the house as an impostor, and there was great interruption to the harmony of the proceedings, the squire declaring that he should have notice to leave his cottage that day fortnight. However, when we got to the servants' hall there sat Andrew, who had been let in at the back door by the orders of the squire's wife, after being turned out at the front by the orders of the squire, and nothing more was heard about his leaving his cottage. But Andrew never performed in public as a musician after that night; and now he's dead and gone, poor man, as we all shall be."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A BACTERIAL LABORATORY.

GLIMPSES OF THE BACTERIA.

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN, M.D.

A MYSTERIOUS potency, which we call life, stole in upon the earth in the primeval silences, and has lingered on age after age as changeless and inscrutable as its Creator. Life is always associated with a particular form of matter called protoplasm, and has been transmitted from one being to another, high or low, in an unbroken series since it first appeared. But, so far as we know, it has always resided, as it does to-day, in little masses of protoplasm called cells.

In the higher forms of animals large numbers of co-ordinated cell communities are grouped together to form an individual capable of varied and complex powers, while in the lowest plants a single cell fosters the spark which but feebly suggests the wonderful capacities of higher types.

We know that protoplasm is an albuminoid substance, and that it looks very much alike in cells which may develop into one of the higher animals, or in those which remain in the lowly elementary

condition which probably belonged to the earliest types upon the earth. Hence the indefiniteness of our attempts to characterize and explain its varied forms. This protoplasm has more than once been found at the storm centre of controversial vortices, because just here the material and the immaterial seem to meet.

A gentleman just returned from a scientific *séance* is said to have remarked that, so far as he could make it out, protoplasm appeared to be some new kind of arrow-root, a belief in which did not necessarily imply incredulity as to the inspiration of the Scriptures.

We analyze it, and find what elemental substances combine to give it form, we watch the things it does under the inspiration of the life forces, and these varied observations we get together and write down and call it a discourse upon life, or biology. But when in the last chapter we try to make plain to ourselves or to others what it is, after all, which makes this particular form of matter

called protoplasm alone fitted for the residence of the life powers, when we try to picture the nature and origin of the inspiring agencies, we find that, like Omar, we

"have heard great argument
About it and about, but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went."

But while baffled in this supreme quest, it has come to pass in these later years that pathways entered upon in pursuit of the mystery of life have led many explorers by different and devious ways into a new invisible world of living things, at once so vast and so minute, so useful and so deadly, that the dawn of a new era in the science of life seems just at hand.

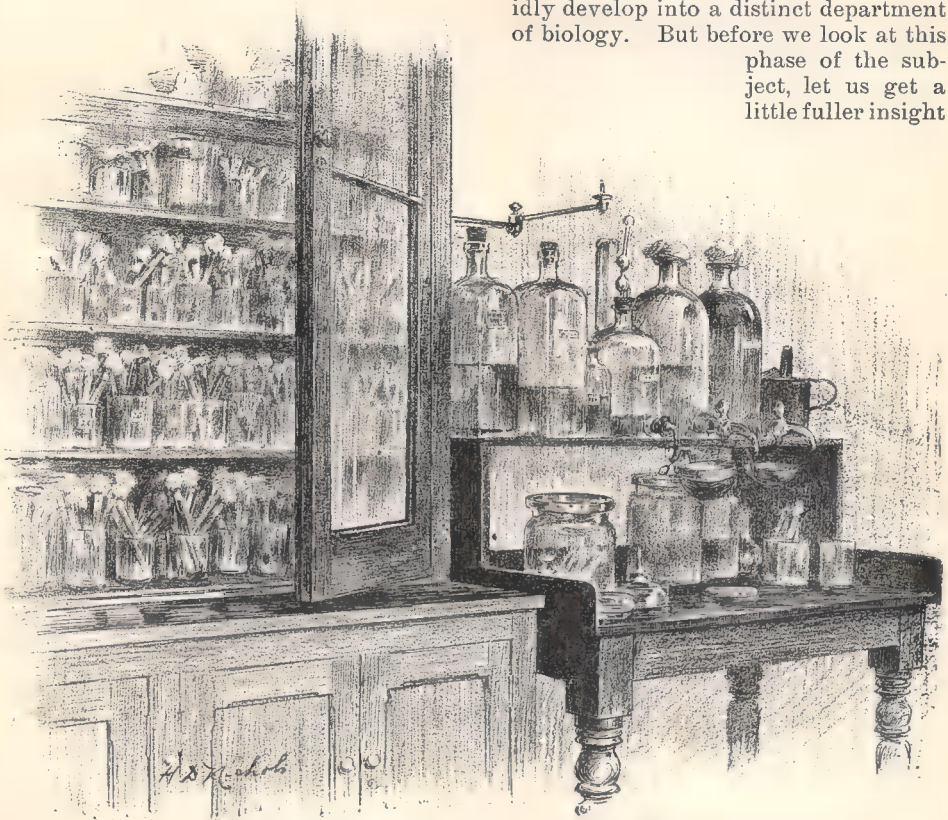
We have fancied that when the catalogues of visible animals and plants were written, when their varied habits and powers and origins were made plain, and when the record of the rocks had been read off and developed into a world his-

tory, we should be masters of the situation, and might even find time to carry on the often projected flirtations with the denizens of some other planet.

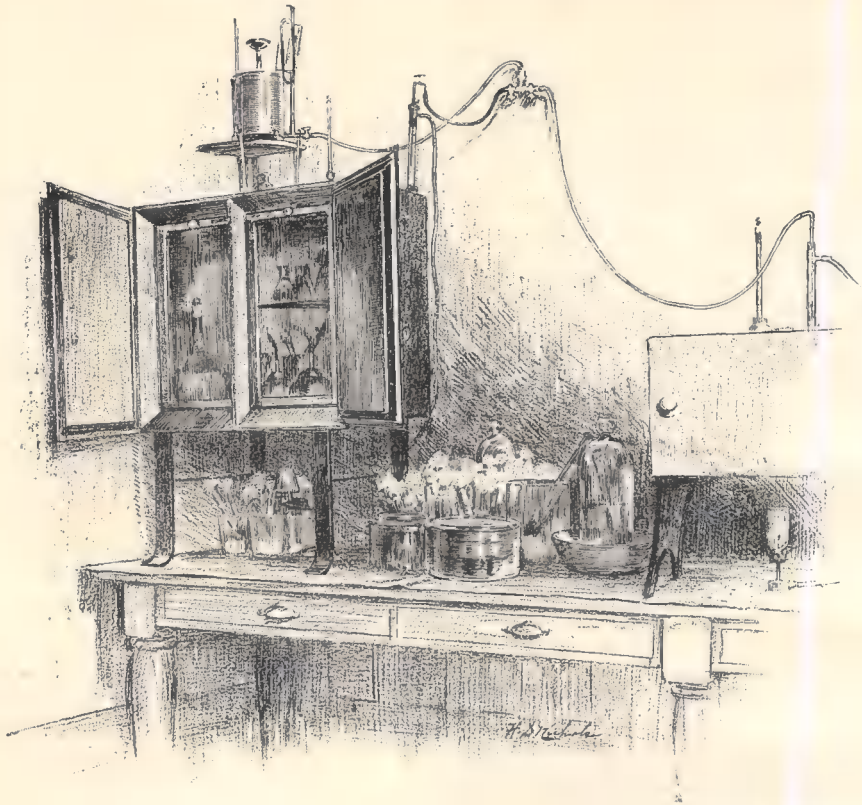
But gradually we have been taken into the confidence of some of the tired-eyed workers, who have for a good while been peering into the domain of the invisible, and are now ready to tell us that in earth and air and water are tiny beings innumerable, which, for weal or woe, have a power over all other living things so great and so far-reaching that we cannot yet even fairly conjecture toward what vantage-ground of knowledge and insight and well-being this new life lore is leading us.

Studies on the minute forms of life have been going on for several years, and a great deal of interesting and useful knowledge had been accumulated about them before the new technique devised and elaborated by Dr. Robert Koch within the present decade gave a new impulse to the work, and caused it to rapidly develop into a distinct department of biology. But before we look at this

phase of the subject, let us get a little fuller insight



THE "CULTURE" CABINET AND DISINFECTING TABLE.



A WARM CORNER OF THE LABORATORY, WITH THERMOSTATS AND CULTURE TUBES.

into the character and relationships of these minute beings.

Far down in the scale of plant life—let it be distinctly understood that we are primarily concerned in this paper not with animals, but only with lowly plants—is a certain great group, whose individuals are spoken of in a general way as micro-organisms or microbes or germs. So small are they all that they are never seen as individuals by the unaided vision. It is only when they are growing in masses that they may be thus seen.

One great family of the group of micro-organisms is called "yeasts," and when the grocer sends in to the cook a little square soft cake of yeast wrapped in tin-foil to keep it clean and moist, he acts as a connecting link between biological science and commerce and domestic life. The commercial value of one single yeast plant may be estimated on the basis that the single yeast cake, costing its consumer

one cent, may contain many hundred millions of the single plants.

When these yeast plants, well distributed through the dough, are set in a warm place they begin to grow, and in order to grow they must consume food. Now the flour and salt and water in the dough are very choice viands for these little plants, and as they feed they tear these substances asunder where they lie, assimilating some elements under the influence of the life forces, and setting free, among other things, carbonic-acid gas. This occupies more space than did the compound of which it formed a part before it came under the resistless influence of the living plant cell. And so the bread "rises," and becomes light and porous: a happy result for us, though the poor yeast plants are fattened but to die, for at the right moment off goes the whole mass to the oven, where their myriad budding lives are soon extinguished. Thus when we

eat the bread, we eat the myriads of cell fragments which made up the wheat or rye or barley of the flour, as well as the yeast cells themselves, and call it good. This is one of the best forms of food, and here, as in almost all our foods, the man, himself a vast aggregate of cells, assimilates the ruins of other cells, both of animals and plants.

There is a whole great and important series of manufactures dependent upon the life processes of different species of yeast plants analogous to those which we have reviewed in the bread. Beer-making and many other fermentations rest upon these life powers of the micro-organisms called yeasts. Where the various species came from originally it would be useless to speculate. What special purpose the beer yeast, for example, served in the economy of nature before the dawn of the Beer Age, who shall say?

There is another great group of micro-organisms very wide-spread in nature which we call "moulds." Not so useful in general as are the yeasts, and sometimes, but not often, directly harmful to man, they very frequently prey upon and destroy as blights higher forms of plants which man cultivates for his uses. When growing in masses, the appearance of moulds is familiar to everybody who has allowed pastry to grow stale in damp places.

The scope of this paper does not permit us to linger longer upon these families of lowly plants, the yeasts and moulds, about which, however, a good deal of very interesting lore has gathered.

Now at last we are face to face with our subject—another group of lowliest, tiniest plants, closely allied to the fungi; they are also micro-organisms or microbes or germs, but their particular family name is bacteria. An individual is called a bacterium; collectively they are bacteria.

It would seem as if here, if ever, we must come upon the secret of life origin in the study of these minutest of living things, the bacteria, made up as they are of single cells so simple in structure as to be almost completely represented by lines and dots, but endowed with such limitless powers of reproduction as to fairly shame the multiplication table.

Way down on the border-land of life lie these elemental organisms, so close to the edge of that chasm, deep as eternity,

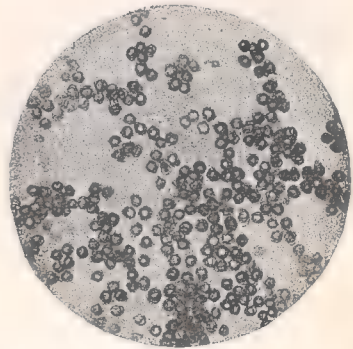
which divides the living from the non-living that it has now and again seemed to workers in this field that surely some stray germ had bridged the abyss, and sprung unancestored into life before his very eyes. But that pet nursling of so many an enthusiast in times gone by, spontaneous generation, has always been buried in neglect at last with this unvarying epitaph: Imperfect Observation.

Our systematic knowledge of the bacteria is still so meagre, so many species and doubtless so many families of them have never yet come into the range of human vision, and our glimpses of their life powers have been so fragmentary, that as yet we can only try to bring a little temporary order out of the chaos by grouping them according to their shapes.

We find, when we muster all the forms which have as yet been seen, that they all fall into one of three classes: spheroidal, rod-like, or spiral.

Further subdivisions of these classes have been made, and generic and specific names attached to many hundreds of forms; but over these details we need not linger now. How they look and what they do is here of more importance than what we call them.

Although with the ordinary microscopic powers the bacteria look like little balls or straight or spiral rods, we find, when



SPHEROIDAL BACTERIA (MICROCOCCHI).
Cultivated from air. Magnified about 1000 times.

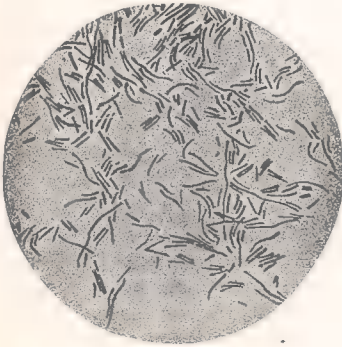
we use the most powerful and perfect lenses, that they consist of a minute mass of granular protoplasm surrounded by a thin structureless membrane.

When we put them under favorable conditions for growth, and give them food enough, they may be seen to divide across

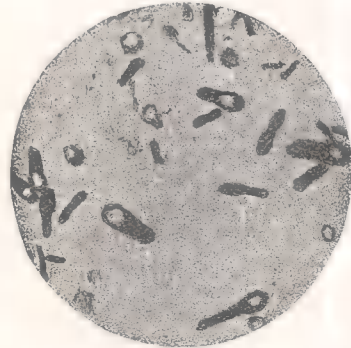
the middle, each portion soon becoming larger and again dividing, so that it has been calculated that a single germ, if kept under favorable conditions, might at the end of two days have added to the number of the world's living beings 281,500,000,000 new individual bacteria. In fact, if this sort of thing went on for a few weeks unhindered there would be very little room left on the earth's surface for any other forms of life, and pretty much all the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen

chemical substances which often soon poison itself, or its fellows, or both together. So the proportion is preserved by such a fine balance of the natural forces that, prolific as they are, the bacteria in the long-run are held closely within bounds the world over.

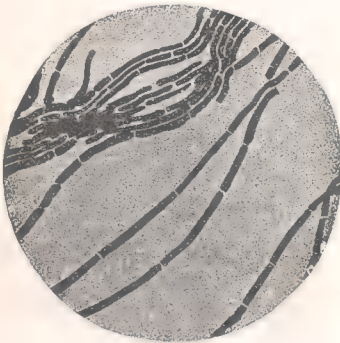
Indeed, life goes hard with many forms, and were it not for a very curious provision for the preservation of the species under adverse conditions, it is likely that many species would soon die out.



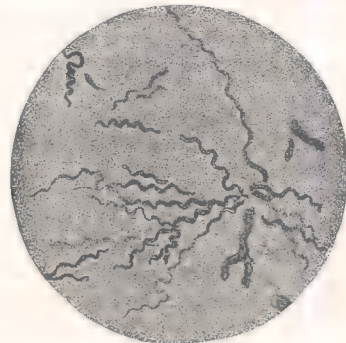
ROD-SHAPED BACTERIA (BACILLI).
Cultivated from water. Magnified about 1000 times.



ROD-SHAPED BACTERIA (BACILLI).
Developing spores.



BACILLI GROWING IN CHAINS.
Magnified about 1000 times.



SPIRAL-SHAPED BACTERIA.
Magnified about 1000 times.

which is available for life purposes in the world would be used up. There would be a corner in life stuff, and even the master, man, would be forced to the wall, and become the victim of his insatiable fellow-worlder, the bacterium. But, as it happens, this sort of thing does not go on; the food grows scanty; or the temperature becomes unfavorable; or the sun shines hot—and the sun is a sore enemy of your growing bacterium; or, as it grows and feeds, the germ gives off various

It is found that when the conditions become too unfavorable for the continuance of life in some bacteria, a portion of the protoplasm sequesters itself in one end of the germ, and surrounds itself with a dense resistant envelope. This is called a spore. The old shell falls away, and this spore is now capable of resisting such vicissitudes of temperature and drying and fasting as would have destroyed it in its other form. Restore the spore, however, to favorable surroundings, and

it bursts its protecting shell and emerges a thin-skinned and vulnerable, but an active and perhaps a triumphant germ.

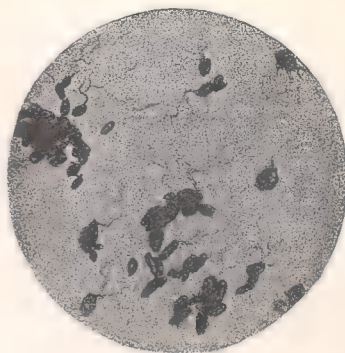
Some forms surround themselves with a soft, slimy pellicle called a capsule. When the bacteria, as they grow, divide and subdivide, the new individuals thus formed often cling together, and so form threads or chains or little heaps.

Many of the bacteria are capable of rapid progressive movement when floating in fluids, induced by little hair-like prolongations at their ends; many are wholly passive. All of them, so far as we know, have the power, in nourishing themselves, of tearing asunder other forms of matter, assimilating a part of it in new combinations in their own bodies, and setting free the rest. These chemical substances which are set free by living, growing bacteria are of the most diverse characters. They may be acid or alkaline, aromatic or bad-smelling; usually they are harmless, but sometimes are very injurious to man.

Some forms of bacteria, when growing in large masses, form brilliant coloring materials out of the ruins of the substances on which they feed. Some are phosphorescent, and when massed together you can read by the light which they emit. Some forms are easily killed; some are very invulnerable.

The soil forms the great living and lurking place of the more common forms, and from this they are spread far and wide in the air as part of the dust, or are washed off into the surface and other waters.

The life history of many of the species of bacteria is already very well known to us, while whole groups are almost wholly unstudied. This much has been well established, that there are some species which are quite indispensable to the higher forms of life in this world, because it is they which tear dead organic matter to pieces, and fit it to be taken up by higher plants, and worked over into food for men and animals. A piece of meat or any other organic matter would remain unchanged indefinitely if shut up so that no living bacteria could come in contact with it. Under ordinary conditions, however, the bacteria do gain access to them, and then ensue putrefaction and finally a total destruction, that is, a total change into other forms of matter. The bacteria are thus the great scavengers of the earth.



MOBILE BACTERIA WITH CILIA.

It is difficult to conceive that all these curious doings, all these far-reaching accomplishments, should be carried on by organisms so small that full a thousand of them, if mustered abreast, could pass through the hole pierced in a paper by a fine sewing needle and never touch the sides.

After these hurried glimpses at the curious things which people this realm of the invisible, I will ask my reader to visit the laboratory with me, and learn what he may about the devices which science makes use of to lure these beings into sight, and how we handle things unseen.

My visitor must lay off his over-garment and wipe the germ-laden dust of the outer world from his feet before he will be admitted to a precinct which, before all other earthly places, must be absolutely clean. The very air which is sent into the room from the ventilating fans is filtered through cotton to separate as fully as may be the floating dust. Walls and floors, both smooth, are frequently scoured with fluids which are deadly to peripatetic germs. Robed in a smooth-surfaced black gown is the bacteriologist—this arbiter of the fortunes of whole races of living things—not at the dictate of fashion, but because at the muster of these invisible cohorts he must let into the parade no chance enemy which might have been concealed upon his usual garments.

We might as well open at once the doors of a broad-shelved cupboard which stands at one side of the room, and show the visitors our bacterial garden. If we could number the individual plants which are growing on any one of the shelves of this small cabinet, we should no doubt have

enough, were we disposed to be so generous, and were the suggested beneficiaries acquiescent, to give every one of the earth's inhabitants at least a million of the bacterial plants, and have enough left over to similarly endow every one who is to be born for the next ten thousand years.

What you see is a number of rows of common tumblers, in each of which are standing several glass tubes plugged at the mouth with a wad of cotton batting. At the bottom of each tube you see a transparent jelly-like substance which is our bacterial soil. On the surface or in the depth of this nutrient jelly you see variously colored pasty-looking pellicles or masses, which are the bacteria, plainly visible now, because they are piled up together just as they grow in such colossal numbers.

Some of the species have made the jelly fluid as they grew, and are floating in the tiny pool. Some of them are themselves colored variously; some have given color to the jelly in which they were planted. The names of the various species, so far as they have been described, are written on a label at the top of the tube. You may take out these tubes and look at their contents more closely if you wish. The cotton plug at the mouth of the tube will prevent all access to the germ plants of germs which may be floating in the air outside, and equally will prevent anything inside the tube from coming out. You will see that many of the tubes are labelled "*BACILLUS*"; that means a little rod, and this is the generic name of a very large and important group of bacteria having this shape. This particular one is called *Bacillus fluorescens*, because, as you see, it imparts to the jelly in which it is growing a beautiful greenish fluorescence.

Here is a tube marked "*MICROCOCOCCUS*"; that is another generic name applied to a large group of spheroidal bacteria, and this particular one is called *Micrococcus cinnabareus*, because when it grows in a mass, the mass has a deep cinnabar red color. These must serve as examples of the appearances and names of bacteria as they are seen growing in a laboratory collection.

I see that my visitor's eyes are wandering to a shelf on whose tubes are seen such ominous names as pneumonia, tuberculosis, typhoid, tetanus, diphtheria, etc., and that as he reads them he steps

back from the shelves. They are safe while they are there, however, perfectly so, those germs which cause these dread diseases, and I shall have something to say about them presently. Close beside this germ cabinet one sees a row of large jars containing fluids most deadly to all forms of germs, carbolic acid, corrosive sublimate, etc.—germicides we call them. All kinds of living germs which we have finished studying are deluged with and soaked in these solutions for some hours before they are permitted to leave the laboratory, and usually before they are removed from their cotton-sealed glass prison tubes. Now I should like to show you how we capture these germs, invisible in the earth and air and water, or on or in the bodies of men and animals, and how we get them finally growing here in tubes, each species by itself.

The first thing which a worker in this fascinating domain of science has to acquire, strange to many as the juxtaposition may appear, is faith, and perhaps faith and science more often go together than some people think. In the first place, the worker has to be certain that all the apparatus which he uses, the flasks and dishes and tubes and needles and forceps, are absolutely clean—not clean in the ordinary visible, but in the bacterial sense. For the bacteriologist that thing is alone clean which is wholly free from any form of living germs, and as these everywhere-floating and everywhere-lodging germs are totally invisible, he must at the outset treat all his utensils as if he knew they were covered with living things. For him everything is regarded as guilty until he has so treated it that he knows it must be now, at any rate, innocent—of germs. This treatment is called sterilization, and so he bakes and roasts and boils his apparatus, and all his bacterial food before he begins to work with it.

I need not describe in detail how the artificial bacterial foods are prepared, as this would lead us far afield. Suffice it to say that before we are ready to go hunting or fishing, whichever you like, for bacteria, we have a number of cotton-plugged tubes and flasks partly filled with the nutrient jelly, which is yellowish and transparent and solid, or with clear beef tea, or with boiled milk, or with little strips of boiled potatoes. These form the standard stock of our bacterial larder.

The average bacterium, common as he

may be, and getting along very comfortably in the state of nature in his own chosen haunts on very little food of all sorts, or on almost no food of any sort, is apt to be very dainty when his condition in life changes and he becomes the pet of the bacteriologist. He would apparently feed heartily on almost any sort of nasty stuff before, but now his beef tea must be just so alkaline, or he will pout and grow but little; if it is fairly acid, he refuses to grow at all. New potatoes are too fresh for his poor stomach, and must be seasoned for a few months before many of the clan will even look at them. Altogether it is not an easy life which these "beggarily atomies" lead the bacteriologist, who, as nurse and caterer, is often at his wits' end to know what is the matter with his sulky nurslings.

Suppose first we go a-fishing. Here is a glass of perfectly clear sparkling water, fresh from the pipes by which it was brought straight from the country hills. We can see nothing in it, and we might search drop after drop with the most powerful lenses, and find absolutely nothing but water. Here is where the faith comes in; or perhaps, after all, it is knowledge, if we have worked long in the field. We first melt a tube of gelatine, mix with it a small measured quantity of our water, say half a thimbleful, pour the whole perfectly transparent fluid mass into a flat-bottomed shallow glass dish or plate, and quickly cover it. This is called a "plate culture." In a short time the gelatine has again solidified, and any invisible germs, if such there were in the portion of water which we used, are closely surrounded and held fast by the solid nutrient wall. Now such germs as thrive on this sort of food—and that is a large proportion of the more common forms—will presently begin to grow, feeding on the walls of their prison-house.

This is not one of those operations which are finished while you wait, however, for a great many hundreds or thousands of new young germs must grow before you can begin to see anything at all in the clear gelatine. But if you set aside the dish in a warm place, after twenty-four or forty-eight hours you will see tiny points scattered through the gelatine, which we call "colonies." Each colony is made up of the progeny of the imprisoned aqueous ancestor. Presently the colonies get so large that, either with the



A "PLATE CULTURE" OF WATER,
Showing the size and number of "colonies" which have developed at the end of the third day. Some of them have fluidified the nutrient gelatine, forming tiny pools.

naked eye or under a low power of the microscope, you can see their appearances, and make out with ease the differences of growth which characterize different species. Some of the colonies grow faster than others, some are sharp-edged, some are spined, some are smooth on the surface, some are rough, some fluidify the gelatine, some do not, some form curious bizarre figures, some are delicately lined. You may now take a needle, which you have just before made clean by heating it red-hot in a flame, and, as soon as it is cool, plunge it into the colony. A few thousand germs more or less will stick to the needle point, and you now carefully pull out the cotton plug from a fresh tube of the solid gelatine, and scratch the needle point over its surface, or plunge it into its depth, withdraw the needle, and plug the tube up again, and set it away in a warm place. In the same way you may plant your germs on milk or potatoes, or on other germ foods. You have planted in this tube only one species of bacteria from the one punctured colony. These presently will grow, and then you have at last a pure culture of one of the invisible microbes which you assumed to be present though unseen in the water in which we went a-fishing.

Recovered from the fatigues of our fishing experiences, suppose we set out on a hunt for aerial germs.

One of the most curious phases of hunting in which the writer ever participated was in the far West, while on the plains the antelope were still abundant and comparatively tame. When we came in sight of a herd of antelope, if the sportsman, or even a whole group of them, carefully dismounted, so as not to frighten the

game into a panic, and one or two of the hunters slowly waved colored handkerchiefs to and fro, often the whole herd would slowly approach the men, and could be easily captured at short range. The game came itself to the trap.

Well, with as little exertion we hunt our invisible aerial germs.

We melt some nutrient jelly, and pour it out on to the bottom of a shallow glass dish, and let it cool and solidify. All we have now to do is to set the dish uncovered almost anywhere we choose, in an inhabited room or out-of-doors, in any town, and leave it exposed to the air for, say, five minutes. We know that gravity is constantly bringing toward the earth floating dust particles and other minute bodies, and that germs are very apt to be clinging to dust particles everywhere. So what curiosity did for the antelope, gravity does for the germs—lands them in the trap; and at the end of five minutes we quietly cover the dish and set it away. We see nothing on the surface, and a triumphant home-coming from our hunt is therefore out of the question. But in a day or two, just where each invisible atmospheric waif fell on the moist surface of our gelatine, a colony will appear and continue to grow.

Thus we can make analyses of the air, and learn approximately how many living germs are floating and falling in the stuff we breathe.

The long series of observations and experiments which every single species of bacteria thus isolated from the earth or air or water must be subjected to before we learn its life history we need not dwell upon. This hurried outline of the method of isolation must suffice. By the same general methods, though with many details and many modifications, we separate the germs which have caused disease in the living body.

Many of the bacteria do not grow at the ordinary temperature of the air, and so we have in a special room some copper ovens, called thermostats or hatching ovens or incubators, kept at a perfectly uniform temperature, about that of the body, day and night, into which we can put our culture tubes. No human nursling ever received more devoted attention than do these tiny life sparks, as hour by hour their growth goes on. Some of them are veritable microscopic devils, but all alike come in for a share in the delicate minis-

trations of their foster-parent, the bacteriologist. Some bacteria do not grow in contact with the air, and for these we must have an apparatus to pump it out, or to replace it with some other gas, such as hydrogen.

Now these various methods of cultivating bacteria and other forms of germs on solid transparent culture media were largely devised and elaborated by one of the most patient and painstaking and conscientious workers of the present day, Dr. Robert Koch, of Berlin, early in the present decade. To the skill and cleverness with which he devised and perfected the comparatively simple technique of bacteriology is directly traceable some of the most momentous and valuable discoveries of this or any other age. Very hazy and incomplete were the glimpses which before this time had been caught of this vast world of the infinitely little, because the methods of study were so crude and inaccurate. Now, however, discovery is piling itself on discovery, not only in the field of bacteriology at large, but in the relationships which certain of the germs bear to serious human and animal diseases.

To this relationship we must now briefly turn.

It has been learned within the past few years that several of the most serious diseases known to man are caused by particular species of bacteria. Such diseases are called infectious. Amongst those forms which thus originate are tuberculosis, Asiatic cholera, erysipelas, and some forms of blood-poisoning, tetanus or lock-jaw, some forms of pneumonia, typhoid fever, and diphtheria. We know the germs which are concerned in the causation of these diseases, and can grow them in tubes in the laboratory, and work out their life history.

There are other diseases belonging apparently in the same general class, of whose mode of origin we are still largely ignorant. Such are small-pox, measles, scarlatina, yellow-fever, and others. We believe, largely on the ground of analogy, that these too are caused by some forms of germs, each after its kind, but what they are we cannot yet say.

Malaria, it has been pretty well established, is due to a minute organism which belongs not among the plants, but low down in the animal series, in the class known as the protozoa, and it may be that some or all of the last group above-men-

tioned may be caused by similar organisms, which as yet we cannot cultivate in the laboratory, or even bring within our vision with the microscope. Let us then confine our study to those diseases whose causation has been well established.

We have not space, nor would it be fitting, here to consider these diseases in detail, one by one.

Each of the species of bacteria which cause disease differs from all other forms, and has a distinct and characteristic mode of life. They are, for the most part, confined to the bodies or the vicinage of persons suffering from or subject to the respective diseases. This we say, in scientific parlance, is their "habitat," in distinction from the large proportion of bacteria whose natural habitat is outside the human or animal body, as in the soil or water, or on other plants.

It follows from this that if we could destroy all the materials discharged from the bodies of affected persons, or those temporarily harboring the germs, so that these could not be spread abroad and come in contact with other persons or animals, we could largely limit if not ultimately completely eradicate these infectious diseases. The demonstration of this fact is one of the most important of the achievements of modern bacteriology, because it leads us to the hope that in the not far-distant future we may be able to prevent a great deal of sickness and premature death. This consideration alone far outweighs in importance the sense of uneasiness which is to-day so wide-spread among all classes when the relationship between germs and disease is spoken or thought of.

Consumption, or tuberculosis, is largely spread by the specific bacteria in the sputum thrown off by affected persons, which is allowed to dry and become disseminated in the floating dust. Typhoid fever is communicated by the germs discharged from the bodies of those ill of this disease, which, in one way or another, but largely in polluted water and food, get into the digestive track of well persons. Diphtheria may be communicated in like manner by the germs in the membranes or fluids from the mouth of the stricken ones, and may linger long wholly dry in garments and household furniture and rooms.

The bacterium causing tetanus, or lock-jaw, is not often conveyed from one person

to another, but is exceptional in having its usual lurking-place in the soil of certain regions.

Now how do these particular species of germs cause these special forms of disease? We have already seen that one of the marked life features of bacteria is that when they assimilate nourishment and grow, they set free various forms of chemical substances. When putrefaction occurs in a bit of meat, for example, certain bad-smelling gases, as well as a host of other substances, are set free by the bacteria which are feeding on the meat. These cause its putrefaction. Each species acts in its own peculiar fashion in the acquirement of its food, and sets free its own peculiar chemical substances.

Now the same thing happens when bacteria, in one way or another, get into the bodies of men or animals and grow there. But in the large proportion of cases the bacteria which we take into our bodies in vast numbers with the greatest variety of uncooked foods and with water and milk, produce, if they grow at all, chemical substances which do no manner of harm. It is indeed not at all improbable that some bacteria which are constantly present in the digestive canal form, under ordinary circumstances, materials which aid in the process of digestion.

It has, however, come about in the lapse of ages that a very few, an infinitely small proportion, of all the bacteria which are about us produce chemical substances in the body which in one way or another act as violent poisons. These substances produced by bacteria are called ptomaines, and here at last our plummet seems to be striking bottom. It is the ptomaines, or peculiar vegetable poisons produced by these germs, which usually do the damage. Sometimes these ptomaines are produced in some special part of the body where the bacteria grow, and, gaining access to the body fluids, are carried all over the organism, inducing in the most vulnerable parts those changes which are characteristic of the disease, and which give rise to what we call its symptoms. This seems to be the case in diphtheria and typhoid fever, in which the bacteria are confined, in the former, usually to the mouth and throat and air-passages, and in the latter, to the intestinal canal. But the soluble ptomaines are carried everywhere, working havoc.

On the other hand, in the complex of



A "TUBE CULTURE."
The tubercle bacillus.

disorders known as blood-poisoning and in tuberculosis, the bacteria may be widely distributed in the body, producing wherever they are the poisonous stuff.

Some of the poisons formed in the body by disease-producing bacteria have been isolated from artificial cultures of the germs by delicate chemical manipulation, and have been found in this pure form to be so extraordinarily powerful that even excessively minute portions of them introduced into the body induce the symptoms of the disease. They have even been isolated from the bodies of persons who

have succumbed to the diseases, and have shown in animal experiments the same intense powers.

It has been recently learned that outside of the body, in certain forms of food, such as stale milk and cheese and sausages, bacteria may grow and produce a virulent poison. When such food is eaten it may cause immediate serious results, not because of the bacteria which it now contains, but because of the poisons which they elaborated there before the food was consumed.

Now there is another aspect of this subject which we must not overlook, brief as must be our survey of it. It is true that it is the bacteria which are the primary and indispensable factors in causing these diseases; but the condition of the body is very important indeed in determining whether, when the special germs gain ac-

cess to it, they shall be able to set up the disease at all; or, if they do so, whether it is to be in a severe or mild form. In other words, there is a condition of the body which, in the presence of any given disease-producing germ, is called *predisposition* to its incursions. There is also an opposing condition which we call relative or absolute *immunity* to its development and progress.

It used to be thought that tuberculosis was hereditary. We know now that it is not; the germ causing the disease is not transmitted before birth from mother to child. A predisposition to the acquirement of the disease, and liability to succumb to its ravages when it does occur, may indeed be inherited; but keep from the body this particular germ, and the predisposed individual is as invulnerable as his more fortunate fellows.

The same sort of influence, as yet little understood, is at work in the body in the presence of most of the acute infectious diseases, though in none of them is the hereditary character of predisposition so marked as in tuberculosis.

Now this vulnerability to the incursions of disease-producing germs is not necessarily hereditary nor born with the individual, but may be acquired in many ways. This phase of our subject leads us to a practical lesson in personal attention to health which we may turn to our advantage.

It is pretty safe to say that excesses of any kind, any form of general ill health, may at times render us more vulnerable than we should naturally be to the action of disease germs.

A very curious series of experiments in animals has been made with a view of determining the effect of general bodily condition on the body's power to resist bacterial infection. It has been found, for example, that the ptomaines produced by one species of germ when introduced into the body rendered it liable to the incursions of other germs to which it was before practically immune. It was found that rats were not at all affected by inoculation with a certain species of bacteria. The experimenter, however, put some of these rats in a little apparatus like a tread-mill, in which they were made to run until exhausted, and now he found that they readily succumbed to an inoculation with the same germs. So in certain animals prolonged fasting changes

their condition from one of practical immunity to one of extreme susceptibility.

The lesson of these experiments is written so large that surely he who runs may read.

There is an inherent capacity of resistance to deleterious influences of various kinds on the part of the body, which can be strengthened by suitable food and regimen and proper hygienic surroundings. This health inertia alone carries many safely through the struggle with the various forms of bacterial disease. Up to the present time the physician's function in treating bacterial diseases has been largely limited to bracing up the body's cells by drugs or proper food, or in some other way which experience has shown to be more or less efficacious, so that they might carry on their fight under the most favorable conditions.

But since new light has dawned upon the relationship of bacteria to disease the student in this special field has not been idle. While slowly and toilsomely working out the life story of the germs one by one, he has held ever close to his heart this most cherished hope that by-and-by we should know enough about the secret life of these invisible foes of man to enable us to destroy them in the body outright, or in some direct way control their ravages. With this shining possibility ever luring him on to new researches, several very significant facts have been brought to light.

It is well known that there are certain diseases one attack of which more or less effectually protects the victim from subsequent liability to it. Although such diseases in man belong chiefly in that class above alluded to whose relationship to micro-organisms has not yet been definitely made clear, it has yet seemed possible that the same condition might be brought about in well-understood bacterial diseases by artificial inoculation if only we could get some variety of the specific germ of such diminished virulence as not to be in itself dangerous. It has been learned, in fact, that by putting pure cultures of certain disease-producing bacteria under such adverse conditions as to make life a burden to them, but not quite killing them, as, for example, by alternately heating and cooling, a variety of the species could be produced which when inoculated would cause no serious harm, and in a measure confer subsequent immunity,

much as vaccination does against small-pox. This preventive inoculation has been largely practised in Europe in several forms of germ disease in animals, with varying success.

It has been thought also that if the ptomaines which the disease-producing bacteria form as they grow could be separated from the germs in suitable form, these ptomaines might bring about immunity by introduction into the body. Much research has been made in this direction both in Europe and in this country, and it really seems from the successful experiments upon animals as if before long some very significant revelations in this direction might be forthcoming which will be of direct benefit to man.

On the other hand, experiments which have thus far been made in the way of attempts to destroy the invading germ by the direct use of chemical substances put into the body which should not harm the body cells themselves have not led to very encouraging results.

It will be seen from these hasty indications of some of the salient features of the infectious or bacterial diseases that we are standing to-day on the border-land of a vast unexplored region in the domain of life. It seems to be a region rich in the promise of benefit to man, when after patient toil we shall have learned more of the relationships of these tiny organisms to one another and to higher forms. The richest harvest garnered hitherto in this domain has been the power to understand the cause of certain dread human scourges, and thus to stay their progress.

In the face of threatened epidemics of Asiatic cholera, we stand to-day fully equipped with a knowledge of its nature, which surely enables us to hold it successfully in check. The surgeon can to-day undertake with just confidence of success such operations for the relief of suffering humanity as would have made the hearts of his elder *confrères* stand fairly still. Many of the so-called accidents of maternity have largely lost their vagueness, and with this their power to harm. The great cloud which for so many years has hung low over the heads of the children of tubercular parents has at length begun to roll away. The terrible epidemic scourges of former times no longer haunt the imagination.

Man is not in these days a serious seek-

er for the fountains of perpetual youth, nor may we justly long for earthly immortality. But we now see—dimly, but at last—that we may lay larger claim at least to our allotted threescore years and ten if we can but learn to cope with or to hold at bay those unseen enemies which have robbed us already of far too many lives.

Little by little we are learning that prevention is better than cure, and that prevention is possible in a large number of those diseases which have claimed their victims hitherto unchallenged. People have always taken it as a matter of course that a certain number of persons must sicken and die of such diseases as typhoid fever and diphtheria; but we know to-day that these diseases can be largely limited if only proper care be taken in destroying the waste material from the sick. We know now to just what we must attribute the wide-spread acquirement of tuberculosis, and that proper cleanliness in affected persons, and proper cleanliness in streets and houses and all assembling places, would greatly curtail the number of its victims.

Still, again, these delvings in the unseen world have brought up at least one shining moral nugget, which, when beaten into words, means something like this: *we must not lay at the door of Providence or fate those evils which we wilfully or ignorantly bring upon ourselves.*

But, some one will say, amid all these glittering hopes for the future, amid all your congratulations over the large achievements of the past, what is there here and now, at once, to-day, of help for the already stricken? Patience, patience. The wise physician can do much along the lines which experience has drawn to comfort and to save. We do but harm ourselves to strain too eagerly to catch the assurance of the coming day.

It is coming, slowly perhaps, though we do not know how soon; but it is coming, we may assuredly believe, the time when we shall have so far mastered the life history of our invisible enemies in this hidden world of life that we can fight them with their own weapons on their chosen fields. Hundreds of tireless workers the world over are toiling early and late to usher in that day. It is a pity that some of the large-hearted men in this country, in whose hands great fortunes are placed for a little while, do not see to

it that suitable endowments of research in this most promising field are furnished here, so that we may more fairly join hands with the workers in other lands whose authorities are more keenly alive than ours to the urgency of the claims of suffering men.

Our national and State legislators and department officers are wide-awake enough to the economic interests which are threatened when cattle feel the touch of bacterial disease; but for man no hand is raised.

There has never been a time in the world's history when well-directed and well-sustained scientific research promised so much of positive and direct benefit to man as it does here in this under-world of life to-day.

As I write, there comes flashing to us across the sea the cheering word that the great master in this field, Robert Koch—the man whose suggestions about modes of working have made possible the great advances in biology of which I write; the man who discovered the cause of the greatest scourge of the human race, tuberculosis; the man whose keen insight and patient toil led him in a host of others to find out the fateful germ of the dread Asiatic cholera—we hear, I say, that this master's deft fingers and well-furnished brain have brought him to the belief that a large measure of help is close at hand for many of the victims of tuberculosis. How far-reaching this discovery may prove to be when we know all its details, we cannot even fairly conjecture yet.

But of this we may be assured, that what toil and skill and learning and self-sacrifice can do will be done the world over to bring as speedily as may be the acquisitions of this science and lay them at the service of the hapless victims of bacterial disease. In the mean time the public is taken so fully into the confidence of the medical profession as to the nature of these problems which are urging to be solved because in large measure the burden of prevention rests upon themselves.

When we gather up the lines of thought and research which we have followed so hastily together, we find that they are all pointing for each of us not to a state of watchful unrest, not to a brooding apprehension, but toward one practical suggestion—the need of a more general and a more intelligent cleanliness.

THOMAS HOOD,

PUNSTER, POET, PREACHER.

BY THE RT. REV. T. U. DUDLEY, D.D.

IN Kensal Green Cemetery, near London, there stands a monument on which is graven, "In memory of Thomas Hood, who sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'" The frequent visitor, uncovered, reverently regards the grass-grown grave, and the effort which sculpture has made to portray the word-pictures fashioned long ago by him who sleeps beneath.

But each year grows smaller the company of pilgrims to this grave. The dead poet is but little known or appreciated by the literary world of our day.

The father of Thomas Hood was a native of Scotland, who came to London seeking his fortune, and became a bookseller. The poet's mother was a Miss Sands. From Hood's own account of his ancestry we learn "that as his grandmother was a Miss Armstrong, he was descended from two notorious thieves, *i. e.*, Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong."

We quote from the exquisite memorial of Hood by his daughter, who, continuing the very brief account of her father's parents, says: "The father was a man of cultivated taste and literary inclinations, and was the author of two novels, which attained some popularity in their day, although now their very names are forgotten. For those days they must have been a fairly intellectual family."

When the poet was still but a boy, his father was taken away by sudden death, and the widow and children left with but slender support. The nobility which afterward characterized the man was straightway manifested in the lad. He chose the drudgery of the engraver's desk rather than encroach upon the meagre family store.

In the year 1821, when Hood was about twenty-one years of age, an opening which offered more congenial employment at last presented itself, and he became the sub-editor of the *London Magazine*. In 1824, with the proverbial imprudence of a poet, he married, and the daughter writes: "In spite of all the sickness and sorrow that formed the greatest portion of the after-part of their lives, the union was a happy one." Children were born, poverty, the wolf growled at the door, disease entered the home, and

never left it until the victim had been slain, the husband taken away. There is hardly an incident worthy of record. Poverty and weakness will not surrender the fight, will not cease the effort to pay the debt incurred by the failure of friends. The dying poet will not consent to be absolved from his obligations by one or another of the sharp remedies which the legislature has provided for such evils. He says he is "determined to try whether he cannot score off his debts as effectually and more creditably with his pen than with the legal whitewash or a wet sponge." So, "leaving every shilling behind him derived from the sale of his effects, the means he carried with him being an advance upon his future labors, he voluntarily expatriated himself, and bade his native land good-night."

For two years he and his little family are domiciled at Coblenz, where the blue Moselle pours its waters into the "arrowy Rhine," and thence come the budgets of fun over which England shakes its sides, all ignorant that by subtlest alchemy sighs and pains and sorrows have been transmuted into these bonbons. Then three years of suffering, and yet of unflagging toil, at Ostend, whose marshy miasma was aggravation of his disease. And then England again; and in the five years which remain of his allotted span, though the vital flame burns with ever-diminishing intensity, it yet sheds a more glorious effulgence on all around; though the "silver chord" is so soon to be loosed, it yet sounds forth ever sweeter and sweeter melodies; and from the "golden bowl" so soon to be broken, he pours the perfume of his pleading for right which has anointed and cheered the soiled face of myriad down-trodden ones. And then, at last, in the month of the flowers, in the month of his birth and of his marriage, the singer's voice is hushed forever, the punster's quirks are ended, the preacher's sermon is done.

Such must be the answer to the question, Who was Thomas Hood? A man of lowly birth, of meagre education, of diseased body, but of brave heart; who lived a life of toil, without incidents of heroism or crises of trial, and died young.

But in reply to the further question, "What was Thomas Hood?" we answer, Punster, poet, preacher, all combined; a teacher both in life and word of highest Christian principle. Hood's reputation with the general public is undoubtedly only as a joker, and, beyond controversy, he was in act and word, constitutionally, spontaneously, necessarily, always and everywhere, the perpetrator of jests, verbal and practical.

The design of this paper is to correct, if possible, this false estimate of a brave knight who went laughingly to battle, but still *went to battle*, against giant falsehoods and follies and giant wrongs and giant misbeliefs, and with his smooth round stones of song did smite them. Its aim is to portray him as poet; in highest, truest sense a poet in life and verse; a maker, creator, who of materials old and familiar doth fashion results startling in their beauty, and in themselves a revelation.

And its further aim is to claim for the punster-poet the honor due to the preacher, though unordained and unrecognized, and to show from his sermons how effective was his preaching of that charity "which suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil"; of toleration, that hardest lesson for humanity to learn.

An incident shall first be narrated, illustrative of his inevitable tendency to word-twisting, which I have never seen in print. The two Hoods—father and son—are one day driving in a buggy in the neighborhood of London. Most probably it was during the last years of his life, after the days of exile were ended, and the poet had come home to England to die. They come to a gate on the road-side through which they design to pass, and are given pause by the warning in big, bold letters, "Beware the dog!" The poet alights from his carriage to make a reconnaissance of the enemy. But no dog is in sight; the most diligent search reveals none, and straightway, with a piece of chalk, Hood writes beneath the warning "Beware the dog!" the expostulatory question, "Where be the dog?"

Hood's poetry is certainly not Shakespeare's nor Milton's, and yet is poetry, genuine, real, true. For what is poetry? We answer with Hazlitt that it is the language of the imagination and of the emo-

tions, and he is a poet who can speak that language so that it shall be understood of the people; so that the soul of man may hear its native tongue, and hearing, awake and rejoice.

How many a man has stood in a darkened chamber that seemed to grow ever darker, for the light of the house was going out! He has listened with breathless eagerness to hear the dipping of the oar that should announce the pale boatman come to carry the traveller across the river, and the thoughts of his heart could find no clothing in the poor wardrobe of his mind. But a poet has stood there before him, and he makes the experience of agony a very joy forever by the words in which he tells it:

"We watched her breathing through the night—
Her breathing soft and low—
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

"So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

"Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

Then we can but recall the marvellous picture of tragic death, which, with perhaps one single exception, has added more to our poet's fame than all else he has written. We mean, of course, the "Bridge of Sighs," and, in our judgment, for intensity of human sympathy, for penetrating vision of the hidden significance beneath the commonplace event, for pictured portrayal of the weakness and the agony, the cruelty and the treachery, which have gone before, for agonizing lamentation that there was no Christ in Christian men to succor the betrayed, and for fiery denunciation and stinging remorseful lashing of the betrayer—these verses are not surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in the literature of our language.

Our space permits us to do no more than mention a poem by which we would further illustrate Hood's claims to be a poet. It is but little known now, even as, strange to say, it was but little read in his own day. His daughter records in her *Memorial* that her father himself bought the unbound sheets of a large part

of the edition to save them from the disgraceful fate of the "trunk-makers." The title of the poem is "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies." In the dedication to his friend Charles Lamb, Hood says:

"It is my design in the following poem to celebrate by an allegory the immortality which Shakespeare has conferred on the fairy mythology by his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But for him those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years. They belong, as the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of time; but the poet has made the most perishable part of the mind's creation equal to the most enduring . . . (so) that they are as real to the mind's eye as their green magical circles to the outer sense."

Such the design; fairies live only in the faith of men; that faith had grown old and ready to perish when the great magician touched it with his wand, and, behold! it is new and vigorous again. Time's scythe passes harmless through the giant Shade; Shakespeare is immortal, and has made the fairies so. The excellence of the poem consists in the intensity and the clearness of the poet's vision of the fairy world. He projects himself, if we may so say, into that airy world of unreality; there he beholds, there he speaks, and his words are all redolent of the perfumed air of the elfin kingdom.

We will quote but a single line from the poem, but that line is, in our opinion, as perfect adaptation of words to thought as can be found in English poetry. When Time stands with uplifted scythe ready to strike and destroy the whole fairy race, then Shakespeare, the "timely apparition," comes, and

"Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap."

But the effort to characterize the peculiar excellences of our poet were wholly incomplete did it fail to note that in the fruits of his genius, more perhaps than in those of any other writer, is made manifest that laughter and tears, mirth and sorrow, dwell ever as closest neighbors, are but joint-tenants of one house, and together greet the poet visitor. In his own beautiful "Ode to Melancholy" Hood says,

"There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth
But has its chord in melancholy."

And it is just as true that on the crest of the highest surging wave of feeling there will ever be a snowy, frothy cap of gladness; that the rainbow of beauty and content will be made by the sunlight of merriment shining through the tears of deepest feeling. The quaint conceit with which the poet's lips are smiling is just as full of tenderest concern as his bitterness was of lamentation; perhaps tells his story more fully, more powerfully, and makes it to be longer remembered. For instance, he mourns over the inequalities in this human life of ours, those mysterious dispensations which men have found it so hard to reconcile with the government of an all-wise, all-powerful, all-loving Father. See how he does it:

"What different dooms our birthdays bring!
For instance, one little mannikin thing
Survives to wear many a wrinkle,
While death forbids another to wake,
And a son that it took nine moons to make
Expires without a twinkle!

"Into this world we come like ships
Launch'd from the docks and stocks and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal;
And one little craft is cast away
In its very first trip to Babbicome Bay,
While another rides safe at Port Natal.

* * * * *

"And the other sex, the tender, the fair,
What wide reverses of fate are there!
While Margaret, charmed by the Bulbul rare,
In a garden of Gul reposes,
Poor Peggy hawks nose-gays from street to street
Till—think of that! who find life so sweet—
She hates the smell of roses!"

Does the funny setting detract from the brilliancy of the jewel, that questioning wonder at the inexplicable, that tender commiseration for the unfortunate?

Fully equal to the foregoing is his dissertation upon the text that a clear conscience alone maketh the head to rest easy on its pillow; and the fun does not dull the point of the moral or obscure the beauty of the conception.

"The careful Betty the pillow beats,
And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,
And gives the mattress a shaking;
But vainly Betty performs her part
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart
As well as the couch want making.

"There's Morbid, all bile and verjuice and nerves;
Where other people would make preserves,
He turns his fruit into pickles.
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,
At night to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He has, like a hedgehog, rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

"But a child that bids the world good-night
 In downright earnest, and cuts it quite—
 A cherub no art can copy—
 'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
 As if he had supp'd on dormouse pie
 (An ancient classical dish, by-the-bye!)
 With a sauce of syrup of poppy."

We have space for but the opening verses of the playful tender lines suggested by the distant view of Clapham Academy, where he had been at school. Are not the tears in the eyes that look on these "happy autumn fields" while thought runs back to "the days that are no more," though the poet's lips are wreathed with smiles? We can hear the mournful cadence of the old man's melancholy while yet he talks so gleefully of the boys and the joys of the old time; and our own sympathetic enjoyment is heightened that thus in retrospect we are taught to smile while we weep.

"Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
 That classic house, those classic grounds,
 My pensive thought recalls!
 What tender urchins now confine,
 What little captives now repine,
 Within yon irksome walls!

* * * * *
 "There was I birch'd; there was I bred;
 There like a little Adam fed
 From learning's woful tree!
 The weary tasks I used to con;
 The hopeless leaves I wept upon—
 Most fruitless leaves to me!"

We suspect that some little astonishment has been excited by the title we have given to this paper, and that perhaps the unworthy suggestion has found place that it is but a "dodge" to attract attention. It does seem a bit timorous to designate as preacher a man of whom the lady mentioned in his *Literary Reminiscences* asked, with such innocent effrontery, "Mr. Hood, are you not an infidel?" But perhaps it is without warrant that the expounders of the Christian creed have arrogated to themselves the exclusive right to be so called, and perhaps many of them and of their hearers have need to be reminded that the Master forbade His apostles to silence a preacher who "followed not with them," because he yet "cast out devils in His name," saying unto them, "For he that is not against us is on our part."

Certainly Hood followed not in full conformity with any one of the companies which traversed the land proclaiming the gospel; but just as certainly he did cast

out devils in the name of the Christ—devils wild and fierce, who centuries long had torn the poor and helpless. He displayed the spirit of the God-Man, so long overlaid and disguised with incrusting orthodoxy and formalism and fanaticism, and men saw and knew there was reality and power in the revelation He had made.

And further: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," on these things he thought, of these things he wrote, to these things he urged his fellow-men with the persuasive call of musical entreaty, and with the stinging whips of scornful satire.

When the end came, the dying man was heard crying to his Saviour, "O Lord, say, 'Arise, take up thy cross, and follow Me!'" And but a little while before he had said to his faithful wife, "Remember, Jane, I forgive all, *all*, as I hope to be forgiven."

So we dare to call him preacher, not of dogma, not of creed, nor yet of mere morality, but preacher genuine and true of the living Christ. He pleaded not for this or that form of Christian belief, but pleaded with men to live the Christ life here that they may live with Him there.

The question of the gentle-mannered lady we mentioned just now offers good text for our consideration of this part of our subject—"Mr. Hood, are you not an infidel?"

A gentleman (?) named Rae Wilson, of whom we know only his name, had charged the poet with "profaneness and ribaldry," because of his own stupid inability to understand a figure in one of the poems. Hood had not seen the book containing the strictures, but he outlines what he supposes Wilson has said of his character, and then adds:

"Well, be the graceless lineaments confest.
 I do enjoy the bounteous, beauteous earth,
 And dote upon a jest
 Within the limits of becoming mirth.

* * * * *

"I pray for grace, repent each sinful act;
 Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
 And love my neighbor far too well, in fact,
 To call and twit him with a godly tract
 That's turned by application to a libel.
 My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,
 All creeds I view with toleration thorough,
 And have a horror of regarding heaven
 As anybody's rotten borough."

He prayed for "grace," the special, peculiar gift of the Christ; repentance recalled and deplored each sinful act; and he strove to love his neighbor.

But his Christianity was not that of any one of the sects; and here we read the first of the doctrines that he preached—toleration. Shall not every earnest man who loves mankind and their Redeemer thank God for the preacher and his sermon? To do so is not to do dishonor to the historic creed; it is not unmingled with regret that the gentle poet never knew the joy and freedom of the Christian home, the church of the living God; but still is not the evangel needed to-day to be sounded with ever-increasing clearness of tone, even that which the church was sent to declare, that not orthodoxy, not conformity, but the living Christ is in men the "hope of glory"? Toleration! toleration! and intolerance of nothing save intolerance, this Hood preached.

"Intolerant to none,
 Whatever shape the pious rite may bear;
 Even the poor pagan's homage to the sun
 I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
 I spurned some element of Christian prayer,
 An aim, though erring, at a 'world ayont,'
 Acknowledgment of good, of man's futility—
 That very thing so many Christians want—
 Humility."

Just here the writer would enter a "caveat" that he be not misunderstood in his eager defence of the poet to even seem to counsel the abandonment of the historic church and creed. By no means; Hood has given no such counsel. But he teaches us to love the jewel better than any casket, and that we recognize and rejoice in its glorious beauty in whatsoever setting, no matter that to us it may seem by its weakness to endanger the jewel's safety, or by its awkward holding to distort its rays. He teaches that Christ may be and is in many a heart that gives no outward token we can recognize, and that we must rejoice to believe so. More plainly, let a man hold his peculiar principles as tightly as he may, the grasp must be looser than that which clasps the Christ Himself. The tighter he holds the truth, the better—we mean what seems to his best instructed intelligence the truth—if only he hold and speak it in love.

Then how refreshing, how like an echo from the far past, is Hood's scornful denunciation of canting hypocrisy!

"A man may cry church, church, at every word,
 With no more piety than other people:
 A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
 Because it keeps a-cawing from the steeple.
 The temple is a good, a holy place,
 But quacking only gives it an ill savor,
 While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
 And bring religion's self into disfavor."

And again, he preached the brotherhood of man, and the love of that brotherhood, in words that sound like those of that New Testament which we heard described once by a great preacher as the "most radical book on earth."

"One place there is—beneath the burial sod—
 Where all mankind are equalized by death.
 Another place there is—the fane of God—
 Where all are equal who draw living breath.
 * * * * *

I do confess that I abhor and shrink
 From schemes with a religious willy-nilly,
 That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink
 The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly.
 My soul revolts at all such base hypocrisy,
 And will not, dare not, fancy in accord
 The Lord of Hosts with an exclusive Lord
 Of this world's aristocracy."

Hood pleaded for the rights of man as man, and for the liberty wherewith Christ has made man free—a liberty not to be circumscribed by the decrees of church, nor by the statutes of the state, nor by the intolerant persecution of society.

Specially for those who were downtrodden and without helper, for the weary toiling masses of our kind, for them he pleaded that their taskmasters should not add to their burdens, nor yet take away the few delights that made its bearing a possibility. Hence came his poem on the Sunday question, that almost burning question of to-day. His position is that Sunday should not be made by legislative enactment a Sabbath either Jewish or Puritan; but because it is the day of the Son of Man, it belongs to the sons of men, and government should protect it for them; that it is the God-given holiday to the toiling artisan, on which one day in the seven he may dandle his children on his knees and see their eyes open and awake. Therefore he must not be denied entrance to the Zoological Garden, the sight of the creatures of the great Creator. Therefore shut him not up to the offensive foulness of the tenement-house and the clamorous confusion of its noisy occupants. Nay, rather give him all inducement on the rest-day to walk, like the patriarchs, in the fields with his children round about him. Surely, he argues, this

privilege should not be withheld by those to whom fortune has made every day a holiday, whose luxurious homes are amid wide lawns and embowering trees, whose libraries offer plentiful recreation to the mind jaded or listless, and to whom the oft-visited garden would bring no gratification. We must quote two or three verses to show the manner of his plea.

"What! shut the gardens! lock the lattice gate!
Refuse the shilling and the fellow's ticket!
And hang a wooden notice up to state,
'On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!'
The birds, the beasts, and all the reptile race
Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!
Now really this appears the common case
Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?"

* * * * *

"What harm if men who burn the midnight oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a week their spirits to assail,
And snatch a glimpse of 'animated nature'?
Better it were if in his best of suits
The artisan who goes to work on Monday
Should spend a leisure hour among the brutes
Than make a brute of his own self on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?"

But does not our poet forget that the Lord's day should be consecrated to remembrance of Him who on that first day of the week spoiled the strong man Death, and came forth from the grave? It would seem so. And yet the Christ ever gave healing and rest to the diseased and wearied body ere He offered the spiritual blessing. The masses, men say, come never within the church's doors. Is it because at the hour of morning service their wearied bodies and minds can find no pleasure in the thought of worship? Is it, at least in some cases, because they are too tired to go? If this be in any degree an explanation of the mournful fact that the laboring classes are not church-goers, then let us not, Hood pleads, by legal prohibition or by public opinion take away the only opportunity for healthful rest and recreation, but rather let us seek to lead them by love of natural beauty up to love of the supernatural—through nature up to nature's God.

"Oh, simply open wide the temple door,
And let the swelling organ greet
With *voluntaries* meet
The *willing* advent of the rich and poor.
And while to God the loud hosannas soar
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng,
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
And brooks with music of their own,
Voices may come to swell the choral song
With notes of praise they learned in musings lone."

On the monument in Kensal Green Cemetery, as we have already mentioned, is the epitaph which the poet himself prepared, "Thomas Hood, who sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'" He wished all his claim to remembrance by posterity to rest upon this one poem, in which he stood forth as the defender of the defenceless; in which he sought to destroy the giant oppressor of the poor needle-women of England. The world has accepted his judgment, and his reputation rests largely on the foundation he chose for it. The poem appeared in *Punch* for Christmas, 1843. It ran through the land like wild-fire; paper after paper quoted it, and it became the talk of the day. Hood was astonished at its wonderful popularity, though the truer instinct of his wife had prophesied it.

"Now mind, Hood," she said, as she was folding up the packet to send to the press, "mark my words, this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did."

"The poem was translated into French and German, and even, I believe," says his daughter, "into Italian.... It was printed on cotton handkerchiefs for sale;but what delighted and yet touched my father most deeply was that the poor creatures to whose sorrows and sufferings he had given such eloquent voice seemed to adopt its words as their own by singing them about the streets to a rude air of their own adaptation." But a little while before the singer's voice was hushed forever, among other touching proofs of admiration and esteem, came an envelope containing a bank-note for £20, and these words, "A shirt, and a sincere wish for health." Doubtless it was sweet to the dying man to think that the words were written by one of that army of work-women whom his poems had helped to deliver from a worse than Egyptian bondage, as, when his eyes were closed in death and his monument was building, it was sweet to his children to receive subscriptions of the very poor, who would fain testify their reverence for him who had been their friend.

Indeed, our own Lowell has written a true epitaph for the punster, poet, and preacher:

"Here lies a poet. Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst know how truly great was he,
Go, ask it of the poor."

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY.*

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

X.

SHATTUCK turned with an alert, flushed face and his eyes alight. He had no intuition of Rhodes's anxious, disconcerted frame of mind, for the candidate feared that he was to have no opportunity to confer with Felix Guthrie anent the living issues of the election. His long ride had been taken with scant result, indeed, to flatter an old woman and to loll on the grass with the acquiescent younger brother, who would not hesitate to rescind every promise of support he had made if he fancied that it fell under the disapproval of Felix. Rhodes had had no idea that the colloquy would be so soon terminated. He scrambled sheepishly to his feet as the others precipitately passed, oblivious of the two under the tree.

"Hello! Hold on!" cried Rhodes. "Where are you making off to?"

Guthrie turned an absorbed face upon him, continuing, however, what he was saying, and including him in the invitation extended to Shattuck to come to the house for refreshment for themselves and their horses before they began the descent of the mountain.

"We hev hed dinner long ago, but I know mam kin git ye up some sorter snack ter hearten ye up, an' ye kin leastwise take a drink 'long o' Eph an' me. An' I'll loan ye a pickaxe an' a spade, an' saddle my beastis, an' holp ye go an' dig."

It seemed to Rhodes unpardonable that his friend should be so forgetful of the interests of the election, for the allusion to the pickaxe and spade, coupled with his previous knowledge of Shattuck's chief absorption, was enough to acquaint him with the nature of the business in progress. The color had diffused itself over his handsome face to the roots of his brown hair, and his eyes were anxious and perturbed as he mechanically glanced about his attire, picking here and there a clinging barley straw from his garments. He contrived, on joining the others, to walk abreast with them, and thus end the burdensome dialogue with Eph, who, in no degree offended by his defection and accustomed to scant consideration, lagged cheerfully in the rear, chewing a straw with abnormal activity of jaw, his hat pushed far back from his broad, sun-

burned, fleshy face, his gait shambling and awkward, as if he still were in the furrow.

Rhodes, however willingly he might have balked his friend's preference in the choice of a subject of conversation, could hardly intimate with impunity that the enlightened voter whose suffrage he coveted held forth upon a theme which he considered trivial and to the last degree irksome. Nevertheless, as he walked along in the glare of the sun upon the forever shoaling waves of the silver-green grain, and listened to Guthrie droning forth his slowly forming purposes concerning the arrangements for the investigation of the pygmy graves, his irritation that the primary intention of his visit should be frustrated, and the interest appertaining to his candidacy ruthlessly thrust aside, so increased that he set himself to devise an expedient whereby he might safely disparage the matter in hand, and thus reassert the significance of his presence, and the propriety of his prominence as guest. He turned his head suddenly, archly lifting his eyebrows, and distending his eyes with a burlesque of amazement; then breaking into his joyous "ha! ha!" he clapped Guthrie jocosely on the shoulder.

"Lordy mercy, Fee!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that Shattuck is devil-ing you all this time about his confounded Little People! Stave him off! Gag him! Shut him up somehow. Don't listen to him, thinking he'll quit in the course of time. For he won't! I've tried him. The more inches you give him the more ells he'll take."

Mr. Rhodes had a theory that culture is synonymous with mind and essentially coexistent. That each assists the other, no one will deny; but that they are often largely independent, one of the other, is frequently demonstrated. The man of more culture than capacity is painfully familiar to us all. In the rural districts the reverse may sometimes be observed—a stalwart mental endowment unaided by aught of alien training, seeming occasionally in its highest development and in an uncouth subject so incongruous as to strike one as almost inspirational.

It was none of these rare native intelligences, full-winged and of strong flight,

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that Felix Guthrie possessed; only a good plodding capacity, serviceable afoot, but of much sturdiness, and indeed of some slight acrobatic activity. Rhodes was more taken aback than he had thought possible when his host, bending grave, disconcerting eyes upon him, said:

"It war *me* a-talkin' about the Leetle People. Yer ears didn't serve ye right, fur me an' Mr. Shattuck don't talk in no ways alike. Them Leetle People 'pear ter me ez well wuth talkin' 'bout ez some folks ez be bigger in stature but small-minded. Thar air a heap o' them leetle-big men lef' yit. So plenty 'tain't wuth while ter go diggin' 'em up ez cur'osities whenst dead."

There was no direct implication which of necessity conveyed offence, but Rhodes flushed darkly, and his expression changed with the change of color. His regret had always that most nettling quality, self-reproach. No man can repent with the fervor of him who has the candor to blame himself. After an interval of tart internal colloquy with his inner consciousness, in which he called himself a fool, with the emphatic prefix of a strong old English adjective, unhackneyed even by constant use, and upbraided himself that he should have supposed that Guthrie, like more simple-minded, ignorant men, would adopt his plausible words instead of the facts, he recovered in some sort his normal complexion and assurance, and responded glibly:

"Mountain air is mighty good for Shattuck if it's cured him of his crazy gabble about the Leetle People. Ha! ha! ha! Hey, Shattuck? I'll send him up here every few days, Fee, when the fit begins to come on again. You can hobble him out there in the orchard to keep him from running away. Ha! ha! ha! May get his wits back on your mountain air. For I swear to you he has said hardly a sane thing to me since he first heard there was any pygmy burying-ground round hereabouts. Ha! ha! ha!"

Guthrie did not laugh, nor did Shattuck; but Ephraim, trudging in the rear, strove to be polite as best he knew how, and added a guffaw to the forced laugh of the visitor with whom no one else would consent to be merry.

Rhodes accorded no overt attention to their silence, but his eyes, the iris of each somehow like a darkly ripe cherry in a certain red luster, albeit merely escaping blackness, like a cherry too in its definite pronounced effect of roundness, were

restless and unnoticing, and as Shattuck caught their gleam they looked angry and hot.

Shattuck was one of those people who accept the Biblical injunction touching the forgiveness of injuries, but in a purely human way. He would not revenge himself, for this was not becoming in one acquainted in some sort with Christianity, nor did it comport with the dignity of a gentleman. But he could not forget. He resented Rhodes's apparently causeless anger toward him, and it recalled the disagreements of the morning, which still galled him. The stay that he had made here, pleasant enough he had once deemed it, grew irksome in the recollection, in the light of these new relations with his host. He was saying to himself that it was time he was off; he was tired of it all, and Rhodes was insufferable. He had no mind to bear the brunt of all the mishaps and irritation of electioneering, and this was indeed a lucky ride, since on the eve of departure it gave him the opportunity of examining the sarcophagi of the so-called pygmies openly and at ease, with the permission and aid of the man who owned the land. He had not realized how definitely he had given up this hope until the expectation was before him again in so immediate a guise. It would have been an incalculable loss to have relinquished the chance, and quitted the region no wiser than he came. His step was light, his face was sharp and eager; he looked anxiously toward the west as they neared the house, to gain some intimation through the trees how the sun fared down the great glistening concave of the western sky. The hour mattered less to him than the duration of the light.

He was hardly less impatient of interruption than Rhodes had become, and widely at variance though the subjects were that respectively absorbed them, they both saw with unanimity of sentiment that Mrs. Guthrie, standing in the doorway, had a knitted angry brow, and a mien which betokened that they were far enough from her contemplation, and that topics of an engrossing character were in her mind and framing themselves into speech. The pervasive green tint, which seemed a trait of the very atmosphere in this dankly shady spot, rendered her white hair even whiter, her gray gown, her blue checked apron,

on which she mechanically wiped her spectacles, more distinct. Her face was deeply furrowed with its frown, and there was something about her heavy jaw, her half-parted thin lips, her pertinacious eye, that gave testimony to establish the terrible stories that were told about her.

"Fee," she said, in a strained harsh voice, as soon as they were well within ear-shot, not waiting for a nearer approach, "I hev got bad news fur ye."

"I mought hev knowed it," her step-son responded, promptly. He looked at her with a reluctant face, as if by postponing to give audience to the new disaster he nullified it. He evidently held the fear of an unknown calamity as less than its realization. There was manifested none of the usual impulse to fling one's self upon the point of the sword held out. He knew too much already of that sharp edge of trouble. His many words, his dallying with the imminent discovery, bore an odd contrast to her silence, her intent ready gaze, her expectant waiting attitude. "I never knowed ye ter hev enny other sorter news. Bad news follers me. Ef I war ter go ter the eends o' the yearth—plumb ter Texas—I'd meet a man thar with, 'Fee, I hev got bad news fur ye.' Bad news begun fur me the day I war born. A body mought hev said: 'Fee, hyar ye air! I hev got bad news fur ye! Sech a life ez ye hev got ter live; sech a death ter die!' An' whenst I git ter hell, the devil will be thar with, 'Fee, I hev got bad news fur ye; sech an eternity o' mis'ry ez even you-uns, with all yer sper-unce o' dolefulness, hain't hed no notion of!' An' the funny part of it," he cried, with a sudden change of tone, taking off his hat and shaking his long ringleted hair backward, "none of 'em can't tell me no news. I *expect* it—'tain't news! I *expect* everything bad! Torment an' trouble can't be news ter Fee Guthrie!"

His step-mother stood still silent, although words evidently trembled upon her lips, and all the impetus of disclosure was in her eager eye; the effort by which she constrained herself to mute waiting upon his will was intimated in every line of her hard set face. There was even drawn upon it an expression of spurious sympathy, a pretence of affectionate deprecation, infinitely sycophantic and painful to see in a woman of her age and with her white hair. She was kind enough now, doubtless, to her step-son, when all her

interests hung upon his clemency. The humble Ephraim was hardly able to emulate her subservience to his brother's procrastination of the evil moment, and more than once broke out with an exclamation compounded of impatience and displeasure: "Dell lawsy mercy!" "Did ennybody ever?" His face was red and eager, and in its round, expectant, pouting look it was positively of a porcine expression. Even the preoccupied and uninterested Rhodes was moved to a wish to elicit the intelligence.

"I hope it's nothing very serious, Mrs. Guthrie," he said, hopeful of developments in reply.

But she made no rejoinder, still looking intently with her bright, fierce eyes at Felix, who broke out instead:

"Oh, I'll be bound it's serious! I don't look like a feller ez hev many jokes ter fill up my days. Leastwise, they ain't jokes ter me. I reckon, though, mebbe I be a joke myself—ter the devil. I'll bet all I hev got ez he fairly holds his sides whenst laffin' at me, a-goin' on like I do a-tryin' ter repent o' my sins, while all the 'bad news,' ez mam names it, in the kentry is on the hue and cry arter me all the time. I 'ain't got no stiddy chance ter repent." He had reached the porch at last, and leaned against one of the vine-grown posts, his hat in his hand, his frowning brow uncovered. The others stood about in expectant attitudes, the lout Ephraim the very picture of painful, agitated dismay, his mouth open, his eyes fixed on the stern, eager face of his step-mother, his hat on the back of his head.

Felix glanced up presently, and with a changed, steady voice said, "Talk on, mam."

All her forced composure gave way suddenly. She seemed metamorphosed into a fury in the very instant. "Felix, Felix," she cried, between her set teeth, "yer cattle! Somebody be arter yer cattle. Peter Brydon rid by hyar jes now, an' tole me ez one o' yer young steers war lyin' dead yander by Injun Bluffs. An' up on the mounting that fine red cow Beauty Bess air dead too, an' half tore up." Her teeth were grinding, one jaw upon the other; there was foam upon her lips.

"Wolves!" he said, quietly, looking up at her, a certain surprise on his face. "No use takin' on 'bout that. Hev ter lose some cattle by wolves every year. I ain't so close-fisted ez ter mind losin' a

few cattle wunst in a while by accident." He cast a deprecatory glance at Shattuck, the first token of self-consciousness, of anxious regard for the opinion of others, which the young townsman had ever remarked in him. He evidently was touched by a sense of shame; he could not endure to be held susceptible of distress for a small loss of worldly goods. There was a distinct intimation of reproach in his voice as he added, "Waal, mam, I never knowed you-uns ter git inter sech a takin', an' 'low it would lay me so low, jes 'kase thar be a few head o' cattle los' by wolves out'n my herd."

"*Wolves! wolves! wolves!*" She huskily jerked out the words. "Ever hear o' wolves cuttin' a beastis's throat with a knife? *Wolves!* Ever hear o' wolves cuttin' out the tenderline, an' leavin' the rest o' the meat ter spile, or ter the buzzards, till they want another feed? Then they make ch'ice o' another fat brute, an' get jes the best cuts o' meat, an' leave the rest ter waste. *Wolves!*—two-legged *wolves!* An' they ain't much *afeard* o' you-uns, Fee Guthrie, them wolves ain't."

She had an accurate knowledge of his springs of action. He hardly cared for the loss, but as her detail progressed, the wantonness of the waste, the possible motive of spite, called a flush into his cheek and a spark into his eye. The moment the last words passed her lips, and the fact was made patent to his mind that his name was not a terror to protect his property, his whole consciousness was resolved into fire.

He stood for one instant motionless, a terrible oath upon his lips. Then he sprang off like an unleashed hound, with her triumphant laugh harshly ringing through the dusky shades behind him.

"I knowed it! Fee 'll lay 'em low enough!" she cried, with the satisfaction of a Bellona, as she towered above them all, her stern, lined, dark old face so repellently triumphant that both of her visitors felt a sense of recoil. "Felix will tame 'em—he'll tame them wolves. He air ekal ter it." She nodded her head, with a look promissory of horrors, and then fell to rubbing her left arm, which had been partially paralyzed of late years.

Rhodes gazed wistfully into the dense umbrageous tangle whence his host had disappeared. "Now I don't think it's sensible to send Fee off that way. He might get hurt," he said.

"He ain't one o' that kind," replied the old woman, with a fierce pride in the spirit that had tamed even hers. "The Guthries—ye hev hearn them called 'the fightin' Guthries'—air a survigrous tribe. An' my step-son Felix air knowed ter be the bravest o' all the 'fightin' Guthries.' Whenst ye see him a-crawlin' out'n the leetle eend o' the horn, ye let me know."

A quick thud of hoofs, the deep-mouthed, joyous baying of a fierce hound that galloped after the horseman, gave notice to the party, whose vision was all cut off by the heavy woods, of the departure of the master of the house. Mrs. Guthrie looked at the two visitors with a smile as she listened, then fell again to softly rubbing her arm.

Rhodes and Shattuck, although from diverse points of view, could hardly have been more disconcerted than by the turn affairs had taken. The candidate was without recourse. He had allowed the golden opportunity of electioneering with Guthrie to evade him while he lounged under the tree in the barley field with the unimportant Ephraim. He conceived a repugnant hatred of this unconscious factor in his discomfiture as he glanced at him, still standing gazing dully and blankly in the direction whence the sound of the hoofs had come, now faint in the distance. With his elastic faculty for regret, Rhodes was upbraiding himself anew, and taking account of the wasted day, the long ride, and the fact that electioneering in this quarter was estopped, since the visit could not be decorously repeated; presently he was seized by forebodings that the waste of time was not at an end, for Shattuck's project was not so easily concluded. As the candidate's attention returned to the matters more immediately in hand, he became aware that his friend was declining to take luncheon with Mrs. Guthrie, on the score that he should hardly have time to get to the foot of the mountain and accomplish before sundown an errand upon which Felix had promised to accompany him.

"Ephraim, however, will do as well," he said, genially, turning to the younger brother, who instantly signified his acquiescence, and made off with alacrity for the pickaxe and spade. "But as I'll leave you Mr. Rhodes, I am sure I shall not be missed," Shattuck saw fit to add to his own excuses.

Rhodes flushed darkly. "No," he said,

somewhat curtly; "if you go, I shall go too. I don't want my visitors"—he added, recovering his smile in a meagre degree, and bending it upon Mrs. Guthrie's forbidding countenance as she looked from one to the other—"to go about the mountains breaking their necks, and then putting the blame on me for not being along to advise and point out the way."

"Jes ez yer please," she retorted, tartly, still looking from one to the other. "We 'ain't never considered our Ephraim plumb smart like Felix. But I never did expect ter hear ez he warn't even fit fur a guide-post. But jes ez ye two gentlemen feel disposed." And she reseated herself in her chair upon the porch, and resumed her knitting.

"Oh, you stay, Rhodes," Shattuck insisted, aghast at interfering so radically with Mrs. Guthrie's lunch as to remove both guests from the feast. "You can stay."

If Rhodes had been entirely at liberty, it is doubtful whether he would have remained. There was something so menacing in the old woman's eye, so coercively albeit vaguely frightful to the imagination, that the idea of spending a few hours alone with her, to eat at her board, and sit by her fireside and listen to her talk, with that thin friendly veneer scarcely concealing the harsh vindictiveness of her nature, was hardly to be contemplated. Whether he would have feared poison, or the stealthy stroke of a knife, or some other manifestation of a cruel insanity, although mental aberration had never been associated with her deeds, Rhodes would not have ventured upon the ordeal of a solitary meal served by her. Nevertheless he noted with a pang of anger and alarm that she did not second Shattuck's insistence, and that the invitation was no longer open to him. If she heard his adieux, somewhat constrained and uncharacteristic, if she saw his outstretched hand, she made no sign except by a short nod, which he might interpret as response, or as merely the emphasis of concluding a long row of counted stitches upon her knitting-needles.

She laid them down presently to hearken to the faint baying of Guthrie's hound on the far slope of the mountain, the echo striking back the sound, augmented like the voice of a pack in full cry, and thus with uplifted eyes and intent listening attitude they left her in the deep green shadow growing duskier.

"Now see what you've done!" cried Rhodes, angrily, and all oblivious of the presence of Ephraim, as they walked away to their horses hitched to the fence. "It does seem to me you might forbear insulting my friends."

Ephraim looked with quick anxiety from one to the other. On his ready impulse he spoke, forestalling Shattuck's reply. "Oh, ye can't help makin' mam mad; she gits mad 'kase other folks breathe the breath o' life. The only way ter suit her is ter die, an' gin her the Great Smoky Mountings furelbow-room. Nuthin' less."

"I had no idea that you would come too," protested Shattuck. "I thought that if one of us staid, the courtesies would be amply observed; and so they would."

"You had no right to think," said Rhodes, putting his foot into the stirrup, his face scarlet under his dark straw hat. "You continually jeopardize my interests by taking the initiative in my affairs. We accepted her invitation, and you had no right to decline, as I couldn't stay without you."

"Laws-a-massy, boys! don't git ter quar'lin'," Ephraim eagerly and familiarly adjured them, as he mounted an old sorrel mare, who was attended by a frisking long-legged colt. "Ye don't expect' mam ter vote fur ye noways ennyhow, Mr. Rhodes. It don't make no diff'unce. Me an' Fee ain't goin' ter hold no gredge agin ye; ye needn't mind."

The unvarnished promise, and the evident perception of his intentions and mission, however grating to Rhodes's more delicate sensibilities and pride, were nevertheless salutary. Once more the ground of offence was proved untenable, and he saw that a simulation of reconciliation was in order. Although he chafed under the continual constraints with which Shattuck had contrived to unintentionally burden him, he felt that it was not yet time to boldly throw them off. Thus he adjusted himself anew to their weight.

XI.

He was not sorry that further conversation was precluded by the necessity of riding in single file, for the road, rocky and narrow, hardly more than a bridle-path, indeed, was beset by precipices, now on one side, now on the other, and again sheer down on both, their way lying along the crest of a high

comb-like ridge, above abysses veiled by the heavy growth of pines, their plummy tops waving far below. Rhodes and Shattuck found it needful to give careful heed to their steps, for their horses, bred in the "flat woods," trod this narrow ridge with a gingerly gait as if the ground were hot, with pricked-up ears, and with now and again a convulsive snort of surprise and disparagement. But the surefooted mountain mare, well inured to the craggy heights, went deftly and carelessly along at a sharp trot, occasionally snatching a casual mouthful from the bushes that precariously clung to the way-side, while the colt, with the nimblest disregard of lurking dangers, caracolled and curveted, now in advance and now behind the party, showing its flying unshod heels in almost impossible attitudes against the sky, inconsistent with the laws of gravity and of standing upon the earth at all. Here could be seen the great contours of the range, invisible from the Cove, or but dimly suggested by variant shades. The massive slopes rose on every hand; from deep intervenient ravines came now and then silver gleams of mountain torrents among the crags and the pines. Often and often the tremors and tinklings of the hidden streams rose clearly to the ear, mingled with the sigh of the rustling foliage, and their breath gave to the fragrant air freshness. A great peak near at hand loomed up high against the sky; as the horsemen made a sudden turn the massive shoulder of the mountain intervened and the dome disappeared. The Cove seemed nearer and nearer whenever a glimpse of it was vouchsafed from amidst the dark green forest that towered about them, for the road now ran through the woods upon a broad slope, with ever and anon a cliff beetling over their way. The dense foliage of the laurel jungles was bronzed to a golden hue by the sunlight, growing ever more tawny as the afternoon waned. Purple shadows were lurking in the midst of the valley. Farthest mountains, blue once, were violet now and faintly flushed. And when at last the horsemen emerged from the densities of the woods into the clifty gorge, and rode still in single file upon the swaying hollow-sounding bridge, they found a deep red cloud reflected in the river, and all the harbingers of twilight abroad in the Cove. The smoke from the Yates cabin, seeming nearer than the fact might warrant, since the undulations of

the land, which plodding feet must measure, were not a part of the line of sight, curled up with a brisk convolution and a volume that heralded the evening meal. All adown the lane the cows were coming home, and the mellow clanking of their bells accented the quietude. Some night-blooming flower was awake in the woods with a sweet, wild, indefinite odor. Here and there on the purple slope reputed to be the pygmy burying-ground, a fire-fly flickered, swift, elusive, evanescent. And on a great blooming laurel bush the mocking-bird sang, heedless of the darkness to come, heedless of the day gone by, possessed by its fervor of music that made gloom light and all life a joyance, like some enthusiast soul in the ecstasy of a gift, unmindful of the world and of all the paltry outward aspects.

"This hyar big laurel bush air a good landmark," Ephraim said, turning in his saddle, his hand on his mare's back, that he might better reverse his posture as he spoke to the two men that followed. "About the only one thar be, too. We had better begin thar, I reckon. Fur ef ye find nuthin', ye'd know whar ye started ef ever ye kem ter dig agin. The t'other trees air all too much alike." And he turned his face again toward the mare's head, and surveyed anew the space before him.

Singularly clear it was and free from underbrush; the angle of the slope and the great draught of the gorge made it a fair field for the fierce autumn fires that annually swept over it. Only the gigantic oak and poplar and chestnut trees were spared, standing full-leaved and in a heavy phalanx upon the declivity. Beneath their boughs mystery lurked unsolved. A sentiment of awe, of doubt, of reluctance took possession even of Rhodes's prosaic mind as he reined up in the deep shadow. He drew out his watch, albeit he had resolved that he would not remonstrate.

"Will you have time, Shattuck?" he said. "Hadn't you better wait until to-morrow?"

"I war a-thinkin' ez much myself," said Ephraim, turning a hopeful face toward Shattuck, who had drawn rein, and sat motionless upon his horse, looking about him with a quick dilated eye, as if he hardly heard.

The strange place! The thronging shadows! How many times had they

mustered here! With what pathetic sense was the silence replete! What tears had been shed for those who lay here hushed, and themselves would weep no more, as once they had wept in that universal heritage of sorrow! What hearts had bled that these hearts, dust now, should cease to beat! Time—there is no time, when man through all the vain centuries can feel so close to man, can think his thoughts and measure the throb in pulses long ago stilled. Ah! the confusion of tongues wrought no divergence here! The conclusiveness of the grave, however named; the yearning sense of loss; the insistent expectation, nay, the imperative demand of the soul that this terrible pause, this nullity, should not be the final period of that fair promise called life—all hung about the forgotten pygmy burying-ground with infinite mystery, with unassuaged pathos. Only science, of all the developments of the human mind, might fitly take account of the mere functional disabilities which it represented—might speculate, and exert its fine rational inferential imagination, and construct a status from assumed facts, and promulgate dicta so founded, to be received and accepted for a time, and then demolished by a still more fine-spun theory in what is called the march of progress. These forces were astir in Shattuck as he flung himself from the saddle. His brow was slightly corrugated, his eyes were alight, his pulses beat at fever-heat; not that he held so far-fetched a theory as that these poor mortal relics were aught but the infant remains of the American Indian, or perhaps earlier aboriginal children, but the talk of antiquities and strange myths, and that inexplicable Tennessee tradition of pygmy dwellers, colored even his mind, that he sedulously sought to hold blank for the correct impression, and made his hand tremble as he laid hold of the pickaxe, extended down to him by Ephraim Guthrie, as if he were indeed on the verge of some superlatively strange discovery discounting all human experience, and befitting the realm of a fairy tale.

"Hyar they air, pick an' spade, ef ye be a-goin' ter dig yersef," remarked Ephraim. He did not realize any difference in social status that might have appropriately relegated the manual labor to him, nor even the fact that it was better suited

to his massive and burly frame. He had intended to perform it, in his character of host, to shield his guest from the discomfort of the slight exertion. He relinquished the implements with reluctance, remembering this resolution; but superstition, now that he was upon the spot, prevailed, and overbore even the instinct of hospitality native in the mountaineer's heart. The two implements clashed together, the sound loud and metallic in the stillness; he looked a little wistfully after his guest as Shattuck bore them away out into the more open spot where the laurel bush grew almost to the proportions of a tree, unimpeded by others of its kindred. He had no wish, this simple Ephraim, to peer in at the strange sepulchre—the six-slab stone coffin he had often heard of in the terrible fireside stories of "harnts"; he cared naught for curiously woven shrouds, and feathered mantles, and carcanets of pearl beads, and jars of quaint pottery; nor for questions of race and time and civilization these may betoken and solve. Rhodes sat still in the saddle, as motionless as an equestrian statue, sharply outlined against the crimson sky, and beneath an oak bough as dark, as heavy, and as massive as if it were wrought of bronze. The light was clearer in the open space where the branches could not fling their gloom, and as Shattuck ran lightly down through the long grass he could still see a flower here and there smile up at him—the tawny red of the jewel-weed, and the close-tufted ball of the "mountain snow." The range loomed far above. A star was on its crest, faintly scintillating. The door and window of the Yates cabin, farther down the Cove, were illumined from the fire-lit hearth, a dimly fluctuating radiance, sidereal too in the midst of the gathering shadows. The falls still showed their gleaming green and white, and the mists exhaled from the depressions between the purple slopes wore a gentle dove-like gray. A tender hour of reveries, and blurring tints, and restless recollections of the day done, but still far from to-morrow. The two men under the tree did not speak; the horses did not stir; only the vague rustling of the saddle betokened the regular rise and fall of respiration; even the frisky colt stood motionless, and gazed at the flashing river with a full and meditative eye. Shattuck had paused before the laurel on the side tow-

ard the water; neither of the other men, albeit country-bred, might have noticed that here the grass and weeds were a trifle bent—under the recent rain, perchance; a trifle withered—by the sun, it might have been. Nor did he; he chose the spot, remembering Yates's words that here the ground sounded hollow.

But no man who had ever wielded a pickaxe could have failed to discern, as he lifted it high, and the sharp point sunk into the ground, that it was merely a replaced turf that yielded so readily to the blow—replaced with its mat of roots severed—and not the tough earth bound by a thousand veinous fibres to the full-pulsed herbage. He was unaccustomed to the earth save geologically or geographically considered, and to herbage except in its botanical aspects. He only lifted the pickaxe high above his head once more, and once more the point struck down into the loosened mould—struck down with a sharp metallic clangor, as of steel upon stone. It rang far through the quiet Cove. A low, hollow, vibratory, vault-like resonance followed—mute, indeed, to all ears save his own, but what significance that murmur held for him! He lifted his head to look at the two men who had turned toward him upon the sudden smiting of the rock, and were gazing at him. The next moment—a moment confused forever after in his recollection—something invisible passed him in the air, singing shrilly a high-keyed tone; a sharp report, and all the echoes of mountain and crag were clamoring. He hardly realized its meaning. He turned dully in the direction whence the sound seemed to come, and so trivial a thing as the movement saved his life. Close by his head again the rifle-ball whizzed; it kept the line unswervingly, entered the skull of the staring, amazed colt upon the slope, pierced his brain, and the creature dropped dead without a struggle on the long grass. The sight served to convince the stupefied, reluctant faculties of Shattuck that some enemy in the dusk was firing at him. He could not in the bewilderment of the moment distinguish the words that Rhodes shouted to him. It was rather in obedience to his gesture, as he rode a little way out from the gloom, leading by the bridle his friend's plunging and frightened horse, that Shattuck dropped pickaxe and spade, and ran toward him across the dusky, tangled grasses.

He caught the reins as they were flung to him; but it was no easy matter to mount the rearing and snorting animal. The other two men were fairly in retreat before Shattuck, running by the horse's side, and hanging with all his weight upon the bridle, contrived to get his foot into the stirrup. Rhodes, riding down the smooth slopes of the pygmy burying-ground, across unnumbered graves, the heavy darkness of the forest trees shielding the party, and making further attack futile, heard at last the hoof-beats of his friend's horse at a regular gallop pressing hard behind him, and turned to see Shattuck at last safely in the saddle. He put spurs to his own steed without more ado. The dank evening air fanned his face; he could hear its silken rustle as it was stirred into seeming activity by his own quick rush through it. Only this vague simulation of a sound; the horses' muffled hoof-beats barely distinguishable in the thick grass; the drowsy chant of the cicada; the monotone of the river—it might have seemed that that keen, menacing note of the rifle, the sharp shibboleth of doom, was but some jarring incongruity of a morbid fancy.

The trees began to give way; the more open, level spaces of the Cove were at hand; the darkness gradually diminished. Rhodes again clapped spurs to his horse, since here they were to leave the protecting shade. Foremost of the three, he was already in the lane when he became aware that he was not followed; his companions had fallen away. His first impulse, as he glanced over his shoulder into the vacant gloom, was to pursue his own way, and make good his escape. Then he reined up so suddenly that the horse, still trembling and wild and frightened, fell back upon his haunches. Rhodes sat motionless for a moment, gazing over his shoulder. Night possessed the pygmy burying-ground, and the great phalanx of oak and chestnut trees was lost in an indistinguishable gloom; but here, where no shadow hindered, he could see the contours of the wide, dull landscape, from which color had faded, and above its dusky blurring expanse the dark sky embossed with a myriad of stars. The fences on either hand of the grass-grown way were dimly visible to his alert senses. Along their parallel lines naught was to be seen, save once a flash betokening the striking of a spark 'twixt flint and iron; and in that

moment he thought he heard the thud of hoofs on the soft mould. He ground a curse between his teeth as he wheeled his horse. Shattuck, it seemed, had seen fit not to follow his host's lead, and doubtless the dull Ephraim was not yet aware, as he cantered along in the rear, that Rhodes did not still guide the little party. The candidate was a brave man, and in any sufficient quarrel could have stood his ground with equanimity. To be the target, however, for a mysterious enmity that lurked in ambush and in the nightfall promised heavy draughts upon the resources of his courage. That prosaic and utilitarian phase of his mind took account of his candidacy in this connection. No man is so heavily handicapped in a race as he who bears the imputation of unpopularity. The public expectation of success is as a loadstone to the event. He sustained a positive loss in the mere fact that he or his friend had been fired upon. And whither was Shattuck bound now, and what to do? With a determination to hold him in check and to thwart his purpose, Rhodes turned and galloped in the direction whence the faint hoof-beats sounded, albeit the darkness held unknown terrors, the thought of which shook his nerves, and though silence as profound as this had but now been rent by that tense report of the rifle. It was only for a few moments that the successive cross stakes of the zigzag rail-fences, seeming disconnected from the rest, and high as the horse's head, flew by him on either side in relief against the lighter tones of the fields they enclosed. The river suddenly shows between its banks, gleaming darkly with the night sky, all the splendors of the stars shattered in the ripples, and is gone as he flies. He hears the booming of the cataract; and from the pygmy burying-ground, where late the mocking-bird sang, the sudden ill-omened shrilling of an owl. He sees above the western mountain a dull red after-glow of the sunset, and below its darkling pine-grown slopes the little Yates cabin, its windows shining squares of yellow light. The radiance issued forth so far as to reveal Shattuck alighting from his horse at the bars, and the clumsier figure of Ephraim Guthrie still mounted, and looking over his shoulder, as he perceived for the first time that Rhodes was not in the lead.

An aptitude in emergency is a natural trait, not cultivated, and Rhodes pos-

sessed it to a useful degree. He flung himself from his horse, and followed on his friend's heels with such despatch that albeit he did not hear the words with which Shattuck greeted the party within, he was on the threshold before a rejoinder was elicited. No friendly greeting had it been, to judge from the dismayed, deprecatory faces grouped about the fire. Adelaide had risen with a slow look of doubt, a sort of stunned surprise. Letitia, who had been out milking the cows, stood in the back doorway, the brimming piggin on her head, one hand lifted to stay it, the wind rustling the straight skirt of her dress, the twilight and the fire-light mingled on her face. Her blue eyes were alight with a sort of wonder, that held nevertheless an intimation of comprehension, which was at variance with the stolid amazement in Baker Anderson's countenance, as, just arrived and still breathless, he sat squarely in his chair, one hand on either knee, his jaw fallen, gaping thunder-struck at the intruder. The centre of the family group, Moses, was seated upon the floor in the fire-light, and turned himself dexterously about to survey over his small shoulder the new-comers, silent in seeming recognition of the fact that their gaze overlooked him, and had no reference to his existence; his soft face only expressed a sort of infantile apprehensiveness and suspension of opinion. A tallow dip sputtered on the high mantel-piece; the batten shutter swung in the wind; there was pine amongst the fuel, and the resin flared white in the flames. All very distinct the scene was, despite that it flickered in the breeze, which swayed it like a canvas—the brown walls; the purplish black squares where the night looked in through the windows, with here a feathery bough, and here a star, and here the dim contours of a dark summit against the sky; the warping bars; the table denuded of all the supper crockery, save only a great brown pitcher and a yellow bowl; the sheen of tin-ware on a shelf; even Shattuck's shadow, as sarcastically debonair as the substance, which it mimicked as it waved its hand in mockery of courtesy, while he reiterated his bitterly merry congratulations. The white light showed the very flare of fury in his eyes that oddly dallied with the smile on his face.

"You are a courageous rifleman, Mrs.

Yates," he was saying, glancing up at the rifle on the wall, glittering upon the rack of deer antlers. "You have set three men off at full run this evening. Few ladies could say as much, I am sure. If you would only mend your aim a little!"

With a blunt accusation she could doubtless have coped; but she could only stare at him in silent amazement as he made these elusive feints. The other two men, lumbering and massive shadows in the background, stared too in surprise at him, and silently waited developments.

He had his hat in his hand as he leaned on the tall back of a chair, and he looked steadily at her with an air of graceful and good-natured rillery, all at variance with the fire in his eyes.

"Mend your aim, only a trifle, Mrs. Yates, and next time perhaps your target won't be so unmannerly as to run off from so accomplished a marksman," and once more he laughed with a genial inflection, then caught his breath with a sort of gasp as his face grew scarlet.

Rhodes laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Why, Shattuck," he exclaimed, with a resonant amazement that made the roof of the little cabin ring like a sounding-board, "what are you thinking of? Mrs. Yates to fire a rifle at us?"

"At me, if you please!" cried Shattuck. Then addressing Adelaide: "Didn't you say you would—or perhaps my treacherous memory misleads me—in case I ventured to open the pygmy graves? Your husband told me this."

"Yes; but I never—" she faltered; then she paused.

Letitia had placed the piggin on the shelf, and crossed the room with a quick, light, definite step. The clumsy rifle was off the rack and in her slight, incongruous grasp in another moment. She held it up before the men; there was the powder stain of a recent discharge about its lock. And then her eyes, like blue flames, burned upon the shrinking, overwhelmed mistress of the house, thus seemingly convicted on her own hearth-stone.

Adelaide never knew how she found the breath to gasp forth the words; the instinct of self-defence alone framed them. "I fired the rifle off at a hawk ez war arter the chickens, early, early this artemnoon whilst ye war away," she replied to the woman who had said nothing, instead of to the man who had spoken so plainly.

Rhodes's eye was suddenly steady. His face had grown graver, indeed, but it had cleared. It wore a look now adjusted to inspection, and thoroughly in character—the pallid hue, the relaxing ligaments, and flabby flesh it showed only a moment ago were all resolved into the firm, controlled countenance of a man who has his nerves, his fears, his prospects well in hand.

"Mrs. Yates," he said, with sober circumspection, "this is a very serious matter, to threaten to shoot Mr. Shattuck. I hope your husband told you so."

Poor Adelaide! With that sense of responsibility for woe which is in some sort assuaged by a completeness of confession, she broke out, with all the abasement of self-blame: "Oh, he did! he did! That's why we quarled; that's why he lef' me. I know 'twar wrong, now. I reckon I never meant it then. But I wanted the Leetle People lef' be in thar graves, like they hev always been."

Rhodes's comprehension was at best but ill adapted to the reception of any subtle meanings. To his mind those words expressed a recantation of her former denial. His face hardened, but at the same time there was a look of genuine relief upon it, which Shattuck—still leaning upon the back of the chair, and airily flirting his hat in his hand as he glanced from one to the other—could not altogether interpret.

"It was indeed very wrong," Rhodes said, severely. "And might have been far worse. If your aim had been better, you might have killed Mr. Shattuck instead of Guthrie's colt."

She turned her widening eyes, full of a sort of confused terror, and her pallid face toward Ephraim, who stood near the doorway, a massive, stolid presentation of the rustic. He met her look with a glance of deep reproach.

"Fee hev been in mighty hard luck ter-day," he remarked. "Somebody hev been a-shootin' of his cattle—the leetle red steer, an' that thar small crumpley cow named Beauty Bess." His tone was as if he recalled acquaintances to Mrs. Yates's mind, and had something of an elegiac cadence. "An' now hyar's that leetle colt ez he sot sech store by—spry leetle critter, with a powerful springy gait. Fee looked ter him ter show speed one o' these days."

Her wild eyes dilated. "Why, Eph," she cried, in a convincing, coercive voice, "I—I never shot the pore leetle critter!"

"He warn't pore! He war fat, fur true," asseverated Ephraim, with a farmer's pride in the state of his stock.

Rhodes burst into a sudden rollicking laugh, and Shattuck wondered at the evident change in his moral atmosphere. The candidate had found the explanation of his friend's unpopularity far more easily to be endured than the idea that he himself sustained a secret enmity. The circumstance of the rifle-shot would be felicitously accounted for by this woman's quarrel with her husband because of her threats against Shattuck's projected investigation, and by Stephen Yates's subsequent desertion of her. The political status of the canvass might remain intact, suffering naught from her inimical feeling against Shattuck, who had made her husband his partisan.

"But I wouldn't shoot a colt. I wouldn't be so mean," she declared, her eyes full of tears.

"You had rather shoot merely a man," Shattuck suggested, lightly.

"We ought to have you bound over to keep the peace, Mrs. Yates." Rhodes resumed his note of severity.

"For I have the permission of the owner of the land to open the graves and to search for curiosities and relics, and I shall do so, relying on the protection of the law," Shattuck added.

"You'd better do like ye done the t'other night," Letitia put in, unexpectedly; "kem whenst all be asleep."

Shattuck turned a look of questioning amazement upon her.

"Oh, I hearn ye!" she said, impatient of the denial in his face—"I hearn yer pickaxe a-striking inter the ground agin the rock coffins o' the Leetle People."

Once more Rhodes looked ill at ease. A strange ghoulish guest this seemed even to his stand-point of superior education—to haunt the vicinage of those pygmy graves in the light of the midnight moon.

But Shattuck's face had a distinct touch of anxiety upon it. "Why, who could that have been?" he exclaimed, with so genuine a note that Rhodes's suspicion was disarmed.

"Never mind, never mind," he said, with his coarse jocularly; "there'll be a few pygmies left for you, I'll be bound! Come along, we must be getting home."

Shattuck shook off the hand which he placed upon his shoulder; but Rhodes

turned with unimpaired cheerfulness to the others.

"Now look-a-here, Mrs. Yates, this must stop, short off, right *here*. I'd like to think I'd leave as good a friend behind me as the pygmies have in you; but you can't befriend with impunity people who have been dead so long that they are too funny to keep their coffins to themselves. You look out! You don't want an action for assault with intent to kill brought against you, I reckon. I think I may promise that Mr. Shattuck will do nothing about this offence—if it is not repeated. At least I would go that far myself," he concluded, with an air of prompting his friend's generosity.

But Shattuck said nothing. His whole interest in the present moment had given way to that suggestion of a strange sound in the midnight and what it might betoken. He still hung on the back of the chair, his hat in his listless hands, but his face was turned toward the purplish black square of the window, and his meditative eyes dwelt upon the inscrutable darkness that encompassed the pygmy burying-ground.

Adelaide had seen, in a sort of numb despair, her denial of the deed swallowed up in her admission of the threat. In her dull pain, her confused sense of the fact, her loss of courage before the inexorability of the conviction, as it were, out of her own mouth, she could only reiterate: "I didn't do it! I didn't do it!" And her stunned immobility of aspect seemed sullen, and her tone was interpreted as dogged.

"Oh, well, all right," said Rhodes, lightly. He could be casual enough now, since it could be made plain to all the country-side that it was no affair of his, but a quarrel between Shattuck and the fugitive Yates and the deserted wife. "Come, come, Shattuck," again clapping his heavy hand on his friend's shoulder, "we must be a-jogging."

Ephraim too had the voice of accusation in his farewell. "I ain't s'prised none," he said, looking over his shoulder with a lowering melancholy gleaming in his eyes under the broad brim of his hat as he turned toward the door—"I ain't s'prised none ef Fee makes ye pay fur that thar leetle colt, an' takes it 'fore the court." He paused upon the threshold after a heavy lumbering step or two. "I reckon he won't make ye pay *much*, though; an'

Fee ain't one nohow ter set store on courts," he added, relenting.

She stood there, arraigned on her own hearth-stone, silent, pale, her face seeming as rigid as if it were some changeless symmetry of marble, in the interval while they mounted their horses without and rode away. The sound of the hoofs came and ceased as a marshy dip intervened, and rose on the air once more from the further side, and dulled in the distance to silence. The throbbing of the cataract reasserted itself anew. From every weed growing rank about the fence corners, from amongst the vines over the porch, came the voice of the myriad nocturnal insects, chiming and chiming interminably. Only the irresponsible darkness without met her eye as she still mechanically gazed through the doorway where the visitors had disappeared.

Letitia had sunk down in the great spacious high-backed chair on which Shattuck had leaned. It was a half-reclining posture, to whose languors her slenderness and drooping grace lent a sort of individuality, and she seemed like a child half recumbent in the corner, both hands clasping one of its arms. Her curling hair, a tress or two falling on her forehead, the rest drawn back and tied at the nape of the neck, whence the ends all escaped, seemed longer as her head drooped. Her eyes for the moment were upon the fire. When she suddenly lifted them, they shone like sapphires, with crystalline splendor, and Adelaide, in amazement, saw that they were full of tears—saw them thus that night for the first and last time in all her life.

"How could ye hev done it?" she exclaimed. "Ye wicked heart! Ye cruel, evil soul!"

"Litt," cried Adelaide, aghast, "ye ain't believin' what them men said ter me? Ye 'ain't turned agin me too?"

She looked down piteously at the girl; then, as she stooped to lift the baby, her hands trembled, and she fumbled so that Moses made some shift to raise his own indolent bulk, and snuggle into her arms.

"*B'lieve them men?*" echoed Letitia, her eyes ablaze. "I'd b'lieve *his* word agin the Bible. I ain't keerin' 'bout the t'others." She seemed, with a toss of her head, as if she annihilated them.

Adelaide could not account for her own words afterward. It was so strange a transition from her own absorbing, tu-

multuous, insistent troubles to intrude into the subtle, incipient, unrealized thoughts and feelings of another.

"Litt," she said, as calmly as if nothing of moment had happened—she had seated herself, with the child's face close to her cheek—"ye oughtn't ter talk that-away. That man don't keer nuthin' 'bout you-uns."

Letitia slowly turned her face. There was in its expression many a phase of bitter introspection, wonder underlying them all, and a sort of helpless despair as a finality, dumb and infinitely pathetic. Somehow, ignorant as the other was, little as she could have described or differentiated it, she became sharply aware of the wound she had dealt, the poignant rankling of the heart that held it. She sought, in a sort of stunned regret and self-reproach, to nullify it.

"Ye don't keer, though," she clumsily tried to laugh it off. "Ye be always a-tellin' ez how ye be no favorite 'mongst the men folks, an' 'pear ter think it's a sorter feather in yer cap ter be too ch'ice an' smart fur the ginerall run."

To her surprise, the girl showed no resentment. It seemed that that calamitous possibility had dwarfed every other consideration.

"I ain't keerin' fur sech ez them," she said, slowly, with a tremor in her low voice, as if she made the distinction clear to her own mind.

The sudden, heavy foot-falls of Baker Anderson sounded upon the puncheons. He had repaired to the wood-pile for pine knots, and he seemed, in heaping them upon the fire, to seek to make amends for a dereliction of duty, plain to his own sense if not to others.

"I didn't know what in thunder I oughter hev said or done, Mis' Yates," he remarked, as he knelt on one knee on the hearth, his square, boyish face showing its grave sympathy as the white light streamed up the chimney. "I didn't know but what whilst them men war a-sassin' round so 'twould be the right way ter perfect the fambly ter take down my rifle ter 'em."

Letitia's face was aflame. "Thar's been too much o' takin' down rifles a'ready. Leave that ter Adelaide."

Baker, still in his humble posture, turned his eyes toward her, a clumsy sneer upon his blunt features. "Ef ye 'low Mis' Yates done sech ez that, I wonder ye

air willin' ter bide with her. Whyn't ye go home?"

Once more her eyes, with their jewelled effect, so crystalline a blue they were, shone upon him, fiery and fierce. "I'll bide with that thar rifle. I'll watch it by day, an' I'll guard it by night. 'Twon't send a ball agin soon ter scorch his head. I saw his hair all whar 'twar singed. An'"—she turned suddenly upon Adelaide, who was quaking beneath the storm her ill-considered words had raised—"ef ye tell me he don't think nuthin' of me, I tell you-uns I could think o' him a thousand years without a 'thanky.'"

She sat erect in her chair, flushed and defiant. She suddenly drooped back into her languid, half-recumbent posture, and again burst into tears.

Adelaide, her nerves all strained and jarring, feeling at fault to have elicited this outburst in the presence of Baker Anderson, who was something of a gossip, and with the false accusations and reproaches, the danger and the trouble of her own position still pressing heavily on her, could but fall a-weeping too.

"I 'ain't got but one friend in the world'," she said, clasping her child. "An' hyar he is."

"Yes, an' he'll be yer frien' ez long ez he needs ye, an' no longer," said the tactless Baker, who had no talent for woe, and who hardly entered into the emotions of either woman, except to grasp the division of their friendship.

He thought them dreary company that evening, and that they were much given to silent tears, which were troublesome, cowardly things for which Baker Anderson had never found any use.

XII.

Felix Guthrie rode far and fast that afternoon. The pillage of his herds fired his blood, and his anger lent motive power to his sloth. Many a mile his search led him through the tangled mountain woods, and in devious ways along the craggy ledges, the sun sinking low in the sky, the reeking horse flecked with foam, before the slaughtered beef was at last found, far astray—according to the old herder's report. Long before he reached the spot the circling flight of the strong-winged mountain vultures high in the air served to verify the story. Others rose gibbering from their quarry as his panting horse galloped up the slope. He paused

to assure himself how plain his brand was marked upon the creature's hide. It had been killed, then, in defiance of the name of Felix Guthrie, and the idea brought the hot blood into his cheek. Killed for spite or for a purpose? And what purpose? The choicest cuts only were taken, and the great carcass left to waste and for the buzzards. He pondered vaguely as he once more put his foot into the stirrup.

"Somebody ez likes ter feed on beef," he muttered his conclusion. "They 'lowed I'd never find it out till the cattle war rounded up in the fall; then think a wolf cotch 'em so fur from home." And then the conviction smote him suddenly that the larder which the beef had served could hardly be distant. "They wouldn't want ter lug the meat fur," he said. He flung himself into the saddle, riding slowly through the pathless forest, guided only by the sun in the sky, the shadows on the ground. He seemed as native to the wilderness as if he had been bred a savage thing in its deep seclusions. And yet he had never before trodden the spot. His adaptation to the conditions of these unknown fastnesses was like a worldling's facile mastery of the ways of a strange city. He looked about him with the speculative interest of a new-comer. Once, when the wilderness gave way upon the crest of a precipice, he rose in his stirrups to gaze over the jungle of the laurel and upon the great mountain panorama stretching to the horizon. Here were landmarks that he recognized, and again features of the landscape all strange to his experience.

"I never knowed ez folks lived hyarabouts," he observed, in surprise. "Ef I ain't powerful out'n my reckoning, Crazy Zebedee's cell mus' be somewhar nigh."

He sighed deeply for the thought as he gave the animal his head, who slowly took his way into the dense dark green leafage of the woods; the very sky was shut out, and the ethereal blue and purple tints of the great mountain masses, that seemed to express the idea of light almost as definitely as the luminous heavens, were withdrawn, leaving a sense of loss and monotony, like the vanishing mirage of a desert. And in the more heavy glooms of the shadows he sighed again as if they weighed upon him.

"Zeb hed ruther hev hed this than the jail in town," he muttered, "an' so he runned away, an' hid hyarabouts. I dun-

'no' ef he war so durned crazy; the trees air mighty green, an' it air sorter peaceful out'n the sight an' the sound o' folks."

He had a melancholy affinity with sorrow—from so long ago had its fellowship with him dated. He realized, with almost the strength of divination, the sentiments of the fate that the distraught creature had wrought out here. He gazed with a sort of vicarious recognition at the shadows, at the grewsome crags, at the deep, dark waters of a pool, where some riving of the rocks suffered them to gather lake-like. He wondered, with a morbid alertness of fancy, how did the forest look to the hot and fevered brain?—what strange distortions of fact metamorphosed these simple and majestic dendritic forms, and the crags, and the waters? It was a severe tension of the sympathetic power of reduplicating another's sentiment. He hardly knew what hideous fantasy of speculation had crept into his mind. So far it had swung from its wonted poise that when a sudden, faint, blood-curdling shriek of foolish laughter rang through the utter silence, he did not for an instant credit its reality. He only drew up his horse with a hasty convulsive clutch upon the rein, a cold tremor stealing over him, and sat motionless, a terrible superstition quickening his breath and dilating his eye.

Naught stirred. The gloomy primeval magnificence of the forest seemed tenantless. Adown none of those green ferny aisles, where the light trembled to intrude, could a willing fancy discern even a flitting dryadic shape, so native to these haunts. A fairy ring was on the grass beneath a tulip-tree. But who did see the dance? Not even the wind might come and go, for the woods would be lonely and were all a-brooding. Far, far less possible than any was the wild, dishevelled, haggard apparition that Felix Guthrie strained his eyes yet feared to see. And when the laugh rose again, faint, faint from the depths of the earth, ending in a wild derisive cackle, he became all at once impressed with its genuineness, and the idea of "Crazy Zeb's cell" came into his mind again, coupled with the recollection of his injury and the object of his search.

"The very place! Hevin' a reg'lar bar-becue off'n my beef, the lazy, shif'less half-livers," he exclaimed, angrily, forgetting his terrors, although his face had regained its wonted hue.

He was all alert now, erect in the saddle, the reins drawn closely in his hand, keenly peering to the right, and again to the left, as if he had some definite goal in mind. For alien though he was to the place, he had heard it frequently described in those horror-loving tales of the winter night firesides.

"A gate"—he repeated the oft-spoken words—"a gate of rocks that looks like it mought open on hell; a gate, an' a windin' way walled in, an' a big hollow in the solid cliff ez would be a cave 'ceptin' it air open on one side, high, high above the ruver."

And then the pulsing of the current of a stream made its impression upon his senses. He had not heard it before, so essentially sylvan a sound it was, its monotony so germane to the silence. It was near at hand, this river; and here was the deep pool wherein its hurrying tributary was lulled, and dallied quiescent by the way. He lifted his eyes to two great neighboring crags, each beetling toward the other, the first of a tunnel-like series. A gateway? Could even fancy have wrought these simple forms into the semblance of a portal?—he marvelled with that incredulity which possesses the mind when looking for the first time upon some reputed similitude in nature to an artificial object. Nevertheless he slowly dismounted from his horse, gazing all the while, and as he gazed the resemblance grew upon him. So definitely had the idea tutored his fancy that he had not a doubt when he picketed his horse in the dense covert of the laurel, and took his way across the narrowest portion of the stream by means of scrambling cat-like along a pendulous branch of an overhanging tree, and springing lightly from its elastic extremity near to the opposite bank. He waded out, his long boots full of water—a small matter to a hardy woodsman, save that he could hear the splash which thereafter accompanied each step, as his feet were lifted in the roomy integuments, thus preventing a noiseless approach. When he was at last beneath the great jagged gray rocks, with their niches filled here with moss, and again flaunting a tangled vine, he paused and looked up, a smile of iconoclastic ridicule upon his face. So this was what was thought to resemble a gate by the few who knew the place. And then he was minded to imagine how like an infinitely magnified portal it was—so gaunt, so vast, so grim and grewsome, leading

down to the dark unknown! "Like the gates o' hell fur true," he thought, plunging into the gloomy, tunnel-like way.

For one moment after the darkness had enveloped him he fancied he heard a step behind him—a shambling, stumbling step—and the snuffling snort of a frightened horse. He paused in the narrow corridor, and looked back, but the tortuous turnings of the passage obscured the entrance, and the light that it admitted was feeble and far behind. He heard his own breath in a quickly drawn *susurrus*; it echoed sibilantly. He might have counted the throbs of his heart. It was a chilly place, but the surge of excitement warmed his blood, and with another turn he had burst forth from the narrow passage.

For all his expectancy, his preparation for the emergency, he was dazed for a moment as he stood in the open space facing the great western sky. The breadth of this impression left scant room for detail—a charring fire, where only an ember glowed; a recumbent, somnolent figure wrapped in a blanket beside it; two men playing cards on a saddle; a horse's head looking out from a shadowy niche; and a cry of rage as a man who was grooming the creature turned, with the curry-comb in his hand. The sound was like a bugle call to rouse the others. It rang through Guthrie's senses with a menacing clamor. Here was matter far more significant than cattle-stealing; he had tracked home some terrible deed, he knew by the unguarded anger of the startled tones. His logic, such as he had, made itself felt in deeds. Long before the slow processes of his brain had consciously evolved the idea of danger, he had drawn his pistols, and stood, his back against the wall, a weapon in either hand.

It was an attitude that commended a temporizing policy and invited parley. Taken off their guard, the party made an ineffectual effort to secure their arms. The man beside the horse had indeed grasped a rifle that leaned against the wall, but it was an old-fashioned weapon, whose single discharge would exhaust its offensive and defensive capacities, leaving him at a pitiable disadvantage against the six-shooters which the intruder held, and therefore he forbore even to sight it. One of the card-players had struggled up on his knee, his hand behind him grasping his revolver in his pistol pocket. In view of the bead drawn upon him, he did not dare to pull it; he moved not a muscle. The

other held nothing more deadly than a "bobtailed flush," which a moment ago he had regarded as the extremest spite of fate. There was something ludicrous in his petrified attitude, as he sat mechanically holding his cards before him, his mind apparently indissolubly associated with the game, his eyes fixed upon Guthrie as if he had been some amazing combination—a "show of hands" altogether uncalled for and beyond all limits of expectation. To none of them was the moment charged with such signal force as to Steve Yates, rising from his affected slumber, for it was only by feigning thus among his merry comrades that he could be alone with his own thoughts. He turned his face, full of astonished anxiety, upon Guthrie, and then he turned it away, suffused with shame, anticipating accusation. It came upon the instant.

"Hyar ye air, Steve Yates! This is whar ye hev disappeared to, hey? I'd do yer wife an' Mose a favior ef I war ter fill up yer carcass with lead. An' ef I hed it ter spare, I'd do it."

Guthrie looked about, expectant of the signs of some illegal occupation—not moonshining, for his judgment and conscience could approve of this defiance of the law, as well as his heart bear it sympathy, but something that outraged the popular sense of right. There was naught, unless those fine-limbed shadowy equine figures might suggest it.

"Hoss-thievin', hey? An' hed ter steal my cattle ter feed ye on beef whilst hid out?"

"Say, now, Fee, war *that* yer cow?" cried Beckett, the man under the insufficient protection of the "bobtail flush." Perhaps the sense of being a helpless object of pity to both his opponents at cards and at arms quickened his sense of expedients, and lubricated his clumsy tongue. "We-uns didn't know it. Durned ef we don't pay ye fur it," with an air of unctuous sympathy.

"Naw, ye won't," retorted Guthrie—"ye won't, now. I won't tech yer lyin', thievin', black-hearted money!"

A sudden anxiety crossed the face of Derridge, who still stood by the horse's flank. "It's jes ez well ye don't want our money, *fur we 'ain't got none*," he said, flashing a significant glance at the card-player, still mechanically holding his cards well together, although his opponent's hand lay scattered on the saddle

that served as board. "Pete means we'd gin ye a beastis fur the one we tuk. But ef ye don't want her, go lackin'." He sarcastically waved his hand, and the gesture in a measure shielded the other hand as he slyly cocked the rifle. "Steve Yates hev got inter a sorter difficult with the law, an' axed we-uns ter take him in," continued Derridge, recovering his reasoning faculties from the chaos of his fear and surprise, and adding to them the protean influences of imagination. "We-uns stop by hyar at Crazy Zeb's cell whenst ridin' arter cattle, ter swop lies, an' take a leetle drink, an' play kyerds; leastwise the t'others, not me. Them boys air gettin' ter be tur'ble gamesters, a-bettin' thar money an' gear an' sech, an' wunst in a while hevin' a reg'lar knock-down an' drag-out fight. I ain't s'prised none ef the church folks in the Cove hears o' thar goin's on an' turns 'em out; they bein' members in good standing too; an' I wouldn't blame pa'son an' the deacons an' sech. Naw, sir, I wouldn't."

"Me nuther," said Guthrie, his vigilance relaxed, his credulity coerced. All at once the gathering of the coterie in this sequestered place, that had been so mysterious a moment ago, seemed readily explicable. Jollity, companionship, card-playing, sloth (expert to fend off work with any odd dallying with time)—all combined to attract the mountain loafers. He felt the pistol in each hand a cumbrous superfluity. He did not realize why he had drawn them, why he had so quickly assumed the aggressive. He wondered that interrupted thus in their pacific absorptions they did not reproach him. It was no longer in suspicion, but with a sort of attempt to justify his precipitancy, that he demanded, "What hev Steve Yates been a-doin' of ter run him off from home an' be searched fur ez dead?"

He had unconsciously moved several paces from the wall; the weapons in his hands were lowered and hung listlessly; the sunlight slanted into the place; the monstrous elongated shadows of the men extended across the floor and up the side of the niche; a bee went booming by; the river sang; and the entrance behind him was so noiseless that these trivial sounds he heard, and not Cheever's step.

The leader of the gang wore an excited face as he suddenly came in. It turned pale in the moment. He threw his arm

across his eyes with a wild hoarse cry, while the others stared in amazement, until Bob Millroy, also entering, his superstition, always on the alert, was reminded of that strange intruder here revealed once before to Cheever, then visible to none else.

"Thar, now! the extry man!" he cried out, hardly less discomposed.

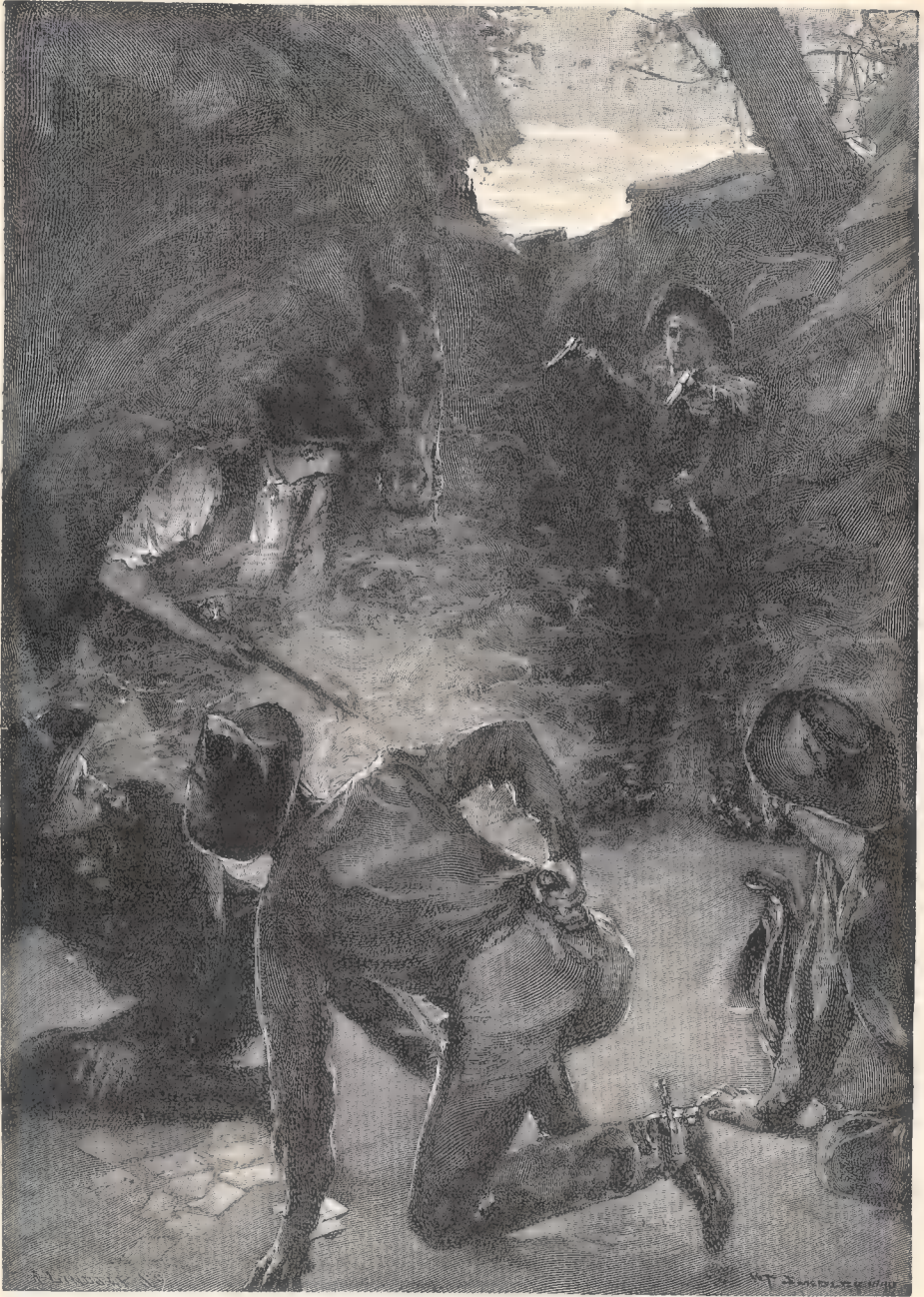
Guthrie, a trifle shaken by the uncomprehended commotion, reverted to the instinct of self-defence. He perceived, with a flutter of fear and a pang of self-reproach, that his remitted watchfulness had permitted him to be surrounded. They all had drawn their pistols in the interval. He spoke upon his impulse. "Lemme git out'n this!" he growled, halfarticulately, advancing upon Cheever, intending to push by to the only exit. Cheever, restored by the sight of the revolvers, and the sudden recognition of the young mountaineer's face, laid a hand upon Guthrie's shoulder, grinding his teeth, and with a concentrated fury in his eyes.

"So ye hev fund out whar we-uns war, ye peekin', pryin' sneak; *she* tole ye ez Steve war along o' we-uns—the leetle Pettingill she-devil, that frazzle-headed vixen of a Letishy!"

Her name stunned Guthrie in some sort; he stood wide-eyed, quiescent, in amazed dismay, hearing naught of the babel of remonstrance from the others: "Hesh! hesh! he dun'no' nuthin'. Don't tell him nuthin'! Let him be—let him be!"

He realized the situation only when Cheever, closing upon him, his grip preventing the use of the pistols, cried suddenly, "Take that!" and he heard his flesh tear under the knife, and felt a pain like the pangs of dissolution, as his warm blood gushed forth—"an' that! an' *that*!"

The next moment all the thunders of heaven seemed loosed in the cavern. How he wrenched himself away he could never say. He only knew that he was firing alternately the pistols in both hands, retreating backward through the dark tunnel, keeping his enemies thus at a distance, awaiting the emptying of the weapons. He flung himself upon the horse that stood saddled and bridled cropping the grass without, and he was miles away before he realized that the hot pursuit, which he had heard at first in full hue and cry after him, must of necessity be futile, since it was Cheever's incompara-



"IT WAS AN ATTITUDE THAT COMMENDED A TEMPORIZING POLICY."—[See page 739.]

ble steed that in his haste he bestrode, and not his own.

He felt a certain glow of achievement, a fervor of pride in his prowess; no slight thing it was to have escaped with his life from that desperate gang of outlaws. With a sort of valiant boastfulness he made light of his wounds as his step-mother dressed them, herself the impersonation of a panther whose young is wounded, snarling and fierce and tender. She had a sort of reverential admiration of his courage, his ferocity, that her own savagery had fostered. It was said in the Cove that her semblance of kindness and affection for him was the natural outgrowth of her respect for anybody that was a "better man" than she—a pluckier fighter. She, too, would admit no efficacy in aught that Cheever could do.

"I'll be bound them pistol balls o' yourn worked many a button-hole whar thar warn't no buttons in the gyarmints ter match!" she cried, bitterly, joying in the possible execution of the shots.

But Ephraim surveyed the yawning slashes with a groan, and went with averted eyes hastily out of the door, and an old house-dog stood beside Felix, and wheezed pitifully and licked his hand with an unrecked-of sympathy.

Felix was out next day, but with that singular parchment-like pallor that ensues on a great loss of blood. Mrs. Guthrie had remonstrated against all exertion, then openly applauded his decision.

"Ef 'twar you-uns, Eph," she said, looking after Felix as he rode Cheever's horse down the winding mountain way, "I mought look for'ard ter three solid weeks a-nussin' ye; ye would be tucked up in bed. But twenty yoke o' oxen couldn't hold Fee Guthrie down; he couldn't even die handy, like other folks. He hev got the very sperit o' livin' in him. Ye mark my words, he ain't a-goin' ter die handy."

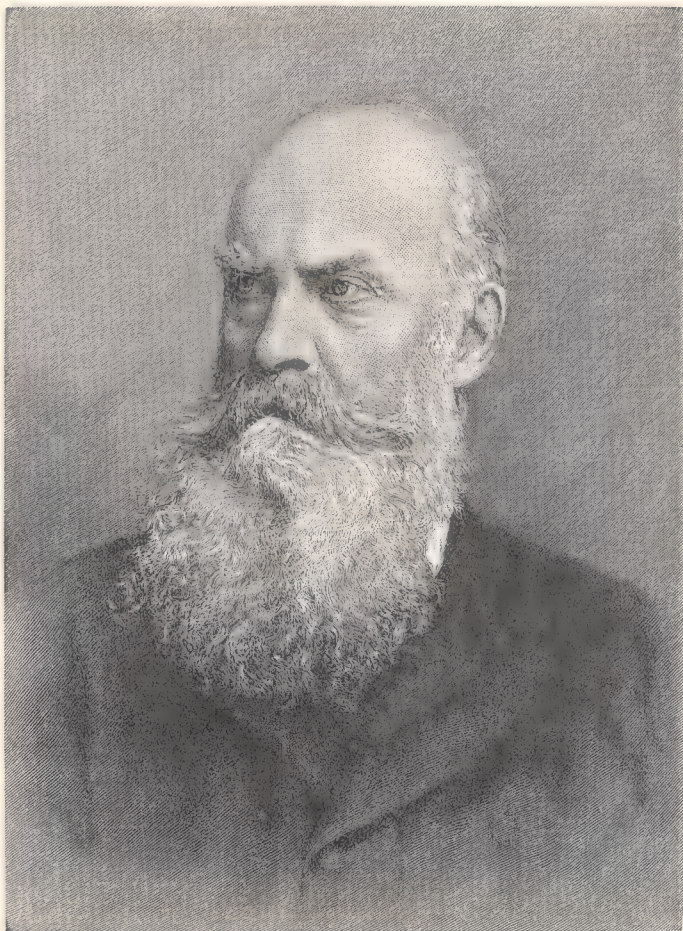
And in truth it was a very spirited and gallant figure that the fine clean-limbed roan carried down into the Cove. His long curling hair flaunted back from his broad shoulders; his wide-brimmed hat was cocked to one side; his spurs jingled on the heels of his great boots. And he sat in the saddle proudly erect in defiance of the sore rankling wounds—the knife had not the mercy to be sharp, and in lieu of clean cuts had torn and jagged the

flesh. There was one wound sharper than them all that no blade had dealt, that was so keen, so deep, so insidious that it made a coward of him, and set astir a chill in his blood and a quiver in his heart.

It was one word—Letitia—on lips that he had never thought to hear utter it. Letitia! So she knew of Steve Yates's crime; and more than once he wondered what it might be, pausing to look absently down with unseeing eyes, as his stirrup-irons, sweeping through the blooming weeds that bordered the bridle-path, sent the petals flying. Was she a party, too, to the deception the wife maintained, to her pretended desertion, her affected ignorance of Yates's whereabouts? "Letishy oughtn't ter be mixed up in sech," Guthrie said to himself. "*She* oughtn't ter be abidin' along o' Mis' Yates, while her husband air hid out with a gang o' evil-doers, purtendin' ter be dead an' disappeared. Litt oughtn't ter know about thar thieveries an' dens. 'It can't tech *her*—thar ill-got gains—but she oughtn't ter know secrets agin the law."

He remembered, with a throb between anger and pain, the evenings that he had spent at the Yates cabin, the air of desolate sorrow that the deserted wife maintained, even when she seemed to seek to cast it off, and to respond to neighborly kindness. A flush mounted to his pallid cheek, he so resented a deceit sought to be practised upon him. And how ready a gull he must have seemed, he thought, with a sneer at the memory of his cumbersome phrases of hope and consolation, at which Letitia had not scrupled to laugh. "*She* warn't puttin' on no lackadaisical pretence," he thought, with a glowing eye. "She hev got the truth in her too deep. She jes busied hersef a-spinnin' ez gay ez a bird, an' tole them queer tales ez Mr. Shattuck hev gin out, 'bout cave-dwellers long time ago, an' sun-worshippers, an' a kentry sunk in the sea, named Atlantis or sech outlandish word; tole 'em over agin nearly every evenin'. An' I could listen through eternity! She hev got sech smartness an' mem'ry. I dun'no' how she *do* make out ter remember sech a lot o' stuff. An' Mis' Yates—a deceitful sinner that woman air!—a-bustin' out cryin' agin, fust thing ye know. Litt oughtn't ter 'sociate with sech ez knows secrets agin the law."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



GEORGE II., DUKE OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

THE COURT THEATRE OF MEININGEN.

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

IN the year 1881 the Meiningen company gave a series of performances in London. It was a revelation to the theatrical world of England, and to all people interested in literature and art—a revelation, in the first place, in that it directed the eyes of the English people to Germany, where they had not been accustomed to look for models of theatrical art; and, in the second place, in that it opened the eyes of many to a new principle of dramatic representation, while others saw realized in the acting of this company what they had for a long time in-

sisted upon as a necessary reform of the stage in England and America.

Most of the severer critics of the English stage were in the habit of pointing to the French theatre, notably the Comédie Française of Paris, when they wished to insist upon the need of reforms in organization and acting which were required in their own country. They either ignored or did not know anything of the German stage. They all knew that Germany was leading the way in music and in the opera; but they were under the impression that the Germans were still un-

der the bane of the "old school, stogy" forms of acting, and so paid little heed to what was going on in that country.

This neglect was partly justified by the fact that in dramatic literature the French had distinctly taken the lead, so much so that for modern society plays the Germans have themselves been greatly dependent upon adaptations from French dramas, as even the more successful plays by German authors may be said to be of the French school of society drama.

Moreover, the more realistic acting and stage-managing required for these contemporary dramas have been brought to such a supreme state of perfection in France that, despite the excellent manner in which they are put on the stage at Vienna and Berlin, Paris has been, is, and will for some time to come be the real hearth of such histrionic effort.

In spite of these facts, the world at large, France included, can learn much from Germany in the acting of the greater dramas of the Shakespearian type, and especially in the organization of the theatres and in the stage-management for these purposes. Their representations are marked by the greatest degree of highest intelligence and unity of adequate conception throughout, and this again is chiefly due to the perfect organization of the theatres, based upon a correct tradition of long standing. This organization again consists in the proper practical and artistic realization of all the scholarly theoretical qualities of the German critics,

long since and universally recognized as bringing out and opening out to the world the genius of a Shakespeare and of the classical dramatists, freed, in this practical manifestation, from all the pedantry which may sometimes accompany such thorough criticism. And by this organization this wide culture and the adequate conception of the poet's meaning are carried through the various steps from the scholar to the stage-manager and to the practical actor.

Thus it was that the appearance of the "Meiningers" in 1881—in every one of these best points of the German stage the most representative—was a revelation to the London public. And when it became known that this company, composed almost exclusively of well-trained actors, travelling with a whole ship-load of scenery, costumes, and property, such as none of the largest London theatres could boast of, came from a small provincial town of Germany of 11,300 inhabitants, the surprise took the form of wonder, and this wonder ceded its place to the enthusiastic appreciation of new and great principles of stage-work, and to a humble, receptive attitude of mind—a desire to learn what was the cause of this perfection.

How could so many points in a drama known to the English public for centuries be missed, and how were they here brought out? How could Marc Antony's speech in *Julius Caesar*, in itself always impressive, produce an effect which had never before been realized by the *habitué* of



HERZOGLICH HOFTHEATER, MEININGEN.



SCHLOSS LANDSBERG.

the theatre and the Shakespearian scholar, while it appealed with the most thrilling intensity to the pit and the gallery? The Roman mob on this stage really became a delicate and responsive instrument, at first refusing in wild tumult to listen to the orator, gradually calming down and paying some slight heed to his words, and, as he played upon their feelings, manifesting the influence of his words, until it reached the climax in a tumult, now in the orator's favor, as before it had been directed against him. The speech and its drift could almost be realized from the acting of the crowd, without seeing or hearing the orator. The speech was not merely a speech, it had become an action; the scene and the people were not merely a scene and an assembly of costumed and grouped actors, but had become a speech, a speaking medium, telling an intrinsic part of the story. This is perhaps the touchstone of a good drama and of good acting. In a bad drama and in bad stage-representation the speeches are mere speeches, words that might be spoken with equal effect anywhere, or under any circumstances, or might be in the mouth of any person; while the scenery and grouping are mere tableaux, do not add anything to the words spoken or the things done, nor do they gain by these; they do not, in their turn, receive full artistic life from the action or the recitation of which they are the visible framing. Perhaps it will be worth while to bear this point in mind in the course of the remarks which I may have to make in this paper.

If one were to look for one central principle underlying this marked success of the Meiningen company, it might perhaps

be found in the principle of artistic subordination. I feel tempted to demonstrate how this is one of the fundamental principles of all the various arts, be it poetry, music, painting, sculpture, or, especially, architecture; but I fear that we should have to wade through volumes before coming to the Meiningen company. Suffice it to say that the principle of artistic subordination as applied to theatrical representation means that in this hierarchy of artistic elements—and I use the word hierarchy advisedly as indicating the earnest reverence with which the Meiningers consider their art—each has its proper place. Above all thrones the drama as a whole as born in the poet's mind, and the highest and most adequate conception of the work of genius. To this all is subordinated, a mere means and instrument, yet as such, and because it is thus a part of a noble whole, requiring fullest development in itself. As the great drama is built up in itself, each part, each character and scene organically interwoven with the other and the whole, so must every portion of the performance and every actor taking part in it be an organic member of the work of art.

Each actor is thus subordinated to his *part* (the word in its literal meaning), and *there is no "star."* This was perhaps the most striking lesson—at least the one most called for—taught by the Meiningers. We shall see how effectively the "star" abuse is counteracted. Also,

no one scene is to be out of proportion (as is so often the case): if in the poet's mind it is the climax, then it is to appear as such; if the exposition, it must serve its function of introducing the dramatic situation; if the dissolution, it is not to be dragged out into tawdry or gaudy scenic importance. In appearance and costume, also, the actor is to be considered in the light of the higher artistic interest of the play. And so finally with the scenery.

This distinctive quality, as underlying the success of the Meiningen company, soon became apparent. What was not so evident was how this principle could be carried into practice so efficiently and effectively. At the time I felt a strong desire to study this organization, and to follow the effects up to their primary causes. It was not until last year that I was put in a position to make my desire known to the Duke, and I at once received a cordial invitation to visit him at Meiningen. Of this I gladly availed myself, and was treated with a kindness and consideration which it is hard for me to acknowledge properly in the publicity of print. As regarded the theatre, all possible means of studying its organization and working were put at my disposal, certain representative plays were selected, I was allowed to accompany the Duke to the rehearsals, to examine the costumes and sceneries, and finally to hear from him the main points in the history of the theatre. As a climax to his kindness he put at my disposal a large number of his own drawings, illustrative of the theatre and of his own artistic powers. From these I have made a selection which now serves to illustrate this article.

It at once became clear to me that the efficient cause of the successful carrying out of the principle of artistic subordination was to be found in the personality of the Duke himself—as a man and as a duke. In him there is at once a combination of the highest artistic capacity and of the authority which makes it possible to realize any desire, and to carry into effect without friction any suggestions made to the actors. There have before been instances of men possessed of the keen artistic appreciation and power of conception; but they have not possessed the means to realize fully their highest and purest aspirations, nor the complete authority to impose their will upon the hypersensitive natures of actors and all

persons connected with the stage. At least, though many managers may have attained the necessary control over the actors, it required struggle and expenditure of energy to establish such authority, while a prince starts, by means of his position, with the supreme authority which any real capacity he may possess only tends to confirm and increase.

It is significant to the history of the Meiningen theatre that the artistic genius of the Duke is not specialized and limited to one form of art, but that his artistic tastes and activity are universal and most versatile. He is not only a cultured amateur of poetry, music, and architecture, so that he has drawn to his court as friends men like Bodenstein and Brahms and Bülow (the last conducted the excellent orchestra of Meiningen for five years), but is a practical architect, and a painter and draughtsman of the highest merit. Kaulbach said of him, "if he had not been born a prince, he would have been a greater artist than Kaulbach." The present director of the theatre, talking of the Duke, said, epigrammatically, "Carl August of Saxe-Weimar (the patron of Goethe and Schiller) encouraged art from art-interest [*Kunstinteresse*], our Duke from art-understanding [*Kunstverständnis*]." In other words, the one was a great amateur, the other is an artist. I have selected but one out of a large number of drawings which will illustrate his power of composition. They belong to the German school of the previous generation, Kaulbach, Overbeck, Cornelius. The battle scene here reproduced shows a power of composition and freedom of draughtsmanship which, whatever may be the advance of the modern schools of art in other directions, must be recognized by all. In painting, again, he is very versatile: large historical compositions, small *genre* scenes, landscapes, even caricatures, are in his domain. This great collection of drawings, which he values but little himself, was chiefly made in the hours of the evening without models. His mother, the late Duchess (a princess of Hesse-Cassel) was struck with deafness in her old age. In the evenings which her son passed in her company she was in the habit of reading aloud to him, and while she read he made these drawings, some of which are quite remarkable for vigor and for poetic feeling. He has almost entirely given up drawing now, ex-



"SCHLACHT DER DITHMARSCHEN GEGEN DIE DÄNEN."

[This drawing was made when the Duke was nineteen years old.]

cepting for the sketches of costumes and scenery for his theatre. "I now like to compose with living figures," he says; and this he certainly has done with the greatest success in some of the scenes the Meiningers put on the stage.

The artistic talent has been carried on in the family, one son (Prince Ernst) pursuing serious studies as an artist at Munich; while the hereditary Prince (the brother-in-law of the present Emperor of Germany), an excellent Greek scholar and archæologist, has translated Greek dramas, and has set music to the *Persæ* of Æschylus. In his surroundings, too, his refined artistic taste is satisfied, be it in the fine collection of old-master pictures in the great palace of Meiningen itself (the façade of which is 500 feet long), or in the lovely Villa Carlotta, on the Lake of Como (named after his first wife, a Princess Charlotte of Prussia), or in the picturesque castle of Landsberg, near Meiningen, or, finally, in the castle of Altenstein, in another part of the duchy.

The latter of these castles he has recently restored and enlarged, showing himself an architect of considerable skill. The fourteen or fifteen other castles and villas which he possesses contain many a gem.

The first incentive to his love for the theatre occurred in his childhood. He remembers, when a boy, acting with his brothers in the great hall (*Riesensaal*) of the castle, in the presence of the whole household, and even some citizens of the town. This must have been many years ago, as he is now sixty-five years of age. In those days there were no stationary troupes, but the ordinary itinerant players of the palmy bohemian days. His father, Duke Bernhard, developed the theatre, but chiefly in the direction of the opera. In those days the actors had to help as dummies in the opera, sometimes much to their disgust. He remembers how, in one of Gluck's Greek operas, one of the actors tried to hide his face in closing down a helmet which

he wore. Perhaps this matter of sheer necessity was the beginning of one of the central features in the discipline of the Meiningers. Some time in the fifties the present Duke, then hereditary Prince, undertook to put on the stage the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, by Gluck. He designed and had made all the costumes, and this was the foundation of what afterward became widely known as the "*Erbprinzliche Garderobe*." Before that time, and for a long time since (in fact, the system is by no means introduced everywhere—in America and England nowhere, to my knowledge), the actors had their own costumes made; and nowadays an actress makes a point of appearing in as many beautiful dresses as she can fit into an indifferent play. Owing to his position as prince, he could soon persuade the actors to wear the costumes provided by him. After his accession to the throne (his father abdicated in his favor in 1866) there was a short suspension of the theatre, and then it was started by him on the principles upon which it now exists.

Recognizing the physical limitations under which a provincial theatre in so small a town had to labor, he cut off entirely the opera and operetta, and even the modern society drama, devoting all the energy at his command to the great drama—historical, romantic, and melodramatic. One of the early directors, or *intendant*, as he is called, was the marshal of the court, Von Stein; but as the theatre grew in ambition, weight, and importance, this truly modest man assured his sovereign that his powers were not equal to the task ("*ich genüge Ihnen nicht*"), and recommended him to take the poet Frederic Bodenstedt. He accordingly was made intendant, and a patent of nobility was conferred upon him by the Duke. But Bodenstedt did not remain long at Meiningen. More and more the Duke took matters into his own hands. Yet he also possessed the power of a true organizer in finding capable people to assist in the work, and in conferring the proper amount of responsibility upon them. This efficient help he found in a former comedian, now the manager of the troupe, Hofrath Chronegk, who is not only a very able stage-manager, but also a clever man of business, who arranges the complicated machinery of the tours of the company. But the most important assistant the Duke has found in

his present wife, Baroness von Heldburg, a lady of great refinement and taste, of English origin on her mother's side, and formerly (she was married in 1873) the leading actress of the Meiningen theatre. This lady has worked indefatigably at the perfecting of the troupe; the training of the actors, male as well as female, is now in her hands, and she also supervises the department of costumes for the actresses. Thus, with such a conscientious and able manager as Herr Chronegk has proved himself to be, and with his cultured spouse supervising and inspiring the work of the actors, the efforts begun by the Duke have been carried to their highest realization. But the final authority remains with the Duke himself, and with him is the final appeal. It is no doubt owing to his exceptional advantages as a ruling prince, and to his own personality, that the discipline has been so perfect.

The family of which Duke George is the head is one of the oldest and most illustrious of the ruling houses of Germany. The founder of the houses of Wettin was a certain Count of Budsis (the modern Budisin), who died in 982. At the end of the fourteenth century, Frederic the Valiant, who died in 1428, was made the first Elector of Saxony. The sons of his successor, Frederic II., the Gentle, Ernst and Albert, divided the realm, the one becoming the founder of the so-called Ernestine line, the other of the Albertine line. The head of the Albertine line is the present King of Saxony; the Ernestine line branched out into the four ruling houses of Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and Saxe-Meiningen.

The present Duke George of Saxe-Meiningen is a man of martial appearance, like all the Saxon princes, well over six feet in height, and, in spite of his sixty-five years, robust and active, an excellent shot and indefatigable sportsman. He studied at the universities of Bonn and Leipzig, and then entered the army, joining the Cuirassiers of the Guard at Berlin. In 1849 he fought in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign as a major in the Meiningen contingent. In 1863 he was made a Prussian general *à la suite*, and in 1868, as Duke of Meiningen, a general of infantry of the Prussian army. In the Franco-German war he accompanied his own Meiningen regiment (the 32d) through the whole campaign and all the battles in which this regiment took part. I

have seen some most interesting drawings made by the Duke of scenes witnessed by him in this campaign. But the military side is certainly not the most marked in his nature, though it may have given him the appearance

actor is engaged, or about to be engaged, he says to him, "If you wish to become a Meininger, you must hold the Institute in such respect that you will sacrifice everything personal to contribute to the glory of the whole, and you will act as a



BARONESS VON HELDBURG.

of firmness which helps to exert the authority over men which he no doubt possesses. But to see him among the children of Baroness von Helldburg's home for poor children of dissolute parents at Meiningen will soon show the gentleness which abides with strength.

For the spirit which is to guide the whole Meiningen troupe the Duke has certain definite maxims. When a new

stage supernumerary." One of the main principles is that no actor is ever to be idle; and this is intimately connected with the other central principle: there is to be no chorus as such; there are no supernumeraries. He holds that keeping the actors and actresses always busy is good for them morally in a general way; it furthermore increases their versatility, thus counteracting the mannerisms which

come from acting too much or too frequently certain parts, or genus of parts; it counteracts vanity in the actors, and creates a democracy among them which engenders and maintains that *esprit de corps* for the strengthening of which the Duke uses every effort. Finally, it has led to the creation of the Meiningen chorus, the most perfect and unique feature of this company.

The parts are assigned by the managers, and there is no appeal from this. An actor or an actress who has played Hamlet or Mary Stuart on one night may have to be a messenger or a dummy attendant on another. I have seen the principal actor in the *Bluthochzeit* as one of the chorus in the *Braut von Messina*, and as one of the mob in *Julius Cæsar*. If an actor have a cold or be slightly hoarse, he will still have to play a dummy part if he can go out without prejudice to his health. The actress who was to take the chief part in the *Maid of Orleans*, but was taken hoarse at the last moment, appeared as a simple attendant.

Nor must it be supposed that this severe discipline causes friction. It is so perfect in its working, and has become so distinctly a tradition of the Meiningers, that things do not reach the phase of discussion; nor do they resent the system of fines rigidly carried out, and imposed upon actors and all the mechanical and stage *personnel* for delinquency or the disobeying of orders. While I was at Meiningen, for instance, I was told that the chief hair-dresser had been fined two marks for giving to Margaret of Valois, in the *Bluthochzeit*, a coiffure which was not historically correct, and was contrary to orders. It availed nothing to say that the actress herself desired the change. The hair-dresser was responsible for his department, and had to bear the fine.

So little are these rules felt to be a hardship that throughout Germany it is a matter of ambition for an actor or an actress to become a member of this company. Though the pecuniary advantages may not be as great as in some of the theatres of Germany, the prestige which the company has in the profession and in the country is so great, the opportunities of learning and of self-improvement are so patent, that an actor considers it a good piece of fortune if he can get a foothold there.

While at Meiningen I was informed that a young actor coming from the north was to be tested for admission. He was to play the part of one of the brothers in Schiller's *Braut von Messina*. He was the son of that prince of German concert singers, Stockhausen, and had evidently inherited much of his father's artistic talent. After the performance, which was highly successful, as far as he was concerned also, it was refreshing and instructive to see the enthusiasm of the young man.

"The delight, in the first place," he said, "to get into a proper costume, to have all the actors, down to the simple attendant, acting up to you, pushing you on to do your best and strain your every faculty—the whole atmosphere of the place! Why, I have never acted as well. I feel almost a humbug, as if it were a mere accident, my acting so this evening."

"Well," was the reply, "try to make this *mere accident* a controllable habit—that is the height of the actor's training." This certainly was a most important testimony to the value of the methods pursued by the Meiningers, coming, as it did, spontaneously from an actor.

If the rules are severe, there is, on the other hand, great kindness and consideration shown the actors. Their pay is comparatively high, and there exists a well-organized pension fund highly subsidized by the Duke. Of this each actor receives the benefit after he has been with the company for ten years, even after he has left the company and joined another. Should an actor be incapacitated, the Duke also assists generously out of his private means. The company consists of about thirty-six actors and twenty-five actresses. As I have already said, there is no chorus; soldiers of the garrison are used to form a background. All the actors are capable of taking important parts. When the troupe travel abroad they have from twenty to thirty mechanics, scene-shifters, and other assistants. They even take their own gas-man with them. It requires enormous trains with special cars to transport the scenery, for they take with them all their scenes, costumes, and properties. One of the difficulties in the suggested American tour was the means of transporting this bulky material.

For about three months of the year the troupe play at Meiningen, the rest of the time is taken up with rehearsals, vacations,



MEININGEN, FROM THE BIBRAS BERG.

and foreign tours. On these tours, by the Duke's special desire, reductions in prices are made for students of the universities, scholars of the upper classes of schools, art students, and those of the conservatories of music. "The Meiningers are coming!" is a popular cry in the German towns they visit.* They have gained a firm footing of regard at Berlin and in London, and are great favorites at St. Petersburg, where they have given performances for the last few years. Their first visit to Berlin was in 1874, since then they have been there repeatedly. Their greatest success there was attained three years ago with the representation of Schiller's *Joan of Arc*, which the late Emperor Frederick visited sixteen times. The individual actors when they thus travel also enjoy the consideration of the educated classes. It is a strange anomaly and survival that, though the Duke himself gives such great attention to his troupe, the inhabitants of his small capital are still eat-

en up with the narrow prejudices of fifty years ago, and the nobility of the court turn a cold shoulder on the theatrical world. But I believe that the actors live very happily without them.

The most interesting insight into the working of the theatre is, of course, afforded by the rehearsals. For a new play they have from twenty to twenty-five rehearsals. One single scene is often rehearsed for two or three days. They begin with one general rehearsal, for the purpose of getting a general oversight of the play, and of determining the fitness of actors for certain parts. Then the work of detail begins. Each scene is rehearsed separately, then follows the rehearsal of a whole act, and then come the final general and dress rehearsals. Before these begin, the Duke and his assessors have selected and carefully studied the play and agreed upon its general conception. Formerly the Duke himself also supervised the reading and the declamation; but now it is his wife who trains not only the actresses, but even the actors. But everything, scenery, costumes, and the actors themselves, must receive the final confirmation of the Duke. It is easy to realize how the subordination of actors and all elements of the play to the unity of artistic conception is effectively carried out.

But the doubt may arise whether this complete unity of conception may not stand in the way of the proper development of individuality and originality on

* Since this paper was written I have had authentic information that the Duke intends to discontinue the tours (*Gastspiele*) of the company. This will entail a diminution in the numbers of the company; but the plays at Meiningen will continue, and, in fact, will receive greater attention than ever before. This step is owing chiefly to the fact that Herr Chronnegk, the trusty manager, is broken down in health, and that the Duke does not feel justified in putting so heavy a tax upon his strength any longer. No doubt he also feels that the company has taught its lesson to the world, and that now he has a right to use his theatre more immediately for his own gratification and that of his own people.

the part of the actors. But I am assured that those who have the supreme direction seek for nothing more than for signs of originality and individual power in the artists, and that any such signs are recognized and encouraged. The actors, moreover, can make suggestions themselves, and any new view of their own is gladly accepted, provided always it is not out of harmony with the main conception of the play. Criticism is often put in the form of a query as to how an actor understands a certain passage, and the attempt at answering the question often makes his mistake clear to him, and leads him to amend it himself.

I do not think that there is any danger to the vividness and strength of acting in this centralized discipline. I should be more inclined to point to one general cause which may lead to a certain stereotyping of style. It is to be found in the exclusiveness with which the great historical and heroic drama is performed, so that the contemporary society drama is eschewed.* I cannot help thinking that it would be a wholesome corrective for the actors of the greater historical parts to have to force themselves occasionally into the naturalism or realism of contemporary life on the stage, and to have to doff the historical costume and the *tricot* for the modern dress. It would act as a wholesome tonic; just as it is a great rectifier of style and counteractant to mannerism, giving new life to pictorial manipulation, for a historical painter to try his hand occasionally at portrait-painting. Unfortunately we have even in art reached a degree of specialization which forces the artist to continue in the one groove in which he has once been successful and has made his reputation, at the cost of his further development and improvement. Still the plan of rotation of parts, and the careful study and vigilance of the managers at the rehearsals, tend to counteract much that would otherwise undoubtedly lead to degeneration.

To be present at one of these rehearsals is a great privilege. At one side of the stage is seated the *Regisseur* for the time, one of the troupe who acts as assistant

stage-manager. During the rehearsal of the *Braut von Messina*, at which I was present, the very able actor Herr Richard performed this function. He is generally some older actor who has been with the company for some time, and knows its traditions. In one of the front rows of the orchestra stalls sits Herr Chronegk, with a call-boy beside him, who takes his messages to the back of the stage. The Duke takes his seat somewhat more in the centre of the theatre, in the stalls. His presence seems to work like a charm upon the actors, who immediately begin to "play up." He had several times to check the fire of some of the actors, and ask them to reserve their voices for the performance. Each intonation is noticed, and a wrong accent upon a word is not allowed to pass unheeded. I remember that the leader of one of the choruses, an excellent actor, got into the way of raising his voice on the last word of the last line of the play. "*Wo der Mensch nicht hinkommt mit seiner Qual.*" He had to repeat it three times before the right accents were put upon the words *Mensch* and *nicht*, and the voice dropped solemnly at the last word of the play. But not only criticism and correction, also words of praise were given here and there for a good piece of rendering, which were like the highest tribute to the actor. All seemed to enter into the spirit of the whole play, and watched each actor while he recited his part, nodding their heads with approval when he succeeded well, and—though it is difficult to look into the inner working of a company of players—the whole troupe seemed singularly free from jealousy. I noticed the Duke calling one man who was playing in the chorus by name, and asking him to stand in the foreground, and to recite with one other actor lines that were spoken but by two. He told me that the young man was a beginner, rather shy, and that he wished to give him confidence and to bring him out. During the performances also the Duke goes behind the scenes between the acts and makes remarks to the actors, generally of praise and encouragement. But, as I have said, he no longer takes so active a part in the declamative side, which is chiefly the province of his spouse.

What he is chiefly interested in is the *ensemble* and grouping. For a "crowd" no theatre in the world can equal that of

* An exception to this is to be found in the performance of Ibsen's plays. These, as well as the plays of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, the Meiningers presented to Germany twenty-two years ago, before any foreign stage had taken notice of these Scandinavian authors.



JEAN D'ARC AT RHEIMS, FROM SCHILLER'S "JUNGFRAU VON ORLEANS."

Meiningen. A Meiningen crowd is a real crowd; a riot, a real revolution of the people; a battle, a real battle; and it is therefore in plays like *Julius Cæsar* and *Wallenstein's Lager* that they achieve their greatest successes. There is none of that stolid indifference or foolish consciousness or stilted prattling that gets into one's nerves in ordinary plays. During the rehearsal he constantly pointed out small defects in this direction, not in general terms, which hardly help to mend matters, but in pointing to definite mistakes. He asked them to stand in a certain way, avoiding sameness of poses, to move their hands, bow down their heads, or look eagerly forward, to give variety. He particularly asked them to make remarks to each other that were pertinent to the scene they were seeing, or the words they were hearing. And he thus produces a variety of gesture and attitude, while all are subordinated to produce the strongest expressions of the main situation. Within this expressiveness he always aims at beauty of line in the different attitudes. He will ask an actor to turn his shoulder to one side, to rest upon one leg more than the other, and to stand or move more in conformity with his part, his figure, his costume.

The most striking feature in the playing of this company is the action of the chorus as a whole. Sounds have been studied most carefully. I believe it was here that the secret of effective shouting of a mass of people was first detected. An effective shouting noise can never be made if they all shout the same sound or in the same pitch. Accordingly each person is instructed to make some one distinct noise, and the total effect is most life-like. Then the gradation of sounds is most carefully considered. The advance of a mob was repeated several times (though it was the last rehearsal of a piece they often played) before the effect of the sound rolling nearer and nearer was produced: a gradual *crescendo*, far distant at first, becoming deafening shouts as they enter the stage. Further nice distinctions are made in causing the various emotions swaying the mob to become at once discernible: the grumble of a discontented populace, the raging of battle, the subsiding into gradual contentment and quiet, and the shouts of exultation, victory, or joyous thanksgiving—all are studied in sound and gesture, and practised with a painstaking conscientiousness which would astonish the ordinary stage-manager.

But the real delight of the patron of



OFFICER OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

this theatre is in the general grouping. It is here that his love of draughtsmanship asserts itself, and has led to his favorite occupation of "composing with living figures." But though he delights in the beauty of line of the compositions of the older school, he is opposed to all lifeless convention in this sphere too. I remember his not allowing the chorus to stand in a regular pyramid; to give variety of line the two sides of the triangle were to be uneven. Not only in the larger groupings of masses of people, but also in the arrangement of any one striking moment, does he exert himself. He makes special sketches to illustrate fully some important moment in the play. I have selected one sketch from the large

number of such drawings which are sent to the theatre as models for the stage-manager. They are merely rough sketches; but it will be seen how fully they render the life and action of the scene. For the great final scenes he makes a point of always sending a sketch to illustrate the general grouping. The accompanying specimen of such sketches gives a scene from Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orléans*. It represents the appearance of Jean d'Arc at Rheims, and was, of course, not meant for publication, but simply as a guide for theatrical purposes.

It is not only for general composition that such elaborate preparations are made. The greatest care is taken with the costumes and properties. The foundation was made with the *Erbprinzliche Garderobe* over forty years ago. As he says himself, it was a child of necessity, "and I then made a virtue of necessity." For every play and character, and even all the members of the chorus, elaborate studies of costume are made. At the time of my visit there was a plan of producing Tolstoi's *Ivan the Terrible*. I found the ducal couple deep in studies of Russian antiquities. They were not only looking up books with illustrations, but were reading Russian history and literature in order to be-

come imbued with the spirit of the place and the time. They had heard that the iron-bound staff with which Ivan slew his son was kept at Moscow, and were writing to Russia to procure a photograph of it. They were much interested in the picture of Ivan over the body of his son, by Elias Esimovitch Répine, reproduced in this Magazine in December, 1889. In the exhaustive studies of costumes which the Duke has made he has discovered some general laws, such as that of the proportions in the male dress of the Italian Renaissance, in which, it appears, the width of shoulders must be equal to the length from waist to neck. A historical anachronism in dress is a crime in their eyes. Therefore they

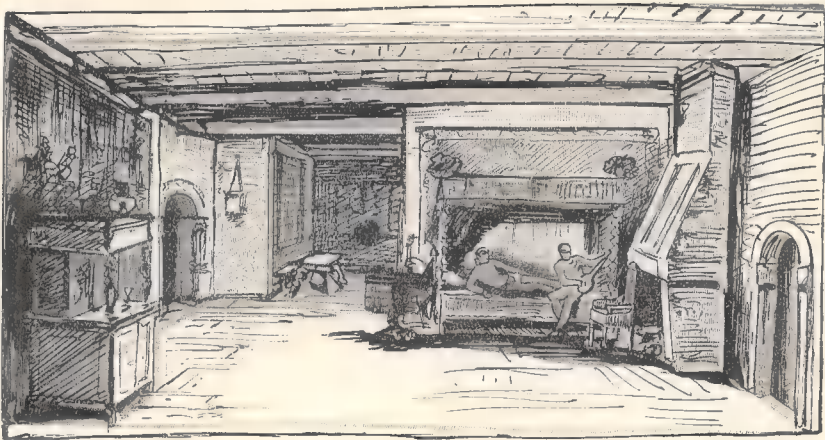
take the whole responsibility, and the actors are never allowed to wear their own dresses. This, of course, requires an enormous wardrobe attached to the theatre. Chest upon chest and drawer upon drawer are filled with dresses of all kinds and descriptions, and are kept in such order by the responsible chief of this department (bound down by a system of fines) that at a moment's notice he can lay his hands upon any dress or piece of property required. The properties and stuffs are often of great value; and I have no doubt that the first impulse to the costly fittings of the Bayreuth theatre by Wagner, and the similar movement in England, was given by the example of this wardrobe. For these dresses and properties the Duke makes drawings, which are intelligently carried out by his tailors and workmen. The accompanying sketches of officers of the Thirty Years' War are made for the *Wallenstein* performance. The sketch is to be followed as closely as possible, not only for the costume, but for the type of body and the make-up of the face.



OFFICER OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

Finally, the same care and intelligence are brought to bear upon the scenery. Several immense barn-like buildings are completely filled with scenes of all possible periods and countries. I doubt whether any other theatre has such a supply. The architectural studies of the Duke here stand him in good stead. He prepares a slight sketch, which his scene-painters are trained to carry out with thorough efficiency. For costumes as

well as scenery he possesses an extensive library and collection of photographs from all parts of the world. As an instance of such a sketch, I have here given a room, in a play by Björnstjerne Björnson called *Maria in Schottland*. On all these sketches the Duke makes pencil notes for the scene-painter and the stage-manager,



DARNLEY'S ROOM IN "MARIA IN SCHOTTLAND."

and they are kept for reference in the archives of the theatre.

When we look into the elaborate organization of this theatre we must at every moment be struck by the great care and attention given to what may be called the accessories of the drama, upon which formerly hardly any care was bestowed. Chorus, costume, scenery are raised to an importance almost equal to that of the training of the actor, and the star system is efficiently counteracted.

There is no doubt a danger in this system which we are frequently reminded of when we see some of the successful plays as put on the stage nowadays. It is the danger lest these accessories, costumes, and scenery, in their claim to or assertion of historical correctness, be not raised to too great importance, and in their turn distract the attention from what is really essential in the play, to the detriment of the fullest artistic appreciation. The whole "putting on the stage," the *Inszenierung*, is then used as an advertising medium, and it is spoken of in the same terms and language as the star actor or singer is referred to. The "mounting of the play" and the *ensemble* are (to use a paradox) then made a star. I must confess to having felt the same irritation when I have heard a play or an opera praised above all things, or exclusively, for the historical correctness or brilliancy of its mounting, or the careful elaboration

of the *ensemble*, as I have formerly felt when I was told, "Oh, you have never seen Macready or Rachel or Sontag in this or that part," or, "You ought to have heard the Grisi or the Malibran sing that aria." The play itself or the opera was quite a secondary matter, and the poet or musician who created the work of genius was ignored or put into the shade by the calves or robust figure or the perfect larynx of the actor or singer. Just as I am painfully amused by the newspaper reports of the unveiling of statues, in which columns are given to the prominent people who unveil the work, and what they say and may look like, while I have often looked in vain for the name of the sculptor who made the monument.

No, the great point of the Meiningen company is that all this care given to the details, all the work bestowed upon scenery and costume, is not meant to be realized in itself and made capital of. It is to be lost in the results, subordinated entirely to the general artistic effect of the work which the poet has created, and to this ultimate aim the principal actor is but a means, but one link in the organic chain of living art. The creators of the Meiningen stage never desired to derive praise and recognition from the elaborate efforts by which they succeeded in obtaining a complete artistic effect; this was their own work in the privacy of the study and in the rehearsal, and no



ASSASSINATION OF RIZZIO IN "MARIA IN SCHOTTLAND."

consideration was to interfere with the living and complete illusion of the play as they put it upon the stage in its final form.

This consciousness of the elaborate steps by which a work of art is produced, sought for by the public and asserted by the artist, is one of the diseases of our time. The novelist in his preface, or by the name he gives himself or his school, the painter and sculptor, the architect—all want us (and the critics and the public encourage them in this) to look over their shoulders while they are working. The novelist invites us to look into his note-book, to examine the elaborate memoranda he makes in the hospital, or the railway station, or in worse places; the artist tells us of his methods of arranging his lights and studying his values, calls himself a *plein air* painter, or an impressionist, or some other *ist*, or *ismist*; the architect informs us of the effect of texture or color and broken roof lines he *desires* to produce, until we no longer know how to hear or see or be moved by artistic illusion, but reflect the painful process of creation, which we project through the medium of the advertising agency of *isms* and causes without real effects. Why, Scott and Balzac and Thackeray and George Eliot kept note-books and read science (chiefly, it is true, for their own general education), but they did not rest their claim to excellence as novelists upon this, but upon the power of their stories to interest and move! If an artist or an architect can widen the sphere of his technical activity, so much the better for his work, and for him and for us; but he need not tell us of this one thing constantly, and develop or distort it out of all proportion to the other elements in his art. And so with "realism" on the stage, and with "historical consistency in mounting."

Now there is another opportune lesson which the Meiningen theatre teaches. It is an answer to the reactionary criticism we so often hear nowadays—reactionary against the elaborate display and straining for historical accuracy in the mounting of plays. We often hear a regretful sighing for the old days when the great actors thrilled the public, dressed in ridiculous costumes, and with a few boards and pieces of painted canvas to represent an elaborate scene. And we are told that the redundancy of scenery and costume

oppresses the actor and destroys the spirit of the play, as a Shakespeare conceived it in his days of simplicity of *décor*. But this is just as vicious reasoning as when the mere display asserts itself. From the highest point of view of art they have both the same destructive influence in opposite directions. The speech that becomes action, and the scene that speaks, only tell the story fully when combined. But the speech unsupported or interrupted by the scene leads the actor to shout and rant, and the scene not illustrating the speech becomes a second-rate panorama or picture. The imperfection of the scenery and mounting must have asserted itself and obtruded itself upon the attention of the spectator negatively, as much as an exaggerated and inopportune display of scenery does so; while both detract from the playful completeness of illusion and historical or personal sympathy which the poet really aimed at as his highest aspiration. The danger in those days was that the actor gained too much in importance; the want of scenery no doubt led him to exaggeration and to old-school ranting. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that a modern audience has advanced in general historical training over a Shakespearian pit, and what the latter would not remark, becomes a painful want or disturbance to the former.

This idea of "simplicity" which is now asserting itself in canting obtrusion, not only in matters of stage criticism but also in architecture and decoration, covers many sins and fallacies. Simplicity out of place is meanness or vulgarity. The soul of art is the harmonious and proportional adjustment of the artistic means to the artistic ends. A ballroom differs from a kitchen. It calls for brilliancy, and cannot be too brilliant. A kitchen or a cottage sitting-room calls for simplicity and neatness. And to treat either in the spirit of decoration belonging to the other leads to what is vulgar or caricatured. In former days, when Wagner's music was still almost universally called "music of the future" (by-the-way, just as Beethoven's was called in his time), I remember his opponents often insisting upon the fact "that Haydn and Mozart produced their beautiful effects with such absolutely simple means, while Wagner required such elaborate and difficult orchestration." If they maintained that Wagner's effects were bad or ugly, they

had grounds for criticism. But the means used by Haydn or Wagner are none of our (the public's) business when we judge the work of art as a work of art. It would be as foolish to blame Wagner for the *elaborateness* of his orchestration as it would be for his admirers to claim this as his artistic merit. The virtue of the beautiful effect of Haydn and Mozart rests upon the intrinsic quality of the music itself (which was simple, and required simple instrumentation to be perfect), and not upon the thinness or fullness of instrumentation. The means must be forgotten in a perfect work of art. Gold and jewels covered the great statues of Phidias, and they were just about good enough in material to clothe physically the spiritual ideas of the greatest of Greek artists. But the use of the mass of gold, which happened to be the proper medium for his inspiration, did in itself not stand forward as the end of his work; nor did the Greeks of that period cry for the archaic statues which, with conventional symbolism, expressed as perfectly as the earlier people could their highest art.

The Greeks of the time of Sophocles did not clamor for the symbolic and rhapsodical recitals from the times of Thespis; but, unless they were obstinate or affected reactionaries, they looked upon the more complete and adequate stage arrangements of their time as an artistic advance. The symbolical phase of art is always an imperfect phase, and though we ought, by an effort of historical sympathy, to be able to relish its delicate flavor, it is a morbid craving to desire it to become our daily normal food.

The truth remains that all the elements which contribute to dramatic perfection are to be subordinated to the supreme aim of representing with greatest fullness and adequacy the spirit of the poet's work, so that his ideas and situations strike the public most directly. And no one of these elements, actor or mounting, is to stand forth so prominently that it attracts the attention for its own sake, and thus detracts from the organic quality of the whole work. This truth is illustrated most fully, at least to my knowledge, by the Court Theatre of Meiningen.

DON CARLOS.

BY MARGARET CROSBY.

HEINE, in his poem of the "Princess Sabbath," tells of her betrothed, the Prince Israel, who was transformed by witchcraft into an animal:

"A dog, with the desires of a dog, he wallows all the week in the refuse of life, amidst the jeers of the boys in the streets."

"But every Friday evening, at the twilight hour, the magic passes away, and the dog becomes once more a human being."

"A man, with the feelings of a man, with head and heart raised aloft, in festal garb, in spotless garb, he enters the halls of his father."

"Hail, beloved halls of my royal father! Ye tents of Judah, I kiss with my lips your holy doorposts."

Like the Prince Israel, Don Carlos Villanueva also led a double existence; but it was in the evening of each day that he descended from his high estate, that of a noble of Cuba and Spain, and direct descendant of the Counts of Villanueva. Not until the day returned did the second transformation occur, and in festal garb, with head raised aloft, he resumed the grand air that was his birthright. Don Carlos farther resembled Prince Is-

rael in that he was deeply in love. But his love was no woman, no princess, but a deity before whom he sacrificed all things—himself. Besides this deity, the only creatures he loved were his two greyhounds. He had had them since they were puppies, and their adoration of him was like incense. As they required no response, they were a constant source of pleasure to him. He called them Francisco and Louis, after his patron saints, whose names he bore in addition to Carlos.

One of the few picturesque landmarks in New York is the old church of St. Mark. It stands at the junction of Second Avenue and Tenth Street, surrounded by an old graveyard, with flat gravestones sunk in the ground. In spring-time the gray church, with its velvet lawn and shady trees, rests and soothes the eye wearied by the monotony of shops and houses. The church stands at the apex of a triangle, where Tenth and Stuyvesant streets converge into Second Avenue. The steps at the iron gate of the

church-yard on Tenth Street afford a resting-place for loungers, and those who live in the houses opposite become intimate with the frequenters of this open-air rendezvous—a sort of *free club*, where all nationalities met in friendly intercourse. Don Carlos never condescended to sit down on the steps. He alternately sauntered or stood near them, and to their chief *habitué* he was an object of much interest and speculation. This was a long-legged German, about forty, with a blond mustache and a straight nose. He was always drunk and inveterately social. He was well known to the boys of the neighborhood, who called him Dutchy. He was usually accompanied by a small Irishman, also drunk, for whom he had a great affection. They used to sit on the steps together talking and laughing for hours, Dutchy with his arm affectionately over the shoulder of his friend. They were both the recipients of Carlos's cast-off clothes. Dutchy was seen one day holding triumphantly aloft a pair of white linen trousers, which appeared a few days later on his legs, but transformed to a dull brownish hue. Sometimes he came alone and sat with his head bent, a look of sombre misery on his face. Don Carlos had a constitutional dislike to seeing any one unhappy. At such times he spoke to Dutchy with careless kindness, which never failed to bring a response. Daily at eleven in the morning and at four in the afternoon he made his appearance, attended not by the coolies from his father's plantation near Matanzas, Cuba, but by his two slender, aristocratic, mouse-colored greyhounds, who gambolled beside him. It became a habit of the sexton of the church to unlock the iron gate leading into the graveyard that the dogs might caracole over the flat stones that marked the resting-place of worthy Knickerbockers. There they sniffed at the flowers and shrubs, and made friends with the gardeners. Don Carlos presented a striking figure to the loungers and groups of children who collected to watch him and his dogs. A high black hat sat rakishly on his picturesque mass of black hair. A short black coat and black trousers completed his costume. In his left hand, between his first and second fingers, a cigarette was always balanced; the other hand rested in his pocket. Every muscle and nerve was relaxed; in his half-closed, heavy-lidded eyes slumbered all the languor and fire of

the tropics, and a half smile curved his full lips. He could stand for an hour as motionless as a statue or as a man drugged by opium. When the weather warmed toward summer, his costume underwent an alteration. He still wore the black trousers, but a cream-colored silk waistcoat and short coat took the place of the black one, and an opera crush hat the shining beaver. On warm spring afternoons, when the soft breeze fanned his face, the fumes of his cigarette tranquilized his mind, and his greyhounds fawned upon him like suave courtiers, a proud tranquillity stole over him. At such moments he forgot that he, a descendant of the Villanuevas, sang nightly in a sentimental operetta in a small theatre in the lower part of the city, as his sole means of gaining enough money to pay for his board and lodging on Eleventh Street. Gray hairs were mingled with Don Carlos's black locks. His nonchalance covered a profound weariness of life. He had wasted his substance in riotous living, and now fed upon the husks that in former days he would have thrown to swine. The year before he had parted from his father in indifference, taking with him his patrimony, and shaking the dust of his home from his feet. Now, with empty pockets and a loveless heart, he alternately idled and despaired.

At La Domenica, twenty miles from Matanzas, in Cuba, Don Huilio Villanueva waited and watched for the return of Carlos, his only son. Don Huilio had been destined by his parents for the priesthood. He had a vocation for the life of a saint, and there was a mediæval element in his devotion to a life of holiness, a sort of aureole of purity and rapt ecstasy which seemed to mark him as apart from other men. He had almost completed his studies when he met Maraquita Romay, a young Spanish girl who had come from Madrid to Cuba to visit her relatives. She was like a beautiful soulless animal, as silent as a stag and as graceful as a leopard, with melting velvety eyes that caressed whomever they rested upon. Three weeks from the day Don Huilio met her they were married, to the astonishment of all who knew them. Their life was one of idyllic happiness. They lived only in their absorbing passion for each other, but Maraquita died of a fever six years after their marriage, leaving Carlos, a boy of five, to assuage in some degree the

horror of loneliness that overwhelmed Don Huilio. He wrestled for months with his anguish, and with his loneliness came remorse. He had utterly forgotten all duties to God and man in his enchanted life of selfish pleasure. Perhaps God was punishing him by taking his idol away from earth to Himself. From the time this thought dawned on him, Don Huilio returned to the life he had led before his marriage. One of prayer, of exalted spiritual meditation, of long solitary readings of the fathers. The remainder of his time was spent in visiting the poor, and administering to their needs of soul and body. When Carlos was twenty he adopted Carmen del Valle, the penniless orphan child of his closest friends. This was only one of countless voluntary acts of charity. Carlos was nineteen when Carmen, a child of ten, became an inmate of La Domenica. Carlos was then a slender, graceful youth, with a mingled air of the passionate and timorous. He wore embroidered slippers, an ornamented jacket and waistcoat, and a wide-brimmed hat trimmed with broad bands of cord. Carmen was a thin, sallow child, with preternaturally large brown eyes and long braids of soft black hair. Her hands and feet were tiny. She loved to drape a Spanish lace mantilla that had belonged to her mother over her head and around her shoulders, and she used her fan and her eyes like a Spanish woman of thirty.

Don Huilio's heart melted with tenderness for his two charges, and he looked for solace for his grief and remorse in their love and education. But he nourished serpents in his bosom. Carlos seemed heartless. Had the almost pagan idolatry and selfishness of those early days of Don Huilio's marriage branded themselves upon his nature? Who can say? Enough that his father's unceasing tenderness and patience roused no response in Carlos. And Don Huilio was doubly a broken-hearted man. Carmen, like her namesake of *Merimée's* novel, was the naughtiest of children. Her selfishness knew no limit, nor her insubordination. Her saving grace was her loving heart, which made her atone for days of naughtiness by an hour's fervid repentance. Carlos had a fascination for her, and she followed him about like a little dog. He barely noticed her, and after months of dissipation in Havana, when he came back to La Domenica to smoke, swear, and grum-

ble, Carmen was merely a convenience—something to order about and fetch his umbrella or hat when he needed them. One day, when Carmen had been with them nearly two years, Carlos lay half asleep in the hammock in the palm grove near the house. The song of hundreds of birds on the branches of the trees filled the still soft air. Wild flowers of all colors and scents starred the grass. Deep green orange-trees, glittering with the ripe golden fruit, bordered the avenue of dry reddish earth that led to the long low stone house with its high piazzas. Carlos's left hand hung over the edge of the hammock, and his eternal cigarette had fallen from his relaxed fingers on the ground. He was roused from his dreamy stupor by a warm touch on his hand, and opened his eyes. Carmen knelt on the grass beside him, kissing his hand, while tears streamed down her thin cheeks. He drew his hand away with an impatient exclamation. Carmen clasped her hands and looked at him with a piteous entreaty in her large tearful eyes.

"Oh, Carlos, don't be angry," she said. "Please forgive me."

"You silly child!" said Carlos, indulgently; "I don't care as long as you do not cry."

Carmen withdrew humbly, filled with gratitude at his unexpected graciousness. When Carmen was seventeen, Carlos, weary of Cuba, went to New York to live, in search of fresh excitement. A Cuban girl may be ugly at ten years and beautiful at seventeen. So it was with Carmen. Her sallow skin had mellowed to the tint of a tea-rose. Her face had lovely curves where it had been thin. The black braids were loosened into a soft mass of hair—a dark glory around her graceful head. But it was in the enchanting lines of her figure, her rounded arms and waist, her tapering fingers, the undulating movements, and, above all, her melting pathetic eyes, that Carmen entranced all who saw her. She had a lover who hoped to marry her on her eighteenth birthday—Anastasio Placido, a youth of twenty, who lived on the adjoining plantation with his parents and nine brothers and sisters, all younger than himself. Anastasio was grave, methodical, and prosperous, and very desirous of marrying Carmen, for he knew that Carlos had taken his share of the estate, and that Carmen would inherit La Domenica. The day that Carlos

went away, Carmen was not to be found. Don Huilio called her repeatedly, and Gonzalez, one of the house-servants, searched everywhere for her. At length Carlos could wait no longer. He said a careless farewell to his father, and walked down the avenue, followed by Francisco and Louis, the greyhounds, without whom he was never content. The volante, drawn by two horses and driven by a negro, waited at the gate to take him to the train. Near the gate was a small stone building surmounted by a large gilt cross. It was an oratory, built by Don Huilio's grandfather. A little carpet mat lay on the marble pavement before the tawdry altar. A large crucifix stood in the centre of the altar, and the silent pitying image and the threadbare carpet could have testified to the agonized supplications which the gentle old man had put up for his two erring children. As Carlos reached the oratory the door was slowly opened, and he saw Carmen standing just within it.

"Carlos, Carlos," she said, in a choking voice, "come here!"

Carlos obeyed her call, and taking her hand, she drew him into the dim interior of the building. Then, without speaking, she laid one hand on each shoulder, looking intently at his face, seeming to search his very soul with her innocent, imploring eyes, her face quivering with uncontrollable agitation. Whether she found not the response she longed for, or from some other cause, Carlos could not tell, but she pushed him slightly from her with a despairing gesture. Then, with a swift change, she caught him in her arms, kissing his lips repeatedly; then, releasing him as swiftly, she moved toward the altar, hardly skimming the ground, and sank on her knees, her face concealed by her hands. Carlos darted toward her and bent over her, caressing her hair with his hand, and a half-flattered smile upon his lips.

"Carmen, what is it?" he asked, in the low-toned music of the Spanish Cuban's voice.

To his astonishment Carmen started away from him as though she had been stung by a tarantula, and sprang to her feet, her hands tightly clenched, her head erect and thrown back, staring at a spot behind his head.

"How dare you touch me?" The words rushed burning from the smouldering fire of years of scorned worship. "Leave me

instantly! You insult me by remaining in my presence." A sudden dignity spoke in every line of her figure and in her white face.

For the first time in his life, in the presence of a woman, Carlos felt unaccountably ashamed. "Adios, then," he said, and bowing, left her standing before the altar. When he had gone, Carmen sprang to the window of the oratory, and watched him as he got into the volante and lifted the greyhounds in. The negro on the box flourished his whip, and they drove away. Carmen again flung herself before the altar, this time at full length, sobbing violently, and striking her forehead against the pavement. Don Huilio also watched the volante, from the wide piazza of the house. He wore white linen clothes and a broad-brimmed Panama hat. His gray hair stood out in the same picturesque mass that was repeated in Carlos's black locks. A large gray mustache concealed his mouth, and bushy eyebrows shaded his sunken, gentle black eyes. His figure was that of a young man, and his manner abrupt and excitable. When the volante had vanished around the turn of the road, he sought his refuge for all sorrows—the altar in the oratory. Carmen still lay before it when he entered the building. The old man lifted her in his arms without a word, and they wept together, Don Huilio shedding silent tears, and Carmen still sobbing violently. At length they went slowly back to the house.

That afternoon Anastasio Placido, who had also watched the departure, accompanied by his father, made a visit of state upon Don Huilio, and asked for the hand of Carmen in marriage. Don Huilio was deeply honored by their proposal, and requested a week to consider and lay it before his adopted daughter. At the end of the week Señor José Placido and Anastasio were decorously elated by a solemnly worded acceptance of the proposal, on condition that the marriage should not take place for a year. Don Huilio was troubled by Carmen's instantaneous acceptance of Anastasio's proposal. He had a deep spring of romance in his heart, and remembered his own blissful marriage. But to his questions she only replied,

"I am disgraced; I wish to marry Anastasio."

Don Huilio's eyes flashed. "Carlos—"

The word sprang to his lips involuntarily.

Carmen shook her head slowly. "My soul and pride are dishonored; I have dragged them in the dust. I will marry Anastasio."

So the matter was decided, and a laborious courtship on Anastasio's part began, received by Carmen with cold stateliness. To Don Huilio she was gentle and affectionate, and his scorn for Carlos was softened by the mutual confidence that sprang up between Carmen and himself. Don Huilio wrote every fortnight to Carlos, and Carmen begged him not to mention her in his letters, and with a foreboding sympathy for her he did as she asked.

Mrs. Brennan, who kept the boarding-house where Carlos occupied a small room, hesitated for some time before allowing him to become one of her boarders. The two greyhounds were an almost insuperable objection, but Carlos besought her, with clasped hands and supplicating eyes, to allow him to house them in the yard behind the house. No woman, or man either, could have withstood his entreaties, and she consented. On the basement floor in the back room facing the yard lived Mrs. Schaff, a broad-faced, stolid, fair-haired German woman, whose sole companion was a huge Manx cat. She was a widow, and supported herself by Bible reading. All day long, with a large Bible under her left arm, and a satchel containing her lunch in her right hand, she went from one tenement-house to another, reading the Bible aloud to sick and sinful people. The leaves of the Bible were divided into two columns, one German and the other English, and her knowledge of both languages made her an invaluable aid to the church which employed her. She was also very popular with the poor people she visited, for she was always polite, never obtrusive, and called the daughters of the families in her district "Miss," a title which never failed to bring a flattered attention. In the evening she wrote an account of each day in a small note-book, which was afterward read by the ladies of the committee for her branch of Christian work at the church. Her cat, whom she called Bessie, purred on her lap as she wrote at a large table. This was her most peaceful time, and had never been disturbed until the kennel in which Francisco and Louis

were housed was placed under the back porch near her window. Carlos chained the dogs to the kennel; then he went to the theatre, and for an hour or two after that they scratched and scuffled, barked and howled. Adventurous cats who appeared on the fence, the distant shouts of boys in the street, or the jingle of car bells alike were the signals for barking. But two things caused by far the greatest excitement—the moon, and the appearance of Bessie in the yard. The effect of these disturbing causes was different. On moonlight nights Francisco and Louis sat motionless side by side and howled dismally, until Mrs. Schaff, in desperation, drove them into the kennel, and on two occasions rendered Carlos frantic with rage by placing a large packing box against its opening. When Bessie came into the yard they sprang to the full length of their chains, barking wildly, and making desperate efforts to reach her. Bessie was a cat of spirit as well as dignity. She would advance boldly within a foot of the dogs, and then arching her massive back, her hair on end, and her stump of a tail erect and waving slowly to and fro, she hissed at them, like a wicked enchantress transformed by sorcery into a cat. Carlos always paid the kennel a visit on his return from the theatre, and this visit was sometimes the occasion of an angry discussion between Mrs. Schaff and himself. Mrs. Schaff guarded Bessie jealously, and never willingly allowed her to go into the yard unless she was with her. She made complaints, quiet with concentrated hate, against the dogs to Mrs. Brennan, but Carlos had won over the good-tempered Irish woman's heart, and she was not to be influenced. Mrs. Brennan shut the blinds and locked the windows of the dining-room, which overlooked the yard, every evening at half past ten. One evening late in May at the season when Carlos had donned his white silk coat and opera hat, she heard an angry voice in the yard. She opened the window and leaned out.

"You are a murderer—a murderer!" cried Mrs. Schaff's voice; it was strangely loud and shrill. "I told you long ago that they would kill her. I'll have you arrested, and those dogs shall pay for this!"

Then Carlos's voice was heard, low, soft, and expostulating, but Mrs. Brennan could catch no word. There was an undercur-

rent of growls from Francisco and Louis. Mrs. Brennan went quickly down stairs and into the yard. In the porch stood Mrs. Schaff, her face white and drawn into rigid lines. Carlos stood before her, the picture of misery; on the porch between them lay Bessie, mangled and dead.

Mrs. Brennan's boarders never forgot the excitement that followed this tragedy. The upshot of it was that Carlos and the dogs were to leave in three days, and during that time Mrs. Schaff was the object of much excited sympathy. Visits of condolence were paid her by the lady boarders. Several of their husbands expressed their willingness to shoot the greyhounds, but somehow their threats were not carried into effect. Bessie was entombed in a real coffin and buried in the yard, and a white board, on which her name and virtues were emblazoned in black paint, was erected on the grave. Mrs. Schaff sat in her room and made no visits. She did not even read her Bible, and her strong face testified to her genuine suffering. Carlos was humble, somewhat embarrassed, and half amused. He never yet had known pity, and did not feel it now. After some difficulty he found a new lodging-place in Ninth Street. The evening before he was to take possession of his new quarters he went to the kennel as usual. He had left the greyhounds before dinner chained safely. It was half past seven o'clock and clear daylight, although the sun had set. He noticed that Mrs. Schaff's windows were open, and glancing in, was surprised to see that the room was empty and wore a deserted look. She had not been at dinner, but that was not unusual, for she had recommenced her visiting that day, and was often delayed till the evening. Carlos went to the kennel; both dogs were evidently within. He whistled, and as they did not spring out to meet him, he hastily advanced, and stooping, looked in. There lay Francisco and Louis, one dog lying across the body of the other, both dead. A bottle labelled strychnine lay beside the remains of the meat they had eaten for supper, and told the tale of Mrs. Schaff's revenge. Neither Mrs. Brennan nor the church committee knew her more. She was no hypocrite in either great or little things. She went to the country to live with a married sister, and ever after showed a marked dislike to cats and Cubans. She supported herself

by sewing, and became as popular in the village where she lived as she had been among the poor of the district in New York.

Mrs. Brennan passed the door of Carlos's room an hour after he had found the dogs, with an armful of towels which she had omitted to put there in the afternoon. She supposed him to be at the theatre, and opening the door, went into the room. The gas was lighted and turned up. On the bed lay the graceful motionless forms of the greyhounds, and beside it sat Carlos, stroking their smooth skins and talking to them in Spanish in low murmurs, with tears streaming down his cheeks. Early the next morning he went to the nearest florist's and bought a quantity of the rarest flowers. He strewed them over the dogs, and watched over them all day. To all Mrs. Brennan's demands that they should be buried he answered: "Ah, no! not yet. They look so beautiful!" Toward evening he was induced to allow them to be taken away. His absence from the theatre the evening before was the cause of his dismissal. Things began to go badly with Carlos. The weather was stiflingly hot, and even he who was accustomed to the tropics suffocated in the shadeless, noisy, sweltering city. He often thought of the palm grove at La Domenica, and the soft breezes that fanned his forehead. He missed the silent love of his greyhounds, and found nothing to fill its place. He was too lazy to seek employment, and his slender stock of money waned daily. He pitied himself deeply, and his thoughts ran something like this:

"Here am I, Don Carlos Villanueva, young, noble, and handsome—no one can deny these things. No one loves me; no one cares a picayune about me. I might as well die, except that it will be dinner-time in half an hour, and I have not finished my cigarette. I am so poor that in a few weeks I shall starve unless I go and beg from my father, and I am too proud to do that. He has given me all the money he has, except what he needs to run the plantation. Why didn't he keep some of it back? He might have known I would throw it away."

He thought of Carmen, and contrasted her with the stylish yet angular maidens he met in the streets of New York. The memory of her eyes, her voice, came back to him and thrilled him with an unknown sweetness. He thought of the

ready service she had always rendered him, and longed for it again. He began to remember his father's anxious tenderness. How angry he must be with him now! It was on a Sunday afternoon that these thoughts floated through Carlos's mind. He was, as usual, standing under the shade of one of the trees in the graveyard that overhung the street. Close by were the steps, and on them was seated Dutchy. He was companionless, but he had evidently drunk his usual portion of beer, for he showed a disposition to talk to Carlos.

"Vat's the matter?" he asked, as Carlos strolled slowly by him. "You look sick."

"No," Carlos answered; "I'm very well."

"That's a gut thing," said the German. And then, in a moralizing tone, "Gut health is the greatest blessing a man can have—except one."

"What is that?" asked Carlos, idly. He was leaning against the gate, puffing rings of smoke into the air, and watching them as they melted away.

The German laid his hand on his heart, and looked up with the mixture of sentimentality and real feeling only found in Germans. "Love; that is the best thing in the whole world."

"Are you in love?" said Carlos. He was smiling now, and amused.

A sudden gloom clouded the German's face. "I loved a woman ten years ago. She treated me bad, and I never cared to look at one since. If love goes wrong with a man, he's a worse man than he was before. Look at me." He stopped speaking, and seemed to fall into a half-tipsy reverie.

Carlos strolled away. What was love? Had he ever loved? No woman had ever made him unhappy—he knew that—or touched his heart, except Carmen. He came back again to the open gate. The heat was overpowering. From the open doors of the church the sound of the clergyman's voice could be heard. Carlos went into the church-yard, and toward the door of the church. He glanced in. Dark, shady, cool, it reminded him of the oratory at La Domenica. Half against his will he went up the steps, and sat down on a bench close to the door. The clergyman was reading the Bible. Carlos knew that, although he had never read a line of the book. Marvellous words that pierced his very heart and

soul. They were written for him. Listen!

"And he said, A certain man had two sons: And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of goods that fall-eth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

Carlos's eyes filled with the ever-ready tears, but something novel stirred in his heart. The story continued:

"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Carlos left his seat and half staggered out of the church. "I will arise and go to my father. . . I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight. . . And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck. . ."

Again: "I will arise and go to my father—and Carmen. Carmen—who—who loves me, and I— Do I love her? Is it true? What does it mean?"

The next morning Carlos sent a letter to Don Huilio. He was unaccustomed to writing letters, and it read like the letter of a child, but it told the whole story simply and truly, in detail, just what had happened to him that afternoon, and all the new feelings and hopes that had come to him. The steamer by which he sent

the letter sailed the next morning, and he would come by the next steamer, a week later. He had no money to go on the morrow's trip, and he was too proud to borrow from any one. The next day was spent in an effort to find employment. One of the fellow-boarders was an artist named Chadwick, a fair-haired young fellow, and on hearing Carlos say he wanted something to do for a week, asked him if he would be willing to pose for him as a matador, in a picture of a Spanish bull-fight he was then painting.

"I hope you won't mind my asking you," he said, half shyly. "I have been looking at you all the winter and spring, and wanted to get your head and pose, but I did not dare to ask you. I'll make it worth your while," he added.

So the matter was settled, and Carlos's last week in New York was rendered a pleasant memory by the atmosphere of the cool picturesque studio and the sympathetic talk of the young artist. They exchanged confidences. Carlos told of his newly discovered love for Carmen, and his longing to see her and his father. Chadwick confessed his engagement to a young girl in the far West, whence he had come to New York five years before. It was astonishing how the beautiful rose-tree of love grew and bloomed in Carlos's heart that week. Carmen was necessary to him; he saw it all now; and as for love—why, how she had loved him, the beautiful little creature, for years and years, and he never cared or noticed until—oh, miracle!—he loved back. At breakfast the morning before he sailed, before going to the steamer, he found a large envelope on his plate addressed in a strange hand. He opened it, and on the sheet of paper within was engraved in silver letters the announcement of the marriage of Señor Anastasio Placido and Doña Carmen Valdes, to take place on the 9th of July—the day that it reached Carlos. The narrow berth in which Carlos spent the sleepless nights of his voyage alone knew his bitter, fruitless agony. All, then, was lost! It was too late. His father—yes, he would fall on *his* neck; but Carmen—

It was one of the hottest evenings in July when Carlos reached La Domenica. He left the volante at the gate, and walked up the avenue. The luminous moonlit twilight lent a witchery to the familiar scene. How beautiful it looked to his starved and wearied eyes—the deep blue

tropical sky, with the outline of the palms against it! But, ah, aching was his heart with its burden of late and fruitless love! He knew that his father had had time to receive his letter, and he pictured to himself the scene of their meeting. As he passed the oratory he glanced at it with a bitter pang at his heart. There it was that he had had the revelation of a great and faithful love, and thrown it away—the treasure for which he yearned now. He was surprised to see a light shining within the oratory. Then a faint smile hovered over his lips for a moment. It would be like his father to await him there. The door was open and he entered. The room near the entrance was dim, and the light came from the altar, which was lighted by candles and covered with flowers; a disorderly mass of white blossoms lay at its feet. Before it on the pavement stood a dark object heavily draped with black, and two tall tapers burned at its head and foot. Carlos advanced trembling and awe-struck. On the bier was a coffin, and stooping over it he saw Don Huilio's careworn face, waxen and still, with the tranquil smile of a sleeping child on his thin lips. Carlos fell on his knees beside the bier. Would God hurl a thunder-bolt from heaven to strike him dead? Was this his work? God have mercy upon him! . . . He was lost forever, body and soul. That dead, silent face—never any forgiveness and love for him more. . . . Dead . . . and Carmen gone—dead to him. . . . Was this a just God? Was this a God of mercy? Why was love revealed to him like a white-winged messenger of peace and joy, to be snatched away in the moment of revelation? Why should he hear the story of the prodigal son and do as the prodigal did, only to find a dead father? O God! what did it all mean? He looked again at his father's peaceful face. A great lump rose in his throat, tears came, and he sobbed passionately. "*Father, father, I have sinned!*" the words broke from his lips, and a prayer of repentance, the first of his life, rose in his breast.

"*A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*" The Father in heaven must have heard that prayer, for the heart that beat in Carlos's breast from that moment was as that of a child. Passionate, uncertain, and empty, but broken and contrite. A step had crossed the marble floor unnoticed by him. Carmen

had entered the oratory, dragging behind her a long vine of white flowers. She dropped them when she heard the sound of Carlos's sobs and saw him kneeling by the coffin, his arms flung across it, his head buried upon them. A sort of ecstasy transfigured her pale face. Her soul shone pure and star-like in her eyes. She glided toward him and sank beside him, flinging one arm with a childlike abandonment of pity and love around his neck.

"Don't cry, Carlos. The letter came yesterday morning, and, oh, he was so happy and peaceful about you! It was his heart. I came in later and found him sitting with the letter still in his hand. All the holy angels bore his soul to heaven, and he is with your mother now."

Carlos turned; Anastasio was forgotten. His great love welled up in his heart. He clasped her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers in a long mutual kiss. When Carmen stirred and drew back she knew that she was loved, even as she had loved.

Carlos heard her murmured words:

"That was your father's kiss. He left it on my lips for you, for he kissed me before he died."

A lightning-like flash came to him. "Anastasio!" he gasped.

Carmen looked straight into his eyes. "The day before the marriage I knew it was a sin. I did not know before. Anastasio tried to kiss me, and I snatched the Moorish dagger that lies on the table on the piazza. It was only for a moment. God forgive me! I threw it away, and knelt and prayed to God there. I forgot Anastasio. But he was frightened, and went away, and he does not want me to marry him now."

A great grief and a great joy can lodge at the same moment in the heart. Again Carlos held her in his arms, and there before the altar, by the silent form of the saintly father, was sung in low murmurs and tender embraces the holy "Hymn of Love."

THE BEHRING SEA CONTROVERSY.

BY THE HON. E. J. PHELPS.

THE question involved in what is called the Behring Sea controversy may be stated in few words. The Alaskan fur-seal fishery is the most important in the world. It was a material element in the value of that province when purchased by the United States from Russia, at a heavy cost, and one of the principal inducements upon which the purchase was made. Since Alaska became the property of the United States, this fishery has afforded a very considerable revenue to the government by the lease of its privilege, has engaged a large amount of American capital, and the industry of many American people. The product is an important article of commerce and of manufacture, the loss of which would not be easily supplied. The seal is amphibious. It is not a denizen of the sea alone, still less a "wanderer of the sea," but requires both land and water for its existence, and especially for its propagation. It has a fixed habitation on the Alaskan shore, from which it never long departs, and to which it constantly returns. It belongs therefore to the territory on which it makes its home, and where it breeds, and gives rise there to a business and a rev-

enue, as much entitled to the protection of the government as the larger commerce of the port of New York. It is the habit of this colony of seals to cross through the sea, during breeding time, to the Pribiloff Islands, which form a part of Alaska, where their young are produced and reared. More sagacious and peculiar in their habits than most animals, and almost human in some of their instincts, this process of seclusion has become essential to successful propagation. It must be tolerated and protected, or propagation will cease. In making the passage, the seals necessarily cross a portion of the Behring Sea which is more than three miles outside of either shore, and is therefore beyond the line usually regarded as the limit of national jurisdiction on the borders of the ocean. It has been the custom for several years past for certain Canadian vessels fitted out for the purpose to intercept the seals on this passage while outside of the three-mile line, and to shoot them in the water. Many of the animals thus destroyed sink and are lost. Those that are saved are considerably diminished in value by their condition. Still, there is

a certain profit in the business, inhuman and wasteful as it is. But the necessary result of it, if continued, will be the extermination of the seals in Alaska within a very short time, the destruction of the interests and industries dependent upon them, and in a large measure the withdrawal of the fur-seal skin from commerce and from use. The certainty of this result is proved by what has already taken place. The Secretary of State in his last (published) communication to the British government on this subject, makes the following statement: "From 1870 to 1890, the seal fisheries, carefully guarded and preserved, yielded 100,000 skins each year. The Canadian intrusions began in 1886, and so great has been the damage resulting from their destruction of seal life in the open sea surrounding the Pribyloff Islands, that in 1890 the government of the United States limited the Alaska Company to 60,000 skins, but the company was able to secure only 21,000 seals."

The simple question presented is whether the United States government has a right to protect its property and the business of its people from this wanton and barbarous destruction by foreigners, which it has made criminal by act of Congress; or whether the fact that it takes place upon waters that are claimed to be a part of the open sea affords an immunity to the parties engaged in it which the government is bound to respect. To the ordinary mind this question would not appear to be attended with much difficulty.

During the administration of President Cleveland, and as soon as these depredations were made known, our government applied to that of Great Britain, setting forth the facts, and proposing that a convention should be entered into between the two nations, in which Russia should be invited to join, limiting the season of the year in which seals might be taken, and prescribing a close time covering the period of breeding, within which they should not be molested: the provisions of the convention to be carried into effect by suitable legislation in the three countries, and under the concurrent authority of their governments. This proposal was not met on the part of the British government by any assertion of the right of the Canadians to destroy the seal in the manner complained of, or by any vindication of the propriety of that business.

The expediency of the convention was at once conceded, and the concurrence of Great Britain promised; and the United States government was requested to prepare and furnish a draft of such regulations as were deemed necessary to accomplish the object. Such a draft was soon after transmitted, and no question ever arose between the governments in respect to its details. The Russian government, whose concurrence in the convention was invited through its ambassador in London, at once agreed to join in it, and expressed its desire that the agreement should be consummated as soon as possible. It was supposed on the part of the American government that the whole matter was satisfactorily arranged, and only awaited the execution of the formal agreement, and the passage of the proper legislation by Parliament and by Congress. But after a considerable delay it transpired that an unexpected obstacle had arisen. It came to be understood that Canada, whose people were carrying on the business in question, declined to assent to the establishment of the proposed restrictions upon it. Having no interest whatever in the preservation of the seal, nor in the property to which it gave value, they preferred to make such profit as they could out of its extermination. And this, after some time spent in what was no doubt a sincere effort on the part of the British government to overcome the objections of Canada, brought the attempt at a convention virtually to an end. These facts are taken from the published despatches of the American Minister at London to his government, without attempting to state anything not already laid before the public.

The laws of all civilized nations, based upon the ordinary dictates of humanity as well as upon the requirements of self-interest, accord to all wild animals beneficial to mankind and not noxious or mischievous, protection from destruction during the necessary periods of gestation and of rearing their young. Under the provisions of such game laws as everywhere prevail, a man may not slay during that time, even upon his own land, any of those denizens of forest, field, or stream, which the Creator has placed there for the benefit or sustenance of man. The woodcock and the partridge minister rather to sport than to profit, yet they are protected in the breeding season in all coun-

tries, and preserved from extermination. Nowhere are such salutary laws more rigid in their enactments, more thoroughly enforced, or more universally respected than in Great Britain. It would be difficult to exaggerate the barbarity or the wastefulness of the slaughter of wild creatures when heavy with young, so harmless, so interesting, and so useful as these, by the destruction of two lives for half the proper value of one, and that one saved only half the time. If the law of humanity does not terminate with humanity, and can be said to extend to those lower orders of creation that minister in their humble way to human enjoyment, surely such a practice as this can find no excuse or palliation. The repression of it ought not to be the subject of a moment's debate between Christian nations, if it requires their mutual action. But the case does not rest principally upon sentimental or humanitarian considerations. These animals, as has been pointed out, are a large and valuable property, an established and proper source of public and private revenue and of useful industry, all soon to perish unless the protection which humanity demands can be extended to them. Why should they not receive it?

It is said that the government is prevented from discharging this obvious duty, because the sea is free; that no nation can undertake to close the ocean against the ships of any other nation, nor to exercise over them, beyond three miles from the coast, any paramount jurisdiction. This general proposition will not be questioned. The Secretary of State in his correspondence with the British government on this subject, has undertaken to maintain that these waters are not, as between that country and the United States, a part of the high or open sea; that by the former treaty between Great Britain and Russia, a right of jurisdiction over them was reserved to the latter country, and was conceded and acquiesced in by the former; and that the same right was virtually set forth in the treaty of 1824 between Russia and the United States. The British government, while denying this conclusion, admits that whatever right of this sort Russia had under that treaty as against Great Britain, passed to the United States when they purchased from Russia the territory to which it attached. It is not proposed in these

observations, nor would it be within their limit, to attempt to restate the argument of Mr. Blaine on this point. It is presented with great ability, fulness, and clearness, and there seems to be nothing left to be added in either particular. It depends principally upon historical evidence, which must be closely examined to be understood; and that evidence certainly tends very strongly to support the result that is claimed by the Secretary. If in this position he is right, it is the end of the case. Because it brings these waters, as against Great Britain at least, within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, not by their geographical situation alone, but by the virtual provisions of the treaties among the high contracting powers concerned.

But suppose that upon this question Mr. Blaine is wrong and Lord Salisbury is right, and that the waters between the main-land and the Pribyloff Islands outside the three-mile limit are to be regarded as a part of the open sea. In what does the freedom of the sea consist? What is the use of it that individual enterprise is authorized to make, under that international law which is only the common consent of civilization? Is it the legitimate pursuit of its own business, or the wanton destruction of the valuable interests of nations? If the government of the United States is restrained by any principle of law from protecting itself and its citizens against this great loss, it must be because the Canadian ship-owners have a right to inflict it. That is to say, that these acts, prohibited by American law, unlawful to Canadians wherever territorial jurisdiction exists, which would be speedily made unlawful within their own territory if any seals existed there, and which are wanton and destructive everywhere, become lawful and right if done in the open sea, and are therefore a proper incident to the freedom of the sea. The clear statement of this proposition refutes it, in the minds of all who are capable of a sense of justice, and able to discriminate between right and wrong. The freedom of the sea is the right to pass and repass upon it without hinderance or molestation, in the pursuit of all honest business and pleasure, and it extends no further. It never authorizes injury to the property or just rights of others, which are as sacred at sea as on shore. This colony of seals,

making their home on American soil, and unable to exist without a home upon some soil, belong to the proprietors of the soil, and are a part of their property; and do not lose this quality by passing from one part of the territory to another, in a regular and periodical migration necessary to their life, even though in making it they pass temporarily through water that is more than three miles from land.

It is true that among the unquestionable rights of mankind in the open sea is that of fishing. The fish that live in the sea are common property, attached to no territory and belonging to no jurisdiction until they happen to wander into it, and then only while they remain there. But the seal is in no sense a fish. As has been pointed out, it does not remain in the sea, but has a habitual abiding-place upon the land, to which it regularly resorts, and where it may be said to belong. But even in the pursuit of fishing in the open sea, let us suppose that the people of one country should invent a method so wasteful and so destructive as necessarily to result in the speedy extermination of all fish, and should propose to practise that method of fishing in waters adjacent to the territories of another nation, though three miles from land, to the certain ruin of its established industry and of one of its important means of sustenance and of revenue. Would that nation and others interested in the preservation of fish be compelled to stand helplessly by and permit such an outrage to be accomplished? Must all nations lose their share in the common stock, and the world be deprived of its benefit, because no one of them has a right to close up or control the open sea? Or would it be likely to be discovered that rights on the sea, like all rights recognized by civilized law, must be exercised with a due regard to the rights of others; and that the common right of free fishing did not include the right of wanton and barbarous destruction of all fishery? Doubtless in that case as in this, some lawyers would be prepared to demonstrate that, much as the calamity might be deplored, there was really no precedent to be found in the books for any interference to prevent it, because no such wrong had ever been attempted before; and to point out that to proceed without a precedent would be to set all jurisprudence at naught. Prece-

dents illustrate principles, but do not create them. They are only valuable so far as they display the application of principles to new cases. They do not arise out of rights, but out of attempted wrongs. A right cannot obtain the sanction of a precedent, until it is invaded. And an invasion of a right is not without redress, though it may never have been invaded in the same way before. There must always be a first case, but not necessarily therefore a remediless case. When the case arises that justifies a precedent, the occasion for making it should be availed of, for the sake of the law, as well as for the sake of the right.

When the extent to which the sea may be used, and the purposes for which its pathless highway may be employed, are considered in the light of the rules that have been established by the general consent of mankind, it will be seen that the freedom of the sea is largely a figure of speech. It is not free, it has never been free, for any purpose whatever, injurious to the rights, the property, or the honor of a nation able to defend itself, or even to those interests of a nation which are paramount in importance to the mere profit to be made out of an otherwise lawful act that endangers them. Rights upon the sea are more restricted by considerations of that sort than any other rights that are enjoyed by mankind. And the rights of self-defence there are broader, and are measured by a more arbitrary standard. Of the occasion, the necessity, and the extent of self-defence, every nation must judge for itself, since there is no common tribunal to appeal to, and no redress to be obtained except such as it shows itself able and determined to exact. The restraint upon it, in so doing, is found in the general opinion of the world, guided by admitted principles and established usages. Were it desired to extend these observations into a treatise upon the freedom of the sea, it would not be difficult to show how numerous are the restrictions to which that right has been subjected, and in how wide an analogy the necessity on which they stand finds illustration. The concession to every country bordering upon the sea of a certain authority over so much of it as is comprehended within three miles of the coast is but an instance of such a restriction. The sea within that line is no part of the territory of a nation. All ships have a right

to pass and repass there, and the government cannot exclude them, yet in all business done within that limit they are subject to such reasonable regulations and conditions as the government thinks proper to impose. The slave-trade between Africa and countries where slavery was legal was once a legitimate commerce, to which the sea was open. When considerations of humanity and wiser policy united to discountenance that traffic, the sea was closed to it. When a nation establishes a blockade of the ports of another nation with which it is at war, neutrals having no part or interest in the quarrel, must submit to discontinue their just and lawful trade with such ports, though the blockaded inhabitants may desire and greatly need to continue it. Neutrals must also in case of war abstain from carrying to either party articles contraband of war, a term of vague and undetermined import; although such articles are the subject of legitimate manufacture, sale, and transportation all over the world. Under like circumstances the neutral carrying trade upon the high sea is largely impeded and embarrassed in the interest of belligerents. Freight belonging to citizens of either of the countries at war has been subject to be taken by the other belligerent out of neutral ships. The rule that the neutral flag covers the cargo, if it may be said to be established, is only of recent date. The right of search of vessels at sea upon lawful business is an established right, not only against neutrals in time of war, but by one nation against the ships of another in time of peace, where the protection of national interests, like revenue, requires it. Illustrations of this sort might be multiplied. And besides the restrictions thus established by rules that have become general and settled only because they have been insisted on and enforced by nations to whose emergencies they were necessary, maritime history abounds with examples of the application of the same principle to special cases claimed to be within its scope, which had never occurred before, and were not likely to occur again. The theoretical rights of individuals upon the sea always have been and always must be subject to be limited, even in the pursuit of proper and justifiable business, by the just necessities and reasonable requirements of nations. The sea is the common property of man-

kind, and all rights upon it are qualified rights.

By no nation in the history of the world has this principle been more frequently or more resolutely asserted than by Great Britain. She has never permitted any abstract theory of the freedom of the high sea to become a justification for inflicting serious injuries upon her interests or her property, for the sake of the trifling profits to be realized by the assailable. The instance cited by Mr. Blaine, in the communication before mentioned, of the act of Parliament passed during the captivity of Napoleon upon the island of St. Helena, forbidding ships of other nations, as well as those of Great Britain, to trade with or touch at the island, or to hover within eight leagues thereof upon the sea, under penalty of seizure and forfeiture, is but one among many illustrations of this policy. That upon ordinary principles the high sea could not be closed to ships of other countries for the distance of eight leagues from the shore, was clear. It might have been plausibly argued as a consequence, that if a foreign ship-master chose to earn his charter money by waiting on the high sea in time of peace to transport Napoleon to France, if he happened to make his escape from captivity by his own efforts and to reach the ship in safety, that was a business lawful to any person not amenable to British law, and who in transacting it did not invade British territory. Strictly, all this was true. But where the consequences to Great Britain as well as to the rest of Europe might have been so serious had the Emperor been enabled again to take the field, and to involve those countries in war, it was justly felt that no considerations of private money-making should authorize the use of the sea for such a purpose. Nor has the action of Great Britain, in taking these extreme precautions to prevent it, ever been condemned, though it involved closing the high sea against a purpose not in itself unlawful, and perhaps, in the view of Frenchmen, meritorious. The case of the *Caroline*, in 1837, when the British forces pursued a schooner into our own waters, and captured and burned it, killing and wounding some of its crew, because it was engaged in the business of conveying arms and stores in furtherance of the Canadian rebellion, is another example of the same general principle. The act, which was *prima facie* a clear viola-

tion of the rules of international law, which prohibit a combatant from pursuing its enemy into neutral waters, was justified by the British government upon the ground of necessary self-defence, and no apology was ever made for it. The force of this plea was admitted by Mr. Webster when Secretary of State, in correspondence with the British government on the subject, provided the necessity of self-defence was made out. But he contended that the necessity must be "instant, overwhelming, having no choice of means, and no moment of deliberation," and that "the act justified by the necessity of self-defence must be limited by that necessity, and kept clearly within it." The other instance cited by Mr. Blaine, of the pearl fisheries established in the Indian Ocean by a British colony, and the control exercised over foreign vessels engaged in that business outside the three-mile limit and in the admitted open sea, is directly in point. Is it to be supposed that if such vessels were engaged, not in legitimate pearl fishing, but in some method of destruction which must necessarily exterminate the pearl oyster, and bring the whole industry to an end, they would be permitted by Great Britain deliberately to accomplish that destruction, upon the plea that in so doing they were still keeping themselves within the limits of the open sea? Or would any fair mind contend that such an excuse would amount to a justification?

If the case of the Alaskan seal fishery was reversed; if Great Britain was the proprietor of it, and American poachers were attempting its extermination, as a pretended incident to the freedom of the sea; if a remonstrance addressed to our government had elicited the admission that the acts complained of ought to be restrained, but that the government for political reasons was unable to effect it, it is perfectly certain that the subject would pass very speedily out of the domain of speculations in abstract international law, and our government would be apprised, that if unable to restrain its citizens from an outrage upon British rights which it did not assume to defend, the necessary measures would be taken by the injured party to protect itself.

These illustrations of the policy of Great Britain are not cited as casting any reproach upon that government. On the contrary the principle upon which they

rest, even though it has been sometimes overstepped, is not only defensible, but is necessary to the protection of the widespread interests in which the people of that nation are concerned. Nor could a wrong on the part of the United States be justified by showing that similar or greater wrongs had been committed by Great Britain. They are referred to as applications of the underlying principle in international law which subordinates, in case of clear necessity, the abstract right of individuals upon the high seas to the preservation of important national rights and interests, that are brought into peril for the purposes of private gain. If a principle so obvious in its propriety and so necessary in its application needs to be supported by precedents, those set forth by one of the most enlightened of nations, and the first maritime power of the world, are surely entitled to respect, and may be justly quoted against itself.

But it is to be borne in mind in this discussion, that Great Britain has never yet, in all the correspondence that has taken place, asserted the right of the Canadians to do what they have been engaged in. The question is not one of abstract theory. It is whether the Canadian ships have an indefeasible right to do precisely what they have done and are doing, despite the necessary consequences that must follow. This is the issue in the case, to which all other inquiries are only subordinate. It is for those who set up such a right to sustain it. And if it can be supposed to be sustainable by precedents, it is for those who assert it to produce them. Mr. Blaine inquires in his recent communication, whether the United States government is to understand that her Majesty's government maintains that the right contended for by Canada exists. This is a question to which he will not be likely to obtain a direct reply. As before stated, that government has once conceded the justice and the expediency of a convention by which such a claim would be prohibited. She has in former years entered into a convention with Norway, which is still in force, for establishing a close time for the seal fisheries of that region, in which British and Norwegian vessels participate. Were only British instead of Canadian vessels concerned in the sealing business at Alaska, the convention would long ago have been completed. The interests of Great Britain are on the

side of the preservation of the seals. The manufactures of seal-skin are a very large industry in London—larger than in any other place in the world. And in the commercial value of the product, Great Britain has a larger interest than any other country. The relation between Great Britain and Canada is very peculiar. In theory the latter is a British colony. In fact it is independent. Great Britain can exercise a certain influence over it, but has no means of governmental control. An attempt to override the Canadian government is not likely to be made, and would not succeed. The Governor-General is but a dignified figure-head, with but little real authority, and is not expected to allow himself to be drawn into collision with the provincial government, or with Canadian public opinion. In matters like that under discussion, Canada takes her own course. In fitting out ships to take seals in the Behring Sea, she asks neither the consent nor the advice of the mother country, nor does that country or its people share the profit or loss of the adventure. Our controversy on the subject is really with Canada, and not with Great Britain. But in complaining against the depredations of these cruisers we can only address Great Britain, who thus stands between us and Canada, not as an umpire, but bound to support the claims of her colony so far as she can, and not to concede away, unless compelled to, any rights for which the colony contends. She may be unable to concur in its justice, but is not called upon to say so, as long as the question can be evaded. The consequence is, in such a case, that her Majesty's ministers temporize and delay; they engage in the discussion of abstract and incidental questions, or transmit the contentions of the colonial government, without committing themselves directly upon the decisive point on which the controversy turns. They courteously, slowly, and diplomatically evade the real issue, and decline to concede that the colony is in the wrong, well knowing by experience, that whatever administration may be charged for the time being with the government of the United States will, in the efforts it makes to assert its rights, encounter the hearty condemnation of the political party opposed to it; that the arguments it addresses to the foreign government will be abundantly answer-

ed and refuted by American writers, and their authors held up to derision; and that the next election is very likely to bring into power a new administration, which may abandon the contentions of their predecessors and put the case on entirely different grounds.

In this, as in all other international controversies, one remark holds good. A nation divided against itself can never achieve a diplomatic success. A government that is not backed up by the unanimous sentiment of its people, but is opposed in its dealings with foreign nations by a large share of the best intelligence of its own country, if not in the ends it seeks, at least in all the means it takes to obtain them, will never be a formidable figure in diplomacy, especially when its force is found to expend itself in argument rather than in action. To peruse the discussions of most questions of this sort in the American press would lead the unlearned reader to conclude that one proposition in international law, at least, can be regarded as settled; that is, that whatever is asserted by our own government is necessarily wrong. This point is readily conceded by our adversaries, but tends more to simplify disputes than to conduct them to results favorable to our own side. If our government is demanding what is wrong, the demand should at once be abandoned. If it is claiming what is right, and what is worth claiming, it should receive the support of all parties, whether all the points taken, and all the arguments by which it endeavors to support its case, prove universally convincing or not. The task of refuting them may be well enough left to the other side. In the course of this controversy, very little has appeared in print in the United States which tends to support our government, or to indicate that American public sentiment sustains it. But much ability and learning have been devoted to answering the arguments and disproving the facts upon which the government has relied. The authors can have the satisfaction of knowing that all these contributions to the British side of the discussion are promptly put on file in Her Majesty's Foreign Office, and will not fail of their effect. Great Britain affords us no corresponding advantage. Not a word has been uttered or printed in that country, so far as is known, against the Canadian contention, or in support of

that of the United States. The suggestion that the government might be prejudiced in conducting the discussion silences at once the tongues and the pens of both parties. And if a new administration were to come into power, it would take up this subject where its predecessors left it, without any change of front whatever.

The application made by the American government to Great Britain when the depredations complained of began, for a convention, by agreement of the countries interested, under which the capture of the seals should be regulated, was the proper course to be taken. International courtesy required it, before proceeding to any abrupt measures. That reasonable patience and forbearance should be shown by the United States in giving time for such a proposal to be considered and acted on, and all needful information regarding it to be obtained, was also an obvious propriety of diplomatic intercourse, which can rarely be expected to move rapidly. But five years have now passed away. It is virtually settled that no such convention as proposed will take place, and that Great Britain will not interfere to defend the Alaskan seal fisheries against the operations of the Canadian vessels. Meanwhile the destruction of seal life has gone on with such rapidity that, as already shown, four-fifths of its annual product is gone. If much more time is to be spent in discussion, the subject of the discussion will come to an end. If the United States government should now proceed temperately but firmly to put an end to the destruction of the seals in the breeding time, by preventing, through such exertion of force as may be necessary, the further prosecution of that business by any vessels whatever between Alaska and the Pribyloff Islands, can there be a question that such a course would be completely justified? Is there any other alternative, except to submit to the speedy and final destruction of the seal and its dependent industries? That this would lead to any collision with Great Britain is not to be apprehended. The question then presented to that government would be, not whether it should admit in a paper discussion that Canada is in the wrong, and agree to undertake the defence of the United States against that colony, but whether she is prepared to send an armed force to assist and support Canada in the

work of destruction; a work which, as has been seen, Great Britain has never asserted to be right, has once promised to agree in suppressing, and has joined with Norway in suppressing in another seal fishery. And in face of the fact also that the business interests of Great Britain are more largely interested in the preservation of the seal than those of Canada are in the temporary profits of its extermination. It would be an aspersion upon that country, not warranted by its history nor by the character of its people, to suppose that its government would fight in support of a cause that it cannot defend as just. Great Britain would be relieved of an embarrassment and an annoyance, if the United States government would thus terminate a fruitless and unprofitable discussion, by the assertion in its own behalf of its plain rights, and cease importuning Great Britain to take that assertion upon herself. It would be derogatory to the dignity of our country to prolong such importunity, after it is proved to be unavailing.

Arbitration has been spoken of as a means of composing the dispute. But that has been already proposed by the United States, without success. The offer has been met by a counter proposal to arbitrate, not the matter in hand, but an incidental and collateral question. That resource is therefore out of the question. It would be easier to settle the controversy than to settle the points and preliminaries of an arbitration. Two things must concur to make an arbitration useful; first, that the question submitted should be the question at issue, whether the Canadians have or have not the right, as against the United States government, to do exactly what they are doing; and next, that pending the lingering progress of such an arbitration, the depredations in question should be suspended, so that the destruction shall not be accomplished while it is being debated whether it shall take place. How far the arbitration of such a question is consistent with the honor and dignity of our country is an enquiry more consonant with the traditions of earlier days than with the ideas of the present. Arbitration is just now the panacea through which all swords are to become ploughshares. In time it will be seen whether it is a universal remedy, or whether, like numerous other panaceas which have from time to time engaged

the attention of the world, it is only an alleviation, useful in certain cases. The present instance certainly goes to show that it is a resource more attractive in theory than available in practice.

It is announced in the newspapers that an application has been made to the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of prohibition to arrest further proceedings in the case of a Canadian vessel condemned in a Court of Admiralty for violation of the act of Congress prohibiting the taking of seals in the Behring Sea. It has been stated on the floor of the House of Commons by one of her Majesty's ministers that this application is at the instance of the Canadian government. And he carefully distinguished the questions involved in it from those which are the subject of diplomatic discussion. In this distinction he is undoubtedly right. So far as can be understood from the published report, the only questions that it would seem can be brought before the Court are, whether there is any act of Congress which reaches the case sought to be reviewed; if there is, whether Congress exceeded its constitutional powers in passing it; whether the proceedings under it have been in compliance with its provisions; and whether the case can be brought before the Supreme Court by this form of application. It is not intended here either to consider or to express an opinion upon any of these questions. It would be impossible to discuss them intelligently, without a precise knowledge of the facts, circumstances, and proceedings that will be laid before the Court. It would be useless, since the determination of the Court must prevail, whatever private speculations are indulged in. And it would be improper, while the case is pending before the Court. In due time the questions will be decided, so far as is found necessary, and will be decided rightly. Nor is the effort to bring the case before the Court a just

subject of criticism. The Court is open to all the world in a proper case and in a proper way. Whether the case and the way are such as rightly invoke its jurisdiction are points upon which all parties in interest have a right to be heard. Meanwhile it is enough to say that the questions likely to be involved, so far as they can be anticipated by those not concerned in the litigation, do not bear upon the enquiries that have been touched upon in these remarks. Whether a vessel can be forfeited by decree of an Admiralty Court, must depend on the statute under which the Court proceeds, and the extent of its application. Whether existing legislation on the subject may require to be supplemented, extended, or recast, in order to effect that result, may need to be considered. But the power of the government meanwhile to protect the national interests against foreign invasion, by such and so much force as may be found necessary in the emergency, is a power incident to sovereignty, and to be exerted upon the responsibility and within the just discretion of the Executive.

There are three methods by which the Behring Sea question can be settled, and by one or other of which it must soon be disposed of. First, by putting a stop without further debate to the depredations of individual foreigners upon the breeding seals. Second, by conceding to these foreigners the right to destroy the fishery, and withdrawing further remonstrance. Third, by continuing the discussion with Great Britain of the abstract questions supposed to be involved, until the extermination of the seal is completed, and the subject of the dispute thereby exhausted, for which we shall not have long to wait. If the last course is taken, the credit of it will be due less to the administration charged with the conduct of our foreign relations than to the public sentiment which it represents, and by which it must be guided.

MARK FENTON.

BY ANGELINE TEAL.

IT was apparently unfortunate that Mark Fenton should reach Sudmore on the evening of the Lucky Number's grand rally in that village. The Lucky Number was Company Five of the Indiana Regulators. It had gained its distinguishing title by making more arrests, recover-

ing more stolen property, and doing more in general to break up the organized band of thieves and counterfeiterers that infested the State than all the other companies of the order combined. It was the Lucky Number that captured McNutt, tried him in secret council, and hanged him to the

limb of an oak by the road-side. Mark Fenton had heard of the hanging. This evening he had passed the tree, with the rope still hanging from its arm, a mile or two out of Sudmore.

A "culmination of horrors" was what the young man called the town as he entered it, jaded in body and depressed in mind. The little village was indeed quite hideous on that particular Saturday. The whole country was reeking in a January thaw, and the street had just been trampled by the feet of hundreds of horses into a mortar bed many inches deep.

Fenton entered the office or bar-room of Centlivre's Hotel, with something of his inward disgust pictured on his face. He took a seat near the open wood fire, and lifted his boots to the disfigured fender. Possibly it was the boots which, in street parlance, "gave him away." Though well worn and water-soaked, they were patrician in size and evidently of city make. The only other pair in the crowded apartment of a lower number than elevens belonged to Miles Kerr, an "excellent wretch" of a counterfeiter, who had turned Regulators' evidence, and in reward was being lionized and petted by the Lucky Number, which cherished him as the very apple of its eye. He was a malicious-looking Blandois, his "mustache going up and his nose coming down" in his frequent evil smiles, one of which he now bestowed on Mark. The latter sat motionless, unconscious of the other's scrutiny. The counterfeiter rose slowly; fifty pairs of eyes were upon him. Without removing his sinister gaze from the young stranger, he crossed the room to where stood Centlivre, the landlord, with Captain Brash and several of his aides-de-camp. A low-toned conference ensued; then one of the aides approached Mark, and laying a firm hand on his shoulder, invited him into an adjoining room to be searched.

"For whom do you take me?" Fenton demanded, angrily. At the same time, realizing the utter futility of resistance, he rose to accompany the stalwart Regulator, whose hand lingered familiarly about his collar.

"Mr. Kerr says he knows you. You are an engraver. You worked on queer notes in Adrian. Thinks likely you've got some about you now."

"Mr. Kerr is a liar!" said Mark, promptly. "If his testimony against McNutt

was as false as his assertions about me, you men of Sudmore County have been duped into cool murder."

The result of the search was blank disappointment to those who expected to discover something confirmatory of Kerr's statements. On Fenton's person they found a small quantity of indubitably genuine money; in his valise a traveller's change of hose and linen and a book agent's outfit. Upon being released from custody, the young man walked out on the veranda of the tavern, and stood looking down the miry road. His sensitive nature was sorely outraged, his heart sick and angry within him. In person he was of medium height and slender, with a fine intellectual head and clear-cut, manly features. Though ultra-blond in hair and skin, there was conveyed no impression of effeminacy. On the contrary, there was a sternness and coldness in the blue eyes and bent brows that made Farmer Rumsey hesitate about speaking to him, even after he had followed him out for that purpose. The good man's kindly impulse had its way, however.

"I suspect, young man, you think you've got into a hard corner. I opposed that searching; but those Spy Run chaps are completely under the influence of that scoundrel Kerr. You look tired, and this place will be wilder than Bedlam all night. What do you say to going home with me—three miles out, on the Wayne road—and spending Sunday at my house? It will be quiet, and you will be welcome."

Mark accepted the invitation so simply and kindly offered, and a few minutes later he was rumbling along in the farmer's wagon, listening to an account of the Regulators' proceedings from the first.

"Why was McNutt hung?" queried Mark, somewhere in the last mile of the narrative.

Farmer Rumsey shook his head. "I opposed it, as I did that searching business this evening. Many others opposed it; but the Spy Run fellows got it. They wanted to make an example, and I believe his examiners extorted a confession from him that he had once killed a peddler in Canada. Anyhow, the cry of 'Hang the murderer!' was raised; and after the herd commenced heading that way, no power on earth could stop them. And I'm afraid it will take another victim to satisfy their rage. A man was arrested yesterday for

whose life I wouldn't give a farthing, the way things look now."

"Of what is he accused?" asked Fenton; and Mr. Rumsey laid the case before him.

"Three years ago our county treasurer's office was entered by two masked burglars and robbed of seven thousand dollars. The treasurer was an old man, and happened to be alone and—it being in daytime—unarmed. He was tied and gagged, the key of the money chest was taken from his person, and the plunder made off with. One of the men lost his mask, and Mr. Clarke caught a glimpse of his face, which was marked or deformed in some way. To the day of his death, which occurred a few months later, the old treasurer declared he could identify that face if he ever saw it again. He left a written description of the burglars, and of the face of the one in particular. Two weeks ago a man was seen near here whose appearance answered strikingly to that description. He has been watched ever since. Yesterday the suspected stranger came to Sudmore, and walked into the court-house to pay taxes on a large body of land, which it seems he owns in the south part of the county. He was arrested on the spot, not thirty feet from where the robbery was committed. Kerr coolly swore he knew the man, and that he was a professional burglar. The other listened to him very much as you did this evening, and called him a liar quite as promptly. I'm afraid, however, he will not get off easily, for old man Clarke has in that carefully worded description photographed him exactly."

"That," said Mark, "is very likely the merest accident."

"So I am inclined to think," said Mr. Rumsey. "I saw the prisoner this evening. He has a bad eye, but there is a good deal in the argument he presented to the committee, that no man guilty as he is charged would be fool enough to come here at such a time as this."

They had reached the farmer's gate. Job Riddle, the hired man, came out and took charge of the team. Mr. Rumsey had learned the stranger's name. Upon entering the house, he was introduced to Mrs. Rumsey as though he were some one she had long desired to know. It was the genial farmer's way. As he removed his hat and great-coat and straightened him-

self before the fire, Mark viewed him with admiring interest. His correct and really fine talk had marked him as something more than the commonplace rural citizen, and his appearance quite bore out the impression. His large erect figure was surmounted by a grand head, covered with short gray hair. Gray whiskers grew well up on his florid cheeks, and his deep-set eyes were full of kindly light.

The large square room was kitchen and dining-room combined. After supper Mr. Rumsey took Mr. Fenton into the "north room"—a second apartment, large and square like the first, with an open fireplace, in which blazed a pile of maple logs. There was a strong oak table in front of the fireplace, and beside it stood a strong oak chair, which must be Rumsey's own, for it looked like him. On the table stood a lamp and a basin of apples, and on it the farmer now laid the bundle of late periodicals he had brought from town in his pockets.

Mark seated himself in a wide-armed swinging rocker, and yielded his whole being to a sense of rest and comfort. Lifting his eyes to a well-filled bookcase beside the chimney, he laughed a little laugh of joy, he hardly knew at what. Mr. Rumsey caught the loving glance, and joined in the laugh sympathetically.

"You don't find the English classics in every house you stop at, I'll be bound!" he said, continuing to chuckle and rub his strong knees delightedly.

"You like this room, I see. Well, it is cozy; about perfect, we think—Hannah and I. Mother wants a carpet, but we don't. Hannah—our daughter, I should say—conceived the idea that these rugs would look better and be cleaner, and I agreed with her. And that lounge!"—pointing to a low wide couch covered with purple reps. "It is entirely home-made; basswood springs, cushion and pillows stuffed with marsh hay. Just try it! You're tired enough to appreciate a luxurious divan, and that's simply luxurious."

Mark stretched himself obediently on the lounge, and attested to its perfection by another low laugh of pleasure.

Rumsey lit his pipe and unfolded his newspaper, but he did not read much. He was fond of talking, and as this handsome young man evidently considered his talk interesting, he kept at it pretty steadily till nine o'clock. Mark wanted to ask where Hannah was that evening. Per-

haps her father would tell without being asked; and he did.

She was teaching school three miles from home. It wasn't necessary, but it was the regular thing for a smart girl to do around there. It was her first term—she was only nineteen. She usually spent Sunday at home, but just now the bridge over the long marsh was flooded, and the wagon could not be sent for her.

After Fenton retired to his room he threw open the window—for it was mild as April—and sat looking out on the rugged, snowless winter, now all silver and dark bronze in the moonlight. Some one was whistling musically in the distance. A girl came up the road, picking her steps with a careless, swinging gait. Could those clear notes proceed from her? They surely did, for they came nearer, and stopped with her at the gate. A door was opened below, and some one said:

"Why, Hannah! What has brought you home at this hour?" The girl was plying the scraper with her stout little boots.

"I looked for the wagon till dark. Then I heard about the bridge, and knew it wouldn't come, so I thought I'd walk home. Fancy my staying over Sunday at Scroggs's!"

Then she was gathered in, and the door was shut. At breakfast next morning the time was principally devoted to lecturing Hannah upon her imprudence in coming home alone after dark, with the country in its then excited condition.

"I did not think of any danger," said Hannah. "There are no blacklegs around now—that is, running loose—and the Regulators are our neighbors. You are one yourself, father. Perhaps I ought not to have done it. I must cultivate being afraid at proper times; I never seem to think of it."

Mark looked with interest at this fearless girl, in whom the shrewd, loquacious farmer took such hearty pride. In a community where the value of pure types was not recognized, and where the nearest approach to the contour and coloring of a wax doll was regarded as the highest beauty, Hannah Rumsey was pronounced a homely girl. She had never been called pretty in her life. Her dark skin, large ripe mouth, and rough-looking black hair found few admirers; but Fenton thought her beautiful.

Sunday afternoon he sat in the north

room with a book, which he seemed to be reading, while in reality he attended, at first listlessly, then with a sense of amusement, to the conversation between the elder Rumseys and their daughter. Both Hannah and her father were abundantly endowed with humor, and their talk was never dull. When the farmer's after-dinner pipe was finished, he lay down for a nap on the lounge. With Hannah's bright face confronting him, Mark found it impossible to be morose and silent. When the farmer awoke, and his wife came in, there had been two hours of desultory yet agreeable chat between these two young people, who barely knew each other's names.

The next morning Hannah went back to her school, and the next Friday evening she came home jubilant, for the tiresome twelve-weeks' term was out, and she was free.

"Don't be noisy, dear," said Mrs. Rumsey. "Mr. Fenton's head is very bad to-day."

"Mr. Fenton's head?" repeated the girl, vaguely. Then she remembered the book agent.

"Yes; he is here yet. Your father took such a liking to him from the first. Last Monday we advised him to canvass this neighborhood, and return to our house every night. But he hasn't seemed well, and this morning we kept him from going out at all."

The week following, Mark did no canvassing. A great physical languor was upon him. His face was deathly pale, with dark shadows about the eyes. Mrs. Rumsey nursed and dosed him faithfully. One day he said to Hannah:

"I ought to get away, but your people seem to think I'm not able. Perhaps they are right. I've thought maybe I should die one of these days—I'm so desperately nervous, you see—and I've a fancy it would be rather suitable my doing it from this point. I have just about money enough to bury me decently in a new country."

"What nonsense!" said Hannah. "The winter has been too mild to freeze out the malaria, and being a stranger, your system has absorbed a lot of it. But it would take a lot more, I assure you, to make dying possible in your case."

The next afternoon he said to Hannah, as they sat alone in the north room:

"I wish you or your good parents

would kindly manifest a little curiosity about me. I can hardly bear to be to you only the book agent."

Hannah went to the window to take up a stitch she had dropped in her knitting; when she resumed her seat she said,

"Let us make believe I have asked you who and what you are, and that you are willing to truly tell me."

"Which will be no make believe at all," said Mark, his blue eyes softening to deep violet under their brown lashes. "I was born in Vermont. My mother died when I, her only child, was an infant; my father, eight years ago. He was a minister, but was not dependent upon his clerical stipends. He lived in his own house, and enjoyed a comfortable property of his own. He had no brothers or sisters; he had, however, a step-brother. My grandfather married as his second wife a widow with one son—Grant Bentley by name. He was about my father's age, but being opposites in disposition they grew up without seeing much of each other, and took to different ways of life, my father to the ministry, Bentley to the slate and marble trade. I never saw the man till the year my father fell dangerously ill, when he suddenly appeared in the character of the sympathetic relative. I was a boy of sixteen then, spending my summer vacation at home. We, our house-keeper and myself, with the help of a hired nurse, were perfectly able to give my father every care he required, but Bentley established himself at the house, and proceeded to devote himself to the invalid with a brother's tireless devotion. From my first meeting with him I felt a strong dislike to the man. Once, when alone with my father, I expressed something of this.

"'You must get over that, my boy,' he said, with a smile. 'Sensitive natures like ourselves feel a natural repugnance to physical deformity. I think this fact may account for your aversion to Mr. Bentley. You must make an effort to overcome it. He is a singularly worthy and unselfish man.' The deformity to which he alluded was a cleft or hare lip, the unsightliness of which had been aggravated by a clumsy surgical operation.

"Bentley remained at the house till my father died, late in the autumn. He succeeded in gaining his entire confidence, and obtained unlimited control over his affairs. In the end I was foully

wronged. When I graduated from college at Middlebury, I was informed by Bentley, whom my father had before his death made sole trustee of his estate, worth twenty thousand dollars, that the last cent of my patrimony had been expended upon me, and that I must at once 'turn my wits and acquirements to account for a living.' I ascertained that as matters stood no legal redress was possible; then, with what bitterness you may suppose, proceeded to follow my guardian's advice. The history of the last three years of my life may be summed up in the word *discouragement*. I went to the city and advertised; there I found I was not a unique character. Young men with classical educations and no money or friends were rather common. I tried teaching in the country on starvation wages. Then I worked for a market-gardener. I had frequent attacks of illness, just when it was particularly inconvenient and unlucky. At last I thought of the West. Of course to reach it I must adopt some form of tramp life. I chose the book-agency form, and here I am."

Hannah suddenly dropped her knitting in her lap, and sat looking straight before her, with lips compressed and black brows bent in thought. She was full of little abrupt turns and changes of expression, in all of which Mark found her very agreeable to look upon. Turning to him at length, she said,

"It is very strange, but the man who will probably be hanged next Saturday for robbing the county treasury has given his name as Grant Bentley, and he has a harelip."

In that season of hot excitement there were not wanting those who had the will and courage to oppose rash measures and counsel moderation; but their voice was lost amid the general clamor. In the throng that filled the streets of Sudmore from day to day were men whose early efforts in this hard new country had been sorely crippled by the blacklegs. Their horses had been stolen, their shops and stores ransacked, and if in any case they had testified at the trials of such as had been arrested, their houses, barns, and hay-ricks were afterward regularly burned. They had the whip-hand now, and they were sore and savage.

The supposed safe robber was brought before various committees for examination. To all he gave the same account of

himself. He had never been in Indiana before, having bought his land through an agent." He was innocent of the crime, and could prove himself so if they would but allow him the chance. But the spirit of mob violence was rampant.

On Saturday, two weeks after Bentley's arrest, the self-protectionists met in force at Sudmore to decide the fate of the prisoner. If the majority considered him guilty, he must hang; for had he not a life to answer for? Every one knew that the death of that harmless old man Clarke was directly due to the fright and exhaustion he had suffered on the day of the robbery. So they argued, and scores of eager men clamored for the verdict that would give another victim into their hands. The Goths of old were not more mad, having once smelt blood.

The fate of prisoners was decided by a vote of the band taken in this crude manner: the Regulators assembled in the court-house square, an area of some two acres in extent, intersected midway by a gravelled drive. Those in favor of the death penalty separated themselves to the west side of the drive; those in favor of delivering the prisoner to the State marshal and his posse went over to the east side.

While the preliminaries for the vote were being arranged, a group of people gathered around two men who stood in front of Centlivre's Hotel, earnestly talking. They were Farmer Rumsey and Mark Fenton. The elder man said:

"You would throw your life away. There are men in that crowd rabid enough to tear you limb from limb if you attempted to balk them of their prey."

"I must get a hearing," said Mark. "I have promised Bentley to make an effort to save his life, and I'll do it."

Before Mr. Rumsey's pale lips could utter another word of protest, or his uplifted hand could stay him, Mark was gone.

The court-house was a substantial frame building, with a portico over the main entrance, surmounted by a balcony, upon which the door of the large court-room on the second floor opened. Upon this balcony Fenton suddenly appeared, and with uplifted hand commanded attention. The first vote had just been taken. The Regulators stood in two nearly equally divided masses on either side of the drive, while the captain of the Lucky Number rode up

and down on a gigantic black horse, then halted midway and announced that the expression was not sufficiently distinct, and that they would now proceed to vote by ballot.

At this moment all minds were arrested by that strange clear voice ringing from the balcony: "Fellow-citizens! Honest men of Indiana!"

Then followed a brief argument, eager and concise, based upon the absurdity of supposing that a professional burglar would come to Sudmore and give himself into their hands. Their prisoner was not the man they supposed him to be. He, Fenton, knew it as an absolute certainty. It could be proven a hundred times over. If they hung him they would be guilty of wilful, wanton murder. The fact of his answering to Clarke's remembered vision of the burglar was the flimsiest circumstantial evidence. He had a deformed mouth, and for that he must die! Of the urgent passionate appeal for the life of a fellow-being which he then made no one could afterward remember the wording, Fenton least of all; but he was eloquent as a god. When he began to speak, a furious yell went up from the Spy Run company, who stood solid on the hanging side. Cries arose of: "Don't talk about an alibi!" "We've had too many of 'em!" "Choke him off!" "Drag him down!" But they ceased as that thrilling voice sounded on, and the vast multitude pressed nearer, acted upon and swayed by an invisible influence. When the last word had been spoken, the last appeal to their honor, justice, and humanity had been made, some one below shouted,

"Let us vote it over on the ground!"

Instantly there was a rush to the east side of the square, till the representatives of the Spy Run settlement held the other side alone.

The dusk was deepening into dark when Mr. Rumsey and the book agent reached the farmer's home. The wagon halted for Mark to alight, then went on to the region of sheds and stables.

"It's been a good day's work, my boy; as good as you've ever done," he heard the old man say, as he swung open the low gate. Mark realized that it was the first remark he had understood, notwithstanding the farmer had been talking ever since they left Sudmore. He realized too, that the earth was insecure beneath his feet; that he seemed light enough to

be carried away on the breeze. He had been marvellously strong all day, but now his strength was leaving him.

Hannah stood at the farther end of the veranda, and turned to meet him with sweet excitement as he came up the steps.

"We heard all about it an hour ago," she said. "The Bonds stopped on their way home. Oh, Mr. Fenton, and he your enemy! It was noble! It was glorious! It was *divine*!"

The words rang dimly in the young man's ears, but he saw the glowing face, with eyes like stars, and happy lips, too earnest now for smiling.

"Oh, Hannah!" he murmured; "you strong, bright, beautiful girl! Let me lean upon you, or I shall fall."

Her arms were about him in an instant. She guided him to the nearest door—that of the north room—over the low threshold with difficulty, and across to the purple lounge. Then she passed into the kitchen, and said, quietly:

"I am afraid Mr. Fenton is going to be very ill. He has fainted in the north room."

Bentley did not call to thank his deliverer before leaving the country, but he did something else quite as expressive of his sense of obligation. He deposited with a Sudmore lawyer a clear deed, transferring to Mark Fenton the large tract of wild land—something over a thousand acres—which he had owned in the southern part of the county.

One sunshiny day near the last of March, Mark was moved from his bed to the couch in the north room. He wore a dressing-gown which Mrs. Rumsey had made him, and was pleased as childhood with it. It was of soft gray flannel, with facings of blue. The color seemed to heighten his thinness and pallor, till Hannah felt a keen heartache as she looked upon him. She sat by him most of the forenoon, and told him all that had happened. When she spoke of the deed of transfer, Mark smiled lightly and shook his head. Whereupon she drew from beneath her apron a long folded paper, and held it before his eyes. He took it, and read it carefully.

"You have gotten back your own."

"Yes, it is only what was my own, or part of it, yet I am strangely thankful."

"Father says that land will be very valuable in a few years," Hannah continued.

"I suppose, then," said Mark, "it would be unbusinesslike to attempt to realize on it at once." There was a little pause; then he went on, in a lower tone, "I think your father likes and trusts me."

"I am sure he does," said Hannah.

"Perhaps he would give me a chance on the farm when I get strong. We might be married soon then."

A deep blush dyed the girl's face crimson, and she trembled visibly. His eyes were fixed upon her with such blinding intensity that she could not bear it. She stooped suddenly, and kissed them shut, one after the other. His thin features were all alight, even with those heavy lids sealed down.

"Be lavish of your kisses, darling," he whispered; "they are life-giving! My lips are so drawn and parched, I cannot return them now, but in all the years to come— Oh, Hannah! you are my betrothed wife, are you not?"

"I think so, Mark; but I could never admit it in this strange way, only you were so near dying."

Mr. Rumsey did not give Mark a chance on the farm, but he did what was better; he gave him a chance in the Law School at Ann Arbor. Hannah went with him to nurse and care for her student-husband, who was still not robust. They kept house in some rooms, like two happy children, and meanwhile Hannah carried three studies at the university.

Ten years later, Fenton, who had gained some prominence in the State as an eloquent criminal pleader, was engaged in the prosecution of a desperado, who was on trial for shooting a policeman in the city of Fort W—. The man's upper lip was curiously seamed and gashed, the result, he said, of a canal-boat fight. He proved to belong to that class of criminals who seem to have a fancy for confession without absolution. After his conviction he gave a history of his dark deeds, among them the robbing of the Sudmore County safe in 18—.

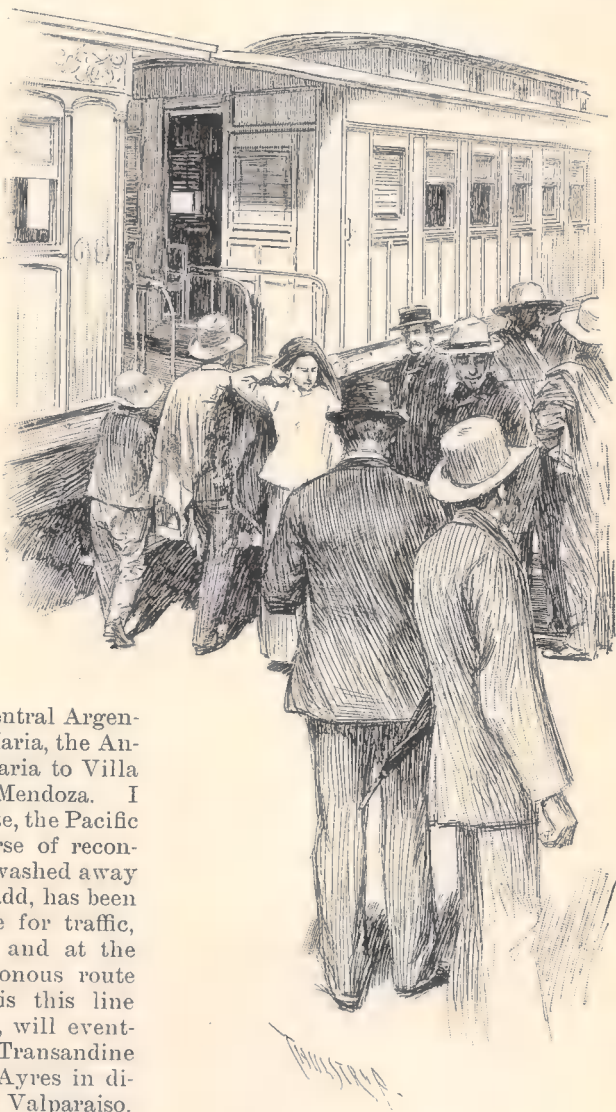
Fenton's home is in the stirring railroad town that located itself on a corner of his broad estates. It is a lovely home, full of children, some with Hannah's bright dark beauty, some with sunny hair and eyes of deepest blue. It is essentially a hospitable home, and a veritable House Beautiful for the generally respectable but despised fraternity of book agents.

ARGENTINE PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

ON arriving in Buenos Ayres in January, 1890, owing to the excessive heat, which had driven the well-to-do people away from the capital to their country houses, to Montevideo, or to the fashionable bathing resort of Mar del Plata, the moment was not favorable for studying the city; and so, after a few days spent in gathering first impressions, I started from the Central Railway Station for a transcontinental trip, my intention being to take advantage of the warm months and ride over the Cordillera to Chili. In normal times two routes are open to the traveler: the Railway Buenos Ayres al Pacifico, across the pampa to Villa Mercedes; or the Railway Buenos Ayres, to Rosario, the Central Argentine, from Rosario to Villa Maria, the Andine Railway, from Villa Maria to Villa Mercedes—and thence to Mendoza. I chose, perforce, the latter route, the Pacific Railway being then in course of reconstruction, after having been washed away by floods. The line, I may add, has been raised, and is now available for traffic, and offers the more direct, and at the same time the more monotonous route across the continent. It is this line which, as its name indicates, will eventually connect with Clark's Transandine Railway, and place Buenos Ayres in direct communication with Valparaiso. However, I was not sorry to take the other route, which has the advantage of more variety of scenery, and also of passing through Rosario, the second city of the republic in population and commercial importance.

I went with some curiosity to the Central Station at Buenos Ayres to take my ticket. It was my first experience of railway travelling in South America. The Central Station is a modest wooden building, without pretensions of any kind,



AT A RAILROAD STATION.

and quite unworthy of the immense traffic which daily passes through it. There is no superfluous formality on the part of the employés or of the public, and when the train draws up in the station there is a furious rush for places. The cars are on the American plan, with seats on each side and a gangway down the middle, enabling one to pass from coach to coach

the whole length of the train. No sooner have we started than a man walks through the car selling books, French, English, and Spanish, more especially translations of Xavier de Montépin's novels, with bright chromo-lithographic covers. Then comes a boy selling newspapers—*La Prensa*, *La Nación*, *Le Courier de la Plata*, *Standard*, *Herald*. Next follows a vender of *pastillas y bonbones*, whose official title is that of *confitero*, and who during the seven hours' journey made very frequent apparitions in the car, bringing to this one a cocktail, to the other an egg-nog, and to another a tall glass full of soda-water and fruit syrup. All this struck me as being commendable, comforting, and comparatively civilized. As for the landscape, I was soon obliged to confess that it was terribly monotonous. Near Buenos Ayres the line skirts the suburb of Belgrano, where there are many handsome villas, and then the country becomes flat and often marshy grazing land, beyond which, in the distance, you catch a glimpse now and then of the river Paraná. All this land is divided into squares, and enclosed

with fences made of crooked wooden posts and three or four lines of wire. Trees are very rare. Occasionally, near the river, are patches of reeds, stunted willow, and low shrubs of the acacia family; but generally the view is limited to interminable pastures, dotted with cattle, interspersed with flocks of white birds of the stork tribe, and black clouds of crows and wild-ducks, while occasionally some great vulture or eagle is seen soaring in the air, waiting to prey upon the carcasses of beasts that are strewn alongside the track, victims of the cow-catcher. The small towns and villages along the line have brick houses, and seem busy and prosperous. At one of these—San Nicolas—there was half an hour's halt for dinner, and the meal was well served and good in quality. Then the train steamed onward through the brilliant summer evening, and at 7.40 P.M. we arrived at Rosario, after a journey of seven hours and a quarter from Buenos Ayres.

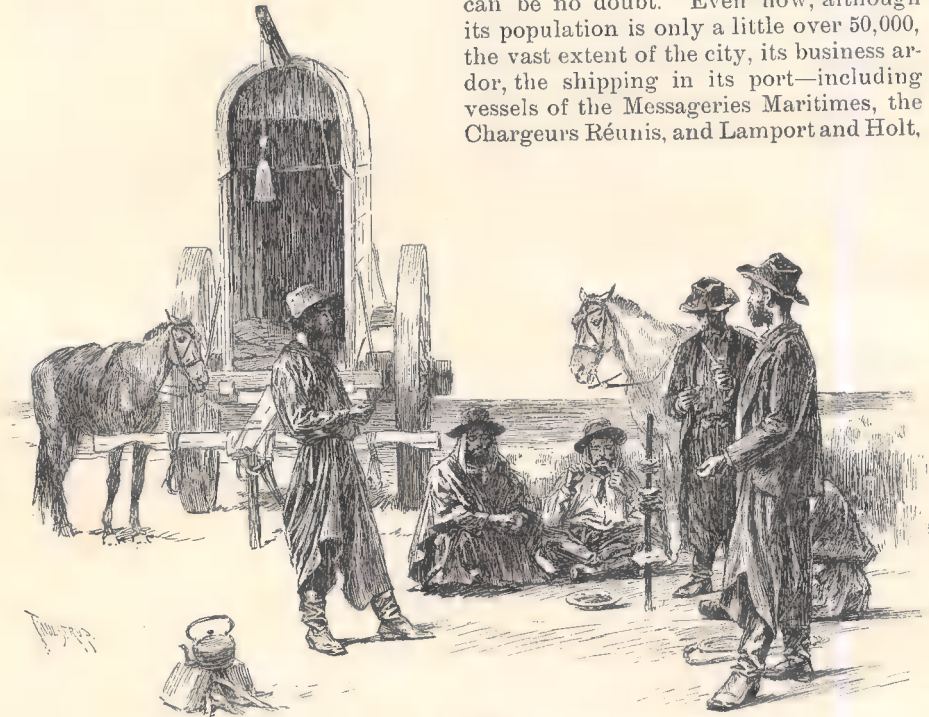
Rosario is a vast business town, laid out geometrically, with straight streets and blocks of uniform dimensions, and situated on a plateau commanding the Paraná River. The situation is admirable, and the city is certainly destined to become one of the finest in South America. At present, however, it is a doleful place for tourists, who require only a few hours to visit the plaza and the public buildings,



PORT OF ROSARIO.

and to stroll through the principal streets, where there are some fine shops and handsome business blocks. On one side of the plaza is a large church, whose white dome and towers are conspicuous from afar, but when you approach you find that the dome and towers are the only parts of the

bears witness to the commercial activity of the town. Rosario is the natural port of the provinces of the interior of the republic, Santa Fe, Cordoba, Tucuman, Santiago, Salta, and Jujuy, with which it is in direct railway connection. In course of time, too, railways will place it in communication with Bolivia and with Chili. About the great future of Rosario there can be no doubt. Even now, although its population is only a little over 50,000, the vast extent of the city, its business ardor, the shipping in its port—including vessels of the Messageries Maritimes, the Chargeurs Réunis, and Lamport and Holt,



GAUCHOS.

building yet completed; the rest of the edifice is rough brick, which, as I was informed, has been waiting for its stucco facing for the past eight years. But in Rosario nobody cares for churches; it is a city of business men, and particularly a city of young men, who, after office hours, find distraction in clubs, bar-rooms, immense cafés, and billiard saloons. Such establishments seem to be peculiarly frequent in this town. The port of Rosario, on the Paraná River, is at present in a terrible state of disorder, but from morning until night there is a din of pile-driving and dredging, and in the course of a year or two we may expect to see there a fine line of quays. Meanwhile the quantity of ships anchored in the river, or lying alongside the warehouses and wharves,

that come directly from Bordeaux, Havre, Antwerp, and Liverpool—impress one with the present importance and the greater future of this modern and thoroughly European city.

The following evening I bought a ticket for Mendoza, and settled myself for the night in a commodious but very dirty sleeping car built at Wilmington, Delaware. In the morning I was disappointed to find the landscape still flat and monotonous beyond description, less green than in the province of Buenos Ayres, but divided into squares in the same way with posts and wire. The towns are generally at some distance from the line, and their silhouettes are utterly unpicturesque. Toward Sampacho I noticed some huts built of sun-dried bricks. In the way-



HOTEL CLUB SOCIAL.

side stations the type of the Italian navy seems to predominate, though a little local color is given by the dark-skinned semi-Indian *china* women, and by an occasional *gaucho*, or native peasant, wearing the baggy Oriental trousers called *cheripa*, a leather waistband ornamented with a profusion of silver coins, and a short jacket, or else the characteristic South-American *poncho*. To my disgust, the men and women are not more interesting than the landscape, which becomes more and more unpicturesque as we proceed westward. The gray, sun-burnt plain, whose level monotony is broken only by tufts of bunch-grass and low dunes of yellow earth, stretches in all directions as far as the eye can reach. Hour after hour, through blazing sun and blinding dust, the train jolts along. At last we reach Villa Mercedes, where we stop an hour. The station here is crowded with *gauchos*, Indian women smoking cigarettes, provincial ladies in Parisian costumes, men wearing showy cravats, *peones*, laborers, farmers, and miscellaneous European types, mostly with Latin features and flashing black eyes. The restaurant was full of people eating and drinking in democratic promiscuity, but without disorder or roughness. The room was immense,

and at one end was an assortment of bottles and brands of liquors, beer, and refreshing drinks which astonished me by its variety. In the centre of South America, at this distant railway junction, I was not prepared for such overpowering evidences of urban civilization.

After leaving Villa Mercedes we enter the province of San Luis, where there is much wood and very little water. In the north this province is wild, hilly, and covered with timber, in the south the bare pampa continues, and throughout it is very thinly populated and very poor. The line crosses the brown Rio Quinto by means of a suspension-bridge, and then rises rapidly until the long Sierra de San Luis breaks upon the view. All the afternoon we enjoy this pleasant change of picturesque prospect. After the exasperating treeless flatness of the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Cordoba, the sight of hills, verdure, and woods is an unspeakable relief. Still it is a long and wearisome journey, and after a second night spent in the dusty sleeping car it was with no little satisfaction that we heard the guard's voice at five o'clock in the morning crying, "*Arriba, señores, arriba!*" (Up, gentlemen, get up!)

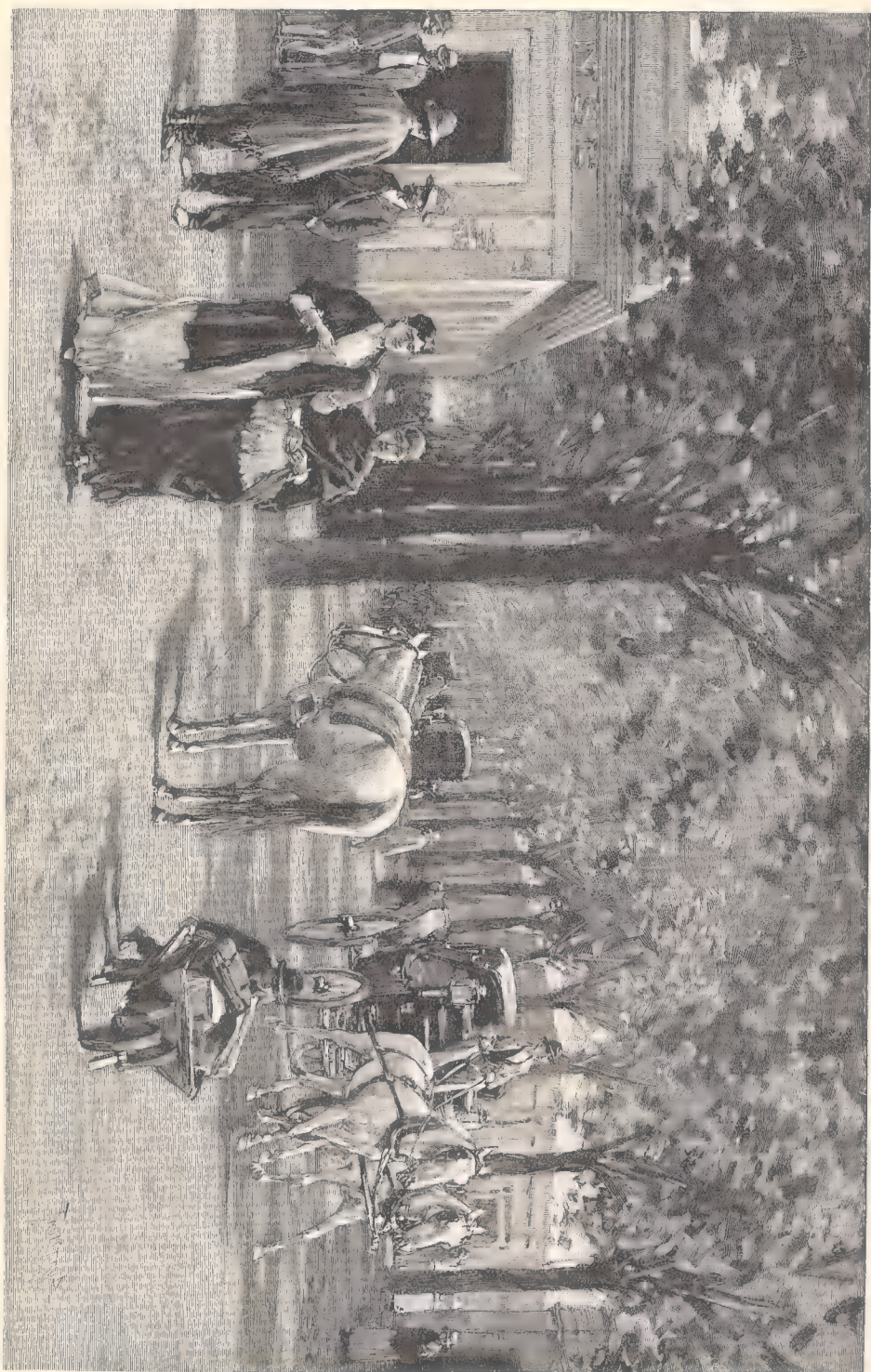
We were passing through a green and

fertile country covered with vineyards, orchards, and luxuriant trees. Ahead of the train the Andes towered up into the clouds, the morning sun gilded the snow-capped peak of Tupungato, and the vision of mountain and valley, the contrast of rugged barren rocks and soft smiling vegetation in the plain below, the brilliant purity of the morning sunlight, the warm freshness of the air, the perfume of the vineyards, the rippling of the innumerable rivulets and irrigation canals on either side of the line, all tended to produce a sensation of exquisite expectation. Mendoza! We had arrived at the end of our journey.

Mendoza is one of the very few towns of the Argentine Republic which produce at once a favorable impression upon the visitor, and leave in his mind souvenirs that remain satisfactory—at least from the picturesque point of view. The plan is the usual rectangular division into uniform chess-board blocks. The streets are twenty-five and thirty metres broad, with wide sidewalks, shaded by lofty and luxuriant Carolina poplars; there are five large plazas, each planted with trees and shrubs; indeed, the town might be described as a group of shady avenues placed in the centre of an immense park or garden, for the environs, stretching away to the lower spurs of the Andes, are covered with brilliant green vegetation, kept fresh, even in the height of the summer heat, by the abundant waters of the river Mendoza and other natural and artificial streams. And this summer heat is not to be trifled with. Already at six o'clock in the morning the sun begins to sting, and on certain days a hot wind blows from the province of San Juan which would render the town unendurable were it not for the shade trees and the watercourses, one of which runs along the principal street, the Calle General San Martin, partly through an open canal and partly below the sidewalk, which is formed of planks laid across the stream, here confined in a brick aqueduct. In every street fresh water is running down the gutters night and day. An evidence of the heat met my eyes when I entered the court-yard of the Hotel Club Social: several of the guests were sleeping in the open air on iron bedsteads placed under the colonnade. This hotel consists of a handsome façade with two wings, in one of which is the restaurant, and in the other

a café and billiard-room, a central *patio* planted with trees and flowers, and surrounded by a colonnade, under which are the bedrooms, with carpeted floors, iron bedsteads, Louis XV. marble-topped tables, Renaissance wardrobes, and other comparatively luxurious and expensive furniture that one is not prepared to see in so remote a town. However, subsequent experience accustomed me to find in the wretchedest villages of the Argentine, and even in the miserable cottages of the *gauchos*, pieces of showy furniture and objects of luxury entirely out of keeping with the surroundings.

The hotel, like all the edifices in Mendoza, is only one story high, built of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, decorated with stucco mouldings and ornaments, and painted white. This kind of construction has prevailed universally since the old city was destroyed by an earthquake in 1861. The new city, situated to the north of the old one, is, of course, composed of modern buildings only, generally in good order, neatly painted, and with considerable luxury in the wrought-iron gates of the *patios*, and in the elaborate iron gratings placed over the windows, according to the old Spanish custom, which is still observed throughout the Argentine. As for public edifices, there are none worthy of special mention or of a monumental character. The shops are, for the most part, vast and lofty bazars, with great quantities of merchandise piled up to the ceiling on shelves, and without any attempt at artistic window-dressing. During the daytime the city is a desert of brown dust and glaring sunlight. In the early morning, however, there is considerable movement, especially in the Calle San Martin, where you see groups of mule-drivers and mountain guides, bullock carts laden with square bales of compressed hay, wagons drawn by three mules harnessed abreast, two-horse cabs and victorias tearing along, and raising clouds of dust. The cabs in Mendoza cost so little that the servants hire one to go to market. Indeed, owing to the system of one-story houses, the 30,000 inhabitants of the town are scattered over a great superficies, and the light victoria is as indispensable there as the droschka is in Saint Petersburg. In the morning, too, you see the country people and *gauchos* riding about the streets, wearing the inevitable *poncho*, and taking pride in the



CALLE GENERAL SAN MARTIN.

elaborate ornamentation of their saddles and stirrups. Outside the shops groups of mules and horses are seen tethered. On the sidewalks are women going to or returning from market, dark-skinned *chinas*, with more or less Indian blood in their veins, wearing light cotton dresses, black shawls sometimes drawn over their heads like a hood, and their hair in two long braids hanging down their backs. These pendent braids I found to be characteristic of the *china* and Indian women in all the parts of South America that I visited. At night the streets become once more animated. The Calle San Martin and its shops are brilliantly lighted with paraffine lamps. The belles of Mendoza are seen making their purchases, and afterward taking a turn on the Plaza Independencia on the nights when the military band plays. Sunday afternoon is the great time for the promenade along the Corso in the Calle San Martin. Down the centre of the street runs the tramway, without which, by-the-way, no South-American town is complete. Two shabby municipal employés, mounted on equally shabby steeds, stand at each end to mark the limits of the Corso, and from five to seven o'clock there is a continuous procession of public and private carriages, landaus, barouches, victorias, spiders, each drawn by a pair of horses. The young bloods ride up and down on horseback, smoking cigarettes and displaying their fine clothes. Seven, eight, or nine times the procession passes up and down; then all Mendoza goes to dine; and the review recommences on foot on the Plaza Independencia between nine and ten. Meanwhile, during the afternoon promenade, we must not forget to note the windows of the houses in the Calle San Martin, full of spectators; the front rooms with whole families seated in all the splendor of their Sunday clothes, and watching the movement of the street; the sidewalk in front of the Governor's house, where the Governor, his wife, his brother, his daughters, and other relatives are seated on chairs according to their rank; while on the opposite sidewalk the military band plays in their honor. As for the costume of the promenaders, it is absolutely correct. The men wear silk chimney-pot hats, and the women gay Parisian hats and dresses of bright colors trimmed with a profusion of lace. Such is the Corso, and such is the only amusement that the Mendocinos

have. Life there is terribly dull. "C'est embêtant; il n'y pas même un beuglant!" exclaimed in despair an enigmatical Parisian lady whom strange adventures had led to this distant provincial capital. No, there is not even a café concert, and yet the young men declare that they never go to bed before two o'clock in the morning. What do they do? They go to their club and gamble. Every Argentine is a born gambler.

All the Mendocinos that I met were enthusiastic in the praise of their province, and in extolling its viticultural and pastoral riches, to develop which needs only capital, cheap railway freights, and an honest administration. Like the other Argentines whom I had met, I found the Mendocinos to be loquacious and indefatigable critics; but there seemed to be no ideas amongst them of united action and energetic citizenship. Thus, disappointed with my first experience of the republic, I spent a few more days in visiting various estates, where I found the employés for the most part living in comfortless and slovenly huts. I visited also the famous Trapiche Vineyard, belonging to Señor Tiburcio Benegas, which is a model of order and fertility; and last of all, the ruins of old Mendoza, consisting of the shattered walls of the churches of San Agostino and of the Jesuits, which rise in picturesque and mournful grandeur against the vast background of green plain and mountain solitudes. Then I bade farewell to Mendoza, and crossed the Cordillera, with the intention of spending some time on the west coast, hoping also that in a few months the Argentine crisis would become less intense, and the great republic appear under more favorable colors on further acquaintance.

On returning to the Argentine capital in May, I found the economical and financial crisis more acute than ever, and at the same time there was a commencement of political agitation which promised no good. After making a few observations I once more abandoned Buenos Ayres, and made various excursions north and south, with a view to seeing the country. Alas! I must confess that of all the lands I have visited, the Argentine is the most anti-picturesque and the most monotonous, with the exception always of the mountainous regions, which are still to a great extent inaccessible to ordinary travellers, and



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF SAN AGOSTINO, MENDOZA.

much more so to commercial enterprise. The vast territory extending from the Pilcomayo and the line of latitude 22° south down Tierra del Fuego—upward of 2000 miles long, with an average breadth of 500 miles, and with a total area* of 1,200,000 square miles—may be divided into four great natural sections: the Andine region, comprising the provinces of Mendoza, San Juan, Rioja, Catamarca, Tucuman, Salta,

* Official statistics give the area as 4,195,000 square kilometres. The chief of the Statistical Bureau, Mr. Latzina, calculates the area at 2,894,257 square kilometres. No trigonometrical survey has yet been made, nor any census taken of the actual republic.

and Jujuy; the Pampas, extending from the Pilcomayo on the north to the Rio Negro on the south, and including the Gran Chaco, the provinces of Santiago, Santa Fe, Cordoba, San Luis, Buenos Ayres, and the Gobernacion de la Pampa; Patagonia, comprising the three Gobernaciones of the Negro, the Chubut, and Santa Cruz; and the Argentine Mesopotamia, between the rivers Paraná and

Uruguay, including the provinces of Entre Rios, Corrientes, and Misiones.

Patagonia is still mainly occupied by a fine race of friendly Indians, whose chief business is hunting, and colonization proceeds but slowly. The Chubut Valley, where there is a Welsh colony, is much vaunted by persons who are interested in the sale of land in those parts, but at present there is little trustworthy evidence to be obtained, owing to the difficulty of travelling, there being as yet no trunk lines south of Bahia Blanca. The same is the case with the Rio Negro, which, however, is likely to be eventually opened up to pastoral industry by the building of

the projected railway between the rivers Colorado and Negro, from the bay and port of San Blas, latitude $40^{\circ} 35'$ south, across the Andes to Valdivia, in Chili. The Andine region is at present thinly populated. The development of agriculture there is dependent upon irrigation works, which require capital; the mineral wealth cannot be utilized for the want of means of cheap transportation. In Tucuman the sugar industry has acquired a certain development, but is not increasing, and the tendency now is to transport the industry to the more accessible banks of the Paraná River. Meanwhile, in the Andine region, besides agricultural and pastoral enterprises, the surest and most flourishing industry is wine-growing. Now we come to the pampa, of which we caught a glimpse in the journey from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza. Another more important section of the pampa may be visited by means of the various lines of the Southern Railway Company, the best-managed enterprise in the republic.

The station of the great Southern Railway on the Plaza de la Constitucion at Buenos Ayres is a vast and handsome building, which will bear comparison with the best modern railway stations in Europe. The monumental marble staircase and entrance hall, the offices of the administration, the waiting-rooms, and the arrival and departure platforms, spanned by a tasteful iron roof, are all as fine as anything of the kind in the Old World. The adjoining goods station and depots are of enormous extent, and during the season form the great wool market of Buenos Ayres. The plan and distribution of the various services are most conveniently arranged. The rolling stock of the great Southern Company for passenger traffic is, like the station, of the most modern and improved description, built in England, the ordinary cars on the North-American plan, and the sleeping cars on the European system, with compartments of four beds. This company runs also vestibule trains between Buenos Ayres and La Plata, and these cars, likewise built in England, are fitted up with the greatest luxury, and provided with every convenience that a traveller can desire. I confess that I was agreeably surprised to find such an admirably appointed railway in the new republic. In the Old World, even in these days of international expresses and through trains from the

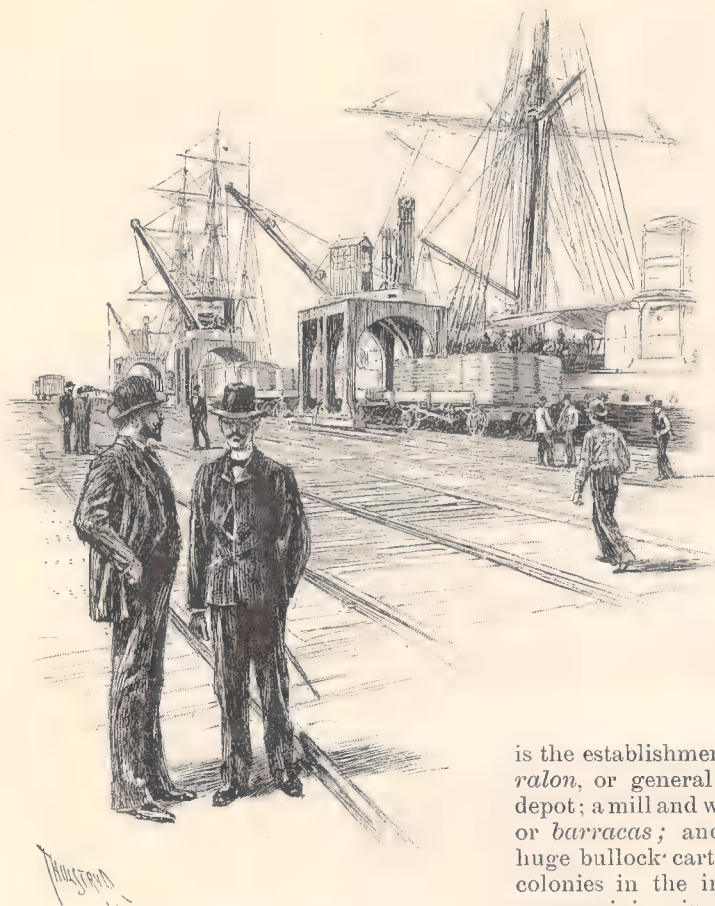
Bastille to the Sublime Porte, the public is not accustomed to such splendor as the Buenos Ayres great Southern Company offers to the *nil admirari* Argentine farmers.

One evening in May I took my seat in a sleeping car, with a ticket for Bahia Blanca. The track is $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet gauge; the car broad and commodious, with a table in the middle; the fittings in excellent taste; the walls and roof of natural woods ornamented with carved panels, and with a profusion of mirrors. The Argentines delight in looking-glasses, and demand them both in place and out of place. With the exception of this one point, the decorations of the sleeping cars would delight the heart of William Morris. Another detail which I noticed on closer inspection was the absence of blinds or curtains, and the explanation of this phenomenon was given to me subsequently by the manager: "The public would steal anything loose." A similar reason for a similar fact was given to me in Chili, and also a few years ago on the line from the Piræus to Athens, where the cars are likewise without curtains. *Que voulez-vous?* Man is not perfect.

The express started at 7.30 P.M., and in the bright moonlight we caught glimpses of the warehouses and shipping of Barracas, and then of several pleasant little towns in the vicinity of the capital, dairy farms, market gardens, and villas dotted along the line. Soon we enter a region of corn fields, and further on the sheep farms become visible, the flocks gathered in black patches on either side of the line. The next morning we wake up in the midst of the interminable monotony of the pampa. The horizon appears circular, as if we were on the sea; not a single hillock breaks the evenness of the boundary line; the land stretches away in all directions, gray and green, covered with grass of varying fineness, sometimes rough with thistles and tufts of bunch-grass, sometimes smooth and velvety like a garden lawn; not a tree is to be seen; the only objects that catch the eye in the immensity of blue sky and grayish-green plain are the straight lines of post and wire fencing, herds of horses and horned cattle, flocks of sheep, flights of wild-ducks, geese, swans, crows, *tero-tero*—which resembles the plover—partridges, deer, and ostriches. In the air you see hawks soaring, and occasionally an eagle



PRAIRIE SCHOONER.



BAHIA BLANCA, NEW MOLE.

or an owl perched on the telegraph pole ; while alongside the track, at intervals, the rotting carcass of a horse or cow, killed by a passing train, or a sinister arabesque of bleached bones, picked clean and lying on the grass as the birds of prey left them, evokes visions of pain and slaughter. From time to time we notice groups of a few box-like huts of burnt brick scattered over the ground, and in the vicinity some human beings toiling. This is a colony, or a *centro agricolo*. Gradually some of these colonies grow into villages or little towns, and then they are honored with a railway station, around which the box-like huts are grouped more closely, with, conspicuous amongst them, a general store and an Italian drinking shop—the *Café Fonda Roma* or the *Hotel de Genova*. The next stage in the growth of the town

is the establishment of a *corralon*, or general hardware depot ; a mill and warehouses, or *barracas* ; and then the huge bullock carts from the colonies in the interior are seen arriving in long caravans, or grouped in the neighborhood of the station. These immense carts, or *carretas*,

built in the same form fore and aft, and nicely balanced on their enormous axles, are generally driven by Basques, and throughout the Argentine they precede the railways ; afterward, as the railways extend their course, these "prairie schooners" continue to run as local feeders, groaning and grating over the secular ruts and swamps which are by courtesy alone termed roads.* Such places are Pigue and Tornquist, which are in course of development from colonies into towns. In contrast with this kind of settlement

* The first *carreta* was built in Tucuman, more than 300 years ago, for service between Buenos Ayres, Bolivia, and Peru, Tucuman being the nearest point where good timber was to be obtained. These carts, drawn by six or eight yokes of oxen, traced the roads, which are still the main roads of the republic, and the original model both of cart and of road has been faithfully perpetuated.

must be noted the vast *estancias*,* owned by private individuals or companies, such as the Casey Estancia, or Curumalan estate, of ninety square leagues, which is served by three stations, and traversed by the Southern Railway over a distance of nearly fifty kilometres. This *estancia* comprises the largest stud farm in the Argentine.

Here the landscape becomes a little less monotonous, thanks to the hills of the Sierra de la Ventana, to avoid which the line describes a curve, and finally, after crossing the Naposta River, arrives at Bahia Blanca at 2.50 P.M., having made the distance of 444 miles in eighteen hours, not counting the long stoppages.

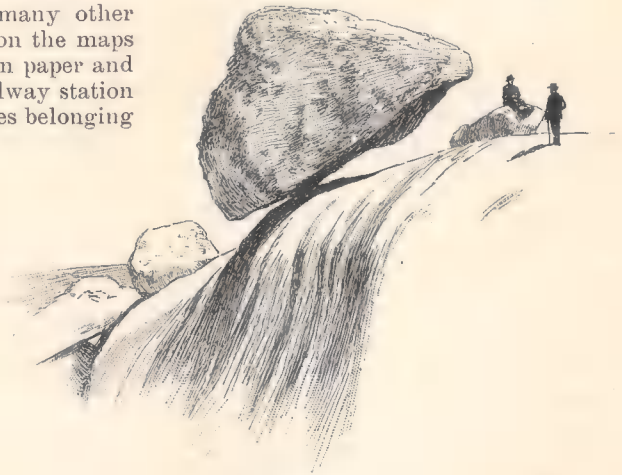
The country around Bahia Blanca is absolutely flat. The environs of the town are occupied with *quintas* and *chacras*, that is to say, small holdings devoted to careful culture of vegetables, lucern, and vines. The grape thrives very well in these parts, and viticulture will doubtless become in time one of the important industries of the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres.

The town of Bahia Blanca is incipient and unlovely. There is a vast and neglected plaza surrounded by unpretentious edifices—the church, the municipal buildings, the police station and barracks, the houses of the English, Danish, and Spanish consulates, a few large general stores, two immense cafés and billiard-rooms, and a dreadful Hotel de Londres. The streets are rather swampy; one only is paved; and altogether it is as dismal, dull, and dirty a place as one could wish to see. Its greatness, like that of many other towns marked in big letters on the maps of the Argentine, is mostly on paper and in the future. Near the railway station are some extensive warehouses belonging

to the German consul, where wool is baled on a large scale, and shipped from the port of Bahia Blanca, distant by rail five kilometres from the town. The population of Bahia Blanca is estimated at 13,000.

The port is approached across a desolate marshy waste, terminating in mud banks, which at low-water are alive with small crabs. There is a channel formed by the estuary of the rivers Naposta and Sauce Chico, permitting vessels of eighteen feet draught to go up to the mole which has been built by the great Southern Railway Company, and provided with fine hydraulic cranes and capstans for handling cargo and shunting trucks. At present this fine mole, which may be compared with the Muelle Fiscal of Valparaiso, seems somewhat in advance of the requirements of the port; for, except during the wool season, the ships that discharge railway iron and coal at Bahia Blanca have to leave with ballast. Like all new ports, too, that of Bahia has a bad reputation, because it has been used by unscrupulous ship-owners for the purpose of wrecking old vessels and pocketing the insurance money. Enthusiasts, however, maintain that the port has a great future. There is a scheme for building docks and quays along the mud banks, where a few miserable wooden huts may now be seen, and two lines of railway are in construction or in project which would certainly have a great influence on the development of the place. One of these lines is Busta-

* I have purposely avoided descriptions of life on the South-American *estancias*. Previous travellers have written copiously about the subject, and satiated us with verbiage about *gauchos*, rounding-up or *rodeo*, branding, sheep-shearing, and what not. The incidents of pastoral life are more or less the same all over the world. The South-American *gaucho* is the brother of the Northern cow-boy, and from the point of view of picturesque and strongly marked character, the cow-boy is perhaps the more interesting figure of the two.



ROCKING STONE, TANDIL.



COUNTRY HUT.

mante's concession from Buenos Ayres to Talcahuano, *viâ* Carhue, General Atcha, the Antuco Pass, and Yumbel; and the other is the Northwestern Line from Bahia Blanca through General Atcha to Villa Mercedes, which would make Bahia Blanca the natural port for the province of Mendoza. Near the port of Bahia are some important salt-works, finely equipped and very productive.

Another branch of the great Southern Railway runs from Buenos Ayres to Tandil, a distance of 247 miles. This town of 11,000 inhabitants is situated in the midst of picturesque hills of blue granite, which furnish paving stones for the capital, and for other towns that are rich enough to buy this luxury. On one of these hills is the famous rocking stone, so nicely poised that it will crack a nut. From Tandil the line goes to Tres Arroyos, 120 miles, which will shortly be connected by an extension with Bahia Blanca. Another branch runs from Maipú to Mar del Plata, the Newport of Buenos Ayres, a fashionable watering-place which successful speculation has brought into

existence and prosperity since 1887, and which already boasts casinos and hotels of the most luxurious and completely civilized description. All the country traversed by the above railway lines is devoted to pastoral and agricultural industries, and the landscape, with the exception of the hilly district of the Sierra de Tandil and the Sierra de la Ventana, is always the same—bare pampa, with stretches of marshes and small lakes abounding in wild fowl. As for the *estancias*, towns, villages, and colonies, when you have seen one you have seen all, and all are equally unpicturesque. The life, too, has become less fertile in picturesque incidents since the enclosure of the land with wire fences, which makes the management of the herds much simpler, and enables the *estancieros* to dispense with the guard of mounted *gauchos*, who are now to be seen only in the very distant interior. At present the majority of the population has no particular character, being composed of Italian and French immigrants, of Basques with red or blue cloth caps, and a few native *gauchos* with broad

belts constellated with silver coins, long *ponchos*, and wide Oriental trousers like petticoats, generally black, but sometimes striped with brilliant colors. Nowadays, however, the *gaucho* is losing his individuality, abandoning his peculiar costume, and becoming assimilated in dress and habits with the swarms of miscellaneous Europeans who have peopled the modern Argentine, and made the hundreds of colonies and towns that have sprung into existence within the past ten years. To visit these young centres of so-called civilization is no pleasant task.

In a new country the traveller must not be particular, much less exacting; above all, he must not expect to find refinement amongst the inhabitants, whose whole efforts barely suffice to sustain the combat against the elements. Still, I cannot refrain from noting the impression of sadness and disgust produced by the sight of the towns and colonies of the

pampa, and by a glimpse of the life that the inhabitants lead. Verily the majority live worse than brutes, for they have not even the cleanly instincts of the beasts of the field. Their houses are less agreeable to the eye than an Esquimau's hut. The way they maltreat their animals is sickening to behold. Rarely do you see the face of a man, woman, or child that does not wear a bestial and ferocious expression. In the villages there are no clubs, no libraries, no churches, no priests, rarely even a school. The men and women work, eat, and sleep, and their only distraction is the grossest bestiality, gambling and drinking in the *pulperia*, with occasionally a little knifing and revolver-firing. During my whole stay in the Argentine, and in all the centres that I visited, I was struck by the utter absence of moral restraint, and by the hard materiality of the faces of the people, from the highest down to the lowest.

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.

GODS of the desert! Ye are they
We shun from childhood's earliest breath;
Our passing joys are but your prey;
Ye wait the hours from birth to death.

Over soft lawns where blossoms sleep,
Under warm trees where love was born,
I see your haughty shadows creep,
And wait to meet ye there, forlorn.

Afar on ancient sands ye rest,
Carven in stone, where ancient thought
Wrapt ye in terrors—shapes unblest,
Dreadful, by might of ages wrought.

But not alone on Egypt's shore
Sleeps the great desert: everywhere
Where gladness lived and lives no more,
There is a desert of despair.

Strange messengers! Your brows of gloom
Haunt every creature born of earth;
Ye follow to the darkened room;
Ye watch the awful hour of birth.

Ye show the lovely way-side rose,
Whose antique grace is born anew,
To eyes of grief. Grief only knows
How tender is the sunset's hue.

Gods of the desert! By your hand
Through the sad waters are we brought
Into a high and peaceful land
To drink of fountains else unsought.



PRECEDENCE IN VANITY FAIR.—DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

The lady-guests go in to dinner with the host and young Sir John and the Hon. Dick Swiveller, while the hostess naturally takes the arm of her nephew Lord Goshawk (fresh from Eton)—so that, as the party is just two ladies short, Dr. Jones the great historian and Professor Brown the famous philologist (whose wives have not been asked) bring up the rear together.

THE DOCTOR:—"Well, professor—we may be of less consequence than the rest,—but at all events we're the *oldest* and the most renowned!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was a sage of the gentler sex who, after many years of experience, remarked that "men are queer!" That they are so in a positive sense no shrewd observer of mankind would deny, but that they are so comparatively or absolutely would be a very hardy assertion. If the queen of the household is of opinion that her associate majesty is very queer because he enjoys a torrid height of the mercury in the drawing-room, he holds probably a similar view of her fondness in the dining-room for what he describes as burnt beef. Tib, the famous old bachelor who prided himself upon what he defiantly called his freedom, used to say, with an air of commiseration and extreme caution, that he supposed his married friends were probably what they called happy. But, he added, I never knew any of the happy pairs to agree upon the proper warmth of a room, or the true turn of a roast, or the just amount of fresh air. Still, he said, demurely, I do not assert that their matrimonial felicity was not great.

But the axiom of the sage of the better sex, that men are queer, has been strongly confirmed recently by a decision of the authorities of the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York. That important body, producing the figures, has announced in effect that as it is clear from the accounts that the presentation of German opera is more profitable than that of Italian and French opera combined, it is evident that the public desires to hear Italian and French opera, and therefore for the present the German opera will be discontinued. This is certainly delightful proof that men are queer, and that one respected group of them by a signal display of queerness are anxious to contribute to the gayety of nations. It is a striking illustration of the superiority of man to money, and in the mad struggle for a mere material advantage, this devotion to pure art, condemning the expense, is a noble tribute to the unselfishness of human nature.

Another view has been advanced which is also interesting to a student of mankind. It is put in this way, that if the cost of the Italian and French opera should be a hundred thousand dollars in a season more than that of the German, yet it will be gladly paid by those denizens of boxes who have an insatiable desire to proceed

with their intellectual cultivation by audible conversation during the performance. The argument is that these devotees of the intellect hold that nothing is lost by not hearing the Italian and French music, and that the time can be much more profitably devoted to the stimulating conversation which takes place in an opera box.

Still another view is even more honorable to the boxes, while it does not depreciate the performance. It is this, that the operatic situation offers a choice of delights, an embarrassment of riches. Charming and elevating as the music may be, yet still more lofty and inspiring is the conversation, and the boxes are therefore compelled to an alternative, and very naturally and properly choose their own talk to the music. The decision of the authorities may be consequently held to be designed to secure a continuation of conversation in the boxes upon the lowest terms of loss.

This cannot but be regarded by a judicious public as a wise conclusion. It is, of course, desirable that the wit and wisdom of the box chat should continue, but at the least sacrifice; and the least sacrifice seems to be considered the Italian and French opera plus a certain sum of money. Upon these lowest terms every friend of humanity will be glad to know that the colloquial delights of the boxes will be perpetuated. It is even hinted also that there will be no disposition in an unmanly manner to hiss the interruption of Italian and French opera. If the boxes think fit upon intellectual grounds to accompany the dying falls of French and Italian strains with a cheerful murmur of talk, the parquet will acquiesce, if, indeed, upon such occasions there should be any parquet remaining.

The noble sacrifice of those public benefactors, the talking boxes, is still more strikingly illustrated by the alleged fact that the Italian opera droops in other operatic countries as with us, and that not only in England, which has been the El Dorado of the artists of the Southern school, but in Italy itself, the opera of Italy has declined. The truth probably is that for some time in all musically cultivated countries Italian opera, which was a traditional fashion, was largely maintained as a social opportunity under conditions

which most favored personal display and made the least intellectual demand. It supplied also to the society in the boxes at the San Carlo, the Pergola, the Scala, the Italiens, and Her Majesty's, the entertainment, in the persons of famous prima-donnas, of an extraordinary vocal performance.

The charm of that performance was undeniable. The rippling and glittering gayety of Rossini, the sweet and tender melody of Bellini, the sparkle of Auber, the romantic pathos of Donizetti, the brilliant melodramatic strains of Verdi—none who have felt the spell will deny the enchantment. But *tempora mutantur*; one age with its spirit and taste succeeds another. A deeper, stronger, more earnest taste in music, a higher general cultivation, another theory of opera, have come into the house and seated themselves in the parquet, and look askance at the boxes as the Quartier St. Antoine looked upon the Faubourg St. Germain. The boxes, with the innocent ignorance of the *cil-de-bœuf*, propose to maintain the old order, to stand by Bellini and Donizetti and the last half-century. It is touching and interesting. *Vive l'opéra italienne! Vive les loges!* So Marie Antoinette appeared in the balcony of the banqueting hall at Versailles, and so the *garde du roi* sprang to its feet with gallant enthusiasm, rattling its sabres and pledging the Queen. It is a heroic story, a romantic tradition. And the Queen? And the *garde du roi*?

The authorities of the opera invite the city to an interesting entertainment. Nothing has seemed more natural than the precedence of German opera at a time in which the German musical genius and cultivation are dominant, and in a city in which the German audience abounds. And now, for our pleasure, Sisyphus will take a turn at the stone, and the lovely Danaïdes of the boxes, in the shining garments of Worth, with soft disdain of difficulty, will essay with sieves of the finest texture to bale out the ocean.

THE poets celebrate the enchantment of distance, and our eyes, seeing the Alpine glaciers in the sunset, or the soft sheen of the summer ocean, justify their words. But there is a constant homely tribute to their truth also in the use of the phrase old-fashioned. After the snowstorms of this year how sure some friend was to say, in the cold bright weather,

"Well, thank gracious, at last we have an old-fashioned winter"! The householder, lamenting the imperfection of recent repairs, exclaims, impatiently, "I wish that I could get some old-fashioned work done in this house!" The pretty hoydens of the hour are brought to the judgment-seat of old-fashioned manners; and young Rip is condemned by the sternness of old-fashioned morals.

But is not the delicate rose of the Alpine ice the quality not of the glacier, but of the distance? Was the snow of a century ago really so much deeper than that of the blizzard three years since? Were the manners of Lovelace really finer than those of many a man we know; and did the lovely Aspasia surpass Florence Nightingale? The phrase old-fashioned must not be taken "at the foot of the letter." It does not describe what was, so much as what might have been. It is not fact, but our fancy of the fact. If Helen of Troy reappearing had smiled upon Romeo, Romeo would still have thought Juliet fairer. If Juliet should entice him, Zekle would still prefer Huldry. It is our pleasure to decorate the present in which we live with pictures of the past, or of what might have been, and of the future, or what shall be. We live in the perpetual presence of Malbone's Hours—the past, the present, and the future—and we revenge ourselves upon the "refractory fact" by supposing it different.

If the kind genius of the holidays, catching us musing on Christmas Eve, and giving us a penny for our thoughts, had discovered that it was of the good old-fashioned days we were thinking, and had offered to exchange our days for them, should we have assented? In the sturdy, hearty, generous, deep-snowed winters of an earlier time, what cheerful blazing fires of walnut and hickory there were in the ample fireplace of the roadside inn! what steaming mugs of flip! what roistering jests about the hearth! That was old-fashioned hilarity. So lived they in the days of old.

But would we exchange the car, which in four hours, or even less, brings us to Albany, for instance, still sitting in comfort, as by our own fireside, and looking at ease on the beautiful unrolling panorama of the Hudson, for the long, long, bitter journey, muffled, but still half frozen, in the close-curtained box of a sleigh, even

with the possible flip and the roaring inn-fire by the way? Does not our modern genius enable us to enjoy the beauty of winter as never before it could be enjoyed upon a journey, that is, with entire comfort, and without freezing hands and feet? And still wine may be mulled, and still, if the taste demand, flip may be produced. Is wit less sparkling or jest less nimble in the later day? Was there really any essential charm in the old-fashioned time which the new-fashioned has lost, except the distance itself, which is an ornament now, just as the earlier distance was an ornament then?

So with the old-fashioned manners. We have often had occasion to refer to Sir Charles Grandison and the gentleman of the old school. Doubtless he is a more pleasing and dignified figure than the free and easy, rude, and "slangy" youth of to-day, whose tone in addressing a woman is an insult, and who puffs the smoke of his cigarette almost in her face. But was the older manner, courtly and stately as it was, the garb of a nobler estimate of women and sincerer regard for them? What are a few silly, slangy boys, puffing cigarettes and affecting insulting familiarity with women, compared with the great advance of essential respect for womanhood, which is a distinct characteristic of the new-fashioned time? Sir Charles Grandison was not a type of the general manner of his age. It was the age of George the Second. Consult Hervey if you would know the old-fashioned reverence for women in the select circles of Grandisonian gentility. Your own time, young Cigarette, although not you, can furnish illustrations of new-fashioned manners compared with which Sir Charles is a pompous old prig.

The enchantment of distance, like the haze of Indian-summer, is undeniable, but it is atmospheric. It is not a part of the thing seen, it is the medium through which we see it. The old-fashioned winter is such a winter as sometimes occurred when there was not a new-fashioned winter, that is to say, that sometimes winter was mild, sometimes severe, as it is now. But there is no good old-fashioned quality—heroism, self-sacrifice, manly persistence, truthfulness, and honor in all dealing—which has gone out of fashion. Genius, indeed, fluctuates from age to age. There are splendid epochs of art and literature; the age of Pericles; of Augustus; of the

Medici; of Elizabeth; but the age of character, of public and private virtue, is perpetual. One voice may whisper that the Decalogue and the golden rule have nothing to do with politics. But a greater voice, swelling into a chorus of conviction, silences it by saying that politics are moral principles applied to public affairs. The beauty of the moral universe, like that of visible nature, never becomes old-fashioned.

THERE is a question of literary ethics which can be settled only in the court of honor. Orlando lately said of Thackeray that he must have aroused bitter enmities, and upon being asked why, answered, because he "served up" so many people in his stories. The snobs, indeed, as a body, might have resented the universal laugh which he raised against them, and the Sharp and Steyne family connection probably feel exceedingly uncomfortable when Thackeray's name is mentioned, because Thackeray did undeniably lift the veil.

But was he guilty as charged? Did he in a recognizable and therefore reprehensible manner "serve up" individuals? Of course there are plenty of Becky Sharps, and Major Dobbins and Emmies, and Barnes Newcomes, Pendennises, Harry Fokers, Blanche Amorys, Colonel Newcomes, Lady Floras, and Beatrix Esmonds known to us. But did any man or woman know the individual who unconsciously sat for the type? One reader said to the Easy Chair, "Who do you think lent me *Vanity Fair* to read?" And to the utterly ignorant and inquisitive glance of his interlocutor, he answered, "Becky Sharp!"

When *Vanity Fair* was published there was no question who suggested, in a general way, the character of the most noble the Marquis of Steyne, and there could be no offence if everybody agreed upon the original. If in a Revolutionary story it should be alleged that the figure of a brave soldier who was also the worst of traitors was obviously a portrait of Benedict Arnold, no unfair advantage could be attributed to the story-teller. Every intelligent reader delights in the delicious maiden ladies of Cranford, and joyfully verifies the accuracy of the likenesses among excellent ladies whom he knows. But Mrs. Gaskell betrayed no confidence and used no private knowledge unfairly. She took no unjust advantage of person-

al acquaintance to place in the pillory of public ridicule those who innocently shrank from publicity, and whom it would be dishonorable to make notorious.

This is the substance of the accusation, and of this there is a flagrant illustration in one of Willis's stories, which was perfectly well known at the time, but to which the Easy Chair only alludes, not mentioning nor meaning to mention to any inquiring friend the title of the story. In our own literature, its first permanent creative work, Irving's Knickerbocker, was condemned by the sensitive propriety of old New York as an unpardonable effusion of ridicule upon worthy ancestors of worthy citizens. Even Mr. Verplanck, one of Irving's warm friends, regretted that he had allowed his exuberant humor to overflow upon those whose families still survived, and who could not but grieve, as the judicious, over such rollicking dealing with respectability. Irving laughed more good-naturedly than ever at such serious treatment of what he regarded as extravagant fun, and unquestionably it adds to the comedy to think that it was soberly resented.

Thackeray himself said that his sketch of Erminia cost him a friendship and lost him the society of a charming woman. It is a paper not so familiar as many of his works, written in the vein of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, and in his raciest and most exquisite manner. It describes a character so delightful and womanly and attractive that the instinctive question of the reader is: "Can it be? Who is worthy?" It is touched in with that tender grace and gay lightness of which Thackeray is a master, and that Erminia or her spouse should have taken offence seems as impossible as that Lady Elizabeth Hastings should have resented Steele's noble and immortal compliment.

But offence was taken. There is, however, no clue whatever to a particular personality. It is easy to fancy many a young English Corydon of the drawing-room whispering to his peerless Phillis, "When did Mr. Thackeray know you?" But to the reader there is no other trace of personal intention than may be inferred from a certain tranquil enthusiasm of tone and certainty of line as if following a visible original. Thackeray, however, said that the husband of the lady suspected the original of the sketch to be his wife, and the artist not denying, although no tint

but was rosy and fair, and identification was impossible, he was so troubled by the mere fact that his wife had been so portrayed that, with some feeling of violation of confidence, he resented the portrait, and all relations ended. This was as bovine as similar resentment at Lamb's happy sketch of Captain Jackson would have been—a portrait which Lamb did not deny.

But there is undoubtedly a flagrant and dishonorable prostitution of this kind both of opportunity and literary skill. If a clever writer exposes to public ridicule private persons whose likenesses are unmistakable, and whom he is able to draw only because he is their friend, he is a social traitor, a dishonorable man, who deserves to be sent to Coventry quite as much as a man who cheats at cards. Literary talent of this kind is open to immense abuse. Drawing a portrait which is at once recognized by the circle which is familiar with the original, the artist may weave into the woof of his tale incidents not improbable, and with skill introduce situations which are essentially compromising. It is a peculiarly malignant treachery, and although no honorable writer can be guilty of it, it is an offence sure to be perpetual. The blow is one of masked cruelty; it is poison in a precious ring.

Every novelist, indeed, as Mr. Howells was lately reported to have remarked, is indebted to his own experience. What is his function but accurate description of accurate observation? "I have no head above my eyes," said Thackeray. "To hold the mirror up to nature," said Shakespeare. It is as pleasant to see suggestions of actual persons in imagined characters as to trace the likeness of the Fornarina or a Spanish maid in Raphael's or Murillo's Madonnas. Often through the creations of the imagination flit various forms as in a flaming vaporous sunset—mountains and palaces and human figures for a moment appear and fade.

Scott's Rebecca in the last scenes of the story, looking upon Ivanhoe and upon every tearful youth who turns the page, wears to those who knew her—and Scott, we have seen it said, did not deny it—a momentary likeness of a well-known lady, a beautiful daughter of Israel in America. In the Zenobia of Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance* there are glimpses of Margaret Fuller, and of other figures which Haw-

thorne knew, not, indeed, to be seized, not to be held fast and fitted to the reality, but likenesses as in old pictures, intermittent, vanishing; likenesses as the imagination sees them and as genius embodies them. But these must not be misconceived. They are not the excuses for literary dishonor, and what is that but personal dishonor?

THE Easy Chair has been asked whether there is any code of newspaper manners. It has no doubt that there is. But it is the universal code of courtesy, and not one restricted to newspapers. Good manners in civilized society are the same everywhere and in all relations. A newspaper is not a mystery. It is the work of several men and women, and their manners in doing the work are subject to the same principles that govern their manners in society or in any other human relation. If a man is a gentleman, he does not cease to be one because he enters a newspaper office, and it would seem to be equally true that if his work on the paper does not prove to be that of a gentleman, it could not have been a gentleman who did the work.

A gentleman, we will suppose, does not blackguard his neighbors, nor talk incessantly about himself and his achievements, nor behave elsewhere as he would be ashamed to behave in his club or in his own family. If a gentleman does not do these things, of course a gentleman does not do them in a newspaper. And does it not seem to follow, if such things are done in a newspaper, and are traced to a hand supposed to be that of a gentleman, that there has been some mistake about the hand?

Good manners are essentially a disposition which moulds conduct. They can be feigned, indeed, as gilt counterfeits gold, and plate silver. But the clearest glass is not diamond. A man may smile and smile and be a villain. Scoundrels are sometimes described as of gentlemanly manners, and Lothario was not personally a boor. But he was not a gentleman, and he merely affected good manners. A gentleman, indeed, may sometimes lose his temper or his self-control, but no one who habitually does it, and swears and rails vociferously, can be called properly by that name. Here again it is easy to apply the canon to a newspaper. When a newspaper habitually takes an insulting tone, and deliberately falsifies, whether by as-

sertion of an untruth or by a distortion and perversion of the truth, it is not the work of a gentleman, and if the writer be responsible for the tone of the paper, the manners of that newspaper are not good manners.

But there is no uniformity in newspaper manners, as there is none elsewhere. Therefore it cannot be said that newspapers, as a whole, are either well-mannered or unmannerly, as you cannot say that men, as a body, are courteous or uncouth. Some newspapers are unmistakably vulgar, like some people. They are not so of themselves, however; they are made vulgar by vulgar people. There are very able newspapers which have very bad manners, and some which have no other distinction than good manners. A very dull man may be very urbane, and so may a very dull newspaper. On the other hand, a newspaper which is both brilliant and clever may be sometimes guilty of an injustice, a deliberate and persistent misrepresentation, to attain a particular end—conduct which is sometimes called “journalistic.” But the person who is responsible for the performance, for similar conduct would be metaphorically kicked out of a club. But gentlemen are not kicked out of clubs.

A newspaper gains neither character nor influence by abandoning good manners. It may indeed make itself disagreeable and annoying, and so silence opposition, as a polecat may effectually close the wood path which you had designed to take. It may be feared, and in the same way as that animal—feared and despised. But this effect must not be confounded with newspaper power and influence. It is exceedingly annoying, undoubtedly, to be placarded all over town as a liar or a donkey, a hypocrite or a sneak thief. But although the effect is most unpleasant, very little ability is required to produce it. A little paper and printing, a little paste, a great deal of malice, and a host of bill-stickers are all that are needed, and even the pecuniary cost is not large. The effect is produced, but it does not show ability or force or influence upon the part of its producer.

The manners of newspapers, as such, cannot be classified any more than the manners of legislatures, or of the professions or trades. This, however, seems to be true, that a well-mannered man will not produce an ill-mannered newspaper.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE effect of all æsthetic endeavor, we suppose, is a disappointment after a compromise. One concedes everything, as one fancies, to one's material: he conditions himself in absolute submission, with the hope of final mastery; and he finds in the end that the ungrateful material has refused to keep terms with him, or to give more than a warped and twisted expression to his ideal. This, at any rate, seems continually the hard fate of him who has to do with the wretched trade of reviewing, especially favorable reviewing, which is the only branch of the business the Study really cares to practise. The critical kodak has not yet been invented; there is no little instrument that promises to do the rest in reviewing if you press the button; and in the mean time there is the chance of giving only a glimpse of the work that comes before one. One aspect is seized, and a moment only of that; a few traits are grouped about this general look of an author: a nose here, a mouth there, an eye or two, a chin; and then the whole must be intrusted to the intelligence of the reader, with the suggestion that he had better go to the book for a right conception of it.

That is what we should like to urge him with unusual warmth to do in the case of Mr. T. S. Perry's *History of Greek Literature*. This writer is one whose attitude toward his subject is of equal value with his treatment of the matter, and neither is easy to be had at second hand. His attitude, particularly, is difficult of report; for it seems at first sight as if it could not suffice for any long or thorough effort, and one is tempted to misrepresent it a little in order to offer a just notion of its efficacy. It is only after one has one's self read his work that one perceives the wisdom with which his point of view was taken, and the entire success with which it has been kept. He gives us a history of Greek literature as temperate as the spirit of Greek literature, and he does this simply by bringing to the study of it a mind as open to its facts as if it had never been studied before. His book is perhaps the most unliterary history of any literature ever written, and this in spite of a style that often recalls the lecture-room with its thuses and hences, its

howevers and notwithstanding; and it addresses itself to the common-sense of the reader with a force that carries knowledge with it, and a serenity unruffled by the vindictive controversy which has raged all over the ground it covers. Its mood reflects the unliterary character of Greek literature itself, which, as Mr. Perry conceives it, was the most absolute expression of a people's life ever known. His effort throughout is to impart this sense of it, to make the reader understand that these poets, dramatists, orators, philosophers, who disastrously became the means of artificializing all subsequent writers, were themselves perfectly natural persons, who had no models but the human life about them, and who wrought by the simplest and readiest means. Their models are indeed still accessible to every artist who will use them, and every one who achieves anything in literature does use them; but it has hitherto been too largely the business of scholarship to persuade us that it is not life we should imitate, but the men who imitated life.

II.

Perhaps, though, that hitherto carries us too far; perhaps Mr. Perry is not the first to point the true moral of Greek literature; he would himself be apt to deny that any man was ever the first to do anything; but we think there can be no doubt he is the first to point it so keenly and so often. His book was written a little too soon to take due note of the support which scientific inquiry has brought to the claim of the Greeks that they sprang from the soil of Greece; but at every point it witnesses to their originality in literature, and again and again it contrasts their unliterary literature with the literary literature of the Romans, who were nothing if not imitative. Modern literature, so far as the old-fashioned scholarship could misguide it, has imitated the Roman imitators of the Greeks, so that we have not even had the advantage of aping at first hand; and we are only just beginning to feel the true influence of the Greeks, which is always toward the study of nature. Wherever one of us succeeds in representing life, he is seen to have done something Greek: that is, something true, something free, something beautiful, something novel, some-

thing temperate. This is what Mr. Perry's work teaches, and it is what no one can help seeing, unless he perversely shuts his eyes to it. The illimitable perspective which it opens is one in which alone the grandeur and magnificence of the Greek achievement in literature can be seen, and it can be fairly said at least, that no man writing of that achievement in the old way, as something whose glory could be felt chiefly if not only by the learned, has ever done it greater reverence than he who commends it to all the unlearned as something that it needs merely common-sense to appreciate. This history, then, without waiving for it any of those claims to learning which we leave others to pronounce upon, is one which we wish gratefully to celebrate as popular in the best way. In it once more the Greeks are at our doors, and it is our fault if we refuse to know them.

Starting from Homer and coming down to Heliodorus, the story of the greatest intellectual achievement of our race ends, as it began, with a novelist; but between the novelist who wrote in verse and the novelist who wrote in prose, there stretches a period of time twice as long as that since the first lisplings of the English tongue made themselves heard in literature. Because so little has been left by the rage of superstition and the malice of conquest that any diligent reader can hope to possess himself of the whole of Greek literature in a comparatively little time, we are apt to forget how stupendous even in quantity that literature once was. But Mr. Perry's treatment of it is somehow favorable to a just conception of it from this side, as well as from others, and no reader can leave him without an enlarged as well as an enlightened sense of its magnitude in every way. Its decay is a very melancholy story, which he tells as clearly and charmingly as the tale of its manifold triumphs. We all know more or less of Homer and Hesiod, of Simonides and Pindar, of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides and Aristophanes, of Herodotus and Thucydides and Xenophon, of Isocrates and Demosthenes, of Socrates and Plato and Aristotle; these names represent to us "the glory that was Greece" in epic and lyric poetry, in tragedy and comedy, in history, in oratory, in philosophy. But at this point the Muse of literary history, who is perhaps the gentlest of all the Muses, usually rests; and it

is with difficulty that one gets her to come down through the Alexandrian school, where the piping of eclogues and of pastorals was heard amidst the droning of grammarians and schoolmen, to those last Byzantine days when the great modern literary form, the novel, arose from the dust of all that long detrition, and Chariton of Aphrodisias made it possible for Rider Haggard to be. But it is Mr. Perry's passion (if the word is not unjust to a writer who is so conscientiously dispassionate) to seek not miracles of creation, but evidences of growth in the phase of human history he deals with. The beginnings of Greek literature are prehistoric, but its endings are known, and he finds its death instinct with the life of modern literature.

III.

It is our misfortune that the vices and follies of its dotage descended to us in undue measure. The Greeks who have most influenced modern literature, and especially our criticism, were not the great Athenians, but the little Alexandrians. In fact, literary criticism was hardly known to Athens, while it was the breath in the nostrils of Alexandria; and wherever at any time literature has become the affair of scholarship rather than humanity, the cart has been put before the horse in the true Alexandrian manner; and often there is no horse at all. The chapters which Mr. Perry devotes to that school are of the greatest interest and value, for there we are shown the earliest known processes of the schoolmen who have spread literature as a veil between us and Nature, instead of holding it up as a mirror to her. It was not that the Greek civilization failed to give masters in the different kinds, or the new kinds as long as any force of it remained. Polybius, writing at the verge of our era, conceived of history in something like the modern universal sense; Plutarch much later sounded the true note of biography; Lucian imagined satire which sufficed by simply stating a detestable thing, or letting it state itself. The epigrams of the Anthology were composed at a comparatively recent period; and the pastoral poets, who, if they used Nature consciously and decoratively, still loved her, arose and flourished. But none of these masters influenced after-time in at all the same degree as the schools did, with their grammarians and critics,

their editors and commentators, their imitators and disciples, their translators and adapters. This is what Mr. Perry makes you feel, and he makes you see the reason for it in the community of childishness where the faltering of the superannuated ancient met that of the infant modern.

But we must not give the notion that he devotes himself mainly, or even largely to a study of Greek literature in its decay. The luminous effect of the closing chapters, where he deals with it, is a final concentration of the clear light which he throws upon the whole history of that literature; and of course he bestows his greatest attention upon its greatest epochs. From first to last he gives you, by precept and example, a conception of its relation to the life of the wonderful people it sprang from, and he handles his material with an ease and lightness which make no draft upon the reader's energies, and perhaps therefore all the more perfectly secure his sympathies. The manner is to the last degree plain and simple, so plain and simple that those who have been used to associating power with flourish may not always feel the virtue of it. This sort of readers will be apt to miss some of those subtle points of irony in which the author advances his personal feeling about this matter and that. They will miss some delicious touches of a peculiarly shy humor; but none of these we think will be lost to the judicious, who will perhaps grieve a little that Mr. Perry does not often let them know whose versions of the extracts they are reading, and is sometimes mechanically so inadvertent that he leaves them to find out for themselves which of the several authors mentioned together the several extracts are from. But one cannot really go wrong, though now and then it may be a trifle troublesome to find the way. The work is at every moment addressed to the reader's highest intelligence, but he need not be a learned, or even a "cultivated" person in order to appreciate the matter and the manner. Manner is the word rather than style which we should use in speaking of the artistic side of the performance; and we fancy that Mr. Perry would be one of the last to care for praise of his style. His personal quality in fact is so elusive that the suffusion of one's material with one's self, which we call a man's style, the individual color, so to speak, is not often present. We might say that it is chiefly

noticeable by its absence; but there is a manner which no man keeps out of his work, and which is the outward expression of his mental attitude. With Mr. Perry this is unpretentious and unaffected, an expression of democratic sincerity as attractive as it is uncommon.

IV.

Something of the same motive that governs us to the frank avowal of our pleasure in him, makes it easy for us at all times to recognize the worth of what is our own in literature, and to shun at least the kind of provinciality which ignores it. This kind seems to us upon the whole a worse kind than the kind that boasts our own because it is our own; and we have lately seen with satisfaction some reluctance in our criticism to accept the short stories of Maupassant as the best work of the sort that has been done. It seems to us not at all true that they are the best at all times, or so good at the best as the work of certain of our own writers; they are not so richly imagined, so finely wrought. They have for us the charm of strangeness, the fascination of coming from far, and they are undoubtedly done admirably, with perfect knowledge of technique, and that feeling for art which would make a Frenchman Greek if such a thing were possible. But their average seems not so good as that of Miss S. O. Jewett's little stories, which are as delicately constructed upon as true a method, and which abound with every grace of Maupassant's best, and are penetrated with the aroma of a humor which he never knew. If the reader cares to take her latest volume, *Strangers and Wayfarers*, and compare "A Winter Courtship," or "Mr. Teaby's Quest," or "Going to Shrewsbury," or "By the Morning Boat," or "In Dark New England Days," with any of the thirteen tales of Maupassant in the first of the Odd Number Series, we think he will see the truth of what we say. We think a comparison of these sketches with those of any other French writer will be as much to their advantage. Even the *Tales by François Coppée*, which form the latest issue of the same series, delicate and finished as they are, with that air of elegant unfinish, do not rival Miss Jewett's New England studies. It is not only the delightful mood in which these little masterpieces are imagined, but the perfect artistic restraint, the truly Greek temperance, giv-

ing all without one touch too much, which render them exquisite, make them really perfect in their way; and we hope it is with a joy in their beauty far above the chauvinistic exultation of knowing them ours, that we perceive we have nothing to learn of the French in this sort, but perhaps something to teach them.

V.

Another woman's work, but a Spanish woman's this time, has lately been giving us much the kind of pleasure we feel in Miss Jewett's art. The woman is Emilia Pardo Bazán, and the work is the story she calls *Morriña*, meaning homesickness, we believe, in the Galician dialect. It is about a mother and her son, and the servant-girl who comes to live with them in Madrid, because they are all from the same province, and she is homesick in that strange world, and longs for the sound of her own speech, and hungers for her own kind of people. She is of a simple, affectionate nature, impassioned beyond our cold comprehension, and in the shelter of that friendly home, where from the first she is treated more like a daughter of the house than like a servant, it is not long before she falls in love with the son. The expected happens, and it all ends with the poor girl's death by her own hand. The range of life is wider than our fiction commonly permits itself; but it is not wider than that of George Eliot's fiction, and the tragedy is pathetic beyond any reporting. The three principal figures have their setting of other characters, friends, neighbors, spectators, who give the scene the interest of large life, but these three transact the drama, which is very simple, and of a sort of fatal eventfulness in its march to the inevitable close. In the mean time their several characters are expressed in colors of conduct and in shades of behavior, always distinct, but nowhere insisted upon; you know them as if you had lived with them. A wrong is done and suffered, but somehow no one seems more to blame than another, and the imagined fact has the same value as a piece of what goes on in the world about us. The girl's nature has a most appealing charm, with the shadow of her origin thrown forward upon her—she is the daughter of a priest; but perhaps the connoisseur would say that the young man, just growing out of his mo-

ther's control and with the indefinite lines of boyishness not yet hardened in maturity, with his kindness and his selfishness of inexperienced youth, was better done, as he was certainly harder to do.

Some one ought to put the book into English, and some one probably will. Señora Bazán, who refuses to use her title of countess, with an indifference which we Anglo-Saxons cannot understand, is best known by her pamphlet on realism, *La Cuestion Palpitante*, written when the controversy was hottest, and taking the boldest ground in favor of the sincere art which now prevails everywhere but in England, where they still like to read novels of adventure as crude as the Greek romances. The chapter of this robust and vigorous, not to say athletic essay which relates to English fiction is curiously intelligent, and is interesting in its perception that all the English masters but Scott were realists, so far as they knew how, as well as in its recognition of George Eliot as the first novelist of her time.

VI.

The whole essay is redolent of the Spanish humor, which is so like our own, and yet has its peculiar perfume. This humor is what forms the atmosphere of Valdés's novels, and keeps his satire kindly even when his contempt is strongest, as in that last novel of his, which his translator calls *Scum*, and which deals with society as Valdés "found it" in Madrid. Certain points of resemblance are to be found in "good" society the world over, nowadays, and one of these is its decorous religiosity. It appears that wherever people so far experience the favor of Heaven as to have nothing to do but to dress handsomely and to fare sumptuously, they are as punctilious in their devotions as they are in any of their social duties. Nothing could be more edifying than the Spanish novelist's study of the "smart set" of Madrid as he pictures them at a select service in the oratory of a devout lady of their number. They seem certainly to be more vicious than any smart set among ourselves, or at least differently vicious, but they vary little in their theory of life. If they worship God they do not forget their duty to Mammon, and money is to the fore among them as it is among us. One of their leaders is Clementina, the heroine, if the book can be

said to have a heroine, who is the daughter of the Duke of Raquena, a robber baron of the stock exchange, an adventurer in Cuba, ennobled for his unscrupulous rapacity in accumulating money, after he returns to Spain. He is a great financier, as such people are with us, sometimes; he knows how to get up "corners" and to "squeeze" those he traps into them, quite as if he were an oil or wheat operator. He is the owner of some great quick-silver mines, and one of the most striking passages of the book is the account of the visit he pays these mines with a party of the "best" people of Madrid in his train of private cars. They are all hanging upon him in the hope that he will somehow make them rich, but some of the women are shocked at the life, or the death in life, of the miners, who are sufferers from mercurial poisoning, and who go shaking about like decrepit paralytics. The duke tells the ladies that the notion of mercurial poisoning is nonsense, and if the men would leave off drinking they would be well enough; just as one of our own millionaires has told us that the great cause of poverty is "intemperance." The duke's assurance comforts the ladies, and they have a banquet in one of the upper levels of the mine, while all round and under them the haggard miners are digging their own graves. Their gayety is a little chilled by the ironies of the young physician of the company, who takes a less optimistic view of the case than the good duke, though his life is spent among the miners and devoted to them. This physician is a socialist; and it is a curious sign of the times that the socialists should be making their way, in fiction at least, as the friends rather than the enemies of the race.

Tolstoi's latest book, *The Fruits of Culture*, which it is somehow natural to speak of after this novel of Valdés's, will certainly not offend in the way of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, though we fancy it will hardly interest as much. This time he has given us a drama, a comedy in which the vanity and emptiness of idle rich people's lives are pictured with the fidelity which is so much more terrible than satire. They are shown as given over to fads, where they have any interest apart from their real business of eating and drinking, and dressing and undressing. The truth which he specially brings out is one that he has

shown before whenever he has revealed the contempt in which all people who work for a living cannot help holding those who do not work for a living, even when they envy them. The little group of peasants who come up from the country to buy land of Leonid Fedorovitch are not awed by him or his wife, though they are bewildered by them, especially when she drives them from her presence and has the place where they stood disinfected, because she has heard that they are from a district where she has heard there is diphtheria. They go quietly into the kitchen, where the servants invite them, and where they all join in laughing at their masters. Each of us who keeps a servant also keeps a critic, and a very scornful one, whose imagination he does not impress with his superiority in the least, and who knows him as he is for a more or less ridiculous dependent, if we are to believe Tolstoi. The only way is to try not to believe him, but to believe Mr. McAllister, when he draws an affecting picture of "an old family servant" who joined the other grooms and coachmen in drinking up the champagne at a Newport picnic before the ladies and gentlemen could get at it, and who was bowed down with grief and shame when his "master" convicted him of peculiar wickedness in that quality. Perhaps the wily Irishman was really overcome with the contrition that "an old family servant" ought to feel, and was not laughing inwardly at his "master." Let us try to think so, for the credit of the human race, which is a good deal concerned in the matter. The romantic notion of the servant is altogether prettier, and much more comfortable to the master, and more particularly to the mistress; but it is not put forward by Valdés any more than by Tolstoi. The picture that the Spaniard draws of the contempt that the menials of rich people feel for them is much the same as that which the Russian offers; and there is something terrible in the mockery and contumely with which the "old family servants" of the Duke of Raquena use him in the imbecility which is his last phase. To be sure Thackeray had long ago shown the relation of master and man in its true light in that catastrophe where Morgan turns upon Major Pendenis at last with a ferocious explosion of the accumulated hatred of years.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of February.—Congress:—The following bills passed the Senate: Free-coinage, January 14th, as a substitute for the Financial Bill; Congressional Apportionment, January 29th; Army Appropriation, January 31st; Fortification and Military Academy Appropriation, February 4th.—The following bills passed the House: District of Columbia Appropriation, January 22d; Army Appropriation, January 14th; Naval Appropriation, January 26th; Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation, February 4th.

The following United States Senators, whose term of office begins with the Fifty-second Congress, have been chosen by their respective States: James L. Pugh, Alabama (re-elected March 3, 1890); James K. Jones, Arkansas (re-elected January 21, 1891); Leland Stanford, California (re-elected January 14, 1891); Henry M. Teller, Colorado (re-elected January 20, 1891); Orville H. Platt, Connecticut (re-elected January 21, 1891); John B. Gordon, Georgia (November 18, 1890); George S. Shoup, Idaho (December 18, 1890); Daniel W. Voorhees, Indiana (re-elected January 21, 1891); William B. Allison, Iowa (re-elected March 4, 1890); W. A. Peffer, Kansas (January 28, 1891); Joseph C. S. Blackburn, Kentucky (re-elected January 7, 1890); Ephraim K. Wilson, Maryland (re-elected January 14, 1890); George G. Vest, Missouri (re-elected January 20, 1891); John P. Jones, Nevada (re-elected January 30, 1891); Jacob H. Gallinger, New Hampshire (January 21, 1891); David B. Hill, New York (January 21, 1891); Zebulon B. Vance, North Carolina (January 22, 1891); Henry C. Hansbrough, North Dakota (January 23, 1891); Calvin S. Brice, Ohio (January 15, 1890); John H. Mitchell, Oregon (re-elected January 14, 1891); James Donald Cameron, Pennsylvania (re-elected January 21, 1891); John L. M. Irby, South Carolina (December 11, 1890); Justin S. Morrill, Vermont (re-elected October 14, 1890); Watson C. Squire, Washington (re-elected January 21, 1891); William F. Vilas, Wisconsin (January 27, 1891); Joseph M. Carey, Wyoming (November 15, 1890).

By the retirement of ex-Governor Thayer, the difficulty regarding the Governorship in Nebraska was practically settled, January 15th, in favor of Governor-elect James E. Boyd.

The difficulties with the Sioux Indians in South Dakota were happily adjusted. The hostile bands that had taken refuge in the Bad Lands returned to Pine Ridge Agency on the 15th of January, and surrendered their arms to the United States officers.

An insurrection against the government of Chili was begun early in January, and the ports of Valparaiso, Iquique, and other important sea-coast towns were blockaded by war ships whose officers had joined in the rebellion. Many of the government soldiers also united themselves with the insurgent forces.

A similar revolutionary outbreak was attempted January 15th in the Argentine province of Entre Rios, but was promptly quelled by the national troops.

The Brazilian ministry resigned January 22d. On the following day, however, a new cabinet was formed, with Senhor Uchoa as Premier.

At Oporto, Portugal, January 31st, three regi-

ments of the garrison mutinied and rose against the government with the design to establish a republic. After a sharp conflict with the troops which remained loyal to the government, the rebellion was suppressed, and most of the mutineers were made prisoners.

At the elections held in Spain February 2d—the first under the new universal suffrage law—a large majority of the votes cast were favorable to the government.

The Italian ministry under Signor Crispi resigned January 31st, and was succeeded on the 9th of February by a new cabinet, with the Marchese di Rudini at the head.

DISASTERS.

January 12th.—The town of Livno, in Bosnia, was partially buried by an avalanche, and seventeen persons were crushed to death by the falling mass of snow and ice.

January 20th.—By an explosion of fire-damp in a colliery near the city of Charkow, in European Russia, more than 100 miners were killed.

January 24th.—By an explosion in the Hibernia Colliery at Gelsenkirchen, Germany, fifty-two persons lost their lives.

January 27th.—An explosion of fire-damp in the Mammoth shaft of the H. C. Frick coke-works, near Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania, caused the death of 130 miners.

January 28th.—Despatches from Greece announced that the town of Athamania had been overwhelmed by an avalanche. Eighty houses were destroyed, and at least twenty-five persons killed.

February 4th.—By the sudden flooding of the Janesville Mine, near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, sixteen miners were drowned.

February 6th.—Despatches from China announced that terrible floods and famine had recently prevailed in the interior of North China. In the district of Wen-Chuan alone fully 1000 lives were lost, and in nine other districts there were terrible suffering and destitution.—An avalanche near the village of Ruetti, Switzerland, destroyed the lives of twenty-two persons.

OBITUARY.

January 17th.—In Washington, D. C., George Bancroft, statesman and historian, aged ninety years.

January 20th.—In San Francisco, California, David Kalakaua, King of the Hawaiian Islands, aged fifty-four years.

January 22d.—In Rio Janeiro, Brazil, Benjamin Constant, Brazilian Minister of War, aged forty-two years.

January 28th.—Reports were received of the death of Abdurrahman Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, at the age of sixty-one years.

January 29th.—In New York city, at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce, William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, aged sixty-three years.

January 30th.—In London, England, Charles Bradlaugh, Member of Parliament, aged fifty-seven years.—In Paris, France, Charles Chaplin, the artist, aged sixty-six years.

January 31st.—In Paris, France, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, the French painter, aged seventy-six years.



Editor's Drawer.

THE idea of the relation of climate to happiness is modern. It is probably born of the telegraph and of the possibility of rapid travel, and it is more disturbing to serenity of mind than any other. Providence had so ordered it that if we sat still in almost any region of the globe except the tropics, we would have, in course of the year, almost all the kinds of climate that exist. The ancient societies did not trouble themselves about the matter; they froze or thawed, were hot or cold, as it pleased the gods. They did not think of fleeing from winter any more than from the summer solstice, and consequently they enjoyed a certain contentment of mind that is absent from modern life. We are more intelligent, and therefore more discontented and unhappy. We are always trying to escape winter when we are not trying to escape summer. We are half the time *in transitu*, flying hither and thither, craving that exact adaptation of

the weather to our whimsical bodies promised only to the saints who seek a "better country." There are places, to be sure, where nature is in a sort of equilibrium, but usually those are places where we can neither make money nor spend it to our satisfaction. They lack either any stimulus to ambition or a historic association, and we soon find that the mind insists upon being cared for quite as much as the body.

How many wanderers in the past winter left comfortable homes in the United States to seek a mild climate! Did they find it in the sleet and bone-piercing cold of Paris, or anywhere in France, where the wolves were forced to come into the villages in the hope of picking up a tender child? If they travelled further, were the railway carriages anything but refrigerators tempered by cans of cooling water? Was there a place in Europe, from Spain to Greece, where the American

could once be warm—really warm without effort—in or out of doors? Was it any better in divine Florence than on the chill Riviera? Northern Italy was blanketed with snow, the Apennines were white, and through the clean streets of the beautiful town a raw wind searched every nook and corner, penetrating through the thickest of English wraps, and harder to endure than ingratitude, while a frosty mist enveloped all. The traveller forgot to bring with him the contented mind of the Italian. Could he go about in a long cloak and a slouch hat, curl up in doorways out of the blast, and be content in a feeling of his own picturesqueness? Could he sit all day on the stone pavement and hold out his chilblained hand for soldi? Could he even deceive himself, in a palatial apartment with a frescoed ceiling, by an appearance of warmth in two sticks ignited by a pine cone set in an aperture in one end of the vast room, and giving out scarcely heat enough to drive the swallows from the chimney? One must be born to this sort of thing in order to enjoy it. He needs the poetic temperament which can feel in January the breath of June. The pampered American is not adapted to this kind of pleasure. He is very crude, not to say barbarous, yet in many of his tastes, but he has reached one of the desirable things in civilization, and that is a thorough appreciation of physical comfort. He has had the ingenuity to protect himself in his own climate, but when he travels he is at the mercy of customs and traditions in which the idea of physical comfort is still rudimentary. He cannot warm himself before a group of statuary, or extract heat from a canvas by Raphael, nor keep his teeth from chattering by the exquisite view from the Boboli Gardens. The cold American is insensible to art, and shivers in the presence of the warmest historical associations. It is doubtful if there is a spot in Europe where he can be ordinarily warm in winter. The world, indeed, does not care whether he is warm or not, but it is a matter of great importance to him. As he wanders from palace to palace—and he cannot escape the impression that nothing is good enough for him except a palace—he cannot think of any cottage in any hamlet in America that is not more comfortable in winter than any palace he can find. And so he is driven on in cold and weary stretches of travel to dwell among the French in Algeria, or with the Jews in Tunis, or the Moslems in Cairo. He longs for warmth as the Crusader longed for Jerusalem, but not short of Africa shall he find it. The glacial period is coming back on Europe.

The citizens of the great republic have a reputation for inordinate self-appreciation, but the Drawer is thinking that they undervalue many of the advantages their ingenuity has won. It is admitted that they are restless, and must always be seeking something that they have not at home. But aside from their ability to be warm in any part of their own coun-

try at any time of the year, where else can they travel three thousand miles on a stretch in a well-heated—too much heated—car, without change of car, without revision of tickets, without encountering a custom-house, without the necessity of stepping out doors either for food or drink, for a library, for a bath—for any item, in short, that goes to the comfort of a civilized being? And yet we are always prating of the superior civilization of Europe. Nay, more, the traveller steps into a car—which is as comfortable as a house—in Boston, and alights from it only in the city of Mexico. In what other part of the world can that achievement in comfort and convenience be approached?

But this is not all as to climate and comfort. We have climates of all sorts within easy reach, and in quantity, both good and bad, enough to export—more, in fact, than we need of all sorts. If heat is all we want, there are only three or four days between the zero of Maine and the 80° of Florida. If New England is inhospitable and New York freezing, it is only a matter of four days to the sun and the exhilarating air of New Mexico and Arizona, and only five to the oranges and roses of that semi-tropical kingdom by the sea, southern California. And if this does not content us, a day or two more lands us, without sea-sickness, in the land of the Aztecs, where we can live in the temperate or the tropic zone, eat strange fruits, and be reminded of Egypt and Spain and Italy, and see all the colors that the ingenuity of man has been able to give his skin. Fruits and flowers and sun in the winter-time, a climate to lounge and be happy in—all this is within easy reach, with the minimum of disturbance to our daily habits. We started out, when we turned our backs on the Old World, with the declaration that all men are free, and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of an agreeable climate. We have yet to learn, it seems, that we can indulge in that pursuit best on our own continent. There is no winter climate elsewhere to compare with that found in our extreme Southwest or in Mexico, and the sooner we put this fact into poetry and literature, and begin to make a tradition of it, the better will it be for our peace of mind and for our children. And if the continent does not satisfy us, there lie the West Indies within a few hours' sail, with all the luxuriance and geniality of the tropics. We are only half emancipated yet. We are still apt to see the world through the imagination of England, whose literature we adopted, or of Germany. To these bleak lands Italy was a paradise, and was so sung by poets who had no conception of a winter without frost. We have a winter climate of another sort from any in Europe; we have easy and comfortable access to it. The only thing we need to do now is to correct our imagination, which has been led astray. Our poets can at least do this for us by the help of a quasi-international copyright. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

HAMILTON TAKES SOMETHING.

Mrs. BROWN, living in the country, had five trunks carted up from the station, some ten miles away, by an old dorky. The day was very rainy, and the old man was soaked through when he drove up to the house.

Mrs. BROWN (*with sympathy*). "Why, Hamilton, you must be wet!"

HAMILTON (*shivering*). "Ye-es, ma'am."

Mrs. BROWN. "Aren't you afraid you'll take cold, Hamilton?"

HAMILTON. "Ye-yes, ma'am; rheumatiz pretty bad, ma'am."

Mrs. BROWN. "Don't you ever take something when you get soaked through, Hamilton?"

HAMILTON (*eagerly*). "Ye-yes—yes, ma'am."

[*Rubs the back of his hand across his mouth.*]

Mrs. BROWN. "Well, here are four two-grain quinine pills, Hamilton; take them as soon as you get home." [*Collapse of Hamilton.*]

MY FRIENDS THE DIRECTORS.

SOME months ago I was requested to act as inspector of elections in behalf of the stockholders of a certain corporation which shall be nameless, for which service I was to be paid two dollars. I was also invited to remain and dine with the directors, at the expense of the company, afterward. I accepted the office and the invitation with alacrity, and enjoyed myself to the full—especially at the dinner; an unusually rich dinner it was, and wine flowed like soda-water. The directors, no one of whom was under sixty, were genial to the last degree, and full of good advice, taking the opportunity to show me the error of my ways in gastronomy, politics, religion, and other things which go to make of this a happy life. Their gastronomical advice, which I felt bound to accept, was somewhat as follows.

When the oysters were served, the president of the company, a delightful old gentleman of seventy-two, observed, with much dignity and some severity:

"Oysters! Humph! No oysters for me. Forty years ago I ate 'em, but I'm no such fool as to do it now. Take my advice, my young friend, and leave oysters alone."

I took his advice, and waited for the next course, which was lobster croquettes. The president of the company fell to and devoured his lobster croquette before mine was brought to me, much to the disgust of a director, aged sixty-eight, who sat at the other end of the table.

"Ye may be no fool about oysters," said he of the other end, "but the man who puts lobster in his stomach puts pizen there. I'm sixty-nine next April, and I'd 'a' been in my grave thutty years if I hadn't dropped lobster ten years ago. Don't you touch 'em, Mr. ——" (naming me).

There were obvious inaccuracies in the old gentleman's statement, but it was due to his years that I should decline the lobster.

A few minutes later I was delighted to see a delicious *filet* smothered in mushrooms brought on the table. Mushrooms are my especial delight, and I was helping myself copiously, when I became conscious of a glare across the table. I glanced up, and found myself pinned to the wall, as it were, by the eye of a director of the vintage of 1828.

"Y' ain't eatin' mushrooms, are you?" said he.

I acknowledged the soft impeachment.

"Humph! Better stop at the undertaker's on the way home and leave your order."

I mutely appealed to my friends the president and the lobster-hater for endorsement of my course; but they were silent; and worse still, there were no mushrooms before them. I learned afterward that they had eaten their share while I was engaged in conversation with a sixty-six-year-old director on my right, who subsequently peremptorily forbade me to touch the Roman punch.

"It's ruin to put that slushy stuff into your stomach," he said of it. "Might as well eat a snowball."

So the mushrooms and the punch left me untouched.

There were but two directors left. They had pitched in like honorable men, and I admired them, and for once I wished that I were old enough to be able to get along without respect for age, as they were. I comforted myself with the thought, however, that the game course and coffee—for I never touch ice-cream myself—would suffice to stay my by this time ravenous appetite.

The bird was brought on—a beautiful, luscious red-head duck, cooked to perfection. But—I put it from me untasted.

One of my old stand-byes, a man of seventy-four—old enough, I think, to know better—went back on me. He prophesied every evil thing if I ate that duck; and although the others at the table were brave enough to go on and eat their share, I felt that, having previously accepted their advice, I could not properly ignore that of the present objector. So I succumbed to the inevitable, and waited for the coffee. It came. I was just about to swallow it, when the one remaining director—my pet, my admiration—roared out,

"Drinking coffee after one o'clock is suicide."

And then, as if endorsing this warning, the clock struck three.

I sadly rose from the table, and bade my hosts good-afternoon, and departed, a hungry man—hungry to ravenousness; and on my way home I stopped at the club, and had a meal served in a private room. It consisted of Welsh rare-bit and charlotte-russe, which were all they had within reach, and I regret to say that, in spite of my abstinence at the dinner, I suffered for the next month from dyspepsia. Whether this was due to disappointed appetite or not, I have never been able to find out.

At all events, this is a true story.

GASTON V. DRAKE.



AFTER THE LESSON.

[Herr Doctor Klingenspiet has just finished playing the entire score of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*.]

SHE. "Oh, heavenly! divine! But now, Professor, I must go; it is two o'clock."

HE. "Oh, bitte. I blay you a Zymfonee in Es dur von Lärmenmacher—fine—and a vew leetle Sonatas of my own. My negst abbointment is only at zeven o'clock."

CARVAJAL THE THOROUGH.

I LOVE a man who does his work,
Whate'er it be, as best he can;
Old Carvajal, a perfect Turk
In wickedness, was such a man.

His life was one protracted fight.
He sacked old Rome at sixty-four;
At eighty-three his appetite
Was unimpaired for strife and gore.

He followed where Pizarro led,
Nor questioned of the right or wrong,
But "took life easy," as he said,
And fortune as it came along.

At last it led him down the road
His foes had often marched before;
A pious padre by him strode
To shrive the doomed conquistador.

"Dost thou forgive thine enemies?
I fear their roll is long, my son."
Old Carvajal, in mild surprise,
Made answer, "Father, I have none."

"No enemies! Can such a grace
To any erring mortal fall?"
A smile lit up the grim old face:
"None, padre, none; I slew them all."

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

A NEGRO SONG.

In the South it is generally the "mammy" who bears the burden of maintaining household discipline, and her word is law, while the father has no authority, to speak of, with the children, or at least is not held in such awe. The young darkies illustrate this fact in a song which they use to "conjure" fishes to their hook, and chant, in an undertone:

"Bite, fish, bite;
Yer mammy says yer might;
Yer daddy says yer mustn't;
So—bite, fish, bite."

AT THE OPERA.

MISS CHATTERTON is very fond of opera. To her great regret she found herself one evening in a box with a young gentleman whose supply of small-talk seemed inexhaustible, and whose desire to give utterance thereto seemed to increase as her wish to hear the singing grew greater.

Finally the loquacious youth had the temerity to say that the prima donna, who was at the moment in possession of the stage, sang with a great deal of expression.

"Yes," replied Miss Chatterton, "she does. I have been watching her face while you have been talking, and I have almost been able to distinguish what she has been singing."

MAID OF CULTURE.

MAID of culture, ere we part,
 Since we've talked of letters, art,
 Science, faith, and hypnotism,
 And 'most every other ism,
 When you wrote, a while ago,
Ζῶν μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ,

Let me tell you this, my dear:
 Though your lettering was clear,
 Though the ancient sages Greek
 Would be glad to hear you speak,
 They would be replete with woe
 At your *μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ*.

For, dear maiden most astute,
 You have placed the mark acute
 O'er omega. Take your spees.
 See? It should be circumflex.
 Still I love you, even though
 You have written *ἀγαπῶ*.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ONLY NEEDS PRACTICE.

FRANK R——, an officer of the New Brunswick Supreme Court, used to relate a number of good stories, founded chiefly on his own experience, and which, it may be remarked, seemed generally to be told at the expense of some one other than himself.

Judging from his yarns of lighting matches with a rifle bullet, and various similar trifles, he was something of a sportsman in his spare hours. One fine day in September he started

out with a young Englishman, recently come to Canada, for a day's partridge shooting in the woods below the city. Game was scarce, and the two had been walking, a few yards apart, for some time without sighting anything, when R—— noticed, feeding a short distance in front of him, a partridge, which, he saw, was hidden from his companion. His ready wit suggested a trick, which was acted on as soon as conceived. Suddenly stopping, he began to turn his face from side to side, at the same time snuffing the air, after the manner of a dog; then he raised his gun, and fired straight ahead. The Englishman, who had been watching his movements with mingled wonder and alarm, was amazed to see him step forward and pick up the dead partridge.

"How on earth did you do that?" he gasped.

"Oh, that's nothing," said R——, with becoming modesty; "any one can do that after a little practice."

"Well," responded the bewildered Britisher, "I've seen some pretty good shooting before, but I'm blessed if I ever knew a man could *point*!"

R. W. HANINGTON.

DOING HIS BEST.

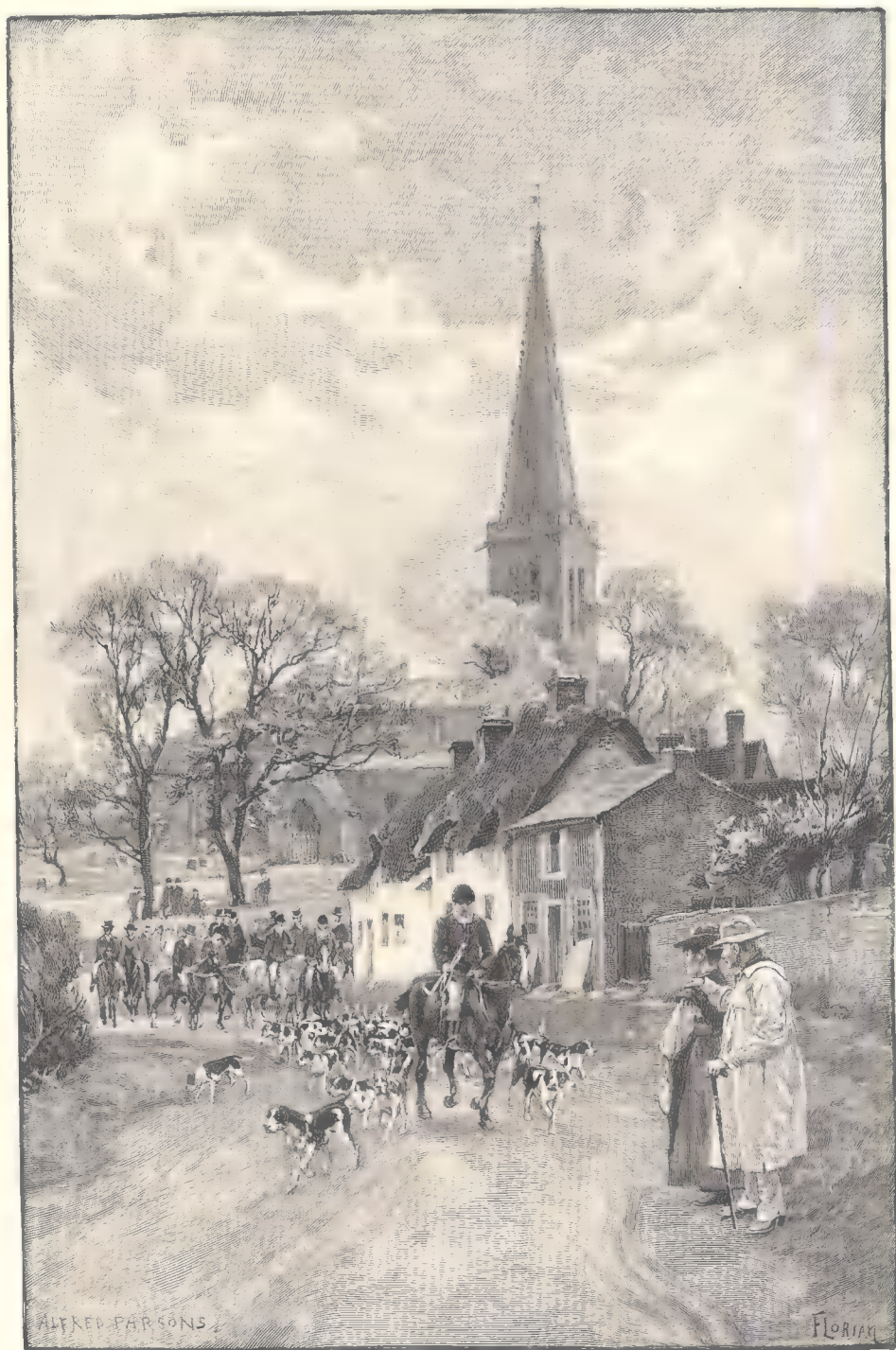
"WHAT is your name?" asked a prominent editor, addressing a young poet.

"I haven't one yet," replied the youth, "but I'm making one as fast as I can."



ONE OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

"Yes, Mrs. Newton, I am an aristocrat, my father and grandfather were aristocrats before me, and I hope I shall always be one."



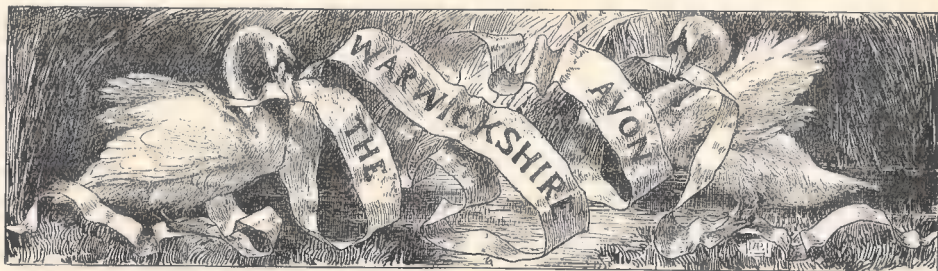
NASEBY CHURCH.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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No. CCCCXCII.



First Paper.

OUR journey opens in Northamptonshire, and in that season when the year grows ancient,

“Not yet on summer’s death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter.”

In the stubble the *crack! crack!* of a stray gun speaks, now and again, of partridge-time. Over the pastures, undulating with ridge and furrow, where the black oxen feed, patches of gloom and gleam are scurrying as the wind—westerly, with a touch of north—chases the light showers under a vivid sun. Along the drab road darts a bullfinch, his family after him; pauses a moment among the dogrose berries; is off again, and lost in the dazzle ahead.

A high grassy ridge stands up from the plain; and upon it, white and salient against a dark cloud, the spire of a village church. From its belfry, says the sexton, you may spy forty parishes: but more important are the few cottages immediately below. They seem conspicuously inglorious; yet their name is written large in the histories. It speaks of a bright June day when along this ridge—then unenclosed and scattered with broom and heath flowers—the rattle of musketry and outcries of bat-

tle rolled from morning to late afternoon, by which time was lost a king with his kingdom. For the village is Naseby. Here, by the market green, the Parliamentarians ranged their baggage. Yonder, on Mill Hill and Broad Moor, with just a hollow between, the two armies faced each other, the royalists with beanstalks in their hats, their enemies with badges of white linen. To the left, Sulby hedges were lined with Ireton’s dragoons. And the rest is an old story: Rupert, tardily returning from a headlong charge, finds no “cause” left to befriend, no foe to fight. While his men were pillaging, Cromwell has snatched the day. His Majesty is flying through Market-Har-



NASEBY MONUMENT.



Sulby Abbey.

borough toward Leicester, and thither along the dusty roads his beaten regiments trail after him, with the Ironsides at their heels, hewing hip and thigh.

An obelisk, set about with thorn-bushes and shaded by oak and birch, marks the battle-field. It rests on a base of rough moss-grown stones, and holds out "a useful lesson to British kings never to

exceed the bounds of their just prerogative, and to British subjects never to swerve from the allegiance due to their legitimate monarch." And the advice is well meant, no doubt; but, as the Watch asked of Dogberry, "How if they will not?"

Naseby, however, has another boast. Here, beside the monument, we are standing on the water-shed of England. In the fields below rise many little springs, whereof those to the south and east unite to form the Ise brook, which runs into the Nen, and so find their goal in the North Sea; those to the west form the Avon, and seek the Bristol Channel. And it is westward that we turn our faces—we, whom you shall briefly know as P. and Q.; for the business that brings us to Naseby is to find here the source of Shakespeare's Avon, and so follow its windings downward to the Severn.

The source is modest enough, being but a well amid the "good cabbage" of the inn garden. To-day, a basin of mere brick encloses it; but in 1823, the date of the obelisk, some person of refinement would adorn also Avon Well; and procured from Mr. Groggan of London a Swan of Avon in plaster; and Mr. Groggan contrived that the water should gush elegantly from her bill, but not for long. For the small boy came with stones, after his kind; and now, *sans* wing, *sans* head, *sans* everything, she couches among the cabbages, "a rare bird upon earth."

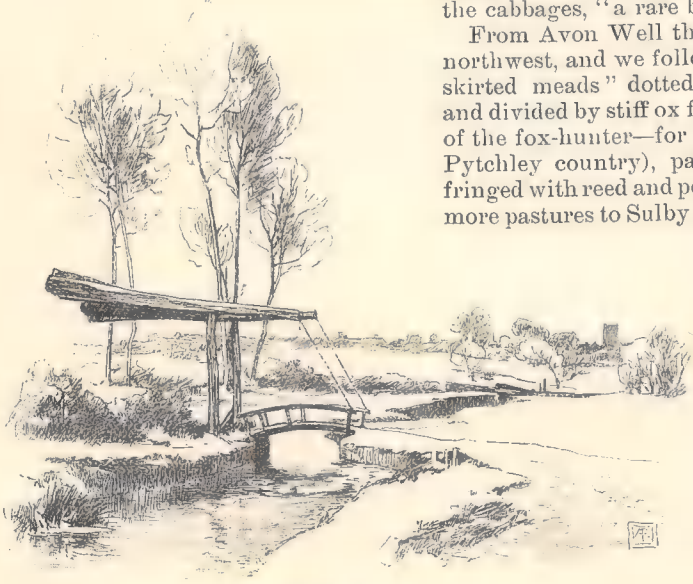
From Avon Well the spring flows to the northwest, and we follow it through "wide-skirted meads" dotted with rubbing posts and divided by stiff ox fences (the *bullfinches* of the fox-hunter—for we are in the famous Pytchley country), past a broad reservoir fringed with reed and poplars, and so through more pastures to Sulby Abbey. And always,

as we look back, Naseby's spire marks our starting-point. About three miles down, the runnel has grown to a respectable brook, quite large enough to have kept supplied the abbey fish-ponds.

On the site of this abbey—founded *circa* 1155 by William de Wyde-



WELFORD CANAL HOUSE.



SWING-BRIDGE NEAR WELFORD.

ville in honor of the Blessed Virgin—now stands a red-brick farm-house, passably old, and coated with ivy. Of the vanished building it conserves but two relics—a stone coffin and the floriated cover of another. The course of the stream beside it, and for some way below, is traced by the thorn-bushes under which it winds (in spring-time how pleasantly!) until Welford is reached—a small brick village. Here, after rioting awhile in a maze of spendthrift channels, it recombines its waters to run under its first bridge, and begin a sober life by supplying a branch of the Grand Junction Canal. A round-house at the canal's head forms, with the bridge, what Mr. Samuel Ireland, in his *Beauties of the Warwickshire Avon* (1795), calls “an agreeable landscape, giving that sort of view which, being simple in itself, seldom fails to constitute elegance.” Rather, to our thinking, the landscape's beauty lies in its suggestion; in that here we touch the true heart of the country life, of quiet nights dividing slow familiar days, during which man and man's work grow steeped in the soil's complexion, secure of all but

“the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference.”

It is enough that we are grateful for it as we pass on down the valley where the canal and stream run side by side—the canal demurely between straight banks, the stream below trying always how many curves it can make in each field, until quieted for a while by the dam of a little red-brick mill, set down all alone in the brilliant green. The thorn-bushes are giving place to willows—not such as fringe the Thames, but gray trees of a

smaller leaf, and, by your leave, more beautiful. Our walk as we follow the towpath of the canal, having the river



STAMFORD HALL.

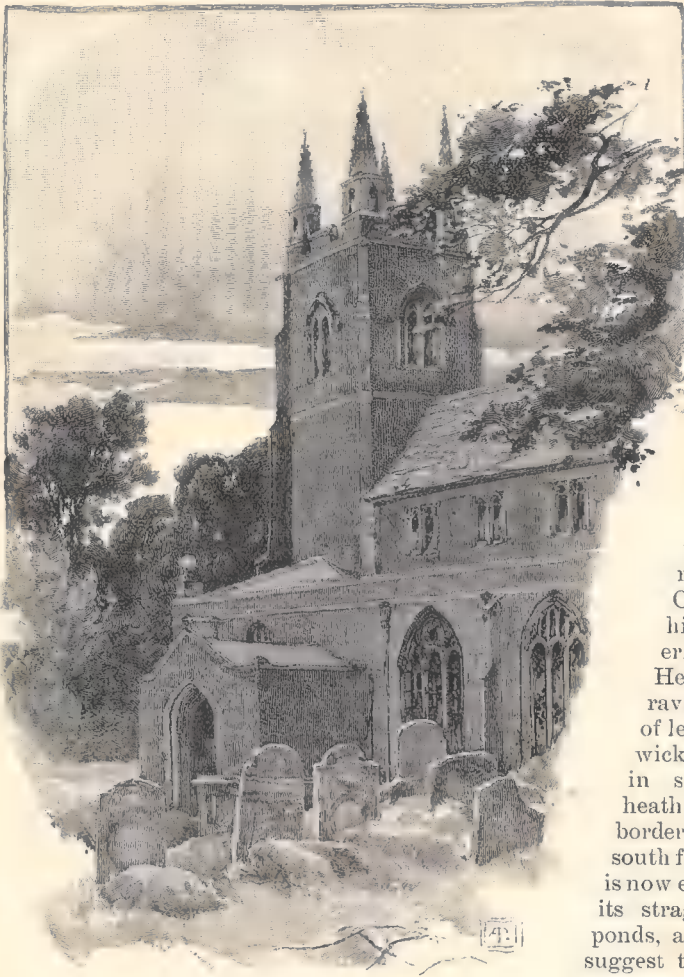
on our left, is full of peaceful incidents and subtle revelations of color—a lock, a quaint swing-bridge, a swallow taking the sunlight on his breast as he skims between us and the inky clouds, a white horse emphasizing the meadow's verdure. The next field holds a group of sable—a flock of rooks, a pair of black horses, a dozen velvet-black oxen, beside whom the thirteenth ox seems consciously indecorous in a half-mourning suit of iron-gray. Next, from a hawthorn “total gules” with autumn berries, we start six magpies; and so, like Christian, “give three skips and go on singing” beneath the spires and towers of this and that small village (Welford, and North and South Kilworth) that look down from the edging hills.

Below South Kilworth, where a wind-mill crowns the upland, the valley turns southward, and we leave the canal to track the Avon again, that here is choked with rushes. For a mile or two we pursue it, now jumping, now crossing by a timely pole or hurdle, from Northamptonshire into Leicestershire and back (for the stream divides these counties), until it enters the grounds of Stamford Hall, and under the yellowing chestnuts of the park grows suddenly a dignified sheet of water, with real swans.

Stamford Hall (the seat of Lord Bray) is, according to Ireland, “spacious, but wants those pictorial decorations that would render it an object of attention to the traveller of taste.” But to us, who saw it in the waning



ROMAN CAMP, LILBURNE.



STAMFORD CHURCH.

daylight, the comfortable square house seemed full of quiet charm, as did the squat perpendicular church, untouched by the restorer, and backed by a grassy mound that rises to the eastern window, and the two bridges (the older one disused) under which the Avon leaves the park. A twisted wych-elm divides them, its roots set among certain broad leaves, about which Q. asked a question. But P. alleged them to be "Foreground Plants," and their species a trade secret. About these things, then, as Herodotus says, it is unlawful to speak.

Below Stamford the stream contracts again, and again meanders among black cattle and green fields to Lilburne. Here it winds past a congeries of grassy mounds,

dotted now with black-faced sheep, that was once a Roman encampment, the *Tripointum* mentioned by the emperor Antoninus in his journey from London to Lincoln. Climbing to the eminence of the *prætorium* and gazing westward, we see on the high ground two beech-crowned *tumuli* side by side, clearly an outpost or *speculum* overlooking Watling Street, the Roman road that passes just beyond the ridge "from Dover into Chestre." This same high ground is the eastern hem of Dunsmore Heath, once so dismally ravaged by the Dun Cow of legend, till Guy of Warwick rode out and slew her in single combat. The heath, a long ridge of *lias* bordering our river to the south for many miles to come, is now enclosed and tilled; but its straggling cottages, duck ponds, and furze clumps still suggest the time when all was common land.

At our feet, close under the encampment, an antique bridge crosses Avon. Beside it is hollowed a sheep-washing pool, and across the road stands a little church. Tempted by its elaborate window mouldings, we poke our heads in at the door, but at once withdraw them to cough and sneeze. The place is given over to dense smoke and a small decent man, who says that a service will be held in ten minutes, and what to do with the stove he doesn't know. So we leave him, and pass on, trudging toward Catthorpe, a mile below.

A wooden paling, once green, but subdued by years to all delicate tints, fronts the village street. Behind, in a garden of cypress and lilacs, lies the old vicarage, with deep bow-windows sunk level with the turf, a noteworthy house. For John

Dyer, author of "Gron-gar Hill"—"Bard of the Fleece," as Wordsworth hails him—held Catthorpe living for a few years in the last century; and here, while his friends

"in the town, in the busy,
gay town,
Forgot such a man as John
Dyer,"

looked out on this gray garden wall, over which the fig-tree clammers, and "relished versing." The church stands close by, a ragged cedar beside it, an elm drooping before its plain tower. We take a long look before descending again to the river, like Dyer

"resolved, this charming day,
Into the open fields to stray,
And have no roof above our head
But that whereon the gods do tread."

Just below Catthorpe, by a long line of arches called Dow (or Dove) Bridge, Watling Street pushes across the river with Roman directness. This bridge marks the meeting-point of three counties, for beyond it we step into Warwickshire. It is indifferently modern, yet "the scene, though simple, aided by a group of cattle then passing, had sufficient attraction in the meridian of a summer sun to induce" the egregious Ireland "to attempt a sketch of it as a picturesque view," and supply us with a sentence to be quoted a thousand times during our voyage, and always with ribald appreciation.



CATTHORPE CHURCH.

The valley narrows as we draw near Rugby. Clifton on Dunsmore, eminent by situation only, stands boldly up on the left, and under it, by Clifton mill, the stream runs down to Brownsover. Brownsover too has its mill, with a pool and cluster of wych-elms below. And hard by we find (as we think) Tom Brown's willow, the tree which wouldn't "throw out straight hickory shoots twelve feet long, with no leaves, worse luck!" where Tom sat aloft, and "Velveteens," the keeper, below, through that soft, hazy day in the May-fly season, till the sun came slanting through the branches, and told of locking-up near at hand. We are hushed as we stand before it, and taste the reward of the truly virtuous who "identify."

And now, just ahead, on the same line of hill as Clifton, stands the town of Rugby. No good view of it can be found



Rugby from Brownsover Mill.

from the river-side, for the middle distance is always a straight line of railway sheds or embankments. Perhaps the best is to be had from the towpath of the Oxford Canal, marked high above our right

the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

For aught we know, the upper part of this stream may justify its name. The two streams unite in that green vale over which Dr. Arnold used to gaze in humorous despair. "It is no wonder," he said,

"we do not like looking that way, when one considers that there is nothing fine between us and the Ural Mountains"; and, in a letter to Archbishop Whately, "..... we have no hills, no plains, not a single wood, and but one sin-



Dow Bridge
on Watling Street.

by a line of larch and poplar, where a tall aqueduct carries it over the river Swift.

This is the stream which, coming from Lutterworth, bore down in 1427 the ashes of John Wiclif to the Avon. Forty years after his peaceful interment the Council of Constance gave orders to exhume and burn his body, to see if it could be discerned from those of the faithful. "In obedience thereto," says Fuller, "Richard Fleming, bishop of Lincoln, diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight sent at a dead carcass!) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, summer, commissary, official, chancellor, proctors, doctors, and the servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands), take what is left out of the grave, and burn them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a brook running hard by. Thus the brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into

the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wiclif are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." For aught we know, the upper part of this stream may justify its name. The two streams unite in that green vale over which Dr. Arnold used to gaze in humorous despair. "It is no wonder," he said, "we do not like looking that way, when one considers that there is nothing fine between us and the Ural Mountains"; and, in a letter to Archbishop Whately, "..... we have no hills, no plains, not a single wood, and but one sin-



AVON INN, RUGBY.

At Rugby our narrative, hitherto smilingly pastoral, quickens to epic. So far we have followed Avon afoot, but here we mean to launch a Canadian canoe on its waters, creating a legend. She lies beside a small river-side tavern, her bright basswood sides gleaming in the sunshine. A small crowd has gathered, and is being addressed with volubility by a high-complexioned man of urbane demeanor. He is bareheaded and coatless; he is shod in blue carpet slippers, on each of which a yellow anchor (emblem of hope) is entwined with sprays of the pink convolvulus, typifying (according to P., who is a botanist), "I recognize your worth, and will sustain it by judicious and tender affection." As we launch our canoe and place our sacks on board, he turns his discourse on us. It breathes the spirit of calm confidence. There are long shallows just below (he says), and an uprooted willow blocking the stream, and three water-falls, and fences of barbed wire. He enumerates the perils; he is sanguine about each; and ours is the first canoe he ever set eyes on.

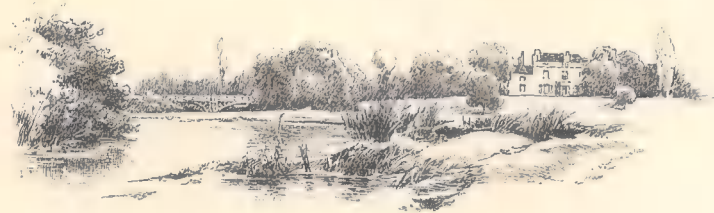
We pushed off and waved good-by. The sun shone in our faces; behind, the voice of confidence shouted us over



ter-fall he took leave of us, and turned back singing across the fields. He was a good man, but would be obeyed. We learnt from him, 1st, that the art of canoeing has no

limits; 2d, that the "impenetrability of matter" is a discredited phrase; and, after the manner of Bunyan, we called him *Mr. Win-by-Will*.

By many dense beds of rushes, through which a



HOLBROOK COURT.

the first shallow. Our canoe swung round a bend beside a small willow coppice, and we sighed as the kindly crowd was hidden from us. Q. said that our voyage was a symbol of life.

We turned at the sound of stertorous breathing. A pair of blue slippers came twinkling after us over the meadow. Our friend had fetched a circuit round the coppice, and soon both craft and crew were as babes in his hands. Was it a shallow?—he hounded us over. Was it a willow fallen "ascaunt the brook"?—he drove us under, clambering himself along the trunk, as once Ophelia, and exhorting always. At the foot of the first wa-

flock of ducks scattered before us, we dropped down to Newbold on Avon, a pretty village on the hill-side, with green orchards sloping to the stream. By climbing through them and looking due south, you may see the spire of Bilton, where Addison lived for many years. Below Newbold the river tumbles over two water-falls, runs thence by a line of rush beds to a railway bridge, and so beneath Caldecott's famous spinney, where Tom Brown, East, and the "Madman" sought the kestrel's nest. Many Scotch firs mingle with the beeches of the spinney, and just below them the stream divides, enclosing a small island, and recombines to

hold a southward course past Holbrook Court.

Holbrook Court is a gloomy building that looks down its park slope upon a weir, a red-brick mill, and a gloomier farm-house of stone. This farm-house has a history, being all that is left of Lawford Hall, the scene of the once notorious "Laurel-Water Tragedy."



LAWFORD MILL.

The tale is briefly this: In 1780 Sir Theodosius Boughton, a vicious and sickly boy, was squiring it at Lawford Hall, and fast drinking out his puny constitution. "To him enter" an evil spirit in the shape of a brother-in-law, an Irish adventurer, one Captain Donellan. This graduate in vice took the raw scholar in hand, and with the better will as being next heir to his estates. But it seems that drink and debauchery worked too slowly for the impatient captain, for one evening the wretched boy went to bed, called for his sleeping draught, and drank the wrong liquid out of the right bottle. And as for Captain Donellan, he bungled matters somehow, and was hanged at Warwick in the following spring—an elegant, well-mannered man in black, who displayed much ceremonious punctilio at ascending the scaffold ahead of the sheriff. Ten years later Lawford Hall was pulled

down as an accursed thing, and the building before us is all that survives of it. To-day the Gloire de Dijon rose, the jasmine, and the ivy sprawl up its sad-colored walls and over the porch, which still wears the date 1604.

Either at Lawford Hall, or just above, at the old Holbrook Grange, lived, in Elizabeth's time, One-handed Boughton, who won an entirely posthumous fame by driving a ghostly coach and six about the country-side. His spirit was at length caught in a phial by certain of the local clergy, corked down, sealed, thrown into a neighboring marl-pit, and so laid forever. Therefore his only successes of late have been in frightening maid-servants out of their situations at the farm.

Leaving Lawford, we paddle through a land pastorally desolate, seeing, often for miles together, neither man's face nor woman's. The canoe darts in and out of rush beds; avoids now a shallow, now a snag, a clump of reeds, a conglomerate of logs and pendent shrivelled flags, flotsam of many floods; and again is gliding easily between meadows that hold, in Touchstone's language, "no assembly but horn beasts." Our canoe wakes strange emotions in these cattle. They lift their heads, snort, fling up their heels, and, with rigid tails, come capering after us like so many bacchanals. At length a fence stops them, and they obligingly watch us out of sight. The next herd repeats the performance. And always the river is vocal beside us,

"Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage";

while ahead the water-rat dives, or the



Church Lawford.

moor-hen splashes from one green brim to another; and around the land is slowly changing from the monotonous to the "up-and-down-hilly"; and we, passing through it all, are thankful.

A small cottage appears beside some lime-pits on the right bank. Over its garden gate a black board proclaims that here are the "Newnham Regis Baths." A certain Walter Bailey, M.D., writing in 1587 *A Brief Discourse of Certain Baths, etc.*, sings loud praise of these waters, but warns drinkers to "consist in a mediocrity, and never to adventure to drink above six, or at the utmost eight pints in one day." Also, he "will not rashly counsel any to use them in the leap-years." We disregarded this latter warning, but observed the former; yet the plain man who gave us our glassful asserted that a friend of his, "all hot and sweaty," drank two quarts of the water one summer day, and took no harm. As a fact, the springs which here rise from the limestone were known and esteemed by the Romans; the remains of their baths were found, and the present one—a pump within a square paling—built on



RUINS OF NEWNHAM REGIS CHURCH.

the same spot. But their fame has not travelled of late.

We embark again, and are soon floating down to Church Lawford. What shall be said of this spot? As we saw it happily, one slope of green—vivid, yet in shadow—swelled up to darker elms and a tall church tower, set high against an amber sunset. Beyond, the sky and the river's dim reaches melted together, through all delicate yellows, mauves, and grays, into twilight. A swan, scurrying down stream before us, broke the water into pools of gold. And so a bend swept Church Lawford out of our sight and into our kindest memories.

Nearly opposite lies Newnham Regis, about a mile from its baths.

In Saxon times, they say, a king's palace stood here; and three large fish-ponds, with some mounds, remain for a sign of it. Here, beside a pleasant mill, the foot-path crosses to Church Lawford. Just below, the stream is blocked by an osier bed; and we struggled there for the half of one mortal hour, and mused on the carpet slippers, and hope, and such things; and "late and at last" were out and padding through the uncertain light under the pointed arches of Bretford bridge.



BRETTFORD.

Here crosses the second great Roman road, the Fosseway,

"that tillesh from Toteneys
From the one end of Cornewaile anon to Cateneys,
From the South-west to North-est, into Englonde's
ende.
Fosse men callith thilke way, that by mony town
doth wende."

Thenceforward for a mile we move in darkness over glimmering waters, until a railway bridge looms ahead, and we spy, half a mile away, the lights of a little station. This must be Brandon, we decide;



SITE OF BRANDON CASTLE.

and running in beside the bank, begin a quick contention with the echo.

Voices answer us, male and female, and soon many villagers are about us, peering at the canoe.

"Are we in time for the last train to Coventry?"

Chorus answers "Yes"; only one melancholy stripling insists that it isn't likely.

And he is right. We hear a rumble; a red eye flames out; the last train, with a hot trail of smoke, comes roaring over the bridge and shoots into Brandon station. We are too late.

"Beds?"

The melancholy one echoes: "Beds! In Brandon?"

"The inn?"

"Well, you might try the inn."

We march up to try the inn. There are seventy-four men in the bar, as we have leisure to count, and all are drinking beer. Clearly we are not want-

ed. The landlady has eyes like beads, black and twinkling, but they will not rest on us. The outlook begins to be sombre, when P., who, beneath a rugged exterior, hides much aptitude for human affairs, announces that he has a way with landladies, and tries it. He says:

"Can we have a horse and trap to take us to Coventry to-night? No? That's bad. Nor a bed? Dear me! Then, please, draw us half a pint of beer."

The beer is brought. P. tastes it, looks up with a happy smile, and begins again:

"Can we have a horse and trap?" etc., etc.

It is astounding, but at the tenth repetition of this formula the landlady becomes as water, and henceforth we have our way with that inn.

Moreover, we have the landlord's company at supper, a deliberate, heavy man, who tells us that he brews his own beer, and has twenty-three children. He adds that the former distinction has given him many friends, the latter many relatives. A niece of his is to be married at Coventry to-morrow.

Q., who ran into Coventry by an early train next morning to fetch some letters that awaited us, was fortunate enough to



RYTON-ON-DUNSMORE.



BUBBENHALL.

catch a glimpse of the bride as she stepped into her carriage. He reported her to be pretty, and we wished her all happiness. P. meanwhile had strolled up the river to Wolston Mill, which we had passed in the darkness, and he too had praises to chant of that, and of a grand old Elizabethan farm-house that he had found outside the village.

We embark again by Brandon Castle, the abode once of a Roman garrison, and later of an exclusive Norman family that kept its own private gallows at Brelford, just above. Where the castle stood now thrive the brier, the elder, the dogrose, the blackthorn twined with clematis; the outer moat is become a morass, choked with ragwort and the flowering rush; the inner moat is dry, and a secular ash sprawls down its side. We leave it to glide beneath a graceful Georgian bridge; past a lawn dotted with sleek cattle, a small red mill, a row of melancholy anglers, a mile of giant alders, and so down to Ryton-on-Dunsmore, the western outpost of the great heath. As the heath ends, the country's character begins to change, and all grows open. On either hand broad pastures divide us from the arable slopes where a month ago the gleaners were moving amid

"Summer's green, all girded up in sheaves";

and therefore by Ryton's two mills and Ryton's many alders we move slowly, in-

viting our souls, careless of Fate, that lay in her ambush, soon to harry us. A broad road crosses above us, and alighting, we loiter by the bridge, and discover a mile-stone that marks 87 miles from London and 3 from Coventry. We can descry the three lovely spires, of Lady Godiva's town, mere needle points above the trees to northward.

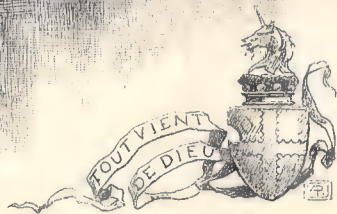
It was but shortly after that we came on an agreeable old gentleman, who stood a-fishing with a little red float, and lied



in his teeth, smiling on us and asserting that Bubbenthal (where we had a mind to lunch) was but a mile below. A mile! —for a crow, perhaps, but not for proper old gentlemen, and most surely not for Avon. The freakish stream went round and round, all meanders with never a forthright, narrowing, shallowing, cast-



Stoneleigh Abbey
Oct 15. 1884.



ing up here a snag and there a thicket of reeds. And round and round for miles our canoe followed it, as a puppy chases his own tail; yet Bubbenhall was not, nor any glimpse of Bubbenhall.

Our talk ran on open boats and notable privations of mariners, and at length Q. stepped out beside a guelder-rose bush (because its berries reminded him of red currant jelly and home), and said: "It is usual for folk in our condition to tell each other stories, and the custom is praiseworthy as distracting men from a

too close contemplation of their lot. I will begin with an Eastern tale. There stands on the Tigris, far above Babylon, a village at which all voyagers down the river must put up on three successive nights, so curiously does the channel wind about it. Men call the village Is—"

"That," interrupts P., "is where it differs from Bubbenhall, which isn't."

"Your levity," says Q., "has deprived you of the story of the Goldsmith and the Three White Asses. It is a pity, for the tale was full of instruction; but let us push on."

These windings above Bubbenhall have their compensations, keeping both hand and eye amusedly alert as our

canoe tacks to and fro, shooting down the V of two shallows, or running along quick water beneath the bank, brushing the forget-me-nots (the flower that Henry of Bolingbroke wore into exile from the famous lists of Coventry, hard by), or parting curtain after curtain of reeds to issue on small vistas that are always new. And Bubbenhall is worth the pains to find—a tiny village of brick and timber set amid elms on a quiet slope, where for ages "bells have knolled to church" from the old brick-buttressed tower above. Below



In Stoneleigh Deer Park.



GLEANERS.

W. R. D. & SONS

sleeps a quaint mill, also of brick and timber, and from its weir the river wanders northeast, then southeast, and runs to Stoneleigh deer park.

A line of swinging deer fences hangs under the bridge, the river trailing between their bars. We push cautiously under them, and look to right and left in amazement. A moment has translated us from a sluggish brook, twisting between water-plants and willows, to a plea-

monster, thirty-nine feet around—whose "antique root" writhes over the red sandstone rock down to the water's brim. The very bed of Avon has altered. He runs now over smooth slabs of rock, and now he brawls by a shallow, and now,

"where his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones."

Down to the shallow ahead of us—their accustomed ford—a herd of deer comes



ASHOW.

sant river, stealing by wide lawns, by slopes of bracken, by gigantic trees—oaks, Spanish oaks, and wych-elms, stately firs, sweet chestnuts, and filmy larch coppices. We are in Arden, the land of Rosalind and Touchstone, of Jaques and Amiens. Their names may be French, English, what you will, but here they inhabit, and almost we look to spy the suit of motley and listen for its bells, or expect a glimpse of Corin's crook moving above the ferns, Orlando's ballads fluttering on a chestnut, or the sad-colored cloak of Jaques beneath an oak—such an oak as this

daintily and splashes across, first the bucks, then the does in a body. If they are here, why not their masters, the men and women whom we know? We disembark, and letting the canoe drift brightly down stream, stroll along the bank beside it, and "fleet the time carelessly," as they did in that golden world.

Too soon we reach the beautiful sandstone bridge, tinted by time and curtained with creepers, that divides the deer park from the home park; and soon, beside an old oak, the size of Avon is almost doubled by junction with the Sowe, a stream

that comes winding past Stoneleigh village on our right, and brings for tribute the impurities of Coventry. The banks beside us are open no longer; but for recompense we have the birds—the *whir-r-r* of wood-pigeons in the high willow copse, the heron sailing high, the kingfisher darting in loops of light before us, the green woodpecker condensing a whole day's brilliance on his one small breast, the wild-duck, the splashing moor-hen, and water-fowl of rarer kinds—that tell us we are nearing Stoneleigh Abbey.

The abbey was founded in 1154 by Henry II. for a body of Cistercian monks, and endowed with privileges "very many and very great, to wit, free warren, infangthef, outfangthef, ways, strays, goods of felons and fugitives, tumbrel, pillory, sok, sak, tole, team, amercements, murders, assize of bread and beer; with a market and fair in the town of Stoneleigh,"—a comprehensive list, as it seems. There were, says Dugdale, in the manor of Stoneleigh, at this time, "sixty-eight villains and two priests; as also four bondmen or servants, whereof each held one messuage, and one quatrone of land, by the services of making the gallows and hanging of thieves; every one of which bondmen was to wear a red clout betwixt his shoulders, upon his upper garment." The original building was burnt in 1245, and what little old work now remains belongs to a later building. The abbey went the way of its fellows under Henry VIII.; was granted to Charles



Cherford Bridge.

Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; changed hands once or twice; and was finally bought by Sir Thomas Leigh, alderman of London, in Queen Elizabeth's reign. The present Ionic mansion, now the home of Lord Leigh, his descendant, was built toward the close of the last century. The river spreads into a lake before it, and then, after passing a weir, speeds briskly below a wooded bank, with tiny rapids, down which our canoe dances gayly. As twilight overtakes us we reach Ashow.

A little weather-stained church stands by Ashow shore—a church, a yew-tree, and a narrow graveyard. Close under it steals the gray river, whispers by cottage steps where a crazy punt lies rotting, by dim willow aits and eel bucks, and so passes down to silence and the mists. Seeing all this, we yearn to live here and pass our days in gratuitous melancholy.

We revisited Ashow next morning, and were less exacting, asking only to be carried back and buried there. The clew to our inconsistency will be found in the ensuing extracts:

From P.'s Journal.—"*A hateful day, with sheets of rain. Q.'s temper insufferable.*"

From Q.'s Journal.—"*P. to-day like a bear with a sore head. Rain in torrents.*"

We agree, you perceive, that it rained. Indeed, we were soaked to the skin before paddling a mile; and as for the canoe,

"Too much of water hast thou,
poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my
tears."

We passed, like Mrs. Hel-
ler's infant, "not dead, but



BLAKEDOWN MILL.



GUY'S CLIFFE.

very wet," under old Chesford Bridge, whereby the road runs to Kenilworth, that lies two miles back from the river, and shall therefore, for once in its history, escape description; and from Chesford Bridge reached Blakedown Mill and another old bridge beside the miller's house. This "simply elegant form of landscape" led Samuel Ireland to ask "why man should with such eager and restless ambition busy himself so often in the smoke and bustle of populous cities, and lose his independence and too often his peace in the pursuit of a phantom which almost eludes his grasp, little thinking that with the accumulation of wealth he must create imaginary wants, under which, perhaps, that wealth melts away as certainly as under the more ready inlet of inordinate passion happiness is sacrificed." Clearly Mr. Samuel Ireland was never rained upon hereabouts.

Just below, on the north bank, rises Blacklow Hill, whither, on the 19th of June, 1312, Piers Gaveston, the favorite of King Edward II., was marched out from Warwick Castle by the barons to meet his doom. His head was struck off, and rolling down into a thicket, was picked up by a "friar preacher" and carried off in his hood. On the rock beside the scene of that grim revenge this inscription was rudely cut: "P. GAVESTON, EARL OF CORNWALL, BEHEADED HERE + 1312"; and to-day a simple cross also marks the spot.

Hence, by the only rocks of which Avon can boast—and these are of softest

sandstone, their asperities worn all away by the weather—we wind beneath Milverton village, with its odd church tower of wood, to the weir and mill of Guy's Cliffe.

The beauties of this spot have been be- praised for centuries. Leland speaks of them; Drayton sings them. "There," says Camden, "have yee a shady little wood, cleere and cristal springs, mossie bottoms and caves, medowes alwaies fresh and greene, the river rumbling heere and there among the stones with his streame making a milde noise and gentle whispering, and, besides all this, solitary and still quietness, things most grateful to the Muses." Fuller, who knew it well, calls it "a most delicious place, so that a man in many miles' riding cannot meet so much variety as there one furlong doth afford." The water-mill is mentioned in Domesday-book, and has been sketched constantly ever since—a low, quaint pile, fronted by a recessed open gallery, under which the water is forever sparkling and frothing, fresh from its spin over the mill-wheels, or tumble down the ledges of the weir.

And below this mill rises the famous cliff, hollowed with many caves, in one of which lived Guy of Warwick, slayer of the Dun Cow, of lions, dragons, giants, paynims, and all such cattle; who married the fair Phyllis of Warwick Castle; who afterward repented of his much bloodshed, and trudged on foot to Palestine by way of expiation; who anon returned again on foot to Warwick, where was his home and his dear Phyllis. And coming



GUY'S CLIFFE MILL.



to his own house door, where his wife was used to feed every day thirteen poor men with her own hand, he stood with the rest, and received bread from her for three days, and she knew him not. So he learned that God's wrath was not sated, and betook him to a fair rocky place beside the river, a mile and more from his town; where, as his words go in the old ballad,

“with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone;
And livèd like a Palmer poore
Within that Cave myself alone:

“And daily came to beg my bread
Of Phyllis at my Castle gate;
Not known unto my loving wife,
Who daily mournèd for her mate.

“Till at the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea, sicke so sore that I must die;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which she knew me presentlye.

“So she, repairing to the Cave,
Before that I gave up the Ghost,
Herself closed up my dying Eyes—
My Phyllis fair whom I loved most.”

His statue stands in the little shrine
above the cliff; his arms lie in Warwick



Castle; and in the cave over our head is carved a Saxon inscription, which the learned interpret into this: "*Cast out, Thou Christ, from Thy servant this burden.*"

We pass on by Rock Mill, haunted of many kingfishers; by Emscote Bridge, where the Avon is joined by the Leam, and where Warwick and Leamington have reached out their arms to each other till they now join hands; by little gardens, each with its punt or home-made boat beside the river steps; by a flat meadow, where the citizens and redcoats from Warwick garrison sit all day and wait for the fish that never bites; and suddenly, by the famous one-span bridge, see Warwick Castle full ahead, its massy foundations growing, as it seems, from the living rock, and Cæsar's glorious tower soaring above the elms where Mill Street ends at the water's brink. Here once crossed a Gothic bridge, carrying the traffic from Banbury. Its central arches are down now; but the bastions yet stand, and form islets for the brier and ivy, and between them the stream swirls fast for the weir and the ancient mill, by which it rushes down into the park. We turn our canoe, and with many a backward look paddle back to the boat-house at Emscote.

Evening has drawn in, and still we are pacing Warwick streets. We have seen the castle; have gazed from the armory windows upon the racing waters, steep terraces, and gentle park below; have climbed Guy's Tower and seen far beneath us, on the one side, broad cedars and green lawns where the peacocks strut, on the other, the spires, towers, sagged roofs, and clustering chimneys of the town; have sauntered down Mill Street; have marvelled in the Beauchamp Chapel as we



CÆSAR'S TOWER, WARWICK CASTLE.

conned its gorgeous tombs and canopies and traceries; have loitered by Lord Leicester's Hospital and under the archway of St. James's Chapel. Clearly we are but two grains of sand in the hour-glass of this slow mediæval town; our feet, that will to-morrow be hurrying on, tread with curious impertinence these everlasting flints that have rung with the tramp of the King-maker's armies, of Royalist and Parliamentary, horse and foot, drum and standard, the stir of royal and episcopal visits, of mail-coach, market, and assize. But meanwhile our joints are full of pleasant aches and stiffness, our souls of lofty imaginings. As our tobacco smoke floats out on the moonlight we can dwell, we find, with a quite kingly serenity on the transience of man's generations; nay, as we sit down to dinner at our inn, we touch the high contemplative, yet careless, mood of the gods themselves.

IN THE "STRANGER PEOPLE'S" COUNTRY.*

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

XIII.

WITH all this in his mind, the little house coming in sight below the massive dark green slope of the great mountain seemed to Guthrie to hold peculiar significance. With a poignant sentiment which he might not analyze, he watched it grow from a mere speck into its normal proportions. The sun flashed from its roof, still wet with the dew, but the shadows were sombrely green in the yard. Such freshness the great oaks breathed, such fragrance the pines! Adown the lane the cows loitered, going forth to their pastures. He saw a mist, dully white, move in slow convolutions along a purple mountain-side, pause for a glistening moment, then vanish into thin air. Away up the gorge all diurnal fancies trooped into the wide liberties of endless luminous vistas of azure sunlit mountains beneath the shining azure heavens, the ranges and valleys changing with every mood of the atmosphere, with the harlequinade of the clouds and the winds; the river, with all the graces of reflection, had a kaleidoscopic comminglement of color—it showed the grim gray rocks, the flight of birds, the blue sky, the glow of the rose-red azalea; the ponderous cataract fell ceaselessly with its keen, swift, green rush above and its maddening white swirl below. On the bank the pygmy burying-ground seemed by contrast the fullest expression of quiet, with its deep shadows and its restful sheen, and naught to come and go but a booming bee or a bird upspringing from the long grass.

All was imprinted upon his consciousness with a distinctness which he had never known before, which he did not seek to interrogate now. It seemed to partake of the significance of a crisis in his life, and every trifle asserted itself and laid hold upon him.

Letitia was sitting upon the porch in a low rocking-chair. He recognized her from far away, but when he had hitched the horse at the gate and came walking slowly up the path, and she lifted her eyes to meet his grave, fixed look, there was something in them that he thought he had never seen before—infinately beau-

tiful, intangible, indescribable; a mere matter of expression, perhaps, for the luminous quality, and the fine color of the deep blue iris, were as familiar even to his dreams as to his waking sense. It seemed a something added; it served, in some sort, to embellish the very curve of her cheek, the curl of her delicate lip, the waving of her hair where it was gathered out of the way at the nape of her white neck.

He had known that her beauty was generally held in scant esteem, and he had vaguely wondered to find himself in contradictory conviction to the popular sentiment. He had welcomed Shattuck's protestation of its charm as a trophy of its high deserts. He remembered it now. "Shattuck 'lowed she war plumb beautiful, an' hed a rare face; an' she hev! she hev! Thar's nobody looks like her."

More than the usual interval of survey warranted by the etiquette of salutation passed as he stood by the step of the porch, and gazed at her with absorbed, questioning eyes. Her light, caustic laughter roused him.

"What ails ye ter kem hyar with the manners o' a harnt, Fee Guthrie; not speakin' till ye air spoke ter; stare-gazin'" — she opened her eyes wide with the exaggeration of mimicry — "ez ef me an' Moses war some onaccountable animals ez ye hed kem ter trap?"

Then, with a smile that seemed to have all the freshness of the matutinal hour in it, she bent again to her work of hackling flax. No arduous job was she making of it. The hackle was placed upon the low shelf-like balustrade close by, and as the swaying of the rocking-chair brought her forward she would sweep the mass of flax in her hands across its sharp wires, drawing all the fibres through as she swung back again. She had hardly more industrial an aspect than a thrush close by, poised on a blooming honeysuckle vine that ran over the porch, idly rocking in the wind, with not even a trill in his throat to attest his vocation as musician. A bundle of the flax lay in a chair at her side and another in her lap, and as she swayed back and forth some of the fine, silvery white stuff slipped down

* Begun in January number, 1891.

over her light blue dress and on the floor in the reach of Moses. He was beginning to appreciate the value of occupation, and could not all day quiescently resign himself to the passive development of teeth. He had attained the age when the imitative faculties assert themselves. He had furnished himself with a wisp of flax from the floor, and now and again bent his fat body forward, swaying the wisp to and fro in his hand, after the manner in which Letitia passed the flax over the hackle, then sought to stuff it into his mouth—with him a test of all manner of values. Somehow the meeting of his callow, unmeaning, casual glance, for he was very busy and ignored the new-comer, disconcerted Guthrie in some sort. So forlorn was he, and little!—his future was an unwritten page, and what bitter history might it not contain! And those who were nearest to him were framing the words and fashioning the periods. But it was to be his to read! A heavy intimation of its collocations was suggested by the recollection of his father yesterday in the horse-thief's gang—and Stephen Yates once had an honest name, and came of honest stock! Then Guthrie thought of the deceitful mother, and he sat down on the step with a sigh.

"Mought ez well! mought ez well!" he said, lugubriously, unconsciously speaking aloud, as Letitia adjured Moses not to swallow the flax and choke himself.

"He *hedn't* 'mought ez well,'" she observed, tartly. Then, for the infant's benefit, "I reckon, though, I could git hold o' the eend of it in his throat, but Mose would feel mighty bad when I h'isted him up on my spinnin'-wheel an' tuck ter spinnin' him all up!"

The great Dagon, not altogether comprehending this threat, listened with an attentive bald head upturned, a damp and open mouth, his two bare feet stretched out motionless one above the other, and his *décolleté* blue calico quite off of one stalwart shoulder. But with a gurgle and a bounce he let it pass, with only his usual sharp-tempered squeal of rebuke, and then placidly addressed himself anew to discover what gustatory qualities lurked in the unpromising, unsucculent wisp of flax.

"Mose an' me air keepin' house," observed Letitia. "Mis' Yates air a-dryin' apples down yander by the spring."

Guthrie's glance discovered the mottled calico dress and purple sun-bonnet of Ade-

laide some yards distant down the slope, as she spread the fruit upon a series of planks laid in the sun.

"It air jes ez well," he said, gloomily. "I dun'no' ez I keer ter see her ter-day."

Letitia, as she swayed forward and flung the flax across the wires, cast a surprised glance upon him. "Ye air toller'ble perlite fur so soon in the mornin'—I notice ginerally ez perliteness grows on ye ez the day goes on—cornsiderin' ye air a-settin' on *her* door-step, an' this air *her* house."

"I want ter see jes you-uns," he indirectly defended himself. He took off his hat, the wind tossing his curling hair as he leaned backward against the post of the porch; he started to speak again, then hesitated uncertainly.

If she noticed that he had lost his wonted slow composure, the discovery did not affect her. She still swung back and forth in her rocking-chair, as nonchalantly as the thrush swayed on the vibrating bough.

"Letishy," he said at last, "I wisht ye wouldn't 'bide hyar."

Her eyes widened. "Perliteness *do* grow on ye," she exclaimed. "Whar air ye 'lowin' I hed better 'bide?"

The opportunity was not propitious. Nevertheless he seized it. "I wish ye'd marry me an' 'bide up on the mounting at my house," he said, breathlessly.

The color flared in her face, but she still rocked to and fro, and with her casual indolent gesture hackled the flax. "Mus' be so pleasant 'long o' Mis' Guthrie," she said.

She had adopted as response the first suggestion that came, only to escape from the confusion that beset her; but as a painful flush dyed his face, she rocked a trifle less buoyantly back and forth, and looked keenly though covertly at him, as he rejoined, quietly,

"I be powerful mistaken in you-uns ef ye would gredge a shelter ter a 'oman ez be old, an' frien'less, an' pore, an' not kind, an' hev earned nuthin' but hate in a long life—*ye*, young, an' pritty, an' good, an' respected by all!"

She had paused in her rocking. She was looking steadily, motionlessly at him. "Would ye turn her out ef I did?" she asked, in a tone of stipulation.

He hesitated; then, "Naw, by God, I *wouldn't!*" he declared.

There was a momentary silence while

she still gazed steadily at him. A smile crept to the delicate curves of her lips and vivified with its light the sapphire of her eyes. "Fee Guthrie," she declared, "I never looked ter hev cause ter think so well o' ye!"

He gazed at her a trifle bewildered. "An' ye will marry me? Litt, ye know how much I think o' ye; 'pears like I can't tell how much I love ye."

She had thrown herself into a debonair attitude, and was swaying back and forth, and gayly hackling the flax. She shook her head, smiling at him.

In his heartache, the pang of disappointment, the demolition of all his cherished hopes—and how strong they had been, albeit he had accounted them slight, had named them despair! with what throes they died!—he felt as some drowning wretch that sees a swift unheeding bark sail past his agony.

"Account of her?" he gasped.

Once more she smilingly shook her head.

"Some other man?" his face had grown sterner; its hard lines were reasserted.

The telltale color flared in her cheeks; he saw again, rising with the thought of that "other man," that look in her eyes which made them trebly beautiful. It was in vain that she shook her head, and carelessly flaunted the flax as she swayed back and forth.

His eyes were full of fire; his breath was quick; the fever of angry hate was in his pulses. "'Twon't be the *first* time ye hev throwed me over fur Rhodes," he said between his teeth, the instinct to press his breast against the thorn strong within him.

She laughed aloud with such ready scorn that credulity failed him.

"Then *who* kin it be?" he demanded, expectantly.

She paused once more, gravity on her face, the shining fibrous flax motionless in her hand. "I'll tell ye—I'll tell ye, ef ye promise never ter tell."

He was dumfounded for a moment. Surely a lover never received a confidence like this!

"I dun'no' ez I want ter know till I be obligated ter find out," he said, gruffly.

"What did ye ax fur, then?" she retorted.

In his state of feeling he had scant regard for logic. It was only for the space

of a moment that he sat silent, then asked, "Who, then, Litt—*who* is the man?"

She looked down upon him with a sort of solemnity, that induced a forlornly eager, palpitating expectancy, as he looked up wincing and waiting to hear.

"*Baker Anderson!*" She pronounced the words soberly. Then, with a peal of laughter, she flung herself back in the rocking-chair, swinging backward with a precipitancy that startled the idle thrush, still preening his morning wing on the honeysuckle vine, and sent him flashing through the sunshine like a silver arrow to the woods.

He stared stolidly at her for a time, hardly knowing his mind between anger and surprise. Then his stern features gradually relaxed. There was something in her merry subterfuge that savored of coquetry. The terrible vitality of his starveling hope roused itself upon the intimation. His long sigh was a breath of relief. Perhaps he should not have expected a direct response in his favor. "Wimmin 'pear ter set store on all sort'n roundabout ways; I reckon I'll hev ter try a haffen dozen." This was his unspoken deduction. He only said, cumbrously seeking to adopt her lightsome vein, "I be powerful 'flicted ter hear it be Baker ez air the favored ch'ice. I dun'no' how I'll ever make out ter stan' up agin Baker."

And he slowly laughed again. He could hardly have told how much the incongruity of the idea comforted him. He was looking about with the relief that ensues upon a grave and poignant crisis happily overpast. He saw, with a sort of indiscriminating satisfaction, the dew so coolly glittering on the long grass; in the deep green shadow of the trees the white elder blossoms gleamed. The wind came straight from the mountains, so full of strength and freshness and cool perfume, it seemed like the very breath of life. So often a wing cleft the blue sky, and all the nestlings were abroad! He noted a dozen yards down a dank path a stubby ruffled scion of a mocking-bird standing in infantine disaffection to the prospect of locomotion, and watching with unambitious eyes the graceful example of the paternal flight, as the parent aeronaut darted across short distances from honeysuckle to glowing cabbage-rose, and called forth encouragement in clearest clarion tones, and sought to stimulate emulation

—fated, like some disappointed worldly fathers, to hear only a whining vibrant declination of the mere attempt at progression from the sulky brat in the path. His mind once more receptive to details, Guthrie observed for the first time that the little party on the porch had been joined by the old dog, who so valued the society of Moses, and who sat beside him as the infant capably went through all the motions of hackling flax; the canine friend followed with alert turns of the head and puzzled knitted brow the wavings of the short fat arm, and kept time the while with an approving wagging tail.

"Thinks mo' of him now than Steve do," Guthrie thought, for the very sight of Moses's bald head was pathetic in his eyes. Then his mind reverted to his own anxiety because of Letitia. "Litt," he said, and there was a sort of peremptory proprietary vibration in the tone, "I don't want ye ter 'bide hyar no longer. I want ye ter go home."

She paused, the flax motionless in her hand. A resolute light was in her eyes. She gave a decisive nod. "Mis' Yates ain't a-goin' ter shoot off that rifle at nobody agin," she said, unexpectedly. "I be goin' ter 'company that rifle closer'n a brother."

For a moment Guthrie was a trifle bewildered—the story of the mysterious shots fired at the party in the pygmy burial-ground, the slain colt, Mrs. Yates's futile denials, all detailed by Ephraim, had been superseded in interest by his own adventures and the theories that he had deduced from them. "Waal," he said at last—formally taking her standpoint into account—"that ain't nuthin' ter you-uns; ye can't guide Mis' Yates's actions. It jes shows another reason why ye oughter be at home. Mis' Yates s'prises me; she ain't the 'oman I took her fur; but ef she kills Mr. Shattuck fur her foolish notions 'bout opening the graves o' the Leetle People, *she'll* hev ter answer ter the law. 'Tain't nuthin' ter *you-uns*."

He did not see her face; he had plucked a wide blade of the sweet-flag growing by the step, casually tearing its delicate stripes of white and green, all unnoting that her face had turned a pallid, grayish hue, that she sat still as if petrified, her eyes dilated, and fixed with a sort of fascinated terror upon some frightful mental picture.

"Mis' Yates s'prises me," Guthrie resumed. "Eph say she 'lows ez her husband lef' her 'kase she swore she would fire that very rifle at Shattuck ef he opened a 'pygmy' grave, ez he calls it. I'll be bound, though, Steve didn't leave fur sech ez that. I 'ain't got nuthin' agin the Leetle People," he stipulated, with a quick after-thought. "I know no harm of 'em, an' I respec' 'em, though dead an' leetle. I wouldn't 'low nobody ter kerry thar bones off'n my lan', not even Mr. Shattuck, though I'd do mo' fur *him* 'n ennybody else—he hev got sech a takin' way with him! I tole him he mought hev one o' thar pitchers ez air buried with 'em, an' I'd gin the leetle pusion one o' my pitchers out'n the house. I reckon 'twould be ez good ez his'n." He paused, meditating on the ethics of this exchange. "But I war glad when Shattuck 'lowed he hankered fur no pitcher, but jes wanted ter take a look at thar jugs an' ornaiments an' sech, fur the knowledge o' the *hist'ry o' the kentry*." He repeated these last words with a sort of solid insistent emphasis, as charged with impressiveness and importance, for the whole enterprise was repugnant to him, and he sought to justify it to himself by urging its utility, a magnified idea of which he had gleaned from Shattuck's talk. He had torn the blade of sweet-flag into shreds, and now he cast the fragments from him. "But it jes shows ez Mis' Yates ain't a fit 'oman fur ye ter be with, firin' rifles an' sech, an' knowin' the hidin'-place o' evil-doers, purtendin' all the time ter be so desolated an' deserted. Litt, air it jes lately ye knowed whar Steve war, or did ye know it 'fore ye kem hyar ter keep her comp'ny?" Then, as she sat stonily gazing at him, he added, "Did ye know it them evenin's ez I kem a-visitin' down hyar?"

She spoke slowly, with a measureless wonderment on her face. "Air ye bereft, Felix Guthrie? I dun'no' whar Steve Yates air, an' Adelaide don't nuther."

It was hard to shake his confidence in her. Perhaps no words might have served—least of all any that Cheever could speak—save those accompanied by the keen, deep strokes of a bowie-knife aiming for his heart. The frank sincerities of the steel were coercive; it had been thus that her name had been cut into his very flesh, a slash for each syllable. They all ached in unison with the recollection.



"HE HAD SNAPPED THE BARREL IN PLACE."

"Ye air foolin' me," he said, reproachfully. But even then he sought to adduce a worthy motive. "Ye air doin' it fur the sake o' yer frien's, Litt. But ye can't mend thar mean, perverted natur'. Ye oughter go home; home is the place fur gals."

To an overbearing man, unfurnished with the authority of kindred, and re-

strained by even primitive etiquette from aught more coercive than advice, there was something painfully baffling in the headstrong impunity with which she cried, gayly, as she set her chair to rocking once more, "The angel Gabriel with his trumpet mought wake the dead an' 'tice 'em from the grave, but he couldn't say nuthin' ez would summons me from this spot."

So small, so feminine, and yet so easily and amply victorious!—it was hardly in his imperative nature to submit gracefully to so inconsiderable an adversary. "An' thar's daddy Pettingill," he cried, angrily, "a-quar'lin' 'kase his craps hev got too much rain, or too leetle, an' stare-gazin' the clouds, so sulky an' impident, I wonder the lightnin' don't strike him fur his sass. An' thar's mammy Pettingill makin' quince preserves, an' callin' all the created worl' ter see how cl'ar they be. An' thar's that fool, Josh Pettingill, mus' take this junctry ter marry Malviny Gossam, an' go off ter live, an' leave *nobody* ter take keer of his own *sister*. An' ye air lef' hyar ter 'company a 'oman ez fires off rifles at peaceful passers, an' ter know the secrets o' whar Steve Yates an' Buck Cheever be hid out. Ef ye war *my* darter"—severely paternal—"I would put ye right now up on that horse ahint o' me, an' ride off *home* with ye; an' *darned* ef I hain't got a good mind ter tote ye back ter them absent-minded Pettingills ennyhow!"

There was no absolute intention in his words, but he had risen as he spoke, and she cowered a little; there was something in his proportions that constrained respect, and the acridity of her defiance was abated somewhat.

"Fee," she said, seeking to effect a diversion, "what makes ye 'low ez Adelaide an' me know whar Steve Yates be hid out?"

"'Kase yistiddy whenst I run agin a gang o' fellers, hid out—I reckon they air artersome mischief—an' Steve war 'mongst 'em, Buck Cheever 'lowed ez 'twar you-uns ez told me. They air workin' agin the law, I *know*."

She did not at once remember the hasty

chance shot—the keen divination—in the mock message she had sent to Steve Yates by Cheever; but the expression on the horse-thief's face came back to her presently, as if it had been held indissolubly in the interval for future recall. And he had believed that in some inscrutable way she had possessed herself of the knowledge, and spoke from its fulness.

She sat still, absently gazing at the flax. "An' ye 'lowed I knowed sech ez that, an' be in league with folks ez work agin the law—thievin' or sech—an' yit ye kem down hyar an' ax me ter marry ye?"

"Kase I be dead sure, Litt, ez ye wouldn't do no harm *knowin' it*," he replied, precipitately. "I wish I hed faith in Heaven like I hev in you-uns. I war jes feared Mis' Yates an' them war foolin' ye 'bout'n it, an' hed tangled ye up in suthin' ez ye didn't onderstand the rights of." He looked down eagerly at her, but her face was inscrutable.

"I ain't so easily fooled," she observed, succinctly.

He looked about him, evidently on the eve of reluctant departure, and still lingering. The infantile mocking-bird at intervals still piped out his strident vibrant "C-a-a-ant! c-a-a-ant! c-a-a-ant!" The parent bird's keen clear call rang upon the air, so full of meaning that it seemed strange that it should be inarticulate, and ever and anon his white wing feathers as he whirled in the air shone dazzlingly in the sunshine. Moses still experimented with the possibilities of flax for food, sometimes constrained to sputter by his misdirected ardor. Guthrie would fain prolong the pleasant peaceful time.

"I mus' be a-joggin'," he said, however. "I feel powerful foolish ridin' another man's horse. An' I be a-goin' ter turn him over ter the constable o' the deestric', an' tell how I got him by accident, so flustered by the fight."

For the first time she recognized Cheever's horse at the gate.

"War thar a fight?" she said.

He nodded.

"Ye didn't take a hand in it! Waal, I be s'prised—*ye*, ez hev sot out ter be a saint o' the Lord!"

"That don't make no diff'unce," he said, hastily defending his piety. "The reason thar ain't no mo' fightin' 'mongst the saints an' disciples the Bible tells about air 'kase thar warn't no fire-arms in them days; I hev hearn pa'son say thar warn't

none. An' that's why peace war so preached up then, fur mighty few men like ter kem ter close quarters with a knife."

His own wounds ached anew with the recollection, but with a savage pride in his prowess he said naught of them; he would not have admitted their existence to the man who had dealt them; Cheever might take only what testimony he could from the blood on his knife. She was looking at him with that admiration, so essentially feminine, of his valor, his ready hand, his fierce spirit.

"So ye j'ined in?" she said, smiling.

"Ef firin' a dozen pistol-shots be j'inin' in," he said, his eye alight at the recollection.

She changed color. "War ennybody hurt?" she quavered.

"Listen at the female 'oman!" he exclaimed, in exasperation, because of the contradictions of sentiment she presented. "Fairly dotes on the idee o' other folks a-fightin', an' yit can't abide the notion o' nobody gittin' hurt! The Guthries hev the name o' shootin' straight, Litt Pettin-gill, an' I'd be powerful 'shamed ef in twelve shots I done no damage. 'Tain't been my policy nor my practice ter waste lead an' powder."

He stood leaning against the post, vainly speculating concerning the probable execution of his revolvers when he had escaped, firing them with both hands. It was for a moment with absent, unseeing eyes that he mechanically regarded her, but the image that had so great a fascination for him presently broke through the absorptions of his retrospect, and asserted itself anew—so dainty, so blithe, so bird-like, so lightly swaying as she sat in the rocking-chair.

Her association with these incongruous elements of suspected fraud, and ill-favored deeds, and unfitting companions, seemed a profanity, and his eager wish to have her removed far from them, shielded, inaccessible, was renewed.

"Mr. Shattuck hain't got no need o' you-uns, Litt, ter perfect him," he urged, suddenly. "He'd laff at the idee, ef he warn't ashamed of it; ennybody o' yer size an' sex a-settin' out ter perfect a able-bodied man from rifle balls."

He looked down at her with a laugh of ridicule and a sneering eye, calculated to put out of countenance her valorous intention.

She said nothing; but determination, immobility, could hardly have had more adequate expression than in her face, her soft and delicate lips closed fast, her eyes bright and fearless.

"But shucks!"—he sought to make light of it—"Shattuck ain't a-goin' ter kem agin ter the Leetle People's buryin'-groun'—leastwise not when Mis' Yates be out an' stirrin'." A dim prospect of organizing a nocturnal expedition for Shattuck's assistance was shaping itself in his mind. "She can't be on watch night and day."

Letitia looked up, her interest in all that interested Shattuck shining in her eyes. "That's the very word what I told him," she said. "He'd better kem an' dig at night, whenst the moon shines, like he done afore."

A sudden angry pain thrilled through Guthrie. Yesterday—it was only yesterday that the stranger had received his permission to make these investigations upon his land; had sought it with deepening deference and solicitude, as if it were essential. And when at last it had been granted, it was in disregard of previous refusals, in despite of his repugnance, and his primitive sense of sacrilege. Thus he had been overborne by the facile influence of this suave stranger, with his ready smile, and his pleasant eyes, and his frank off-hand speech. It must have been that to work freely and openly in broad daylight had become a necessary condition of Shattuck's success, for evidently he had been here before—when the moon shone!

Whether it were some inward monition, which by an unconscious process served Guthrie's interest, whether it were some latent, undeveloped suspicion astir in his mind, he gave no intimation of his thought; he held himself plastic to the discovery which he felt imminent in the air. He could not, however, meet her eyes; as he sought an alternative, perhaps it was as happy an idea as any that could have come at a more propitious and reflective moment to draw out one of the pistols that he wore in his belt and turn it in his hand; he had an incidental preoccupied air as he glanced successively into the empty chambers.

"Did he find ennything *then*, d'y'e know, Litt?"

"I dun'no'. I 'ain't seen him sence till las' night," she replied, unsuspiciously.

He had snapped the barrel in place and silently sighted the pistol at a flying bird,

as if he had in view some experiment of marksmanship. Moses had ceased his femininely domestic labors, with the wisp of flax hanging motionless in his limp hand. Here was matter more to his mind, attesting his inherent masculine tastes; he winked very hard at every sharp clash of the steel, but he bent forward with wide uplifted eyes, a tremulous, absorbed, open mouth, and watched the big man's attitude as he held up the weapon to a line with his eye, his whole massive figure, from the great slouch hat to his jingling spurs, clearly imposed against the fair morning horizon.

A pointer, who had been asleep under the house, had rushed out upon recognizing the click of the cocking of a weapon, and stood in tremulous wheezing agitation, now scanning the prospect for the threatened game and eagerly snuffing the air, now glancing up, surprised at the abnormal inactivity of this presentment of the genus sportsman.

"What makes ye 'low 'twar him, Litt?" Guthrie observed, in the tone of a casual gossip.

There was a touch of rose in her cheek, a retrospective smile in her eye. "Waal, I warn't sertain a-fust. I 'lowed it *couldn't* be. Till toler'ble late, arter the moon hed riz, I hearn a pickaxe strikin' on rock up in the pygmy buryin'-ground!" (he noticed that she had discarded the colloquial "Leetle People" for Shattuck's more scientific term), "an' then I knowed it couldn't be nobody but him. I didn't say nothin' 'bout'n it afore, 'kase I didn't know till las' night ez he hed got yer say-so ez he mought dig on yer land." She looked up with an unsuspecting smile; then, with the glow of mirth in her eyes, she burst suddenly into a peal of laughter. "Baker Anderson would hev it ez 'twar *you-uns* ez 'pear-ed suddint at the winder whilst I war a-singin' a song. I wisht ye could hev seen Baker offerin' ter take down his rifle an' go arter ye fur hev'in' gin me an' Mis' Yates sech a skeer. Ye could run Baker with yer ramrod! Baker 'lows yit ez 'twar you-uns. We-uns couldn't make out the man's face clear; jes seen it fur a minit ez he looked through the winder. But ez soon ez I hearn that pick strike on the rock, I guessed mighty easy who hed been hangin' roun' the porch listenin' ter the singin', waitin' fur the moon ter rise."

A miracle could not have more stringently coerced his credulity; and, in truth,

the circumstances wore all the sleek probability of fact. No man familiarized by song and story since the Middle Ages with the idea of the cavalier lingering without the castle walls to hear a lady's lute could have more definitely grasped its significance than did this primitive lover. It lent a strong coherence to every word that Shattuck had uttered; the praises of her beauty, to which he had hearkened with such simple joy; of her mind, of her unique grace, so at variance with the uncouth conditions of her life. And what new light was thrown upon that strangely retentive memory hoarding Shattuck's words; that eager determined vigilance in his behalf from which the trump that might summon the dead from their graves would be futile to lure her; that radiant freshened beauty in her sapphire eyes! He had come, in good sooth, to listen and linger without to hear her sing while he waited for the moon to rise. "Religion itself couldn't make her look more like an angel in the eyes!" Guthrie had said to himself, with a lover's alert and receptive recognition of an embellished loveliness.

He remembered, with an angry quickening of his pulse, his own simple-minded confidence to Shattuck yesterday in the barley fields. What! in his unsuspecting folly he had even told the man how she talked of him, how she treasured his words, how she valued his great learning, for thus she was minded to account for those acquisitions which the more staid and experienced people of the countryside esteemed crack-brained fantasies. And somehow this reflection operated as a check upon the bounding fury that possessed him; it held an element of self-reproach. He had unwittingly revealed to this stranger the sentiment which Letitia would have guarded as a sacred secret—if, indeed, she herself were aware of it. His face was set and hard; but the strong hand trembled that held the pistol, silent and empty and harmless enough now, albeit so recently flinging out its fate-freighted balls and its wild barbaric shriek.

"She never war gin ter 'settin' caps' arter folks, like other gals; she sorter sets store on hersef 'kase the common run o' boys didn't like her. She feels too ch'ice fur enny or'nary cuss; an' I reckon she'd be hoppin' mad—" And then he paused with the conviction that she did not esteem Shattuck an "or'nary cuss." This reve-

lation would probably only result in facilitating an understanding between them. "Ef he ever sees her agin," he said, between his set teeth. Then occurred to him suddenly his words yesterday, amongst the waving barley, that he had it in his heart to kill any man who came between him and Letitia. He had spoken them with other intentions, with the thought of Rhodes in his mind; but Shattuck was warned—already warned. And if he had spoken too freely, it was at least not equivocally. "Ef ever he sees her agin," he once more muttered.

"What air you-uns sayin'?" she demanded suddenly, all unaware of his train of thought. "Mose kin converse ez well ez that. The only trouble with Mose's talk is that grown folks air too foolish ter onderstan' it. Ain't it, Mose?"

But the infant gave her no heed, still fixing his upturned eyes on the pistol in Guthrie's hand, as eager of expression as the uplifted muzzle of the dog, who writhed and wagged his tail, and wheezed about the great boots.

Guthrie looked down at Letitia, his eyes changed and strange, and little to be understood. She paused as her own encountered them, holding the wisp of flax motionless in her hand, in some sort vaguely and superficially aware that a crisis had supervened, albeit beyond her ken.

"I mus' be a-goin'," he said, absently, still looking at her, his eyes freighted with his unread thoughts.

Their dull solemnity grated upon her mood, so far afield was it from any standpoint yet revealed in his words. She resented his motionless, intent, thoughtful survey.

She sought to shake off the responsive gravity his mien induced. "Goin'!" she cried, her eyes growing brighter and deeper and darker as they dilated. "Waal, we'll hev ter try ter spare ye. Waal! waal!" with an affected sigh.

The familiar note of irony seemed to rouse him to more immediate intention. He thrust his pistol in his belt, and with a nod, turned away down the path.

Moses, who could never be prevailed upon to greet a visitor, always took welcome heed of departure. To his mind the dearest behest of hospitality was speeding the parting guest. Without prompting, he sent a jubilant cry of "Bye! bye!" after Guthrie's retreating form, and beam-

ed upon him with a damp and gummy sputtering smile, graced by all his glittering teeth.

Letitia too gazed after the guest, whose manner had suddenly presented an enigma. "Looked all of a suddint ez ef he hed fund suthin' he didn't want, like a rattlesnake; or hed furgot suthin' he couldn't do without, like his breakfast, or a thimble, or his brains."

He went slowly and thoughtfully along the dank path, over which the heavy long-tasselled grasses leaned. Pinks bordered it here, and anon the jimson weed; again it was enlivened by the glow of a great red rose, with the essence of summer in its fresh breath, as it swayed on a long full-leaved thorny wand. This clutched at his coat, and as he paused to disengage the cloth, he looked back at the house—the mountain looming behind it, with a horizontal band of mist athwart the slope; the little roof still dank and shining with dew; the tiny porch all wreathed with vines that stretched a surplusage of their blooming lengths across to the window; the little glassless square where the batten shutter swung. Here it was, he thought, that Shattuck had stood, knee-deep in the lush thick grass, when the shutter was closed, and colors were null, and the black night gloomed, and she sang within while he waited, and the moon rose all too soon! He turned and looked toward the gorge, as if he expected to see the pearly disk amidst the dark obscurments of the night-shadowed mountains. It was instead a vista of many gleaming lights: the sunshine on the river, and the differing lustre of the water in the shadow; the fine crystalline green of the cataract, and the dazzling white of the foam and spray; the luminous azure of the far-away mountains, and the enamelled glisten of the blue sky—all showing between the gloomy sombre ranges close at hand. And while he still looked, he mounted the horse at the gate and rode away.

XIV.

It was a fine sensation for the group of gossips that always seemed an essential appurtenance to the blacksmith shop at the cross-roads when, this bright morning, the sheriff of the county, an infrequent and unfamiliar apparition, rode up to the open doors, and drew rein under the branches of the over-hanging oak-tree. So broadly spreading were these branches

that not even the diminishing shadow, ever waning as the day waxed on to noon, had bereft the space beneath of its gray-green gloom and its sense of dew. A wagon, one wheel lying tire-less on the ground, and a stout stave lashed crutch-like in its place, stood near by in the full yellow glare, with a reduced cartoon of itself, sadly out of drawing, on the sand beneath it, and a gross caricature of two men who sat upon its pole and talked. The interior looked dark and cool, and the blacksmith's father, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves in a rickety chair by the door, caught the softening effect of its twilight in his aged and minutely wrinkled face. One or two dim figures were indistinct within; upon a bench outside a couple of loafers smoked, while still another utilized as a seat the roots of the tree. Its shadow played on the clapboards of the roof, long ago broken here and there, and still unended, for the rain and the snow were welcome to wreak their worst, drizzling through upon the republican simplicity of the "dirt floor" within. Hardly a curl of smoke ascended from the chimney, and as the officer cast his eye along the two red clay winding roads, both of a most irresponsible and vagrant-like aspect, as if they had no goal in expectation, there was no other sign of habitation in sight; the woods closed in, limiting the prospect; here and there mountains rose, seeming, as always, nearer than reality warrants; and it was a most sequestered, slumberous spot to which the sheriff had betaken his brisk individuality and the energetic potentiality of his official presence.

So welcome a break in the monotony had not occurred for many a day. A sentiment of gratitude merely for his company pervaded the by-standers. They looked for no developments more striking than the detail of the ordinary news from the town, some good-natured raillery back and forth, and the intimation of his errand, which perchance might touch some land sale that he was to hold in a remote district of his bailiwick, and each idler was devoutly glad that the allurements of plough and harrow and hoe had not availed to keep him at work and at home on this momentous occasion, which might not be duplicated for six months or more. But when his grave, hard face and unsmiling eyes betokened the more serious import of his visit, there ran through the assem-

bly a keen thrill of curiosity and expectancy.

The sheriff, not perhaps all indifferent to the flutter his advent roused, flung the reins over his horse's head and dismounted.

"News?" He echoed the question that had been coupled with the salutation, and glanced loweringly about. "News enough. *Murder!*"

He spoke the word with a melodramatic unction, dropping his voice. He was a tall, well-built man, of a large frame, implying bone and muscle rather than fat, and promising most stalwart possibilities; and if the somewhat imposing strut, which was his favorite method of locomotion, savored of pride, it also invited attention to the many reasons which had justified him in indulging that sentiment. Then he turned with the blacksmith to the eager examination of the hoof of his horse which had cast a shoe, and was going a trifle lame. As the smith, this colloquy over, set about repairing the disaster, the officer, taking off his hat, lent himself with an air of consideration to heed the clamorous inquiries.

"It's a tough job, an' I ain't s'prised ef I have you all on a posse 'fore night." He shook his head with serious intimations as he seated himself on an empty inverted barrel just outside the door. "Ye, Phineas!" he broke off, admonishing the smith, who had paused in paring the horse's hoof, which he held between his knees upon his leather apron, his stooping posture unchanged, his bushy eyebrows lifted as he looked up from under them in expectant curiosity at the officer. "Ye jes *perceed* with yer rat-killin'. I'm in a hurry ter git away from hyar! An' I'm a-goin' ter ketch them buzzardy rascals, ef I hev ter go ter Texas." He nodded with the word as if he expressed the limits of the known globe.

"I'll be bound ye do, sher'ff!" cried the blacksmith's father, with an eagerness to bring himself to the great man's notice and impress his own importance—a characteristic of local magnates other than rural. He had seized upon the first opportunity, and thus the matter of his speech was less cogent than he would fain have had it. "Ye needn't be borryin' trouble thinkin' they air hid well. Town-folks git out'n thar depth mighty quick whenst they take ter the mountings. I be a old man now, turned sixty, an' I hev knowed a power o' sher'ffs, through not

many bein' re-lected, an' they don't hev no trouble ketchin' town malefactors ez takes ter the woods."

The sheriff bent his eyes upon the toe of his big spurred boot as his crossed leg swung it before him. A sarcastic smile curved his shaven lips. It seemed for a moment as if he would not speak. Then, with that respect for the old so habitually shown among the mountaineers, he said, "These are mounting folks—mounting folks, Mr. Bakewell."

The smith dropped the horse's hoof, the knife clattering upon the ground, and straightened his bent back. "In the name o' goodness," he cried, overcome with curiosity, "*who* hev been kilt?"

The sheriff, albeit his enjoyment of the frenzied interest of which he was the centre showed in every line of his gloomy, important face, was dominated by his official conscience. He pointed to the implement on the ground.

"Pick up that thar contraption an' go to work," he said, sternly. "Gimme a horse ter ride on, or the law will take arter you, with a sharp stick, too."

The smith bent down to his work once more, his eyes fixed, nevertheless, on the officer's face instead of the hoof between his knees, the horse turning slowly his head, and looking back with evident surprise at these dallying and unprecedented proceedings.

The sheriff resumed: "Mounting men, 'cordin' ter the *ante-mortem* statement."

"Air—air he *dead*?" said one of the men on the wagon pole, leaning suddenly forward.

"Persumed ter be, hevin' been buried," replied the officer, his sarcastic mien unchecked now by the mandates of decorum.

"Mighty fool ter run agin the mounting folks, hey?" said the old man, reflectively rubbing his pointed chin, and with the air of tempering his regrets, as if he thought that with this foolhardy temerity the blood of the unknown was presumably upon his own head.

"He war a-travellin' peaceable along the road," said the sheriff, suddenly entering upon the pleasure of narrative; "bound fur the Spondulix Silver Mine, on the t'other side o' Big Injun Mounting. An' the weather bein' so durned hot, an' the moon nigh the full, he rid at night, like mos' folks do, ye know, the road bein' no lonesomer sca'ce'y 'n by day, an' he

hed fire-arms. An' he hed suthin' else; he hed 'bout fifteen hundred dollars ter kerry, ez nobody but the head men o' the mine an' him knowed 'bout. Thar's the riddle of it!" He paused, his full-lashed lids drooping meditatively over his thoughtful eyes as if he sought to pierce the mystery.

"Fifteen hundred dollars!" exclaimed the old man, as if he could hardly credit the existence of so many in company; he had seen few of this welcome denomination at a time. His look, unguarded for the moment, implied a suspicion that the sheriff was drawing the long-bow.

"'Twar ter pay off the hands an' some o' the expenses o' the gear an' sich—they war behindhand some; thar ain't no express nor railroad nor nuthin', 'ceptin' jes the mail-rider, an' they 'lowed 'twar safer in this man's hands, special ez they 'lowed ez nobody knowed nuthin' 'bout it, 'ceptin' him an' them. Mus' hev got out somehow, though." He lifted his eyes, scanning each of the group in turn as if to note the impression. "Fur he 'lowed he rid along feelin' ez free an' favored ez ef 'twar broad daylight, an' his horse travelled well, an' didn't feel the weather none, an' though he war a stranger ter the kentry, he never thunk o' sech a thing ez danger till he got 'bout two mile past Doctor Ganey's house—he war on the top o' a hill, a-beginnin' ter go down, an' the moon war ez bright ez day, an' him a-whistlin' of a dancin' chune, whenst he tuk up a notion ez thar war suthin' movin' down in the road on the level; sorter 'peared ter him one minit 'twar men, an' the nex' minit he 'lowed 'twar jes the wind in a pack o' bushes—sumach an' blackberries an' such—ter one side o' the road. He halted fur a minit, an' didn't see nuthin', nor hear nuthin'; so he rid on, an' whenst he reached the levels thar started up in the midst o' the road—he 'lowed it 'peared ter him ez hell hed spewed 'em out all of a suddeny, fur he couldn't see *whar* they kem from—a gang o' 'bout half a dozen mounting fellers. He 'lowed he hed never seen 'em afore, an' they didn't know him, fur they called him 'stranger.' Every man pursued a pistol at him, an' look whar he would, 'twar down a muzzle. But they war all a-laffin' at him, an' purtendin' not ter be so fur on the cold side o' friendly; they kep' callin' out, claimin' his horse, 'lowin' he hed stole it from them, an' tell-

in' him he hed ter gin it up, an' march afoot, an' grinnin', an' axin' him didn't he know they hung horse-thieves, an' sayin' they war a-goin' ter make him git down on his knees an' thank them fur his life; an' he war a-declarin' an' a-protestin', an' though he had drawn his pistol, he hadn't fired it. An' ez they war a-tryin' ter pull him out'n the saddle, one sly rascal cut the girth, an' an idee kem ter him ez the whole consarn lurched; he slipped his foot out'n the stirrups, an' let saddle an' saddle-bags drap ter the ground, fur he 'lowed they meant ter kill him, sure, an' that way he got loosed fur a second, an' in that second he whurled his horse round an' galloped along the road, leadin' the gang that fired arter him at every jump. One bullet went through his lung—'lef lung I b'lieve Doctor Ganey say. I ain't sure now whether 'twar 'lef', or right, or middle, or what not; leastwise he pulled a tur'ble long face whenst the man had eluded the horse-thieves an' got inter his hands."

"Dun'no' which war the fryin'-pan an' which war the fire, myself," commented old Bakewell.

"But he tole the man at fust he wouldn't die," continued the sheriff.

"But I could hev tole him he would whenst he called in Doctor Ganey," chuckled the sexagenarian.

The officer looked somewhat surprised, for the "valley folks" thought a trifle better of science expressed in drugs than did the mountaineers, who presumed them to be the spontaneous production of the apothecary shop, and thus opposed to nature, expressed in herbs. He was, however, country bred, hailing originally from one of the mountain spurs, and had been transplanted to the town only by the repeated success of his political schemes, resulting in his election to the office of sheriff on more than one occasion. The rural stand-point medically was thus perfectly comprehensible to him, and being in full health, entirely independent of aught that Doctor Ganey might or might not know, he himself leaned to facile disparagement.

"Folks in Colbury 'lowed Doctor Ganey ought not ter hev let him be brung ter town nex' day in the cool o' the mornin' on a spring bed an' in a spring wagon; though he war turrible anxious ter be sure ter make a ante-mortem statement; the robbers hed got the saddle-bags an' money,

ye see, an' he didn't want folks ter think 'twar him ez stole it."

There was a momentary pause, broken only by the sharp staccato sound of the hammer within, beating into shape the shoe that must be fitted to the hoof; the horse outside turned his glossy neck, holding up his hind hoof a trifle from the ground, and looked through the door into the dark interior of the shop, where the smith's figure was to be dimly discerned in the scanty flicker of the smouldering forge fire; the animal watched the process with a definite anxiety and interest that seemed to bespeak a desire to superintend its proper performance. His resignation to human guidance evidently arose more from the constraint of circumstance than reliance on man's superior wisdom. More than once the blacksmith paused to listen, and afterward the matters at the forge went awry, and outside one could hear him muttering surly comments upon the inanimate appurtenances, especially when he dropped the hot iron once in taking it from the coals, letting it slip through the inadequate grasp of the tongs, and requested it to go to a hotter place even than the fire, and there to be infinitely and illimitably "dad-burned." All of which had as little effect as such objurgations usually do upon the inanimate offender; but the ebullitions seemed to serve, like thunder, to clear the atmosphere, and to enable the smith better to resign himself to the terrible deprivation of the sheriff's talk, lost in the reverberations of his own hammer and the sibilant singing of the anvil.

Outside, the sound hardly impinged upon the privilege of conversation. The sheriff's lip was curling; he hastily shifted one leg over the other, and this posture enabled him to eye the toe of his boot, with which he seemed to have confidences in some sort, reverting to it in moments when at a loss, as if its contemplation in some incomprehensible way refreshed his memory.

"Waal, the bosses o' the consarn—shucks! mighty knowin' cusses—they *would* hev it 'twar some folks down yander neighborin' the mines;—I won't say who, and I won't say what,"—he interpolated, with a sudden reminiscence of a seemingly official reticence; "but ez 'twar thought the man wouldn't die, an' all war keen ter git holt o' the money agin, I hed ter go fust an' air thar s'picious, ez ar-

ter a-chasin' an' a-racin' an' keepin' secret an' mighty dark turned out nuthin' at all. Fust one man an' then t'other showed up in a different place that night. Every one! I lef' word with my dep'ty, Ben Boker, who 'twas I wanted looked arter, an' he tuk sick with the bilious fever the very day I lef', an' air abed yit; so I hev got behind-hand with this job, an' I hope the folks won't lay it up agin me."

"Waal," said the old man, leaning forward, his hard hands clasped, a smile upon his wrinkled face, a slender sunbeam sifting through the boughs of the oak-tree, touching the thick tufts of gray hair on his brow, and brightening them to a whiter lustre, "I'll be bound old man Ganey warn't behindhand with *his* job," and he lifted his thick eyebrows and chuckled softly.

"Naw, sir," said the officer, respectfully. "The doctor's job tuk off day before yestiddy mornin' fore daybreak. The doctor 'lowed ef he could make sunup he mought last through till evenin'. But he hed seen his las' sunrise."

"Ez ef Dr. Ganey knowed sech," exclaimed the old man. "He 'pears ter me ez ef his foolishness grows on him. Ye'll die whenst yer time kems, an' it 'll kem mighty quick ef ye hev in Ganey. An' yit," with a nodding head and narrowing eyelids, "thar be them ez fairly pins thar hopes o' salvation on ter the wisdom, that air foolishness, o' that old consarn. This hyar valley man Shattuck, ez hev been 'bidin' fur a while with Len Rhodes in the Cove, a-holpin' him 'lectioneer, whenst Len fell down a-dancin'—mus' hev been drunk—at the Pettingill infair, an' seemed ter bump his head a passel, an' shed some blood—nuthin' would do this Shattuck but Ganey mus' be sent fur. He threatened old man Pettingill with the gallus ef Rhodes should die."

"Old Zack Pettingill! Why, he's one of my *bes'* friends, an' a better man never lived," interrupted the officer, although he lent an attentive ear, for Rhodes was of the opposite party, and the sheriff was a candidate for re-election.

"Yes, sir"—the old man redoubled his emphasis—"though Phil Craig war in the house a-bathin' the wounds an' a-bindin' 'em up with mullein leaves ter take the soreness out. An' ef ye'll b'lieve me he cavorted so ez old Zack Pettingill, though an obstinate old sinner, hed ter gin up, an' put Steve Yates on his bes' horse, an'

send seventeen mile fur Ganey. It all 'peared so onreasonable an' so all-fired redic'lous ez I couldn't holp but b'lieve ez this hyar Shattuck hed some yerrand o' his own ter send Yates on, special ez Dr. Ganey never kem."

"P'litical bizness—bribery an' sech," suggested the sheriff, acrimoniously, for each man was phenomenally eager for the success of the whole ticket. So closely were the opposing factions matched, so high ran party spirit in this section, that his own candidacy, albeit for a far different office, made him in some sort Rhodes's opponent.

"Mought hev been electioneerin'. I hev always 'lowed, though, whenst ye fund out whar Steve Yates be now, ye'll find out what Shattuck sent him fur, though some say Yates jes hed a quar'l with his wife, an' hed run away from her."

The officer's color suddenly changed; it beat hot in his bronzed cheeks; it seemed even to deepen in his eyes, that were of too light a tint ordinarily. He pushed his hat back from his brow, where the beads of perspiration had started in the roots of his brown hair.

"Hain't Yates kem back yet?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Hide nor hair hev been seen o' him since that night."

"What night?" demanded the officer.

"Night o' the Pettingill infair, o' course," rejoined the old man, tartly; "an' that war the second day o' July—a Friday it war; they oughter hev got the weddin' over 'fore Friday. Them young folks can't expec' no luck."

"They can't hev none worse 'n they hev hed, 'cordin' ter my view, a-marryin' one another. The Lord's been toler'ble hard on 'em a'ready, I'm thinkin'."

This observation came from one of the men perched on the pole of the broken wagon, reputed to be a rejected suitor of the bride, and a defeated rival of the groom. The opportunity for the ridicule of this sentimental woe in which the rustic delights was too good to be lost, and under the cloak of the raillery the sheriff unobtrusively drew out a note-book and casually referred to it. The night of the second of July—a Friday night—the agent of the Spondulix Mine was waylaid by horse-thieves, lost his saddle and the treasure in its saddle-bags in the fracas, and received in his flight such wounds that he died thereof within

a few weeks. He had closed the book and returned it to his pocket before the attention of the party had reverted to him anew.

"What sorter man air this hyar Shattuck?" he asked, casually, as he held a huge plug of tobacco between his teeth, from which they gnawed, with an admirable display of energy, a fragment for present use. "What sorter man?"

"Waal," said old Bakewell, narrowing his eyes and pursing his mouth critically, as he glanced absently down at a brilliant patch of sunshine, gilded and yellow in the midst of the dark olive-green shadow of the oak-tree, "I dun'no' what ter say 'bout'n a man ez goes roun' payin' folks ter dig in Injun mounds fur a lot o' bowls an' jars an' sech like, whenst fur the money he could buy better ones right down yander at the store."

The officer had faced about on the barrel and sat bolt-upright, a hand on either knee, his amazement looking alertly out of his light gray eyes.

"He hev quit that, though, lately," the smith struck in, dropping the hoof to which he had tentatively applied the shoe and standing still, half supporting himself with his hand on the shoulder of the animal, who once more turned his head with a slow, deprecatory motion, and gazed back upon the displeasing and seemingly incompetent doings of this dilatory workman. "Baker Anderson—he's a half-grown boy ez hev been 'bidin' at Mis' Yates's of a night ter keer fur the house agin lawless ones an' sech—he kem hyar this mornin' ter git his plough sharpened, an' he 'lows ez this hyar Shattuck say he wants ter dig up the bones of the Leetle People, buried nigh the ruver on Fee Guthrie's lan'. An' Steve favored it; but Mis' Yates 'lowed she'd shoot him ef he tampered with the Leetle People's bones, an' Baker 'low ez that war why Steve lef' her."

"The Leetle People!" echoed the sheriff, in a dazed tone, as if he hardly believed his ears.

"Lord A'mighty, Tawmmy Carew! Hain't ye never heard 'bout a lot o' small-sized people, no bigger'n chil'n, ez hed this kentry 'fore the Injun kem—'bout the time o' the flood, I reckon." Old Bakewell hardly hazarded this speculation, which had about as much justification of probability as the conclusions of many other scientists of more pretensions.



"‘COME, GUTHRIE,’ HE ONLY SAID."

"Hev ye got yer growth ez a man, an' lived ter be 'lected sher'ff o' the county, an' ter thrive on the hope o' bein' 'lected agin, an' *yit* air ez green ez a gourd?—so green ez never ter hev hearn tell o' the Leetle Stranger People?" demanded the old man, scornfully.

Thus adjured, the sheriff, for his credit's sake, was fain to refresh his memory. "'Pears like I useter know some sech old tale ez that, but I had nigh forgot it," he said, mendaciously, the lie staring irrepressibly out of his widely opened, astonished eyes. "I never 'lowed it war true."

"But it *air* true," said the smith, the shoe and hammer hanging listlessly in one hand, while the other, leaning heavily on the horse's back, sufficed to transfer much of his weight to the animal. "They air the nighest neighbors Mis' Yates hev

got. An' though Steve an' this man Shattuck agreed so mighty well, Mis' Yates couldn't abide the idee o' diggin' up the Leetle People's bones, an' swore she'd shoot ennybody ez tried it. An', by hokey"—with a sudden excitement in his eyes—"she *done* it! Las' night, Baker say, this man an' Rhodes war thar in the pig buryin'-groun'—he calls them humans 'pigs'—an' she gin 'em two toler'ble fair shots. Shoots toler'ble well fur a 'oman. Baker say the bullet cut through Shattuck's hair good fashion."

"Waal, that's agin the law," said the sheriff, with his bitter, implacable official expression; "assault with intent to kill."

"Oh, shet up, Tawmmy," the old man admonished him from the vantage-ground of his age and experience. "What else air fire-arms manufactured fur?"

Beyond this cogent reasoning "Tawmmy's" speculation could not go. Nevertheless, he was sworn to administer the law, albeit thrice proven a foolish device of fools, and his brow did not relax. It was with a dark frown, indeed, that he contemplated the mental image of Mrs. Yates, because he felt that it behooved women so to order their walk and conversation as to keep without the notice of the law, since it was infinitely unpalatable to him to enforce it where they were concerned, making him instead of the culprit the sufferer, and forcing him to endure many unclassified phases and extremes of mental anguish. He protested at times that they ought to be exempted from the operations of the law. "They ain't got no reason, nohow," he gallantly asseverated. "An' what sorter figger does a big man cut arrestin' a leetle bit of a 'oman? An' no jury ain't goin' ter convict 'em, ef they kin git around it, an' no jedge ain't goin' ter charge agin 'em, ef he kin help himself. The law jes devils the sher'ff with 'em; *he* hev got ter go through all the motions fur nuthin'. They say Jedge Kinnear air a out an' out 'oman's jedge. An' no man, even in civil cases, hev got a chance agin enny 'oman or enny minor chil'n, gals specially, in his courts. Waal, now, *I'm* a *man's* sher'ff. An' I want the wimmin an' chil'n ter keep out'n my way, an' I'll keep out'n theirn."

Shattuck, however, and especially as connected with Rhodes, offered a prospect more in keeping with his professions and views of his office. "What do he want ter dig up thar bones fur?" he demanded. "That air agin the law too."

"Fur the hist'ry o' the kentry, Baker say," the smith suggested: the phrase seemed to have a sort of coherency that commended it generally.

But the sheriff shook his head. "I hev studied the hist'ry o' the kentry," he asserted, capably. "I hev 'tended school,

an' the Leetle People hain't got nuthin' ter do with the hist'ry o' the kentry. I read 'bout the Injun war, an' the Revolutionary war, an' the Mexican war, an' this las' leetle war o' ourn, an' the Leetle People warn't in *none* of 'em."

He was silent for a moment, looking at the ground, his head tilted askew, a wistful expression on his face, so did the mystery baffle him.

The light taps of the hammer sounding on the air as the smith drove in the last nail were suddenly blended with the quick hoof-beats of a galloping horse, and Guthrie, mounted on Cheever's famous roan, came into view along the vista of the road, reining up under the tree as he recognized the sheriff.

It was a scene remembered for many a day, reproduced as the preamble of the fireside tale recited for years after-ward by the by-standers. The sheriff, standing with his hand on the forelock of the captive charger, his head a trifle bent, listened with a languid competent smile as if he had known before all that the horseman recounted; Guthrie himself, pale from the loss of blood, his hair hanging upon his shoulders, his face, so fierce, so austere, framed by his big black hat, his spurs jingling on his high boots, his pistols and formidable knife in his belt, began to take to their accustomed eyes the changed guise which afterward attended his personality when they told of the part he bore and of all that befell him. The only exclamations came from the audience, as they pressed close about the two restive horses. They fell back amazed and impressed by the official coolness when all was done, and the sheriff turned calmly aside.

"Come, Guthrie," he only said, "you may ride with me to-day."

And with this he put his foot in the stirrup.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORTALITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

HOW many times have I lain down at night,
And longed to fall into that gulf of sleep,
Whose dreamless deep
Is haunted by no memory of
The weary world above;
And thought myself most miserable that I
Must impotently lie

So long upon the brink
 Without the power to sink
 Into that nothingness, and neither feel nor think!

How many times, when day brought back the light
 After the merciful oblivion
 Of such unbroken slumber,
 And once again began to cumber
 My soul with her forgotten cares and sorrows,
 And show in long perspective the gray morrows,
 Stretching monotonously on.
 Forever narrowing but never done,
 Have I not loathed to live again and said,
 It would have been far better to be dead,
 And yet somehow, I know not why,
 Remained afraid to die!

SOME AMERICAN RIDERS.

BY COLONEL THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, U. S. A.

First Paper.

WE Americans are a many-sided people in equestrianism as in other matters. The greatest variety of riders has existed on the continent of North America. Going back to include the days, still in the memory of old men living, when the Indians farthest from civilization were armed with bow and arrow, tomahawk and lance, and rode without a saddle, we can count almost every type, from the era which produced the frieze of the Parthenon to the present year of grace. As a matter of pure skill, as well as artistically speaking, the bareback rider in every age stands at the head of all equestrians; but as for practical work the saddle gives a distinct superiority, we can scarcely compare him to the modern rider.

No intelligent horseman now claims for his own method the *a* and *ω* of equitation. It is an axiom among all men who are not hide-bound by narrow prejudice that the method of riding, and the bit and saddle which are best adapted to the animal to be ridden, to the needs of the work to be done, and to the climate, will be the ones to grow into use among every class. This fact is well illustrated by the two almost extreme seats of the cow-boy and the fox-hunter. The cow-boy has to be astride his ponies from a dozen hours upward every day, ropes steers or drags out mired cows, has to stick to his saddle under the most abnor-

mal conditions, and must if need be have both his hands at liberty. He rides with a short tree, horn pommel, and high cantle. The fox-hunter has no occupation for his hands except by the play of the bits to get the very best performance out of his horse, and needs a saddle on which he can not only sit safely and comfortably over difficult obstacles, but which is convenient to fall out of if a horse comes down, and will prove the least dangerous should his horse come atop of him. He rides the flattest thing known except a pad. Those who have done duty as cow-boys and have ridden to hounds as well—the very best authority obtainable—unite in pronouncing each saddle to be as closely adapted to the needs of each rider as it can be made.

Leaving out the soldier, who is the lineal descendant of the knight in armor, with seat and saddle modified by his weapons and equipment, and who is everywhere substantially the same, the home of the long seat and the short stirrup is the Orient; the home of the short seat and long stirrup is the West. Midway comes the Englishman, with his numerous imitators, whose seat is a compromise betwixt the two. All other styles approach more or less to these, and each has its uncompromising advocates. But whatever seat may be believed by its partisans to be the best, there are so many unsurpassed

riders who break every commandment in the civilized decalogue of equitation that we cannot even ask, "Who is the best rider?" but only, "What is the best form for the peculiar wants of each of us, or of our climate, roads, and horses?"

Xenophon, whose work on horsemanship is the earliest which has been preserved to us, gives to some of our equestrians a commendable example by praising Simo, who had preceded him, and perhaps cut him out, in writing a horse book. "We shall expect," says he, "to acquire additional credit, since he who was skilled in horses has the same notions with us." It is everywhere a good deal the fashion, and in some places a matter of faith, to claim that some particular brand of horsemen, as of cigars or whiskey, is the best; or rather that there can be no other really good brand. Whoso has seen men and cities knows that there are everywhere equally good liquor, tobacco, and riders.

The East was the original home of horsemen, and war the early training of the horse. Though he appears first as a beast of burden, and though riding preceded driving, there is evidence to show that chariots in great numbers were used in war before cavalry became common. The use of the horse was all but limited to war. Bullocks were the usual means of transportation, and were no doubt then, as now, in the Orient, steady and rapid travellers. The higher the warrior above the common soldiery, the more terrible his aspect, and the deadlier his aim with lance and arrow. Hence the steed's early appearance in battle. To debase him to the purposes of pleasure was never dreamed of.

We find the very best of cavalry in ancient times. The Greeks ran against a serious problem in the Persian light horse when they first trod the soil of Asia Minor. They were nothing like so good horsemen as the Asiatics until Alexander's Companion Cavalry showed them what drill could do; and the Roman was still less apt. Philip of Macedon first utilized the excellent material of the Thesalian plains, and organized a cavalry which, from its manœuvres and fighting, must have consisted of admirable horsemen. The ancients rode without saddles or stirrups, on a blanket or pad or bare back; and in spite of this fact, or perhaps by reason of it, rode extremely well. It is wonderful what feats of military horse-

manship the bareback rider could perform in the age of what we might call gymnastic equestrianism. Nothing but the knowledge of our old-time Indian enables us to credit the historical accounts of his agility and skill.

When, centuries later, saddles came into use, there grew up two schools of riding—that of the mailed warrior, whose iron armor well chimed in with his "tongs on a wall" seat in his peaked saddle; and that of the Oriental, whose nose and knees all but touched. Why the Eastern rider clings to his extremely short leathers it is hard to say, unless it be to place him the higher above his horse, and therefore make him the more imposing when he stands up in his stirrups to brandish scimitar or matchlock. Yet he is a wonderful rider, this same Oriental; as, indeed, is every man who from youth up is the companion of the horse. This peculiar type does not exist in North America, though some of our Indians ride with very short stirrups. But every other style of equitation is found among our aborigines, or in the populated sections of the continent.

The bareback rider was common among the Plains Indians of forty years ago. Beyond trappings for mere show, his pony was as naked as he. The bareback seat ought, in theory, to be alike in all ages, varied slightly only by the conformation of man and beast—the slimmer the horse's barrel or the longer the man's legs, the straighter the seat. We ascribe variations from it to the use of saddles. This seat is supposed to train a man to grip his horse from breech to knee, and, unless when making unusual exertions, to allow his leg from the knee down to hang more or less perpendicularly. It is distinctly the model from which to start. The less the variation from it, the better the results. And although many horsemen who wander farthest from this seat achieve singular success in equitation, the model nevertheless remains the best. This is a maxim in every school. Variations from the bareback seat are the result of peculiar habits or requirements.

This is theorizing, you may say; but the best practice comes from good theory, however often practice alone may produce individual success. A man or a horse, or both combined, may accomplish astounding things in the wrong way. "Practice makes perfect," runs the old



AN OLD-TIME NORTHERN PLAINS INDIAN—THE COUP.

saw, but the word perfect has a limited meaning.

The average bareback rider of civilization is far from perfect. He pulls on his horse's mouth for dear life. If he lets go the bridle or halter rope he is gone. Look at Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." Her riders are the country bumpkins of every clime. Good bareback riding, on the other hand, is a fine performance. Did you ever try it? It is all very well as long as you have a bridle and a good tough mouth to hold on by; but drop your bridle, fold your arms, and see what happens. Now the old-time Indian did just this. He needed both hands for other things. When hunting he must use his bow and arrows; on the war-path still less could he spare a hand. And yet he was a consummate rider, who, despite what we call defects in style, could outdo in his way any rider of to-day. There are many things which only a man in a saddle can undertake; but that does not make him the better rider. What applies to the old-time Indian applied with equal force to the cavalryman of antiquity. Livy aptly divides cavalry into "those with and those without the bridle," meaning regular and irregular horse. The latter guided their horses with voice or legs, or a slender rod.

We have from all sources accurate and consistent accounts of the extraordinary riding of the old savage. Catlin and Parkman and Dodge describe him fully. A piece of buffalo-robe girthed over the pony's back stood in lieu of saddle, if even so much was used; a cord of twisted hair lashed round its lower jaw served for bit and bridle. When hunting, in fact as a rule, the Indian wore naught but a breech-cloth and moccasins—not to lay stress on paint and feathers—and carried a buffalo-skin, which he threw about his shoulders, or let fall from about his waist. He was often a splendid specimen of manly strength and activity. "By —, a Mohawk!" exclaimed Benjamin West, when he first beheld the Apollo Belvedere. A heavy whip, with elk-horn handle and knotted bull's hide lash, hung by a loop to the Indian's wrist. His bow and arrows gave full occupation to his hands; he must guide his pony with legs and word alone, and rely on its intelligence and the training he had given it to do the right thing at the right time. Thus slenderly equipped, this superb rider dash-

ed into the midst of a herd of buffalo, and so quick was the pony and so strong the seat of his master that, despite the stampede of the terror-stricken herd and the charges of the enraged and wounded bulls, few accidents ever occurred. The Indian on horseback has ninety lives, not nine. His riding is not an art, it is nature.

The Indian has never developed a system of training his ponies. Each man teaches his own to suit himself, and except imitation, or a certain trick shown by father to son, and thus perpetuated, there was none but individual knack in his horsemanship. The Plains pony was quickly taught after a rough and ready fashion, more by cruelty than kindness; in a manner, in fact, as different from the system of the Arabs as the fine shape of the Barb differs from the rugged outline of the bronco. All horses are more intelligent than man supposes; those most with men, or on which man most depends, most readily respond to training, and the Indian and his pony were every day and all day comrades. Before the Indian could trade for or steal a bit, he always used the jaw rope—or nothing. With the rope in the left hand, he bore against the neck to turn to one side, and gave a pull to turn to the other; or else he shifted his pony's croup by a more or less vigorous kick with either heel. When both his hands were busy he relied entirely upon his legs and the pony's knowledge of the business in hand; but as every Indian digs his heels into his horse's flanks and lashes him with the quirt at every stride, it is hard to see how the pony caught on to his meaning. The more credit to the quadruped.

The feats of the Indian of to-day, such as picking objects off the ground at a gallop, or hanging to one side of his horse, concealed, all but an arm and leg, while he shoots at his enemy from behind the running rampart, were equally performed by his bareback ancestor. The latter was wont to braid his horse's mane into a long loop through which he could thrust his arm to preserve his balance, but he had not the advantage of the cantle to hold to by his leg. The old bareback rider has now disappeared; it needed but a short contact with civilization to show him the manifest advantages of bit and saddle.

It is to be regretted that we can make no satisfactory comparison between the



A WHITE TRAPPER.

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bareback rider of ancient times and our own Indian of the past generation. There are many men yet living to testify to the skill and strength of the Indian horseman; and Catlin has left us numerous pictures of the savage. But of the ancient rider we have in monumental and ceramic art few except very crude pictorial delineations, and in books yet fewer written ones, and it is not easy to reproduce him. One of the most precious relics of the past is a bronze statuette dug up at Herculaneum in 1751, and thought to be a copy of the equestrian statue known to have been made of Alexander the Great by Lysippus, after the battle of the Granicus, when statues of all the brave who fell in this initial victory were made by the famous sculptor. If it is truly a copy of Lysippus's work, we can judge from it how the Macedonians managed their horses in a hand to hand conflict. The king is shown sitting on a blanket firmly held in place by a breast strap and girth; without dropping the reins from his bridle hand he grasps this substitute for a saddle at the withers, and turning fully half-way to the right and looking backward, gives a swinging cut with his sword to the rear, covering as big an arc of the circle as the best swordsman who ever sat in a saddle. The statue is full of life and natural to a degree. If not Lysippus's work, it is that of a consummate artist. The position shows great freedom of movement on the horse, and a seat strong and elastic. That the Macedonians kept their heels well away from the horses' flanks, or rather that they did not rely on their heels to cling to him, is shown by their commonly wearing spurs, a thing the Indian usually avoids; and the same habit shows clearly in this piece of art.

When riding merely and not fighting, the Greek sat on his breech in a natural position, took a firm hold with his thighs, but let his legs from the knee down hang free. His attitude, as shown in the Panathenaic procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, was singularly graceful in style; and that it was the common one is to be seen from Xenophon's rules for keeping the seat. He managed the reins with light and easy hands. The Indian, on the contrary, was as singularly awkward and ungainly. He sat on his crotch, leaned forward, with the thigh not far from perpendicular, and the leg thrust

back at almost a right angle. This he could do with the Plains pony, whose barrel was far from as well rounded as that of the Thessalian chunk; and he got a goodly part of his grip from his calf and heel. The contrast between the statue of Alexander, or one of the Parthenon riders, and any one of Catlin's pictures is striking. But though the old-time Indian was the equal—probably the superior—as a mere rider, of the Greek, it is the latter whom we must select as model if we wish to preserve any semblance of beauty in equestrianism.

It is no wonder that the Indian rode well. Before he could walk or talk or remember, the lad had been tied to a horse, and no Indian can recollect the time when he could not ride anything and everything which came along. The boys from twelve years up do most of the herding, and in this occupation they become familiar with every pony in the tribe. It is probable that the lads have roped and mounted in succession every one intrusted to their care, and have learned its individual qualities, while gaining in general horsemanship.

Even to-day the Indian always races bareback. His saddle weighs too much, and he himself does not train down like our jockeys, so that he strips off all he can. He is keenly fond of horse-racing, and is up to all the tricks of gambling or jockeying. He can give long odds to the best race-track shark. His pony will, of course, beat a thorough-bred at short distances; any pony can. At a mile or two miles the tables are turned. While wonderfully agile and with great endurance, the Indian lacks the strength of our athletes; and in boxing or wrestling, even after a course of instruction, would be no match for an average American. But he can perform equestrian feats which strike us as wonderful enough. It is a point of honor with him, as it was with the ancients, not to leave his dead or wounded in the hands of the enemy, liable to butchery or deprived of the rites of burial; and he will pick up a warrior from the ground without dismounting, almost without slacking speed, throw him across his pony, and gallop off. This requires much practice. Sometimes two men act together in picking up the man, but one is quite able to accomplish it. A buck represents the dead or wounded man. He lies perfectly still and limp if the former, or aids



AN INDIAN TRAPPER.

as far as is consistent with his hurt if the latter. Perhaps this is the best of the numerous feats the Indian can exhibit.

The Indians would be capable of making a superb irregular cavalry were it not for the divided authority from which all tribes suffer. There is no central power, no influence to hold the individuals to anything like what we call duty. Yet they have a certain organization, and in battle are able to execute a number of manoeuvres, all, however, weakened by the lack of the one controlling hand. Nor can the Indian be kept in the ranks. In order to claim a scalp, the warrior must give the dead man the *coup*. This was in olden times a stab with a weapon, but Indians now have *coup* sticks. Whoever first strikes the victim the *coup* can rightfully claim the scalp; and no authority can keep an Indian in the ranks when there is a scalp at stake.

The Indians of to-day show a certain similarity in their style of riding to those of the last generation, so far as the constant use of the whip and heels is concerned, but the saddle has completely changed their seat. The different tribes differ as greatly among themselves. All Indians ride well. Living in the saddle, breaking wild ponies and using half-trained ones at all times, they cannot help being expert horsemen; but most Indians ride in so ungainly a manner as to be hard to describe to one who has not seen them.

The first point of difference between them and the civilized rider which is apt to be brought home to a tenderfoot turns on the fact that the Indian always mounts from the off side. This was the habit also of remote antiquity, perhaps arising from the same cause, that the lance or other weapon was naturally held in the right hand, and could not readily be thrown over the animal without fright or injury. The Greeks had a small loop on the shank of the lance, into which they thrust their right foot, and this aided them greatly in mounting. But the dangling sword of the mediæval cavalry soldier obliged him to mount on the near side, and as he is the pattern from which we moderns have been cast, the habit has survived. The white man who attempts to mount an Indian pony in our fashion is very apt to get a nasty spill before he has reached his back, for at the unusual attempt the half-trained beast will be apt

to fly the track with a quickness which the ordinary "American" horse could in no wise rival.

The old-time Sioux was one of the earliest of the saddle-riding Indians. He was to be met with on the Northern Plains some forty years ago. He managed his pony with a stick or the hereditary jaw rope, and this, when not in use, he was wont to let trail. Curiously, a pony used to a rope thus trailing will never blunder on it. His home-made saddle was a wooden, or sometimes elk-horn, framework, with side pieces well apart, and held to the arches by shrinking rawhide upon them. The pommel and cantle were very much alike, and both rose perpendicularly from the arch of the tree to a height of sometimes eighteen inches. The bent wood stirrups were lashed in straps cut from rawhide, slung loosely on the side pieces, and working back and forth into all conceivable positions. Such trifles the Sioux never heeded. His seat was not so easily disturbed as a city swell's by one hole difference in his leathers. His seat was peculiar. His leg from crotch to knee gripped in an almost perpendicular position; from the knee down it was thrown sharply back, so that his weight was sustained solely on the crotch and the muscles of the thighs. As a consequence of this seat, he pounded in his saddle like a fresh recruit, leaned over his horse like a modern track jockey at a hand-gallop, sticking his heels meanwhile into his flanks for a hold. How he could thus ride and escape injury from the pommel is a mystery. But though smashing to atoms all the maxims of equitation ancient or modern, the old-time Sioux was a good rider, and his seat was strong and effective. He tricked up his pony's mane and tail and forelock with feathers, beads, or scraps of gaudy cloth, and often painted him all over with colored clay. In his fashion he was as much of a dude as if he had worn a three-inch collar and a big-headed cane, and was a singularly picturesque if ungainly horseman.

Some of the largest cities on the American continent—St. Louis, as an instance—may be said to have been built from the profits of the fur trade. The first man who discovered the immense extent to which the peltry traffic could be carried was a rover, who most likely hailed from Kentucky or Missouri, was of



THE TRAVAUX PONY.

French or Scotch-Irish descent, and perchance came from the blood which crossed the Alleghanies in the footsteps of Daniel Boone, intent on adventure or flying from civilization. The white trapper was as averse to association with his fellow-man as the hardiest of the old pioneers. In fact he often fled the settlements for good and sufficient cause. He has now all but died out, with the buffalo, though a generation ago he was a common enough character in the territories north of Colorado. His sons have turned cow-punchers.

This famous hunter was a character more practical than poetic, though he has been made the subject of many fine phrases and the hero of many exaggerated situations. His hair and beard floated long and loose from under his coyote cap, and he had lived so continuously with the Indians that he had largely adopted their dress and their manners, could if need be live on the same chuck, and always had one or more squaws. He was apt to carry a trade gun; perhaps a good one, perhaps an old Brown Bess cut down. At his side was slung an enormous powder-horn, for in the old days he could not so readily replenish his supply, far from civilization as he was wont to be. He rode a Mexican saddle, for which he had traded skins—or maybe stolen—and from which he had cut every strip of superfluous leather, as the Indian does to-day. He rode the same pony as his Indian competitor in the trade, but with a seat adapted to a saddle rather than a pad, and still retaining a flavor of the settlements despite his divorce from their ways. In fact a white man on the Plains can to-day be told from an Indian as far as he can be seen by his style of riding, and it was no doubt always so. Nor had this trapper lost his pale-face instincts so entirely as to indulge in the Indian's usual atrocious cruelty to his horse.

The Indians were not long in finding out that peltries were a ready means of getting the guns and calico and fire-water of the white man, and the white trapper was not long alone in the business. The Indian trapper whom our artist has depicted may be a Cree, or perhaps a Black-foot, whom one was apt to run across in the Selkirk Mountains or elsewhere on the plains of the British Territory, or well up north in the Rockies, toward the outbreak of the civil war. He was tributary

to the Hudson Bay Company, whose badge he wore in his blanket coat of English manufacture, which he had got in trade. Wherever you met this coat, you might place its wearer. He had bear-skin leggings, with surface cleverly seared into ornamental patterns, and for the rest the usual Indian outfit. He rode a pony which had nothing to distinguish him from the Plains pony, except that in winter his coat grew to so remarkable a length as almost to conceal the identity of the animal. Unless you saw it in motion, you might take it for a huge species of bear with a tail.

This trapper rode a pad, which was not unlike an air-cushion, cinched in place and provided with a pair of very short stirrups hung exactly from the middle. This dragged his heels to the rear, in the fashion of the old-time Sioux, and gave him a very awkward seat. By just what process, from a bareback seat, the fellow managed to drift into this one, which is quite peculiar to himself, it is hard to guess. The trapper would sit all over his horse, weaving from side to side, and shifting his pad at every movement. His pony's back was always sore. His pad lining soon got hard with sweat and galled the skin, and the last thing which would ever occur to him would be to take steps to relieve his patient comrade's suffering. He never attempted to change his pad lining or cinch it more carefully. On went the pad, up jumped the trapper; and why shouldn't the pony buck, as he invariably did? Sore backs are as much at the root of the bucking habit as the half-and-half breaking of the pony.

This matter of sore backs furnishes a curious study. In every Southern country outside the United States, and among all wild or semi-civilized nations which are not peculiar horse-lovers, no heed whatever is paid to saddle or pack galls. The condition of the donkeys in the East, in Africa, or in Spain and Italy, is as lamentable as it is short-sighted. It never enters the minds of the owners of these patient brutes that a sore back is a commercial loss; nor do they couple the idea of cruelty with dumb creatures at all. It is not until you reach Teutonic nations that both these ideas are extended so as to reduce the discomfort of animals to a minimum. An Indian is perhaps more unspeakably cruel to his pony than any other person. He never wears spurs, not even



MODERN COMANCHE.

as a matter of vanity, for spurs would prevent his pounding his pony with his heels at every stride, as is his wont; but he will stick his knife into him to make him gallop faster, and an Apache will give

his pony a dig with it from sheer malice when he dismounts.

There is no horse superior to the bronco for endurance; few are his equals. He came by it naturally from the Spanish

stock of Moorish descent, the individuals of which race, abandoned in the sixteenth century, were his immediate ancestors; and his hardy life has, by survival of the fittest, increased this endurance tenfold. He is not handsome. His middle piece is distended by grass food; it is loosely joined to his quarters, and his hip is very short. He has a hammer head and the pronounced ewe neck which all plains or steppes horses seem to acquire. His legs are naturally perfect; but they finally give way at the knees from sharp stopping with a gag bit, for an Indian will turn on a ten-cent piece. One form of racing is to place two long parallel strips of buffalo hide on the ground at an interval of but a few feet, and, starting from a distance, to ride up to these strips, cross the first, turn between the two, and gallop back to the starting-point. Another is to ride up to a log hung horizontally and just high enough to allow the pony to get under, but not the rider, touch it, and return. If the pony is stopped too soon, the Indian loses time in touching the log; if too late, he gets scraped off. The sudden jerking of the pony on its haunches is apt both to start curbs and break his knees.

The toughness and strength of the pony can scarcely be exaggerated. He will live through a winter that will kill the hardiest cattle. He worries through the long months when the snow has covered up the bunch-grass on a diet of cotton-wood boughs, which the Indian cuts down for him; and in the spring it takes but a few weeks for him to scour out into splendid condition. He can go unheard-of distances. Colonel R. I. Dodge records an instance coming under his observation where a pony carried the mail three hundred miles in three consecutive nights, and back over the same road the next week, and kept this up for six months without loss of condition. He can carry any weight. Mr. Parkman speaks of a chief, known as Le Cochon, on account of his three hundred pounds' avoirdupois, who nevertheless rode his ponies as bravely as a man of half the bulk. He as often carries two people as one. There is simply no end to this wonderful product of the prairies. He works many years. So long as he will fat up in the spring, his age is immaterial.

The absence of crest in the pony suggests the curious query of what has become of the proud arching neck of his an-

cestor the Barb. There are two ways of accounting for this. The Indian's gag bit, invariably applied with a jerk, throws up the pony's head instead of bringing it down, as the slow and light application of the school curb will do, and this tends to develop the ewe-neck. Or a more sufficient reason may be found in the fact that the starvation which the pony annually undergoes in the winter months tends to deplete him of every superfluous ounce of flesh. The crest in the horse is mostly meat, and its annual depletion has finally brought down the pony's neck nearer to the outline of the skeleton. It was with much ado that the pony held on to life during the winter; he could not find enough food to flesh up a merely ornamental appendage like a crest. The Moors and Arabs prize the beauty of the high arched neck, and breed for it, and their steeds are well fed. The Indian cares for his pony only for what he can do for him, and once lost, the crest would not be apt to be regained, for few Indians have any conception of breeding. The bronco's mean crest is distressing, but it is in inverse ratio to his endurance and usefulness. Well fed and cared for, he will regain his crest to a marked extent.

As the patient ass to the follower of the Prophet, so is the travaux (or traîneaux) pony to the Indian. It is hard to say which bears the most load according to his capacity, the donkey or the pony. Either earns what he gets with fourfold more right than his master. The burdens the ass bears in the Orient break him down to the extent of forgetting how to kick. Fancy driving even an overworked Kentucky mule by the tail, as they do the donkey in many parts of the East, and guiding him by a tweak of that appendage, close to his treacherous heels! The travaux pony furnishes the sole means of transportation of the Indian camp, except sometimes a dog hitched to a diminutive traîneau, and, weight for weight, drags on his tepee poles more than the best mule in Uncle Sam's service does on an army wagon. When camp is broken, the squaws strip the tent poles of their buffalo-skin coverings, and it is these poles which furnish the wheels of the Indian vehicle.

The Blackfoot makes the neatest trappings for the travaux ponies and pack-saddles. The pony is fitted with a huge leather bag, heavily fringed, and gaudy

AN APACHE INDIAN.



with red and blue flannel strips and beads of many colors. Over this goes the pack-saddle, which is not very dissimilar to the riding saddle, and has perpendicular pommel and cantle; and in the pommel is a notch to receive one end of the tepee poles, which are sometimes bound together two or three on each side, and trailing past either flank of the pony, are held in place by two pieces of wood lashed to the poles just behind his tail. In the socket so made rides the *parflèche*, a sort of rawhide trunk, and this receives the camp utensils, plunder, children, sometimes an old man or woman, puppies, and all the other camp *impedimenta*; while a squaw rides behind the pack-saddle on the pony, indifferently astride or sidewise with her feet on the poles, and perhaps a youngster bestrides its neck. Thus laden, the wonderful little beast, which is rarely up to fourteen hands, plods along all day, covering unheard-of distances, and living on bunch-grass, with a mouthful of water now and again.

There are apt to be several ponies to carry the plunder of the occupants of one tepee, and often one of them is loaded down with the rougher stuff, while a second may be decked with the finery, and carry only one squaw; particularly if she happens to be a new purchase and a favorite of the chief. A squaw is usually about as good a horseman as her buck, and rides his saddle or bareback with as much ease as a city woman rocks in her chair. Indeed, it is not uncommon to find women in the fighting ranks, and doing a man's full duty.

The Comanche of the Fort Sill region is a good type of the Indian of to-day. He is the most expert horse-stealer on the Plains if we can credit the Indians themselves, who yield to him the palm as a sneak-thief—with them a title of honor rather than of reproach. There is no boldness or dash in his method, but he is all the more dangerous. He eats dog and horse flesh—as all Indians do more or less—and is by no means above a diet of skunk. Indeed, anything is chuck to the Indian, and while he has his *bonne bouche*, it is, as a rule, quantity and not quality he seeks. The Comanche is fond of gay clothes, and has a trick of wrapping a sheet around his body, doubling in the ends, and letting the rest fall about his legs. This gives him the look of wearing the skirts or leg-gear of the Oriental. He

uses a Texas cow-boy's tree, a wooden stirrup, into which he thrusts his foot as far as a fox-hunter, and leathers even longer than the cow-boy's, perhaps the longest used by any rider. He is the only Indian who thus out-herods Herod. Between him and his saddle he packs all his extra blankets and most of his other plunder, so that he is sometimes perched high above his mount. For bridle and bit he uses whatever he can beg, borrow, or steal.

In one particular the Comanche is noteworthy. He knows more about a horse and horse-breeding than any other Indian. He is particularly wedded to and apt to ride a pinto ("painted" or piebald) horse, and never keeps any but a pinto stallion. He chooses his ponies well, and shows more good sense in breeding than one would give him credit for. The corollary to this is that the Comanche is far less cruel to his beasts, and though he begins to use them as yearlings, the ponies often last through many years. The Comanche is capable of making as fine cavalry as exists if subjected to discipline and carefully drilled.

The Apache of the present day is just the reverse. His habitat is the Sierra Madre in Arizona. He is not born and bred with horses, he knows little about them, and looks upon ponies as intended quite as much for food as for transportation or the war-path. He outdoes the Frenchman in hippophagy, for he will eat all his ponies during the winter, and rely upon stealing fresh ones in the spring; and he and the Cheyenne are the most dashing of the horse-thieves. He raids down in Chihuahua where the vaqueros raise stock for the Mexican army, and often drives off large numbers. When pursued, the Apache takes to the mountains, and is sometimes compelled to abandon his herd. He steals his saddles in Mexico; wears spurs when he can get them to drive on his pony, and if these do not suffice to make him go his gait, will goad him with a knife. The Apache is hideously cruel. In the mountains, where the sharp, flinty stones soon wear down the pony's unshod feet, this Indian will shrink rawhide over the hoofs in lieu of shoes, and this resists extremely well the attrition of the mountain paths. Arrian tells us that the Macedonians, under Alexander, did the same to their cavalry horses in the Caucasus, and no doubt the habit was much older than Alexander.

THE ARGENTINE PEOPLE,
AND THEIR RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

BY BISHOP J. M. WALDEN.

THE Argentine Republic is in many respects the most advanced and progressive of the Spanish-American States. Its civil institutions conform most nearly to our own, and the people are proud to call their country the United States of South America. When Bolivar and San Martin were leading their patriotic armies in the struggle for the independence of the Spanish colonies, the interest of our people was awakened and their sympathies enlisted. The eloquent utterances of Henry Clay and other public men only voiced the cordial sentiments of our fathers, who had achieved freedom, toward those who were battling bravely for it. And yet in our day, however rapid and general the means of communication, not much is known in our country of the Argentine Republic and its people. We are familiar with the political and social changes in Europe, but know little of the unprecedented transformation of Argentina within the past thirty years.

Three peoples have in the main controlled the settlement and dominated the civilizations of the New World—the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Anglo-Saxon. The French, though daring as explorers, failed to maintain the possessions claimed in the name of France. The Germans have come at a later period, and are immigrants, not colonists. The theatre of the Anglo-Saxon has been the temperate belt of North America; that of the Portuguese, most of the tropical region of South America; while that of the Spanish lies in both of these grand divisions, stretching more than six thousand miles along the Pacific, in every zone between 32° north and 55° south latitude, and including all of the temperate zone in South America. The area of Anglo-Saxon America is 6,878,024 square miles, its population about 67,000,000; the area of Portuguese America is 3,219,000 square miles, its population about 12,000,000; the area of Spanish America is 4,364,754 square miles, its population about 33,000,000. The civilization, the governments, and the progress in each of these ethnical divisions have been influenced by its prevailing form of Christianity—Protestant in Anglo-Saxon, and Roman Catholic in Spanish and Portuguese America.

The historians of the conquests by Pizarro, Cortez, and their contemporaries and successors have recorded events unsurpassed in bloodshed and cruelty, yet the fate of the Indians under the Spanish domination and under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church is in marked contrast with that of the great tribes which aforetime inhabited the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant American States. In Mexico Indian blood courses in the veins of seven-eighths of the people; in Argentina the proportion is far less, it being in this particular at the other extreme among Spanish-American States; but even here the Indian admixture is not only noticeable, but sufficient to influence national traits. It may not be said that the Indians have been thoroughly Christianized by the Roman Catholic Church in the Spanish Americas, but though many were slaughtered, the race has been perpetuated, and has received religious ideas in advance of the former heathen rites. The Anglo-Saxon has dispossessed and destroyed the Indians without a protest from either the Protestant or Roman Catholic churches, and the religious work in their behalf has been shamefully puerile compared with the Christ-like missionary work in behalf of heathens in remote and foreign lands.

For nearly two centuries after the first Spanish settlement in Argentina (1553) the Indian and the Spanish were the only races, and down to the close of the eighteenth century the influx of foreigners was very largely from Spain. The British had previously secured from Spain the right of residence at Buenos Ayres and to import slaves from Africa, but it is sufficiently exact to say that at the date of the independence of this country (1818) the population was made up of pure Spanish, pure Indian, and the Mestizos—a mixed race of Spanish and Indian origin, the ratio of which to the entire population steadily increased until a new era of immigration was inaugurated some thirty years ago. There were therefore two periods in the ethnic development, or evolution of the Argentine people—the first being about the same as the period of their colonial history, the other that of their independent nationality. During the

first period the distinctive Argentine race very nearly reached its typical character, forming the great stem upon which scions from other nationalities have been since ingrafted.

The physical features of the Argentine Republic have a relation to the character of its people, but a glance at these must suffice. Reference to the map will be helpful in this. The magnitude of a country has an influence on its people—a fact of which Americans are cognizant. Argentina is much the largest of the Spanish-American states and of the civil divisions of South America, second only to Brazil. It stretches from 22° to 55° south latitude—more than twenty-three hundred miles. A similar line on the map of North America would reach from the island of Cuba to Hudson Bay. A width averaging five hundred miles gives an area of about 1,200,000 square miles, or one-third of that of the United States, and it may be added, with a larger proportion of arable lands. The fourteen provinces, or organized states, comprising the populated sections, cover a little more than one-half the area. The Gran Chaco, a forest region in the northeast, the wild pampas in the central west, and Patagonia in the south, embrace about 580,000 square miles, of which a few Indian tribes, in their primitive condition, hold almost undisputed possession. Until within thirty years the Indians of the pampas resisted the encroachments of civilization. Within that period fortifications and troops were necessary to protect settlements not more than a hundred miles distant from Buenos Ayres.

The fourteen provinces equal in extent the Southern States, not including Texas, and lie in a corresponding latitude, except the northern province, which reaches the tropic. Buenos Ayres is as far south of the equator as Chattanooga is north, and three-fourths of the people are in the warmer half of the temperate zone. They live in a sunny region, one that will become more and more a land of flowers. The temperature, which is closely related to the industries of a people, is modified by the location and peculiar configuration of the populated territory. It lies between the Andine range on the west, with its grand peaks from two to four miles high, and the Atlantic and the La Plata on the east, with their long low shore line. In the warmest of the months

the eastern breezes come tempered from the ocean, while those from the west bring freshness and vigor from the snow-clad mountains. The pampas are plateaus less elevated and less diversified than those of Mexico, but with a climate even more desirable. The La Plata River system flows southward and away from the torrid zone; the Mississippi system flows southward and toward that zone. This shows that Argentina differs from the Southern States in that her highlands are in her more tropical portion, which greatly modifies the temperature. Altogether her people enjoy a most equable and congenial climate.

The civilization of Argentina has been affected by the fact that it was settled by colonists from opposite directions—those who came over the mountains from Peru and Chili, and those who, coming direct by vessel, entered the La Plata. This river was discovered in 1515—so soon after Columbus's first voyage that a verified record alone makes it credible; and the daring Cabot sailed to Paraguay, a thousand miles from the ocean, twelve years later, and an effort was made in 1535 to lodge a settlement on the present site of Buenos Ayres. Yet colonies from Peru were established at six of the present provincial capitals in the west before a permanent settlement was made at any point between Paraguay and the ocean. There are four river and ten inland provinces; and colonists from Peru and Chili settled, between 1553 and 1597, the several capitals of the inland provinces. The pampas which separated these from the river provinces were inhabited by brave and fierce Indians, so that these sections went forward on different lines, and with little in common, which has had a marked influence on the present civil institutions of the country, as well as upon the character and condition of the people.

The settlement of the river provinces by the Spanish was long resisted by the warlike aborigines, while the colonists from Peru and Chili were treated kindly, except where they provoked deeds of violence by their own cruelty and oppression. These inland tribes were in advance of the pampa Indians. It is stated that their country was peacefully annexed to the Inca empire of Peru in the fourteenth century. The ruling Inca sent them teachers, not only to instruct them in the religion and laws of the Empire of the Sun,

but also in the processes of irrigation and agriculture. Their government for two centuries is reputed to have been the best in all South America. Their country was called Tucma (from which Tucuman is derived), because it was the land of cotton. Tucuman is central to the region colonized from Peru, comprising now seven provinces, named here in the order of their settlement—Santiago, Tucuman, Cordoba, Catamarca, Salta, Rioja, and Jujuy. The Cuyo territory, settled from Chili, contains the provinces of Mendoza, San Juan, and San Luis. The Spaniards found it inhabited by a peaceful people engaged in simple forms of agriculture, who generally submitted to the government imposed by the Spanish authorities of Chili.

Seven of these ten provinces are in the Andine region—so called from the elevated and diversified character of the country. Only the eastern portions of Santiago, Cordoba, and San Luis are within the pampas, and even Cordoba has three distinct mountain chains, each two hundred miles in length, lying parallel with the great Andine chain. These inland provinces, having the wild pampas and the still almost impenetrable Gran Chaco on the east, and the Andes on the west, were influenced through a long period by their isolation. Some portions are characterized by travellers as the Switzerland of South America, and other portions as the garden spot. They stretch from 22° to 37° south latitude, and yet even within the tropics the temperature is not oppressive. The diversity of climate and quality of the soil are seen in the fact that the staples are maize, wheat, alfalfa, sugar, and tobacco, while grazing has long been pursued in many sections; and among fruits the grape and the orange yield a prolific crop. Within these provinces the spirit of freedom early showed its dissatisfaction with a foreign and alien domination, and here San Martin gathered the flower of the army with which he scaled the Andes, and in Chili defeated the Spanish forces on the fields of Chacabuco and Maipu—victories that were soon followed by the acknowledged independence of the Spanish Americas.

The ancestors of this people were, in part, the aborigines found in possession of this isolated region by the Spanish *conquistadores*. There were many tribes, but all connected with the Quichi family, not so far advanced toward civilization as the

Inca and Aztec families, but in many respects one of the marked branches of the American Indian race. The Spanish colonists from Peru easily secured possession of most of the Tucuman territory—the natural sequence of the conquest of Peru; but a shameless effort on the part of the leader in Catamarca to reward his followers with a large number of slaves aroused the whole Calchaqui nation to resistance and revenge. Few pages of North-American history are darker than the record of the bloody conquest of this people, achieved by a cruel war which lasted thirty-eight years, one incident of which was the sale of forty thousand Indians into slavery. Without doubt the dread inspired by the bloody transactions in Catamarca operated in favor of submission elsewhere to the Spanish authority. The obvious result of this submission was the perpetuation of the native tribes, whereby they became a constituent element of the present people, and for a long time the chief laboring class.

More important than the perpetuation of the natives as laborers has been their ancestral relation. The occupancy of the Andine region by the Spaniards was followed by their intermarriage with the Indians. When the country became independent, seventy years ago, there were provinces peopled almost entirely by a mixed race—Mestizos, the typical Spanish-American race. The natives of the present province of San Luis were conquered and the city of San Luis founded by Martin Loyola, Governor-General of Chili, whose wife was the daughter of the last of the Incas. His men followed his example in their social alliances, and the people of San Luis are of mixed blood, in which the Quichi predominates. Two hundred Spanish soldiers sent into San Juan in 1570 to suppress a rebellion not only remained there, but took native wives, and became identified with the people. It is stated that for two centuries after this event the San Juaninos were peacefully engaged in their agricultural pursuits. The condition in the Tucuman territory was not so pacific, but similar ethnic changes followed; and though pure Indian families are found here, yet the Spanish-American is the more important element in society.

Through two centuries prior to the revolt against Spain, these inland provinces had comparative peace, the chief disturb-

ance being an occasional incursion by Indians from the pampas and the Gran Chaco. The chief pursuits were agriculture and grazing. Even in Tucuman, Santiago, Salta, and Jujuy, where sugar is a staple, and in San Juan, Rioja, and Mendoza, where wine is a chief product, grazing is extensively pursued; while in Cordoba, San Luis, and Catamarca it is the greatest source of wealth. Another division of the people comprised those in the cities or towns. Through a period of two centuries, in comparative isolation, these mingling races, in rural and town life, engaged in agricultural, pastoral, or urban pursuits, developed into a people with many generous and noble traits. They were influenced in some measure from without. There are rich mines in the mountains, and fabulous stories of their wealth drew thither the adventurous and the brave. It is conceded that British soldiers, carried as prisoners to Cordoba more than a century ago, greatly aided the Cordobese in agriculture, and among the first families in the rural districts are those that bear names which are familiar both in England and Ireland.

The development of the four river provinces was very different. The La Plata and its great tributaries kept them in communication with the maritime nations. The concession to England in 1713 did not result in a large importation of slaves, but it made the adventurous English familiar with the natural resources of the country. The prosperity of Buenos Ayres led to restrictions in commerce by the Spanish king, which resulted in a contraband trade, in which the Portuguese were very active. At the opening of this century, instead of the inland Mestizo race, the river provinces had a people of more diverse origin, in which the Spanish blood predominated. This was particularly the case in Buenos Ayres, and measurably so in Entre Rios, Santa Fe, and Corrientes; the Indian race being least marked in Buenos Ayres, but quite distinct in Corrientes, where the majority of the people still speak the Guarani, the tongue of a once powerful native tribe. Commerce and grazing being the chief pursuits of the people, there necessarily was a wide difference between the city and the rural population of these four provinces.

For nearly three centuries after the earliest Spanish settlement grazing was a

chief pursuit. It is only a few years since cattle and sheep grazed on the natural grass of the pampas in the river provinces, where agriculture is now being successfully carried on. The importance of the grazing interest in the Andine region has already been referred to. This pursuit retarded the internal progress of the country, and developed a class that had a marked influence on political affairs, and affected the character and condition of the people. Four square leagues (26,640 acres) was a fair-sized estancia, or stock farm—some were larger, some smaller—but the result was that the homes of the cattle raisers were miles apart. They must live within themselves, so that each estancia became a kind of independency. If the school had been thought of, it could not have been maintained. Highways, stores—everything that arises from the neighborhood relation was wanting. Through successive generations the stock raiser, whether proprietor or employé, was isolated, and only in contact with, and often in conflict with, untamed nature. The product of this isolated independency, this enforced reliance upon self, was that most unique of all South-American characters, the gaucho. He was Spanish in language and religion, and could hardly have had his marked characteristics without some admixture of Spanish blood. He was courageous and cruel, active and tireless, never more at ease than when on the wildest horse. Hospitable in his own home, he held in contempt the more refined usages of city life. Stock-men resembling more or less closely the typical gaucho were in all the provinces.

Antecedent to a general educational system there must be some unity of interests among the people of a country, but for a long period the trend of events in the Argentine territory was adverse to this. In 1618 the King of Spain made two distinct civil divisions of the La Plata region and the inland provinces, naming the former Buenos Ayres and the latter Tucuman, each having its own governor. These divisions remained distinct until 1776, and the people during this period of nearly two centuries could have had few interests in common. As has been noted, they were somewhat dissimilar in origin, and quite dissimilar in pursuits. They were separated by the wild pampas, and for a long time a royal decree re-

quired all imports to Tucuman to pass through Peru. The differences between the people of Buenos Ayres and Tucuman, as well as differences which existed within these respective divisions, while they delayed the development of a general community of interests, tended to perpetuate and strengthen the provincial divisions which are now the integral parts of the confederated republic.

The union of peoples so diverse in character and interest can result only from potent causes—causes which, as they operate in the direction of political unity, also transform the people. Buenos Ayres and Tucuman were placed in new political relations by being brought under one viceroy in 1776, a civil union under which lessons of co-operation were learned preparatory to the revolution of 1810–18. It required a long struggle, a severe and protracted discipline, to blend the peoples of the river and inland provinces, and bring their civil institutions into harmony, but the end reached has been not only a sovereign nation—the foremost of the Spanish-American states—but a people different from those who began the revolution, and as loyal to the republic as the revolutionists were to freedom.

Such were the Argentine people thirty years ago as they emerged from a struggle which endured half a century. It began with the revolt in Buenos Ayres in 1810, but Tucuman became the scene of Belgrano's decisive victories. Such had been the influence of the Spanish occupancy and the intermingling of the races that the descendants of the non-resisting natives proved to be brave and heroic soldiers. The Congress of the fourteen provinces met in Tucuman and declared their independence in 1816, and within the following two years two of the most brilliant victories of the South-American revolution were won in Chili by Argentine soldiers. From the close of the revolution until 1861, more than forty years, is the period of transformation. The new government projected extensive public improvements, but soon became involved in war with Brazil, in which the Brazilians were worsted. Then followed the thirty years of internecine strife and war. The issue was twofold—whether the new republic should be a national union or a confederation of independent provinces, and whether the type of society should be determined by the civilian or

the gaucho. In the struggle there were two parties—the *Unitarios*, who favored a centralized government and progress, and the *Federales*, who favored the perpetuation of provincial power and the old order. It was a conflict of ideas as well as of martial forces.

At the beginning of this struggle there were two leading cities in the republic—Cordoba, the metropolis of the inland provinces and the old seat of learning, and Buenos Ayres, the mart of the river provinces and the seat of commercial enterprise. Cordoba, Spanish in education and religion, conservative and opposed to innovation, was the centre and type of the *Federales*; Buenos Ayres, touched by liberal ideas through her contact with other nations, radical and progressive, was the centre and type of the *Unitarios*. A noted Argentine characterizes the latter party as “civilized, constitutional, European”; the former as “barbarous, arbitrary, South American.” In this conflict of civilizations the gaucho was dominant for a quarter of a century, during most of which time Rosas, who stepped from the battle-field to the Presidency, ruled with gaucho recklessness and cruelty, although Buenos Ayres was the seat of government. He did not hesitate to make a despotic use of power in his effort to suppress the progressive spirit of the rising nation, but the Liberals in every city and province remained loyal to the principles of their party. Even while possessed of authority, the Conservatives steadily declined in power through misrule; at the same time the Liberals were gaining strength, so that within nine years after Rosas's fall there was a reconstructed government and a transformed people.

But the present population of Argentina differs from that which emerged from the civil strifes thirty years ago. The British were thwarted in their purpose to seize the La Plata region, but English, Scotch, and Irish have been immigrating to the republic ever since the close of the revolution. During these seventy years they have become interested in cattle estancias, sheep farms, banks, railways, and every other important financial enterprise. In 1856 a system of colonization, with the sanction and co-operation of the government, was begun, through which thousands of families have been located on wild land, aided in building humble homes, and furnished with stock and

good agricultural implements. Besides these colonists, there has been an annually increasing immigration. There is no system of peonage, as in Mexico, to confront and discourage the incoming of the laboring classes. During the last thirty years more than one million of immigrants from Europe have entered Argentina—about six hundred thousand from Italy, the others chiefly from Spain, France, the German-speaking countries, and Great Britain. Ninety per cent. of those from Continental nations are adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. The larger part of this influx has gone into the four river provinces, although a part has been drawn into the inland provinces and the mining regions.

The prevailing religion in this republic is Roman Catholic. The Spanish *conquistadores* took possession of a new land in the name of their king and the holy Catholic Church. However they may have been affected in their own lives by the precepts of Jesus Christ, they planted the cross in every land where and when they planted the standard of Spain. Priests and other functionaries of the national Church accompanied these expeditions, and many of them were zealous in their efforts to bring the heathen tribes within the pale of the Church. Though the sword was more effective than the missal, the cannon of the army than the canons of the Church, in procuring the conversion of the natives, yet in the course of time a very large proportion of their descendants became willing adherents, knowing nothing of any faith or form of worship other than that given them by their conquerors. From Mexico to Patagonia, here and there in the fastness of mountain or forest, may be found a tribe as yet untouched by Christian influences, but these are exceptional. Some such are in Argentina, yet they are so isolated in the forests of the Gran Chaco in the north, or in the mountains of the Patagonian district in the south, that they do not appreciably affect the civil and social conditions of society. The prevailing religion is formal, may have little spiritual life, but such a people, living in the presence of these monuments of the Christian faith, cannot become a nation of sceptics.

The attitude of the government toward the Roman Catholic Church is quite different from that in Mexico. It seems

strange that at a time when this was the only Christian denomination in Mexico, the government banished or suppressed the Jesuits, nuns, and other religious orders, confiscated their vast properties, interdicted the most imposing religious processions, and prohibited the appearance of priests and other ecclesiastics on the streets in a distinctive clerical attire. No such radical measures were adopted in the Argentine Republic, although the Jesuits were banished at one time, when the country was still a dependency. The republic has among its civil officers a Minister of Religion and Education, and the Roman Catholic Church receives an annual appropriation from the public Treasury as a constitutional right. The civil elections are on Sunday, and voting places are at Roman Catholic churches—at least in cities. But the government has made reforms which were against the wishes of the Church authorities, none of which, perhaps, was more earnestly antagonized than that of civil marriage, for which, it is probable, the requisite legislation has been completed. By this the Church is not prevented from observing the rite as a sacrament if the contracting parties choose to have the religious ceremony, but it makes marriage legal without the sacramental service.

The comparative isolation of this country, particularly of the inland provinces, has affected the state of religion. The people of the United States have been in contact with other peoples, touched by them not only in our many seaports, but along our rivers and railroads, all our natural and artificial highways; but this has not been the case in Argentina until within the present generation. The religion planted there in the sixteenth century has not been, could not be, touched by the stirring religious movements and the march of events in Europe and elsewhere. If modified at all—and it has been—it must have been through local events and the retroactive influence of the condition and character of the people upon it. In several of the cities there are hospitals, orphanages, and other humane institutions incident to Christianity. Many of these are under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, some of them built through their instrumentality. These devoted women have schools also at several points. The services in the churches being so largely ritualistic, the impression seems to be war-

ranted that the charitable ministrations of the women in the Roman Catholic orders are doing far more to illustrate the true spirit of Christianity and perpetuate the hold of the Church on the better classes in Argentina than all the offices of the altar and sanctuary maintained by the priests.

The Franciscans were the earliest to labor among the natives, and it is recorded that they were very successful. In 1578 the first Bishop of Tucuman invited Jesuits to aid in this work of converting the natives. They were taught better forms of industry, and, under the leadership of their teachers, became expert in raising cotton and other products. The Quichi tongue was reduced to a written language, and a large number of books were produced. The Jesuits remained in the country nearly two centuries, until 1763-7, when they were expelled. The Quichi literature was thrown out of the libraries, and for years it was in common use for wrapping paper in the stores of Cordoba. The Church, through her orders, seems to have maintained a kindly attitude toward the natives, and being brought statedly under the influence of her public services, they were lifted toward the plane of the colonists. Intermarriage also tended to the elevation of the natives where the relation was solemnized by the sacramental rite. St. Francis Solano acquired a worthy renown by his devotion to the religious instruction of the Indians in Cordoba, and most of the provinces preserve the memory of some humble hero. Among these was Dr. Taylor, an English physician, who came to Buenos Ayres in 1713, joined the Jesuits, and devoted the remainder of his life—forty years—to mission work in the native tribes.

The right of residence granted to the English last century may have been the first step in the opening of the country to Protestantism. Be that as it may, about sixty years ago the chaplain of the British embassy in Buenos Ayres, an Anglican clergyman, moved by a concern for the spiritual welfare of the constantly increasing number of immigrants from English-speaking countries, made some effort to establish religious services in English for their benefit. The interest the people of the United States had long felt in political events in South America had no doubt an influence in leading the Methodist Episcopal Church to send missionaries to Bra-

zil and the Argentine Confederation in 1836. The one sent to Buenos Ayres readily gathered an English congregation in that city, and was soon able to organize a Protestant work that has continued without interruption. In this he had the sympathy of the British chaplain, and such co-operation as he could give. The society thus organized half a century ago, long since self-supporting, came to be and is yet known as "the American Church," to distinguish it from "the English Church," an Anglican society, and "the Scotch Church," a Presbyterian society. Each of these churches secured property in eligible locations, now of great value because in the business centre of the city. The American Church, composed quite largely of families from Great Britain and the descendants of such, is a very strong and active society, and has been continuously served by American pastors.

These societies were not molested in their religious privileges, their services being conducted in English. During the time of Rosas all Protestant services in Spanish were interdicted, and toleration was not formally asserted until civil order was established in 1861. For several years after, Protestant mission work among the Spanish-speaking classes was limited to the circulation of the Holy Scriptures and house to house visitation for Bible reading and religious conversation. Protestant preaching in Spanish, though not begun, was really established by Rev. John F. Thomson in 1867. Brought by his Scotch parents to Buenos Ayres when very young, he, after his conversion, was sent to the United States to be educated, and graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan University. Immediately he returned to Buenos Ayres, intent on preaching to the Spanish-speaking people in their own tongue, a work that he has prosecuted without interruption. Although the government is the patron of the Roman Catholic Church, there is religious toleration for every tongue of its polyglot people. All intelligent and public-spirited Argentines take great pride in the freedom of speech and of worship attained to in their republic. It is the fruit of a specific guarantee in the organic law.

The Anglican Church has two English missions in the suburbs of Buenos Ayres, and a society and good church property in Rosario. Some other points where

English people are located are visited by ministers of this church. The German Lutherans have a church in Buenos Ayres, and their service is maintained at a point or two among German-speaking colonists. Protestant mission work among the Spanish-speaking people, native and immigrant, is alone maintained by the Methodist Episcopal Church. For nearly thirty years its work was only English; it now has four English preachers besides the pastor of the American Church, and two who preach in German, but the Spanish is the more interesting work. In Buenos Ayres Dr. Thompson preaches every Sunday to the largest Protestant congregation in the world addressed in the Spanish language. The mission has Spanish congregations in Rosario and four other important cities, the remotest being Mendoza, at the foot of the Andes, and these are centres from which other points are reached. Schools in which religious and secular instruction is given are a part of the system, and an orphanage has been established at Rosario. Of the thirty mission workers only nine are from America. Spain, Italy, and other European countries are represented, but the working force is steadily becoming Argentine, as the Church it develops will be Argentine. Four of the Americans are women, an important fact, in view of the praiseworthy activity of the Roman Catholic Sisterhoods.

The General Agent of the American Bible Society for South America resides in Buenos Ayres. Colporteurs have traversed the republic during the past twenty-five years, and have sold and donated large numbers of the Holy Scriptures. That many are sold will not seem strange in view of the fact that a Roman Catholic priest named Vaughan collected here and elsewhere in South America \$15,000 in gold to issue a new translation of the Bible in Spanish. The Methodist mission has a press, and circulates tracts, papers, and other publications. Of the English who are in business in the cities, and connected with railways and the mines and other enterprises, and of the English and Irish sheep farmers, a large proportion are Protestant in family, sympathy, and thought. In view of all the facts the reader will ask, what is the trend of these Protestant influences? The American must see that Argentina can hardly become a Protestant country for a long pe-

riod. Of her large immigration a greater proportion is Roman Catholic than of that of the United States. If this Church maintains its numerical strength here, a similar result is likely in a country where she already is dominant. But Romanism is affected by the presence of a vigorous Protestantism, as is evident in Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. That Protestantism has fuller freedom in Argentina and Chili than in other Spanish-American states is in part because these republics recognize the liberalizing tendency of its influence among the people and on the dominant Church.

The system of public education in the Argentine Republic has been created within the past thirty years, although there is here the oldest collegiate institution in the New World. The College of Cordoba was founded in 1610 (only three years after the settlement at Jamestown), and authority to confer degrees was received in 1621 (one year later than the settlement at Plymouth Rock). Down to the time of the revolution education was in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. Most of the schools were in the towns and cities where there were churches. They were in close proximity to the churches, and no small part of the time was devoted to religious instruction. The presence of English-speaking people in Buenos Ayres, which led to the introduction of Protestantism, also led to the establishment of other than churchschools. Private schools conducted by English teachers have been contemporaneous with the Protestant movement, and they have had an Argentine patronage, the acquisition of the English language being a desideratum. Even now there are strong schools of this class in Buenos Ayres.

Does Argentina seem to have been slow in creating a public-school system? The fact that she has such a system is a marked evidence of her rapid progress. The parochial system that prevailed in Argentina through the colonial and revolutionary periods was not favorable to the development of a sentiment in favor of a public-school system.

The Argentine school system was created by the national government. Had it been left with the several provinces, as in the United States, the existing creditable results could not have been reached, certainly not by this time. If left to local legislation, the province of Buenos Ayres

would probably have promptly responded to the plans of the most progressive leaders, but the other provinces would have been slow and lax. It was necessary for the central government of Argentina to undertake the solution of the school question for the entire country. Its practicability was one of the results of the success of the Unitarios—of their ascendancy over the Federales. Dr. Sarmiento, while the representative of his government at Washington, was a careful student of our school systems. He returned home to assume the Presidency, which placed him in the most favorable position to use his knowledge and influence in advocating and perfecting a system there.

The Argentine school system is embedded in the national Constitution, which provides that Congress shall have power to decree plans for general and university education, and requires that the Constitution of each province shall provide for primary education. In harmony with this organic law the several provinces have made some provision for common or primary schools. Congress has found some legislation necessary, and also makes some appropriations where the provincial fund is insufficient for the primary schools. Some municipalities are charged with the maintenance and supervision of primary schools. The grade of these public schools depends upon their locality, those in which the most branches are taught and which are supplied with the most efficient teachers being in the most advanced provinces, and generally in the cities. The presence of normal schools and colleges in the provincial capitals stimulates the interest of the citizens in their common schools. The number of pupils in attendance throughout the republic in 1864 has been placed at 39,000; the number reported for 1888 was 175,239.

The number of these public schools, called fiscal where supported by public funds, increased from 1515 in 1884 to 2263 in 1888. Of the latter, 34 were schools of application, in which the pupils must pass in the common branches, and, in addition, study French, geometry, civil government, and some of the natural sciences; and the girls are also taught sewing, embroidery, and domestic economy: 12,915 pupils were in these schools in 1888. Under the general classification of public schools in 1884, there were reported the 1515 fiscal schools, 41 connected with

charitable institutions, 32 maintained by religious orders, and 364 private schools—in all, 2094—with an attendance of 104,139 in the fiscal schools, and 41,521 in the others—total number, 145,660. Of these, 70,187 were males, and 68,473 females. The increase of attendance in the fiscal schools from 1884 to 1888 was 71,100. There are private schools more or less closely connected with the Protestant churches, and the Methodist mission maintains a school at each mission station. The school age for the fiscal schools is from six to fourteen, inclusive. Basing an estimate on the enumeration of 1884, the present school population approximates 600,000, and the attendance less than forty per cent. of this population.

In 1871, after Dr. Sarmiento's return from the United States, he secured the establishment of a system of normal schools, the declared purpose of which is to give practical instruction in teaching. The first normal school was opened at Paraná, the capital of Entre Rios, in 1871. There are now two—one for boys and one for girls—in each of the fourteen provincial capitals, except Cordoba, which has three; and in addition to these there are five in Buenos Ayres, the national capital—in all, thirty-four. Dr. Sarmiento was also instrumental in introducing into these schools teachers from the United States. At the present time about forty American ladies are employed in them, receiving a liberal compensation, and commanding high respect. The schools of application are so few that much of the work prescribed for them is really done in the normal schools. This course must be studied before passing to the normal department, in which there are three years' training with specific reference to teaching—professional training. Those who receive public aid must teach three years.

The normal schools, in support and administration, are national institutions, but they are entirely distinct from the national colleges. Of these there are fifteen; one in each of the provinces, in most instances at the capital, and one at Buenos Ayres. As the name imports, these also belong to and are maintained by the general government. Such students as desire it may be accommodated with rooms and boarding in the college buildings. These buildings are fine structures, in harmony with the public pride in the educational enterprises of the state.

In the provision for classes the fifteen buildings will accommodate about twelve thousand scholars. There is a six years' course of study, embracing history, geography, elementary and higher mathematics, chemistry, physics, natural history, political economy, ancient and modern languages, literature, music, drawing, book-keeping, etc. The aggregate attendance is about two thousand, and one-fifth of these attend in Buenos Ayres. Only a few, comparatively, have completed the course of study; the large proportion study two or three years, and then engage in other pursuits. The rapid development of mercantile and other financial enterprises in every province, and the great success that has attended many of them, have so stimulated the spirit of business adventure that young men seek, by a so-called but misnamed practical education, a shorter road to the arena of active life.

Agriculture and mining being two great sources of wealth in the republic, the national government seeks to foster these interests by providing for special studies and investigations. In 1871 a school for mining engineers was established as a department of the national college of San Juan, and the government provided scholarships entitling the holders to \$25 a month. Schools of agriculture have been added as departments to the national colleges at Mendoza, San Juan, and Buenos Ayres, and in the last there is a veterinary school. The Argentines themselves have not inclined to the practical work of the farm, but the large success which has attended some of the agricultural colonies is revealing the fact that the great wealth of the future will come from the rich soil of the pampas, hence the wisdom of the government in placing agriculture in a relation to the school system that points to its importance, and will tend to popularize it with the people. The government also has established at Buenos Ayres a school of arts and trades, in keeping with the rising sentiment in other countries that schools should furnish training for the hand as well as for head and heart. In 1883 it founded an institute in Buenos Ayres for the deaf and dumb. There is also a national military and a national naval school, under the conduct of the Minister of War.

The national system of education in the Argentine Republic reaches its climax

in its two universities, one at Cordoba, the other at Buenos Ayres. In each of these are three departments or faculties—of moral and social science, of medicine, and of physical science and mathematics. The first of these is the latest adjustment of the former department of canon and civil law. Specialists of distinction have been brought into these faculties from Europe and America. One-half of the professors at Cordoba are of foreign birth and culture.

The school at Cordoba was founded by the Jesuits in 1610, and it is interesting to note that four years later it had a full academic course of study. Its relative grade and importance were recognized both by the King of Spain and the Pope, who invested it with authority to confer the learned degrees as early as 1621. This growth is attributable mainly to the financial help it received from the Bishop of Tucuman, Fernando de Sanabria, who in 1613 donated all his wealth, \$43,000, silver, as an endowment—an illustration of the spirit that animated some of the Roman Catholic fathers in the Spanish Americas.

As the most important school in South America for a long period, and as the centre of educational influence in the Argentine country for two centuries and more, the university of Cordoba has a history of peculiar interest. No other great school has been subject to so many changes. During its first fifty years the academic studies had due prominence given them. A change followed, through which theological studies received special attention, and for a century and a half it was little more than a training school for priests, although the department of liberal arts was formally maintained. When the Jesuits were expelled from the Spanish-American provinces in 1767, the control of the university was passed to the Franciscan order, from which time it began to lose its distinctive theological character. A department of law was established in 1791, and in 1812 the clerical orders were excluded from all part in the control of the institution. It was not only thus secularized in the first years of the revolution, but the departments were readjusted—one of theology, one of civil and canon law, and one of philosophy—the number of professors in each being about the same. In 1854 the national government formally took charge of the university, and in 1873

a department of natural sciences was added, and four years later a department of medicine.

The National Observatory at Cordoba is not formally connected with the university, but it increases the educational importance of this city, the old literary centre of the country. It is another of the fruits of Dr. Sarmiento's wise interest in education, being founded under his administration in 1865. The first director of the observatory at Cordoba was Dr. B. A. Gould, a Harvard College professor. While Dr. Gould was waiting for the outfit of the observatory he began the preparation of a sidereal chart showing the location and magnitude of the visible stars in the Argentine sky. The result is a work of great value, characterized by the usual painstaking accuracy of the enthusiastic astronomer. The high rank accorded to this observatory is mainly due to the skill and fidelity of its American director. On the same grounds is located a meteorological department, which was at first under Dr. Gould's direction. It has stations for observation throughout the entire republic.

If the University of Buenos Ayres had the early origin claimed by some, there is a blank in its history for a century and a half. Little seems to be known beyond the fact that in 1773 it was a flourishing college, in which theology, philosophy, and languages were taught. It had been under the control of the Jesuits until they were dispossessed. From 1776 to 1821 it was known as the College of the Southern Union, possibly so named in view of the consolidation of the provinces into, the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres. At the latter date the young republic, prolific in great and liberal plans, formally estab-

lished the University of Buenos Ayres, a part of the movement being the complete absorption of the College of the Southern Union. It made little progress during the dictatorship of Rosas, but revived under the new order of things. It has been thoroughly reorganized, and every department has been put in a most effective condition. It has between forty and fifty professors and about eight hundred students. Being at the national capital, it may receive some special attention. It has outstripped the ancient school at Cordoba, and in view of the meritorious rank it has won, may be regarded as the head of the national system of education.

The National Museum and public libraries are educational forces maintained at public expense, and have a place among the educational institutions. Beyond the statement that public libraries are being established in all the provinces, this reference to them must suffice. The scientific societies and the public press, though private enterprises, are educational in their influence. The press, compared with that in the United States, is limited in circulation and power, but it creates for itself an increasing demand, and the newspaper readers increase in number with the growth of public schools. The building of railroads has been prosecuted and encouraged by the national government. Already they radiate from Buenos Ayres five hundred miles southward, to the foot of the Andes westward, and a thousand miles to the northwest, nearly reaching Bolivia. The tendency of all the formative forces in Argentina is to make the people more homogeneous, to elevate them in their social conditions, to increase the intelligence of the masses, to develop the typical Spanish-American nation.

A BATCH OF BREAD AND A PUDDING.

BY A. B. WARD.

NANCY NEWTON was a blunderer, said folks who ought to know. If it wasn't blundering, it was worse; and here they tapped their heads, signifying there was something within those precious spheres which Nancy's cranium lacked.

Her aunt Felicia—what a name to go with sallow cheeks and a frame like a hay-tedder!—felt that she could have done better for Nancy if she had had an

earlier start. For the child was ten years old when her father left her doubly orphaned, and Felicia Newton, spinster, was called upon to fulfil the duties of kinship, and to atone for "such a bringing up as men folks give." A straight diet of femininity, "over and over" seams, bed-making, dish-washing, Miss Newton prescribed, and administered her own medicine. Nancy took it meekly, but grew

more reticent, asked fewer questions, and solved her problems by making reckless dashes at them, so winning her reputation for blundering or worse.

"I declare I don't know whether you are too bright or ain't bright enough," cried her aunt, after finding the girl laid flat on the kitchen floor, fitting herself to an old sack the elder had given her. "But how in the name of goodness— Turn round here." Nancy revolved, showing her small back with the large garment pinned across. There were slits in the cloth, where alterations were to be made. "How you ever twisted and turned," went on Aunt Felicia, taking out the pins and slipping the sleeves on the girl's unwilling arms. "If you wanted it fixed, why didn't you come to me?"

Nancy murmured some unintelligible response. She could not tell her aunt that any contortion was preferable to such an appeal for help.

Eight years failed to alter the relations between the two. Nancy grew more "capable," but not a whit more confidential. Aunt Felicia openly exulted over the results of her own training, but eyed the blank, fair face before her with suspicion wellnigh become distrust. "She's glib enough outside, makes friends, has attentions. I wonder why we two don't get on better?" mused the old lady. She was sixty-eight, or would be on the morrow. The nearness of the festival, the prominence it gave her mounting score of years, brought a pensive influence to bear upon her. The old heart yearned over the young one.

"Nannie," she said, gently, "I've ben telling Mis' Barker an' Mis' Skelton an' Mis' Briggs, that's comin' to dinner to-morrer, how you could cook. Now I'm goin' to lay back an' let you do it all. I won't raise a finger, so's to show 'em what I say's true. How'd you like that?"

It was a delicate compliment, and tendered generously, without a hint of possible blundering. Nancy nodded appreciatively: "First-rate, Aunt F'licia. What you goin' to have?"

"I've promised 'em b'iled dish, 'cause they don't all of 'em get it, nowadays—leastwise Mis' Skelton an' Mis' Briggs don't—an' b'iled Injin puddin'. You'd best set a pan o' biscuit doin' to-night. Come to think of it, we need bread; may as well make a whole batch while you're about it."

There was meeting that night, and afterward Nancy loitered through the fragrant lanes with her escort, Jo Barker. The whippoorwills were singing as if their honor depended upon getting in as many notes as possible before daybreak. A wild-grape vine climbed the rail fence, and held its fragile blossoms out to the moonlight and the soft night breeze.

"M-m-m! Ain't that sweet?" cried Jo, rapturously. "I don't know anything sweeter, 'less it's"—here the precaution of a glance at his companion told him to hedge a little—"less it's roses. By-the-way, our sweetbrier's out full. Don't you want a pitcher of 'em for your dinner table to-morrer?" For Jo's mother was one of the prospective guests, and Nancy's *début* as a cook had been a theme of conversation on the homeward walk.

"Yes, indeed," responded Nancy, cordially. "You're just as good as you can be to think of it."

"Don't know 'bout that," said Jo, with proper humility.

Then the two said good-night, and Nancy went in to her bread-making. Aunt Felicia had retired for the night. The kitchen fire was out, and the lamp was frugally turned down. The place seemed chilly and dull after the radiance without. Rapidly, and as quietly as possible, Nancy put away her bonnet and shawl, and brought flour, milk, and the jar of foaming yeast. "Wish 't aunt had left a coal or two, enough to warm the milk," she thought. "Guess 't'll be all right, though."

It looked promising, a round, smooth mass, firm and white as the young arms which wrestled with it. They turned and kneaded and turned again, with a rhythmic motion; then she caught a sharp knife, cleft the mass, gathered the pieces deftly together, and fell again to kneading.

After all, innocent and hopeful as the infant batch looked when tucked into its pan and covered with a clean crash towel, Nancy somehow distrusted it in her heart, awoke at intervals during the night to worry, and stole down into the kitchen with the first gleam of daylight to learn the worst. Inert and helpless lay the dough, precisely at low-water mark.

"What ever shall I do?" sighed the unfortunate *débutante*. "It 'll never do to let Mis' Briggs and Mis' Skelton and Jo's mother put that stuff into their mouths."

She glanced wildly about her. The odor of a burnt sacrifice would not be pleasing to the divinity above-stairs, who was to be heard even now preparing to descend. There was no time to be lost. Nancy caught up the dough, bore it hastily to the flower bed, where trim geraniums left the ground open between their stems, dug a grave in their midst, dumped in the offending dough, and covered it with earth. When Aunt Felicia appeared a few minutes later, there were no signs of the recent tragedy.

"Seems to me you're pretty airy," said Aunt Felicia, not disapprovingly. "Bread riz? Why, you don't mean to say you forgot it? That's just like you, Nancy Newton. Now what ever shall we do? An' all those folks a-comin'! If I'd had any idea you'd be so keardless I'd set up." She ran on and on, giving the culprit no opportunity to tell the truth—at least so the culprit assured herself.

"What shall we do?" repeated Aunt Felicia.

"I'll make some cream-tartar biscuit. Those last you said were good," proposed Nancy. And with this the heroine of the day was forced to content herself.

Jo Barker made his appearance about ten o'clock, his hands full of sweetbrier. Nancy met him at the door, and the two stood and gossiped on the flag-stones without. A great many things seemed to have happened to discuss since the night before. Suddenly Jo stopped in the midst of a sentence.

"What is that out there in the flower bed?" he asked.

Nancy gave a start. Guilty premonitions blanched her cheek and quickened her heart-beats. A little mound had risen in the centre of the flower bed, and out of the top poured, like lava from an active volcano, that dreadful dough.

"What is it?" repeated Jo, curiously, going to the spot and poking at the phenomenon with a stick.

"It's—it's *bread*," groaned Nancy; "or at least it ought to be. It hadn't risen this morning, so I took it out and buried it."

Jo's red lips opened, and Jo's hearty lungs emitted a genuine whoop of laughter.

"Oh, 's-sh! for mercy's sake!" implored Nancy, laying hold of his sleeve and looking toward the house. "She'll hear you. She's in the sittin'-room now, but she'll

come right round to this side of the house if you make so much noise."

Jo endeavored manfully to restrain his mirth, but it broke away and ran its course in spite of him. "That's the best I ever heard!" he ejaculated, wiping his eyes. "Well, we'll have to bury it over again."

This they attempted to do with handfuls of dirt and many a pat and pressure; but Enceladus would rise. Nancy was in despair. Eager to remove the enemy to Nancy's peace, Jo cast about for an instrument. His eye fell on a huge oleander planted in a wash-tub. This he seized, and set it, tub and all, firmly over the ambitious dough. "There!" he said, triumphantly; "that'll hold it down. And she"—looking in the direction of the house—"she can't stir it. I'll get out before she asks me to put it back." He vanished over the fence.

The neglect of the bread-making rankled in Aunt Felicia's breast. Promise or no promise, she would not again risk her dinner.

Not until the chicken, the corned-beef, and the salt pork were safe in the iron pot together, and the vegetables were prepared to join them, and the pudding was under way, did she relax her hold on the helm.

Nancy, meanwhile, was quaking in her shoes over another discovery of her own improvidence. There was not a particle of Indian meal for the pudding. The store was miles away. Mrs. Barker was the only near neighbor, and to borrow of prospective "company" was, to say the least, humiliating.

There was nothing else to be done. She dallied about with spoon and bowl, pretending to put in this and that. At last Aunt Felicia went to lie down for an hour before donning the best black gown and the cap with lavender ribbons—regalia suitable for high feasts. Then, throwing her apron over her head, Nancy sped like a fawn over the fields to the Barker place. She came upon Jo in the back yard splitting kindlings. He was in his shirt sleeves, and would have blushed for them, had not Nancy's bare arms and flying hair put him, so to speak, in costume.

"Oh, Jo," she gasped, "this is one of the days! What do you think? I've started my puddin', and there ain't a mite of meal in the house."

"Come right along in," replied Jo, cheerily. "We'll fix that. Mother's got plenty. She's gone over to Mis' Briggs's of an errand, but I know where she keeps it."

He led the way to the pantry, and there the two searched high and low, in bucket and box, for the missing article. Not a single golden grain rewarded them. Jo scratched his head, and proposed going over to Briggs's after the mistress of the house.

"No, don't," begged Nancy. "I'd just as soon there didn't any more folks 'n is necessary know about it. Why, what's this in this bag? That's meal." And she held up a handful. "There isn't much more'n what I want here."

"Take it right along," insisted Jo. "No need o' sayin' an'thing 'bout it."

"I'll come over to-morrow and explain," compromised Nancy, and clasping the brown paper bag, back she flew across the fields to her pudding.

Promptly at two o'clock the four old ladies sat down to their dinner. Everything was done to perfection. The cream of tartar biscuit fulfilled the mission of the batch under the oleander tub, and were a miracle of sweetness and light. The "b'iled dish" brought tears of tender retrospection to the eyes of the aged participants, who declared they "hadn't tasted anything that tasted so good not in years an' years an' years." The pudding emerged from its bag plump and brown as a healthy farmer, and, like him, it must be confessed, somewhat tough and wiry. But, smothered in cream and powdered with maple sugar, it went down to the last crumb. The guests found nothing in their vocabularies, ancient or modern, to equal the occasion, and concluded "it was no use talkin'." Mrs. Barker in particular, with her motherly familiarities, brought a blush to the cheek of the girl cook. Nancy was not a hardened deceiver. The oleander tub lay heavy on her conscience. The meal so unhand-somely obtained turned to ashes in the cup of flattery the old women poured for her. It was hours before they left, years before she could do up the work next day and hasten again to the Barker place to do penance by frank and unqualified confession. This time she walked demurely by the road, and wore her best bonnet.

She found Mrs. Barker whipping up a

syllabub for the minister's wife, who was ailing. "Have some?" she said, proffering a cupful. "'Tain't nothin' but a gasp an' a swaller."

But Nancy had no appetite, even for so amiable a trifle. "I told Jo not to say anything," she began, steadily; "I'd tell you myself. I came over yesterday when you were out to borrow some meal for that puddin'. 'Twas awful careless o' me. I didn't know we're out till just as I was mixin' it. I was ashamed to borrow of you, company so; but I had to do somethin' quick. I'll bring it over soon's we get some." Nancy spoke hurriedly in her nervousness.

Mrs. Barker set down the bowl she was washing. "I hain't got any meal," she said, in a puzzled voice. "Ben out for a week, an' kep' a-tellin' we'd have to go to town soon or send."

"Oh yes, you had," persisted the other. "It was all I had for the pudding. I found it in a brown paper bag on the lower shelf in the pantry."

"For the land sakes!" Mrs. Barker gave vent to a shout to mate with that her son sent up on discovering the buried dough. And here there was no Aunt Felicia to terrorize her into silence. She rocked to and fro, her face growing purple with emotions, for which her shrieks and her rocking furnished inadequate outlet. Nancy looked bewildered in turn. What was there in the borrowed meal so agonizingly funny? It was some time before Mrs. Barker could explain herself, and then she exploded, between fits and gusts of laughter: "You've—et—the—inside—of—a—pin—cushion—I'd—had—twenty-five—years. I—emptied—it—in—the—bag—to—pick—out—the—needles—an'—forgot—to—throw—it—away." She stopped with a moan, and held her sides, completely overcome by the storm which had passed over her.

Nancy laughed, a hysterical little giggle, with more of distress than of merriment in it. With it struggled a feeling of disgust: she too had partaken of the pudding. But embarrassment soon yielded to gratitude toward the merry soul who could laugh over such an experience. The blunderer had fallen into kind hands.

"You're awfully good," she said as she stood up to go.

"Don't say a word," replied Mrs. Barker, reassuringly. "I won't tell a soul,

"less it's Jo. He'll be tickled almost to death."

"I'm afraid he'll tell," demurred Nancy.

"Oh no, he won't," said Jo's mother. "He sets too much by you."

And he never did tell, not even when

he became Nancy's husband. He held her eccentricities plain indications of genius. It was Nancy herself who, learning to look with tolerance upon her blunders, told of the remarkable day when she buried the bread dough, and made a pudding out of a pin-cushion.

THE ENGLISH ANCESTRY OF WASHINGTON.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, apostle of equality, wrote (1771) to his agent in London: "One farther favor and I am done; to search the Herald's Office for the arms of my family. I have what I have been told were the family arms, but on what authority I know not. It is possible there may be none. If so, I would, with your assistance, become a purchaser, having Sterne's word for it that a coat of arms may be purchased as cheap as any other coat." A little later Jefferson was prophet of a party laying its axe to the root of every family tree. In 1788 Washington thought it inexpedient to accept the dedication of William Barton's essay on Heraldry, while a portion of the community were "clamorously endeavoring to propagate an idea that those whom they wish invidiously to designate by the name of the 'well-born' are meditating in the first instance to distinguish themselves from their compatriots, and to wrest the dearest privileges from the bulk of the people." This intimidation lasted long. Even in the last generation exceptional young people who betrayed any interest in their ancestors were apt to be snubbed, and old family papers were abandoned to the mice. But gradually interest in genealogy crept back. Some families began to suspect that the mice had eaten their titles to English estates; the new science of heredity had attractions for a people disgusted with vulgar plutocracy. It is now pretty well understood in America that a family tree is no Upas, but a good fruit tree. In London I lately passed a good many days in the College of Arms, investigating the subject of this paper, and a majority of those who came to make inquiries of the genealogist, who had given me a place at his table, were Americans. Indeed there is danger that claimants to be "well-born," taking the place of the clamorers

mentioned by Washington, may disgrace this fruitful branch of history. For such it is, though some regard it as a species of diversion. Family history is history dramatized. It has been said that the obscurest individual life, if truthfully written, would surpass any romance, and this is true of the obscurest family's life. All families are equally ancient. On earth individual immortality is represented in the undying life of every family; it requires the life of a family to round out the events individuals find so out of joint. The cloud that overwhelmed the wayfarer of one generation, for his successor floats into light. The experiences of foregone ages are stored in every human being. If the history of a particular family is searched, it is because it is searchable, not because it is great. Great and small are terms of ignorance, in regard of historic causation. In this chain the little link may be the most important. To tell the story of one family is to tell what is essential in the story of all. More truthful inquiries into the life of Washington have more closely related him to the people.

I will admit, however, that in this Washington genealogy, the only one I have pursued diligently, there has been wondrous diversion. Let no man fancy he knows sport unless he has family-treed an ancestor of George Washington. Once, on my pilgrimage to a parish register, I beheld a company of huntsmen—floating islet gules on a field vert—a scene not without beauty; but it was overcast by the reflection that those poor pursuers of a little beast might never know what it is to beat a De Wessington bush, to start a Wasshingetō, to leap ditches after an unkenelled Lawrence, have him double on you, but leave you a quarry of curiosities about old England. And as for the anglers, the trout would enjoy

repose if their Waltons knew (*pace* Charles Reade) how to troll in streamlets of ink gliding through old parchment meadows, and get such a rise as Henry Waters got of Washingtons from the parish register of Tring.

But the pursuit has had its tragedies too. None who knew the late Colonel Joseph L. Chester, as did the present writer, and how assiduously he gave himself to this search for more than twenty years, can forbear a sigh that death overtook him just a step short of success. In 1867 he gave a new departure to the inquiry by disproving the accepted pedigree (in *The N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register*), adducing evidence that the brothers supposed to have emigrated to Virginia never left England at all. For twelve years thereafter he worked on silently, collecting facts from twenty counties in England, through which the Washingtons had spread, and from Virginia. At length, in 1879 (March 29), he announced, in the *New York World*, his belief that he had arrived at the facts. "I believe that I have among my collections the true history of the two brothers John and Lawrence, who emigrated to Virginia in 1658, from the former of whom the President descended. I believe that I have in my possession an original deed, dated in 1657, signed by this John Washington, and his first wife, of whose history and even of whose name nothing has ever been known, but which this deed distinctly sets forth." But, he added, he did not mean to publish what he believed facts until he could verify them, and that could not be done unless the signature of Colonel John Washington could be found to compare with that on the deed. Colonel John's will and signature are in the National Museum at Washington, but the deed is not among Colonel Chester's papers. In 1879 Major Newsome, R. E., privately circulated a plea for Yorkshire as the home of Washington's ancestors, and gave the substance of the said deed. It is dated June 5, 1657, and signed by John and Margaret Washington. They were entitled in her right to a sixth share of certain houses in London, she being one of the six children of Henry Harwood, Gent., and Martha his wife. John is a citizen and draper; the purchaser is Robert Abbott. The books of the Draper's Company show this John, as I am informed, to be son of a John Washington

in Westdreate, West Drayton, Middlesex. At Finchley, in the same county, there was a Lawrence Washington (1599), whom Colonel Chester may have found. But how many were the Johns and Lawrences! Colonel Chester found the administration given John on the property of his mother, Amphilis Washington, at Tring, but unfortunately he intrusted examination of the registers there to another hand, and one, though skilful, not connected with the parish. The baptism of William was found, and the burial of "Mrs. Washington"—no more! So the key lay in Colonel Chester's desk, and had to be rediscovered by Mr. Waters.

Meanwhile there appeared in New York (1879) the "*Pedigree and History of the Washington Family, derived from Odin, the Founder of Scandinavia*, B.C. 70. By Albert Welles, President of the American College for Genealogical Registry and Heraldry." Colonel Chester wondered why this president, while he was about it, did not carry the pedigree back to Adam. Behind Mr. Welles is one James Philipps (London), and behind him General Plantagenet Harrison, who wrote a history of Yorkshire. The Welles book, a marvel of industry, was wrecked on the sunken rock of Washington genealogy; namely, on a mysterious Leonard Washington, of Lancashire, whom this work declared the father of our immigrants. This Leonard has been discovered by Mr. F. A. Winder (London *Athenæum*, July 19, 1890) as a "Gent," a recusant (his wife also), who signed his name "Leo Wesham," and who was out of England in 1650. There were Washingtons in Bermuda, of whom one George (1649) was "bayled to answer at next assizes for some words spoken against his majestie."* The Welles Company have been accused of inventing for Leonard the emigrant sons; but an inventor would not have made John the younger brother, nor then fixed his year of emigration at 1659 (which turns out to be true). There is a Lawrence of that time and region not

* Alexander Brown, author of the admirable *Genesis of the United States*, discovered the record of the trial (November 11—22, 1650), in which George Washington, a "Taylor," was found guilty of saying that "the King has sould his subjects to Popery," and "the King was a rogue, and deserved to be hanged 7 years ago." He was granted appeal to England, and no more is heard of the matter. In 1626 there was a Lawrence Washington at Bermuda, in 1654 a John in Barbadoes.



From the letter to Bouquet, 1758.



Private seal, 1783.

WASHINGTON'S SEALS.

accounted for, and probably a John; but by not putting a query before the guess that they were Leonard's sons, and the emigrants, queries have been strewn through the whole book. Nothing in it can be accepted without verification, but it remains a useful scrap-book of information concerning the ancient Washingtons of northern England.

In 1883 Mr. Henry F. Waters went to England to investigate the history of American families, and one or two years later found in Somerset House the administration granted May 3, 1677, to "Emt Com^o Edmundo Jones," principal creditor of Lawrence Washington, late of Luton, Bedfordshire, but deceased in Virginia," etc. He at once desired his friends to keep their eyes open in that quarter; and one of them, whose name has not appeared, found a bond of John Dagnall at Tring, and William Roades of Middle Claydon (January 29, 1649), for the administration of the will of Andrew Knowling, as guardians of "Lawrence Washington the younger," aged fourteen. To Tring, some twelve miles from Luton, Mr. Waters at once repaired. With the assistance of its vicar, Mr. Quennell, he found not only the burial of Mrs. Washington (January 19, 1654), and the baptism of William (1641), discovered by Colonel Chester's friend, but the baptisms of "Layaranc son of Layaranc Washington" (June 23, 1635), and "Elizabeth da. of Mr. Larranc Washington" (August 17, 1636). The baptism of John was not found, but he presently rediscovered the administration on his mother's property granted John in February, 1655, when he

must have come of age. Mr. Waters then unearthed many wills and documents connecting the Tring and Luton Washingtons, leaving no doubt about the parentage of the Virginia emigrants.

But who and whence was this Lawrence Washington, husband of Amphillis, at Tring? How heavy was the task of solving this problem I could appreciate after examining the Washington *collectanea* of Colonel Chester, to which I was kindly admitted by his friend and executor, George E. Cokayne, M.A., Norroy King of Arms. That thick folio represents the hardly imaginable amount of labor and care with which he followed interminable processions of Washingtons from the font to the grave, and among these were so many Johns and Lawrences that the effort to distinguish the right ones might seem hopeless. Mr. Waters, too, sat at his task, unwearied, for years, and at last found a bit of folded paper, which proved to be an official memorandum of letters of guardianship issued to John Dagnall, and his oath for faithful performance of his trust, for two female beneficiaries under the Knowling will, January 29, 1649, the will being on that same day produced in court and administration granted (at Whethamsted, Herts). This memorandum is signed, "Laurentio Washington in Art: magro Surrog: Offilis etc hac vice." It cannot be doubted that this was the father watching the interests of his wife and six children, all of them



Crest of a seal from will of Lawrence, brother of General Washington, 1751.

beneficiaries under the will admitted that day, though his official action extended only to their cousins. It was an arch-deacon's court, and he could have acted only as surrogate if he were a clergyman. The signature also shows that he was an M.A.

Now who was this Rev. Laurence Washington, M.A.? Mr. Waters answers, the famous rector of Purleigh. Every conceivable objection has been brought against the answer; but all the genealogists of England, exploring the subject since October, 1889, have not been able to discover any other Rev. Lawrence Washington, M.A., who could possibly have been the father of those children, and acting in that court in 1649. I have tested Mr. Waters's theory most sceptically. It reached me as I was carrying through the press a volume of Washington's private letters for the Long Island Historical Society, in the introduction to which I had summed up, so to say, in favor of the Yorkshire as against the Northampton theory; and although I broke the form in order to recognize the new discovery, still thought the theory doubtful. Being presently in London, I went over with Mr. Waters the original of the Whethamsted memorandum, challenged every part of his argument, and tracked every other clerical Lawrence Washington—Lawrence, of St. John's College, Cambridge, university preacher in 1570, who would have been a hundred in 1649; Lawrence, Jr., the rector of Stotesbury in 1559, who died in 1619; Lawrence, rector of Colmer, Hants, who died in 1610. In vain. I was always compelled back to the rector of Purleigh. So I argue the point no more. One has only to read Mr. Waters's pamphlet, modest as masterly, and the papers that have followed it in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, to find that the theory has steadily climbed to certainty.*

Having, in addition to Mr. Waters's discoveries, the advantage of Colonel Chester's notes and references, I pursued an investigation of my own, collecting some interesting facts not hitherto published, which, as I took them with me on a pil-

grimage through the English Washingtonshire, seemed to gather flesh on their genealogical bones, to breathe, and tell the story I report.

The Rev. Lawrence Washington, M.A., long supposed the younger of the Virginia emigrants, now recognized as their father, was born in Sulgrave Manor-house. For the sake of those emigrants, who were not born there, Sulgrave has attracted many Americans, and been often described. Illustrations of the place, and of Brington, where the Washingtons also lived, were given in this Magazine, March, 1879. The article followed a history of the family once sanctioned by the Rev. John Nassau Simpkinson, author of *The Washingtons*, a romance that should now be reprinted.* I need not, therefore, describe Sulgrave or Brington, though both will be invested with a new interest when the father of the emigrants is more fully known; for he was certainly the strongest man that ever bore the name until his race flowered in the great American.

On a fine summer morning I alighted at the little station of Morton Pinkney, and made my way over the field to the pretty Canons Ashby church, which bears on its interior wall the shield, sword, gauntlet, spurs, banneret, of a great crusading ancestor of the baronet who now represents the family of Dryden, but who cares far more for the poet whose portraits hang on the walls of his own mansion. In their fine old mansion, Canons Ashby, I was graciously welcomed by Sir Henry Dry-

* In a note I have from him, Mr. Simpkinson says: "May I here repeat how entirely I accept Mr. Waters's conclusions, and how greatly I admire his perseverance and critical acumen? I cannot, however, repress a sigh for the sake of my dear friend Colonel Chester, who had this investigation so much at heart. He had found John of Tring and Lawrence of Luton, whom I always believed to be the emigrant brothers. But he was strongly against this conclusion, because, he said, the President had heard that his Virginia ancestor came from Lancashire, Yorkshire, or from a county still more northerly, and the great man could not have made this mistake if he came, after all, from Northamptonshire, or farther south." Mr. Simpkinson could not, of course, publish Colonel Chester's items, but that he himself had recognized the origin of the emigrant brothers so early as 1880 appears by a letter he wrote to the *New York Nation* (April 15th), in which, acknowledging that Colonel Chester had disproved his former theory, he adds that some of his friend's documents, shown him in confidence, seemed to him to supply "strong presumptive proof that the emigrants would be found, after all, to have sprung from the Northamptonshire stock, though of a generation below that which was erroneously pointed out."

* *An Examination of the English Ancestry of George Washington*. By Henry F. Waters, A.M. Boston: Printed for the New England Historical and Genealogical Society. 1889. See also articles in the Society's *Register* for January, April, July, October, 1890, and January, 1891.

den and his lady, and was presently driving over the region, under guidance of the very learned antiquary of Northamptonshire, as I need hardly remind those familiar with the *Northamptonshire Notes and Queries*. These were the lands of the priories dissolved by Henry VIII.—St. Andrew's, Catesby, Canons Ashby, Sulgrave—the largest parcel of which was granted by the monarch to Lawrence Washington, native of Warton, Lancashire, who studied law in Gray's Inn, London, and became a rich wool merchant. Beneath these fair fields ran the roots of that royalism which shattered the fortunes of the Washingtons, and scattered their seed on that land—Virginia—where for a time the British monarchy alone survived. There is not one Washington left in Northamptonshire. The English family is represented by the children of Admiral John Washington—Rev. George, Florence Amy, Captain Henry Holford, R. N., Major Francis Palmer, R. E.; and Frances, widow of Adam Washington, barrister, with their children—Revs. Adam, Robert, Marmaduke, Henry; and Fanny. These restored the inscription in Sulgrave church. The wife of Captain Washington told me they had thought of purchasing the Manor-house, but found it too dilapidated for residence. I saw the placard for its sale, and considering its old royalist associations, found something picturesque in its advertisement as homestead of the ancestors of the great American President. It is now owned by a Mr. Bartholomew, but we found it unfurnished and unoccupied except by the house-keeper. The only trace of its founder is the Washington shields on spandrels of a door. Above, on a gable, the arms of Queen Elizabeth are displayed, and there is a legend that she once took refuge there, a closet in which she was concealed being pointed out by the intelligent house-keeper, who, however, could give us no particulars. *Sic transit*. The Rev. Mr. Harden, vicar, accompanied us to the church. It was the summer after the brasses representing the children of the first Washington of Sulgrave had been stolen from his grave in the church. I suffered a vicarious shame for my country that it was not above suspicion of having produced the dastard who committed this outrage. It ought to be impossible for those brasses to appear in any collection. But may not the theft be due to some survival of the Puritanism which

once thought it was doing God service by clearing his temples of "graven images"? The head of the father and the entire figure of his wife Aimee were long ago wrenched away. Hither, from the Manor-house where he was born, the greatest of the English Washingtons came to sit in the family pew, where he could wonder over the effigies of the eleven children



BRASSES FROM ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, SULGRAVE.

who have puzzled many a genealogist. His great-grandfather, Lawrence, who desired to be buried "in the south aisle before my seat," in long fur-bordered gown of mayoralty, his hands folded in prayer; Aimee, his wife, in her ample frock; the four sons in frock-coats, knee-breeches, hose, and broad-toed shoes; the separately grouped seven daughters (the tallest six and one-half inches) in close caps and long gowns—all, no doubt, contributed something to the burden of family honor that grew on the shoulders of the future rector of Purleigh. Our picture (from tracings by Sir Henry Dryden) is copied from *Northamptonshire Notes and Queries* by permission.

Baker, a historian of Northamptonshire, writing of the Manor-house (1820-30), says, "Within these last few years the arms and alliances of the family ornamented the kitchen window." These heraldic shields have disappeared: Sir Henry Dryden has traced two to Lady Hanmer's possession, at Weston, and six to the win-

dows of Fawsley church. All of them, save one, are in good condition, and Sir Henry has made full-sized copies in colors, which are so important in heraldry. The Washington arms are, technically, two bars gules, and in chief three mullets of the second. That is, a white shield, crossed with two red bars, and above these three red spur rowels, or stars. The coincidence between this device and the United States flag is less striking when the arms are seen in colors.* Between the bars of No. 1 (following Sir Henry's numbers) there is a crescent gules (crimson), indicating descent from a second son, *i. e.*, Robert of Warton, Lancashire, second son of John of Whitfield. Apparently the founder of the Sulgrave family, lacking the omniscience of Welles *alias* Philipps *alias* Harrison, did not trace beyond his great-grandfather. No. 2 of the series has been

* The thirteen stripes of the flag seem to have been strips of cotton cloth basted on an English flag, and raised by Washington during the siege of Boston to announce the union of the colonies to the British (who, however, understood it as a token of surrender). Under the British flag, with this addition, the Revolutionists fought until June 14, 1777, when Congress ordered "that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The stars would have been red in a white field, had Washington's arms, which are without blue, been imitated. Moreover, they were originally in a circle. The American eagle was imported from ancient Rome, just as the word "Senate" was. "The young," says Edmund Randolph, "boasted that they were treading upon the republican ground of Greece and Rome." At the risk of adding to the fable of the flag one about Washington's crest, I will mention that I recently found an eagle crest on a seal of Washington's in the British Museum. It is on a letter written to Colonel Bouquet, August 7, 1758. This seal resembles one since discovered on the will of his brother Lawrence (1751). Its crest differs from the bird of his private seal (used as early as 1733), and materially from the griffin he ordinarily used. The coat of arms brought by Colonel John Washington, the immigrant, to this country—no doubt the "seal ring" bequeathed to his father (Waters, p. 28)—I found on the title of the President's birthplace; it is engraved with other seals in the Long Island Historical Society's volume, *George Washington and Mount Vernon* (1889). The beak of the bird in the crest could not be made out with certainty, and I now believe it the same as this eagle on the Bouquet letter, though the shields are of different shape. Burke, in giving the Sulgrave family's crest as a raven, adds a note that the eagle was another crest. But the eagle was the normal crest of the Yorkshire line of Washingtons, and though no link between these and the Sulgrave family has been discovered, this use of the eagle, now traced from Robert Washington of Brington (who died 1622) to George Washington in Virginia, is some evidence that there was such a connection.

mutilated, or it might possibly have given us the arms of the family, now unknown, with which John of Whitfield intermarried. The said "second son," Robert, married a daughter of Miles Whittington; their eldest, John, married Margaret, sister of Alderman Sir Thomas Kitson, of London, whose three trouts are displayed in No. 3. Next comes the Lawrence Washington who left Lancashire for Northamptonshire; No. 4 impales his arms with those of his second wife, Aimee Pargiter. In No. 5 three white swans on a crimson sea denote the alliance of Robert, eldest son of Lawrence and Aimee, with Elizabeth Lighte. By his first wife (Anne Fisher, of Hanslop) Robert had six children; by his second, Elizabeth (Warwickshire), he had at least nine; and one of these, Aimee, married Alban Wakelyn, whose arms (No. 6) are impaled, though outside the regular line. Robert's eldest son by his second wife (Lighte), Lawrence, married Margaret Butler (Sussex), whose arms (No. 7) are also impaled in the three covered chalices on the slab at Brington. This Lawrence had an uncle of the same name, Register of the High Court of Chancery, who married Martha Newce, of Hertfordshire, and her arms (No. 8) are impaled.

Of these shields No. 7 bears date 1588, the year of Lawrence's marriage with Margaret. Nos. 5 and 6 bear the same date, showing that these were inserted by Lawrence; the others were probably set up by his grandfather, who died in 1583.

Lawrence and Margaret (Butler) Washington, the great-great-great-grandparents of General Washington, had seventeen children, and before the sixth was born had to seek a poorer abode for their family. In passing from the Sulgrave Manor-house to the Washington house at Brington, one feels that he is following the family as it passes under a cloud. Nor does the cloud lift when we reflect that there is only very indirect identification of the house, for if they had moved into any mansion of the neighborhood, it could hardly have failed to be recorded. Earl Spencer has at Althorp a large and curious oaken chest, purchased at a sale in this Brington house, but he has expressed to me extreme doubt whether it can with any propriety be called a Washington property, and it is not ordinarily shown to visitors. On the sale of their heavily mortgaged estates at Sulgrave, the father



PARISH CHURCH, TRING.

(Robert) leased a windmill on the Althorp estate. Lawrence, the son, went to Brington in 1606-7, a few years before the sale was concluded, and died ten years later. Enough was saved from the wreck, and by the more economical abode, to give his children a good education, and they did well. The eldest, Sir William of Pakyngton, was knighted in 1622; the second, Sir John of Thrapston, was knighted in 1623. Thomas became page to Charles I., and accompanied him to Madrid when he went to woo the Infanta. Thomas died there, and Mr. Waters has unearthed and given to the *N. E. Hist. and Gen. Register*, January, 1890, certain curious "Epitaphial Verses upon the death of young Mr. Washington Prince Charles his page in Spaine anno 1623." The fourth daughter, Alice, married a grandson of the Archbishop of York (Sandys).

But our interest chiefly follows the fourth son, Lawrence, the father of our Virginians. He was six or seven years of age when his father removed to Brington. The glory of that place was Althorp, seat of the Spencers, then represented by Robert, Lord Spencer, Baron of Wormleighton (born 1561, died 1635). His first lady (Margaret Willoughby) had been connected, by a sister's marriage, with the Pargiters, with whom two of the Washingtons had intermarried. His second

lady (Penelope) was of the Kitson family, thus a cousin of the Washingtons. The portrait of this lady expresses not only the sweetness that made her so faithful a friend to the Washingtons when they had become poor, but the "faculty" shown in her exact household accounts, which are now of historical value. It is even probable that some of the Washingtons lived at Althorp for a time while they were leaving Sulgrave. We may feel sure that little Lawrence has pored many a time over the great tomes of Althorp library. His brilliant career at Oxford implies a naturally studious mind, which may have been influenced in a religious direction by his venerable relative "Parson Washington"—the "Lawrence Washington, Jr.," who in 1559 had been made rector of Stotesbury (near Northampton) by "Lawrence Washington, Sr." (of Sulgrave). He had before him, too, the career of another and more eminent Rev. Lawrence Washington, High Commissioner for Causes Ecclesiastical within the province of Canterbury.

Lawrence, father of the Virginia immigrants, entered Brasenose, Oxford, in 1619. He is described as fourth son, and "generosi filius"—intermediate rank between "plebei filius" and "armigeri filius"—being thus of the minor gentry. He matriculated November 2, 1621. In 1622

his aunt Elizabeth (Robert's widow, *née* Chishull) bequeathes him her "husband's seal ring," which found its way to Virginia, and sealed the title of General Washington's birthplace. In 1623 (September 28th) we find Lady Penelope recording two pecks of oats given to the horses of Sir John and "Mr. Lawrence Washington," the "Mr." suggesting that he was now in holy orders. In 1624 he is elected Fellow of Brasenose, a close (Northampton) Fellowship. In 1627 he is appointed a lecturer of the college. In 1631 Antony Bruche and another proctor were ejected for raising disturbances in the university, and our Lawrence is made proctor, apparently by order of Charles I., who perhaps remembered his brother Thomas, his page, who died in Spain. Here, then, are evidences of a brilliant university career. But suddenly it all ends. In March, 1632-3, he receives or obtains from Jane Horzmanden the position of rector of Purleigh, in Essex; his Fellowship is resigned, and the lectureship he had held in Brasenose since 1627; and he enters on his work among the people.

Purleigh was a good living, and Lawrence was poor. By a note of Colonel Chester's I found that in July, 1632, he was indebted to John Browne, Oxford, £69 18s. 0d., for which he had given an obligation under penalty of £140. But perhaps Amphilis inspired the young clergyman's readiness to part with his honors at Oxford. Mr. Waters has gathered a number of old documents through which may be traced our rector's romance. One is the will of Sir Richard Anderson, of Pendley Manor, near Tring, 1630, in which he bequeathes "to my cousin Larance Washington of Brasenose and to Mr. Dagnall of Pembroke College, to each of them forty shillings." Lawrence thus had relatives at Tring (some fifteen miles from Oxford) whom he might visit, perhaps with Mr. Dagnall, who lived there. Not far away, at Middle Claydon, resided another friend of the Washingtons, Sir Edmund Verney, who had a farm servant, or bailiff, named John Roades, to whom he was much attached. This bailiff had a daughter named Amphilis, who became the wife of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, M.A., and the great-great-grandmother of the first President of the United States.

Unfortunately the Washingtons of that time could not foresee that one day their

lost Sulgrave Manor-house would be appraised mainly by its association with a descendant of that farm servant's daughter. The family was climbing. As to the Brington Washingtons, a survival of their fall thirty years before was represented by the fact that our Lawrence's youngest sister, Lucy, was house-keeper at Althorp at £6 per annum, while her knighted brothers, Sir William and Sir John, were sometimes guests.

To another branch of the family, also on the ascent, such a misalliance was probably distasteful. The Northampton Mayor's second son, Lawrence, had, like his father, studied law at Gray's Inn; he married into the high family of Newce, and became Register of the High Court of Chancery. His son Lawrence came into the same office, was knighted in 1627, and married Anne, daughter of William Lewyn, D.C.L. Sir John Isham married Judith, Anne's sister.* The son of this Sir Lawrence married a wealthy lady, Elianor Guise, and one of their daughters, Martha, became Lady Tyrrell in 1630.

In none of the wills of the Washingtons, Pargiters, or any of the family, now very large in 1632-3 and thereafter, is any allusion found to the Washingtons of Tring and Luton. In none, after the marriage with Amphilis, is mention found of the rector of Purleigh. This is additional evidence, were it needed, that

* In *Northamptonshire N. and Q.*, October, 1885, H. Isham Longden says that Sir Charles Isham possesses the following letter: "To my Deere Sister Judeth the Ladie Isham these. Deere Sister,—When I was wth you I esteemed myself verie hapie in your sweet conversation wth the hope I conceived of your perfect recoverie of helth as also in som other comforts, of w^{ch} since it hath plased God to deprive mee, for he hath taken from mee my tow sons w^{ch} were unvaluably deere unto mee And w^{ch} I take as one of my greatest causes of discomfort, is to heare that you are falne in to your accostomed weaknes. But being these are things w^{ch} owr good God doeth as seemeth best unto him, w^{ch} wee can not withstand we must also wthowt repnyng submitt owr selves to his unresistible will, And thus good sister Resolving my self of your good mynde and most settled constancy in this resolucon I comitt uss both to his mercy and goodnes resting ever Your trewly loving sister, Anne Washington." The seal bears trace of the name Lawrence Washington, and the Washington arms without crescent. They were living in London. One of the deceased sons was Lawrence, born 1614 at Nottingham, Kent, buried at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, December 29, 1617, where another son was baptized in the same name, September 30, 1622. A daughter Anne was baptized August 29, 1621. These two married, the one Elianor, the other Christopher Guise.

it was this rector who married the bailiff's daughter. Mr. Waters has found the will of the rector's elder brother Sir William, and a number of others, in which the rector and the Tring Washingtons are ignored, although they were poor. Sir William's will was written June 6, 1643, the year in which his brother lost his living at Purleigh for devotion to their common cause—the king—but no mention is made of that brother. The marriage with the bailiff's daughter was not forgiven apparently by the knight, who had married a Villiers, half-sister of the Duke of Buckingham.

I have said that the rector lost his living for his loyalty; he was also charged

That he had said, 'The Parliament had more Papists belonging to them in their Armies than the King had about him or in his Army, and that the Parliament's Armie did more hurt than the Cavaliers, and that they did none at all'; and hath published them to the Traitors that lend to or assist the Parliament.

"It is not to be supposed that such a Malignant could be less than a Drunkard. . . . Altho' a Gentleman (a Justice of the Peace in this County) who personally knew him assures me that he took him to be a very Worthy, Pious man; that as often as he was in his Company he always appeared a very Moderate, Sober Person; and that he was Received as such by several Gentlemen who were acquainted with him before he himself was: Adding withal that he 'was a Loyal Person, and had one of the best Benefices in these Parts; and this

*Baptized for Michaelmas
Large Anno dom 1641*

*(William son of Mrs Lawrence
Washington baptized October the 21st Day*

M^{rs} Washington bur: 7th of Jan: 1654

FAC-SIMILE ENTRIES FROM THE PARISH REGISTER, TRING.

with drunkenness, but had this been true there was all the more reason that his wife and children should be remembered in the wills of his relatives. The charge of drunkenness is disproved by the fact that, though the rector was deprived of the valuable benefice of Purleigh, the commissioners had no objection to his continuing his ministry in a church too poor to be coveted. Walker (*Sufferings of the Clergy*, London, 1714) says:

"Washington, Lawrence, A.M., Purleigh, R., one of the best Livings in these Parts: To which he had been Admitted in March, 1632, and was Sequestered from in the year 1643, which was not thought Punishment enough for him, and therefore he was also put into the Century, to be transmitted to Posterity, as far as that Infamous Pamphlet could contribute to it, for a *Scandalous* as well as a *Malignant Minister*, upon these weighty considerations:

was the Only cause of his Expulsion, as I verily believe.' After he subjoyns, That Another Ancient Gentleman of his Neighbourhood agrees with him in this Account. Mr. Washington was afterwards permitted to Have and Continue upon a Living in these Parts; but it was such a Poor and Miserable one, that it was always with difficulty that any one was persuaded to Accept it."

Unfortunately old John Walker does not mention the name of this living, and the soldiers of Parliament, re-enforced by destroying time, have left few parish records of that era. (Those of Sulgrave, for instance, cannot be found earlier than 1658.) So we do not know to what "miserable" little living the ejected rector repaired. Probably it was in the neighborhood of Tring, though his burial record has not been found there. Tring is forty miles away from Purleigh, but his wife was

certainly confined of three of her children there. She was with her own people, in goodly number and circumstances; his racket when they were playing tennis. No doubt the little Washingtons heard the story many a time, and consid-

*Baptized four over Launce
David Anno Domini 1636*

Elizabeth daughter of Mr. Launce Washington of Purleigh

FAC-SIMILE OF REGISTRY OF BAPTISM OF ELIZABETH WASHINGTON, DAUGHTER OF THE RECTOR OF PURLEIGH, IN PARISH CHURCH, TRING.

and there she was buried, January 19, 1654.

Tring is a town which steam has snubbed. It held out against that innovation, and the railway, even now two miles away, has left it pretty much as it always was. Its four thousand folk dwell in narrow streets, and in square courts opening from them. I asked a Tring policeman about the antiquity of these courts, but he only said, "Rum courts they are, too!" The women were plaiting straw and gossiping, pretty much, I suppose, as they did when old Roger of Wendover wrote in the neighborhood. I suppose the quiet antiquity and the beautiful drives have commended the neighborhood to the Roseberys and Rothschilds, who have country-seats not far off. The antiquarian atmosphere of Tring was revealed in a rumor I heard there that the Roseberys, Rothschilds, "and some other rich Jews," communicated by night with

ered that Hampden got off better than he deserved.

"Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
For striking of a blow,
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so."

The church is beautiful, and so is the vicarage behind it, with the cardinal's hat of Christ Church College over the door. Mr. Quennell's pretty home is, however, modern. The interior of the church has been restored to primal vacancy. There are two lonely figures bending over a tomb of the Gores. There is nothing to divert the imagination that would summon again the rector of Purleigh and his Amphillis, bringing their children to the font, and old Andrew Knowling standing godfather to Lawrence. The vicar desires to put up a memorial of these Washingtons in the church, which might well be done by Americans.

The register in which the entries con-

*Christ baptized four over Launce
David Anno Domini 1635*

Lawrence son of Lawrence Washington of Purleigh

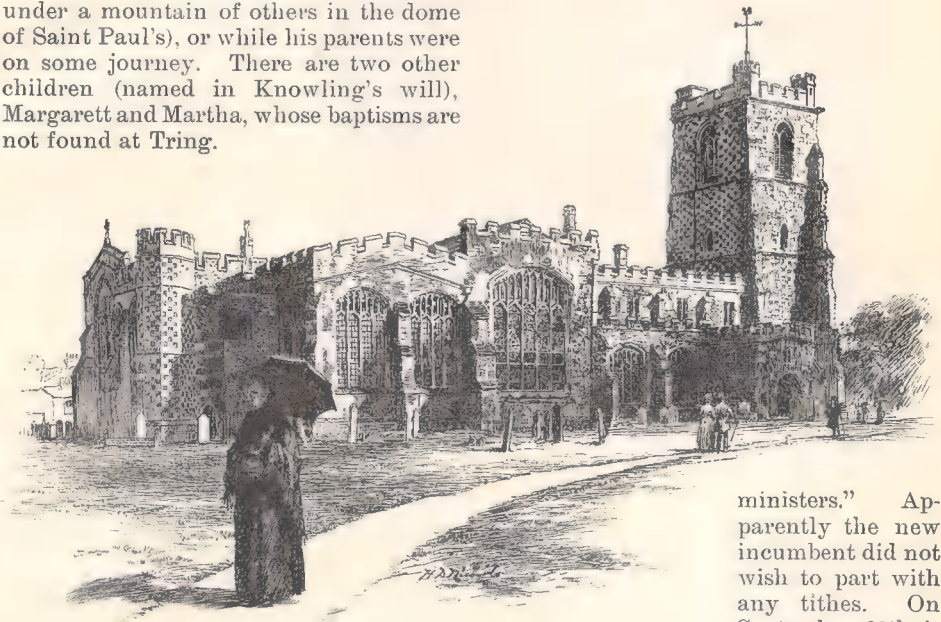
FAC-SIMILE OF REGISTRY OF BAPTISM OF LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, SON OF THE RECTOR OF PURLEIGH, IN PARISH CHURCH, TRING.

light signals; which is about as true as Tring's ancient legend that its manor was forfeited by an ancestor of John Hampden for striking the Black Prince with cerning the Washingtons are found is entitled "A Regester Booke conteaning all the names hereafter Named, either Baptized, Married, or Buried. Bought by

Maister Andrew Knolinge"—and other church-wardens. This is important as showing the position of Andrew, who married the widow Roades, mother of Amphillis.

But where was John baptized? "I am keenly alive," says the vicar, in a note before me, "to the interest that would attach to the register of John Washington's baptism, and have made a careful search, but without success." Probably John was not born at Tring, but either at Purleigh (whose records are said to be under a mountain of others in the dome of Saint Paul's), or while his parents were on some journey. There are two other children (named in Knowling's will), Margaret and Martha, whose baptisms are not found at Tring.

was sitting at Chelmsford a "Committee on Plundered Ministers"; for the word "plundered," which came in with the commonwealth, meant no more than "deprived." On the 15th of August it is "Ordered that Mr. John Rogers, minister of the sequestered rectory of Purleigh, in Dingey Hundreds, do pay the fifth part of the tithes and profits of said Rectory unto Mrs. Washington, according to a formal order of y^e Com. of Plundered



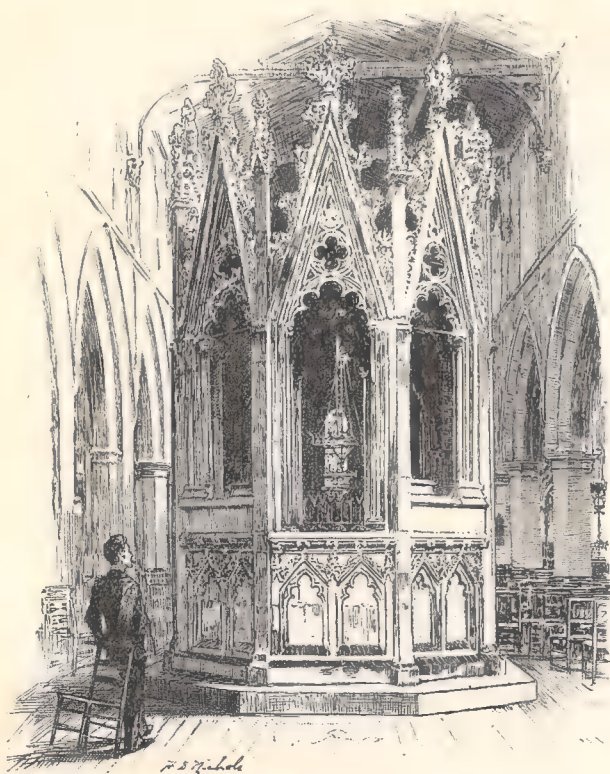
LUTON CHURCH.

The rector and his Amphillis probably had a quiet life up to his ejection in 1643. There was a case in chancery in which the complainant is curiously described as "Laurence Washington Clk., Rector of the Rectory and Parish Church of Purlye, in Purlye, Co. Essex, holden of the King as of his manor of E. Greenwich." The dispute is as to the tithes of Purleigh Wood, in tenure of Sir Henry Mildmay, Kt. But no further public trace of him is found until his ejection in 1643. The reference to the chancery case in Colonel Chester's notes is, "Charles I., W. 58, No. 29, Pub. Rec. Off." Another reference I noted there, "Harleian MS., 6244," which brought to light an extremely interesting incident. In the year 1649 there

ministers." Apparently the new incumbent did not wish to part with any tithes. On September 20th it is "Ordered that Mr. John Rogers and Mrs. Wash-

ington be heard on Wednesday in the sessions." Let some artist now give us a picture of Amphillis, the great-great-grandmother of Washington, her husband and children beside her, pleading before the stern Cromwellians. And pleading successfully; for on the last page of the book the order stands: "fifth part of Purleigh ordered to the plundered Rector's wife."

At first I suspected that the wife's pleading implied that the ejected rector was dead, and submitted this question to Mr. Waters and others in the Probate Office; but we found it was the custom of the wife to plead in such cases. It was after this date (O. S. being remembered) that the Rev. Lawrence Washington, M. A., is found acting as surrogate at Whethamsted. It



THE BAPTISTRY, LUTON CHURCH.

is inferred that he predeceased his wife (who died January 19, 1654), because administration was granted on her property to their son John a year later, the husband not being mentioned.

Of the children at this time (1655) John was probably just twenty-one, Lawrence certainly in his twentieth year, Elizabeth in her nineteenth, William in his fourteenth; Margaret and Martha were younger. Of these orphans only one has been traced further in England—Lawrence. Their step-father, Andrew Knowling, left each, excepting Lawrence, £28 on their coming of age. To Lawrence, his godson, he bequeathed all his "freehold Lands and Tenements" in Tring or elsewhere. Mr. Frederick A. Blaydes, of Bedford, whose genealogical works are invaluable, discovered that Lawrence (Gent.) married at Luton, June 26, 1660, Mary, the daughter of Edmund Jones, Gentleman. Lawrence had a maternal aunt, the widow Fitzherbert, whose will (1684) makes John Freeman, of Luton, Gent., her executor, this John having married her niece, Esther

Roades, Lawrence's cousin. A connection is thus proved between the Tring family and one of high position in Luton. A Thomas Freeman, of London (1530), was in the Luton Guild, with his wife Agnes.

Luton is not far from St. Albans, where Lord Bacon is buried. In his *Advancement of Learning* (1629) one may read, "Printed for William Washington, and are to be sold at his shop in the Dunstane Church Yard." The rector of Purleigh had an uncle William, and this may be the man; and as William had a sister-in-law at Stratford-on-Avon in Shakespeare's time, buried in the same church, let the "Baconians" consider whether Shakespeare did not write the *Advancement of Learning*, or whether both the plays and the *Advancement* were not written by some relative

of General George Washington! Luton, twelve miles from Tring, is a hundred years beyond it in liveliness, and nearly twice as large. It might be thought a modern manufacturing town but for its ancient church. On entering this grand edifice one finds himself surrounded by memorials of the olden time. The beautiful baptistry is said to have been given by Anne Boleyn, but is more certainly the font to which Lawrence Washington and Mary his wife brought their one child, Mary—so lovingly remembered (as his will proves) in her father's home on the Rappahannock. There is a mural tablet in the church to the Hon. William Stuart, D.D., and "his wife, Sophia Margaret, last surviving granddaughter of William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania; born 25 December 1765, died 29 April 1847."

At Luton the younger of the rector's sons was married, June 26, 1660; and here, December 22, 1663, was baptized "Mary, daughter of Mr. Laurence and Mary Washington." In those days "Mr." in a reg-

ister meant a man of some importance. In Tring he paid rates—1665, £1; 1666, £2. In 1667 he is in Virginia, receiving a grant of land, September 27th, jointly with Robert Richards. As only one child is mentioned in his will, and all of his property in England is given to her, there is no doubt that his wife had died soon after Mary's birth. She was left with her grandparents (Edmund Jones, Gent., and wife), and among some of her mother's relatives residing at Luton.

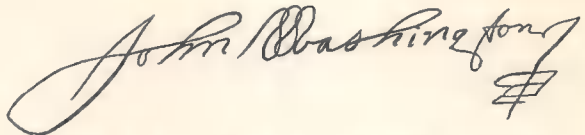
Of the elder brother, John, nothing is known between February, 1655, when he is made administrator on his mother's property, and July 16, 1659, when he is found in Virginia,—300 acres in Northumberland (alias Westmoreland), patented by him in 1664, being described as "due by patent to John Walton in 1642; assigned by him to John Hallows, by him in 1656 to Nicholas Lansden, by him to Major Washington, 16 July 1659." (Chester MS.) What became of him in the mean time? In the beginning of 1655, John, at twenty-one, found himself with £28 left him by his step-father, and his share of what his mother, Amphilis, had saved from the £60 left her, and her fifths of the Purleigh tithes received during the four preceding years.

It is interesting to consider the condition of the family at this time. The fortunes of the Northamptonshire Washingtons had been broken during the civil war. Colonel Henry, son of Sir William, Colonel Adam Washington (Herts), Sir Lawrence (the Register), John of Warwick, and a number of the connection are traceable through the calendar of state papers by their sufferings and compositions for royalism. Many a brave story remains untold concerning some of these loyal Washingtons. I found in the *Fasti Oxonienses* that when the soldiers of Parliament occupied Oxford, and filled the halls and pulpits with preachers of their own, the loyal professors and clergy departed, Richard Washington being "the only man of the old stock that was then left." Richard was (August, 1646) of University College. He was offered by the new set the degree of D.D., but refused it. I have not placed this loyalist, apparently a clergyman. He died (1651) at St. Dunstan in-the-West, London.

Sir Lawrence (Register) inherited his

father's estates in Wiltshire and elsewhere, and died (1662) a rich man. His widow, Elianor, married Sir William Pargiter. In searching out the origin of Washington's *Rules of Civility*, I found in the British Museum a book entitled *Youth's Behaviour, or Decency in Conversation amongst Women* (1663), by Robert Codrington, dedicated "To the Mirrour of her Sex, Mrs. Ellinor Pargiter, and the most accomplished with all reall Perfections Mistress Elizabeth Washington, her only Daughter, and Heiress to the truly Honourable Lawrence Washington Esquire, lately deceased." This accomplished heiress married Robert Shirley, Baron Ferrars, and in the edition of 1672 of Codrington's book her portrait appears, the only portrait of an early English Washington that I have met with.

Could the future have been unveiled before Elianor and her daughter, revealing Governor Shirley entertaining in Boston Colonel George Washington, of Virginia, and the Countess of Huntingdon (Washington Shirley's daughter) claiming kinship with the great American, the adventures of John, the General's great-grandfather, before he emigrated might not be so obscure. It is certain that he married, for his will proves that he took a wife and two children to Virginia. Where and whom he married in England is unknown. In 1659 the commonwealth



SIGNATURE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

was firmly established, and the Washingtons were generally loyalists. One, indeed, as we have seen, was tried in Bermuda for speaking against the king, and at a later period there was a Quaker George Washington distinguished enough to be mentioned by Francis Bugg in *The Pilgrim's Progress from Quakerism to Christianity* (1698). In 1659, John, with his surviving sister, Martha, voyaged to Virginia. But he might not have come had not certain fine Sir and Lady Washingtons turned up their noses at the impecunious son of a bailiff's daughter. Such was the ancestral heritage of the Virginia gentleman who, with a title dangled before him, took the side of the American yeomanry.

WESSEX FOLK.*

BY THOMAS HARDY.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS IN A PARISH CHOIR.

"I HAD quite forgotten the old choir, with their fiddles and bass-voils," said the home-comer, musingly. "Are they still going on the same as of old?"

"Bless the man!" said Christopher Twink, the master-thatcher; "why, they've been done away with these twenty year. A young teetotaler plays the organ in church now, and plays it very well; though 'tis not quite such good music as in old times, because the organ is one of them that go with a winch, and the young teetotaler says he can't always throw the proper feeling into the tune without well-nigh working his arms off."

"Why did they make the change, then?"

"Well, partly because of fashion, partly because the old musicians got into a sort of scrape. A terrible scrape 'twas too—wasn't it, John? I shall never forget it—never! They lost their character as officers of the church as complete as if they'd never had any character at all."

"That was very bad for them."

"Yes." The master-thatcher cleared his throat at the bottom, and then at the top, and went on:

"It happened on Sunday after Christmas—the last Sunday ever they played in Longpuddle church gallery, as it turned out, though they didn't know it then. As you may know, sir, the players formed a very good band—almost as good as the Mellstock parish players that were led by the Dewys; and that's saying a great deal. There was Nicholas Puddingcome, the leader, with the first fiddle; there was Timothy Thomas, the bass-viol man; John Biles, the tenor fiddler; Dan'l Hornhead, with the serpent; Robert Dowdle, with the clarinet; and Mr. Nicks, with the oboe—all sound and powerful musicians, and strong-winded men—they that blowed. For that reason they were very much in demand Christmas week for little reels and dancing parties; for they could turn a jig or a hornpipe out of hand as well as ever they could turn out a psalm, and perhaps better, not to speak irreverent. In short, one half-hour they

could be playing a Christmas carol in the squire's hall to the ladies and gentlemen, and drinking tay and coffee with 'em as modest as saints; and the next, at The Tinker's Arms, blazing away like wild horses with the 'Dashing White Sergeant' to nine couple of dancers and more, and swallowing rum and cider hot as flame.

"Well, this Christmas they'd been out to one rattling randy after another every night, and had got next to no sleep at all. Then came the Sunday after Christmas, their fatal day. 'Twas so mortal cold that year that they could hardly sit in the gallery; for though the congregation down in the body of the church had a stove to keep off the frost, the players in the gallery had nothing at all. So Nicholas said at morning service, when 'twas freezing an inch an hour, 'Please the Lord I won't stand this numbing weather no longer: this afternoon we'll have something in our insides to make us warm, if it cost a king's ransom.'

"So he brought a gallon of hot brandy and beer, ready mixed, to church with him in the afternoon, and by keeping the jar well wrapped up in Timothy Thomas's bass-viol bag it kept drinkably warm till they wanted it, which was just a thimbleful in the absolution, and another in the creed, and the remainder at the beginning of the sermon. When they'd had the last pull they felt quite comfortable and warm, and as the sermon went on—most unfortunately for 'em it was a long one that afternoon—they fell asleep, every man jack of 'em; and there they slept on as sound as rocks.

"'Twas a very dark afternoon, and by the end of the sermon all you could see of the inside of the church were the parson's two candles alongside of him in the pulpit, and his face behind 'em. The sermon being ended at last, the parson gave out the Evening Hymn. But no choir set about sounding up the tune, and the people began to turn their heads to learn the reason why, and then Levi Limpet, a boy who sat in the gallery, nudged Timothy and Nicholas, and said, 'Begin! begin!'

"'Hey? what?' says Nicholas, starting up; and the church being so dark and his head so muddled he thought he was at

* Begun in March number, 1891.



“THEN LEVI LIMPET NUDGED TIMOTHY AND NICHOLAS.”

the party they had played at all the night before, and away he went, bow and fiddle, at 'The Devil among the Tailors,' the favorite jig of our neighborhood at that time. The rest of the band, being in the same state of mind and nothing doubting, followed their leader with all their strength, according to custom. They poured out that there tune till the lower bass notes of 'The Devil among the Tailors' made the cobwebs in the roof shiver like ghosts; then Nicholas, seeing nobody move, shouted out as he scraped (in his usual commanding way at dances when the folk didn't know the figures), 'Top couples cross hands, and when I make the fiddle squeak at the end, every man kiss his pardner under the mistletoe.'

"The boy Levi was so frightened that he bolted down the gallery stairs and out homeward like lightning. The parson's hair fairly stood on end when he heard the evil tune raging through the church, and thinking the choir had gone crazy, he held up his hand and said: 'Stop, stop, stop! Stop, stop! What's this?' But they didn't hear 'n for the noise of their own playing, and the more he called the louder they played.

"Then the folks came out of their pews, wondering down to the ground, and saying: 'What do they mean by such wickedness? We shall be consumed like Sodom and Gomorrah!'

"Then the squire came out of his pew lined wi' green baize, where lots of lords and ladies visiting at the house were worshipping along with him, and went and stood in front of the gallery, and shook his fist in the musicians' faces, saying, 'What! In this reverent edifice! What!'

"And at last they heard 'n through their playing, and stopped.

"'Never such an insulting, disgraceful thing—never!' says the squire, who couldn't rule his passion.

"'Never!' says the parson, who had come down and stood beside him.

"'Not if the angels of heaven,' says the squire (he was a wickedish man, the squire was, though now for once he happened to be on the Lord's side)—'not if the angels of heaven come down,' he says, 'shall one of you villanous players ever sound a note in this church again, for the insult to me, and my family, and my visitors, and God Almighty, that you've a-perpetrated this afternoon!'

"Then the unfortunate church band

came to their senses, and remembered where they were; and 'twas a sight to see Nicholas Puddingcome and Timothy Thomas and John Biles creep down the gallery stairs with their fiddles under their arms, and poor Dan'l Hornhead with his serpent, and Robert Dowdle with his clarionet, all looking as little as ninepins; and out they went. The parson might have forgi'd 'em when he learnt the truth o't, but the squire would not. That very week he sent for a barrel-organ that would play two-and-twenty new psalm tunes, so exact and particular that, however badly inclined you was, you could play nothing but psalm tunes whatsomever. He had a really respectable man to turn the winch, as I said, and the old players played no more."

"And of course my old acquaintance, the gaunt annuitant, Mrs. Winter, who seemed to have something on her mind, is dead and gone?" said the home-comer, after a long silence.

Nobody in the van seemed to recollect the name.

"Oh yes, she must be dead long since: she was seventy when I as a child knew her."

"I can recollect Mrs. Winter very well, if nobody else can," said the aged groceress. "Yes, she's been dead these five-and-twenty year at least. You knew what it was upon her mind, sir, that gave her that hollow-eyed look, I suppose?"

"It had something to do with a son of hers, I think I once was told. But I was too young to know particulars."

The groceress sighed as she conjured up a vision of days long past. "Yes," she murmured, "it had all to do with a son." Finding that the van was still in a listening mood, she spoke on:

THE WINTERS AND THE PALMLEYS.

"To go back to the beginning—if one must—there were two women in the parish when I was a child who were to a certain extent rivals in good looks. Never mind particulars, but in consequence of this they were at daggers-drawn, and they did not love each other any better when one of them tempted the other's lover away from her and married him. He was a young man of the name of Winter, and in due time they had a son.

"The other woman did not marry for many years; but when she was about

thirty a quiet man named Palmley asked her to be his wife, and she accepted him. You don't mind when the Palmleys were Longpuddle folk, but I do well. She had a son also, who was, of course, nine or ten years younger than the son of the first. The child proved to be of rather weak intellect, though his mother loved him as the apple of her eye.

"This woman's husband died when the child was eight years old, and left his widow and boy in poverty. Her former rival, also a widow now, but fairly well provided for, offered for pity's sake to take the child as errand-boy, small as he was, her own son, Jack, being hard upon seventeen. Her poor neighbor could do no better than let the child go there. And to the richer woman's house little Palmley straightway went.

"Well, in some way or other—how, it was never exactly known—the thriving woman, Mrs. Winter, sent the little boy with a message to the next village one winter day much against his will. It was getting dark, and the child prayed to be allowed not to go, because he would be afraid coming home. But the other insisted, more out of thoughtlessness than cruelty, and the child went. On his way back he had to pass through Yalbury Wood, and something came out from behind a tree and frightened him into fits. The child was quite ruined by it; he became quite a drivelling idiot, and soon afterward died.

"Then the other woman had nothing left to live for, and vowed vengeance against that rival who had first won away her lover, and now had been the cause of her bereavement. This last affliction was certainly not intended by her thriving acquaintance, though it must be owned that when it was done she seemed but little concerned. Whatever vengeance poor Mrs. Palmley felt, she had no opportunity of carrying it out, and time might have softened her feelings into forgetfulness of her supposed wrongs as she dragged on her lonely life. So matters stood when, a year after the death of the child, Mrs. Palmley's niece, who had been born and bred in the city of Exbury, came to live with her.

"This young woman — Miss Harriet Palmley — was a proud and handsome girl, very well brought up, and more stylish and genteel than the people of our village, as was natural, considering where

she came from. She regarded herself as much above Mrs. Winter and her son in position as Mrs. Winter and her son considered themselves above poor Mrs. Palmley. But love is an unceremonious thing, and what in the world should happen but that young Jack Winter must fall wofully and wildly in love with Harriet Palmley almost as soon as he saw her.

"She, being better educated than he, and caring nothing for the village notion of his mother's superiority to her aunt, did not give him much encouragement. But Longpuddle being no very large world, the two could not help seeing a good deal of each other while she was staying there, and, disdainful young woman as she was, she did seem to take a little pleasure in his attentions and advances.

"One day when they were picking apples together, he asked her to marry him. She had not expected anything so practical as that at so early a time, and was led by her surprise into a half-promise; at any rate she did not absolutely refuse him, and accepted some little presents that he made her.

"But he saw that her view of him was rather as a simple village lad than as a young man to look up to, and he felt that he must do something bold to secure her. So he said one day, 'I am going away, to try to get into a better position than I can get here.' In two or three weeks he wished her good-by, and went away to Monksbury, to superintend a farm, with a view to start as a farmer himself; and from there he wrote regularly to her, as if their marriage were an understood thing.

"Now Harriet liked the young man's presents and the admiration of his eyes; but on paper he was less attractive to her. Her mother had been a school-mistress, and Harriet had besides a natural aptitude for pen-and-ink work, in days when to be a ready writer was not such a common thing as it is now, and when actual handwriting was valued as an accomplishment in itself. Jack Winter's performances in the shape of love-letters quite jarred her city nerves and her finer taste, and when she answered one of them, in the lovely running hand that she took such pride in, she very strictly and loftily bade him to practise with a pen and spelling-book if he wished to please her. Whether he listened to her request or not nobody knows, but his letters did not

improve. He ventured to tell her in his clumsy way that if her heart were more warm towards him she would not be so nice about his handwriting and spelling; which indeed was true enough.

"Well, in Jack's absence the weak flame that had been set alight in Har-

riet alone was sufficient justification for any woman to put an end to an understanding with him. Her husband must be a better scholar.

"He bore her rejection of him in silence, but his suffering was sharp—all the sharper in being untold. She communi-



"GIVE ME THOSE LETTERS," HE SAID."

riet's heart soon sank low, and at last went out altogether. He wrote and wrote, and begged and prayed her to give a reason for her coldness; and then she told him plainly that she was town born, and he was not sufficiently well educated to please her.

"Jack Winter's want of pen-and-ink training did not make him less thin-skinned than others; in fact, he was woefully tender and touchy about anything. This reason that she gave for finally throwing him over grieved him, shamed him, and mortified him more than can be told in these times, the pride of that day in being able to write with beautiful flourishes, and the sorrow at not being able to do so, raging so high. Jack replied to her with an angry note, and then she hit back with smart little stings, telling him how many words he had misspelt in his last letter, and declaring again that this

cated with Jack no more; and as his reason for going out into the world had been only to provide a home worthy of her, he had no further object in planning such a home now that she was lost to him. He therefore gave up the farming occupation by which he had hoped to make himself a master-farmer, and left the spot to return to his mother.

"As soon as he got back to Longpuddle he found that Harriet had already looked wi' favor upon another lover. He was a young road contractor, and Jack could not but admit that his rival was both in manners and scholarship much ahead of him. Indeed, a more sensible match for the beauty who had been dropped into the village by fate could hardly have been found than this man, who could offer her so much better a chance than Jack could have done, with his uncertain future and limited abilities for grappling with the

world. The fact was so clear to him that he could hardly blame her.

"One day by accident Jack saw on a scrap of paper the handwriting of Harriet's new beloved. It was flowing like a stream, well spelt, the work of a man accustomed to the ink bottle and the dictionary, of a man already called in the parish a good scholar. And then it struck all of a sudden into Jack's mind what a contrast the letters of this young man must make to his own miserable old letters, and how ridiculous they must make his lines appear. He groaned and wished he had never written to her, and wondered if she had ever kept his poor performances. Possibly she had kept them, for women are in the habit of doing that, he thought, and whilst they were in her hands there was always a chance of his honest, stupid love assurances to her being joked over by Harriet with her present lover, or by anybody who should accidentally uncover them.

"The nervous, moody young man could not bear the thought of it, and at length decided to ask her to return them, as was proper when engagements were broken off. He was some hours in framing, copying, and recopying the short note in which he made his request, and having finished it, he sent it to her house. His messenger came back with the answer, by word of mouth, that Miss Palmley bade him say she should not part with what was hers, and wondered at his boldness in troubling her.

"Jack was much affronted at this, and determined to go for his letters himself. He chose a time when he knew she was at home, and knocked and went in without much ceremony; for though Harriet was so high and mighty, Jack had small respect for her aunt, Mrs. Palmley, whose little child had been his boot cleaner in earlier days. Harriet was in the room, this being the first time they had met since she had jilted him. He asked for his letters with a stern and bitter look at her.

"At first she said he might have them for all that she cared, and took them out of the bureau where she kept them. Then she glanced over the outside one of the packet, and suddenly altering her mind, she told him shortly that his request was a silly one, and slipped the letters into her aunt's work-box, which stood open on the table, locking it, and saying with a bantering laugh that of course she thought it

best to keep 'em, since they might be useful to produce as evidence that she had good cause for declining to marry him.

"He blazed up hot. 'Give me those letters!' he said. 'They are mine!'

"'No, they are not,' she replied; 'they are mine.'

"'Whos'ever they are I want them back,' says he. 'I don't want to be made sport of for my penmanship: you've another young man now! He has your confidence, and you pour all your tales into his ear. You'll be showing them to him!'

"'Perhaps,' said my lady Harriet, with calm coolness, like the heartless woman that she was.

"Her manner so maddened him that he made a step towards the work-box, but she snatched it up, locked it in the bureau, and turned upon him triumphant. For a moment he seemed to be going to wrench the key of the bureau out of her hand; but he stopped himself, and swung round upon his heel and went away.

"When he was out-of-doors alone, and it got night, he walked about restless, and stinging with the sense of being beaten at all points by her. He could not help fancying her telling her new lover or her acquaintances of this scene with himself, and laughing with them over those poor blotted, crooked lines of his that he had been so anxious to obtain. As the evening passed on he worked himself into a dogged resolution to have them back at any price, come what might.

"At the dead of night he came out of his mother's house by the back door, and creeping through the garden hedge went along the field adjoining till he reached the back of her aunt's dwelling. The moon struck bright and flat upon the walls, 'twas said, and every shiny leaf of the creepers was like a little looking-glass in the rays. From long acquaintance Jack knew the arrangement and position of everything in Mrs. Palmley's house as well as in his own mother's. The back window close to him was a casement with little leaded squares, as it is to this day, and was, as now, one of two lighting the sitting-room. The other, being in front, was closed up with shutters, but this back one had not even a blind, and the moonlight as it streamed in showed every article of the furniture to him outside. To the right of the room is the fireplace, as you may remember; to the left was the bureau at that time; inside the

bureau was Harriet's work-box, as he supposed (though it was really her aunt's), and inside the work-box were his letters. Well, he took out his pocket knife, and without noise lifted the leading of one of the panes, so that he could take out the glass, and putting his hand through the hole, he unfastened the casement, and climbed in through the opening. All the household—that is to say, Mrs. Palmley, Harriet, and the little maid-servant—were asleep. Jack went straight to the bureau, so he said, hoping it might have been unfastened again—it not being kept locked in ordinary—but Harriet had never unfastened it since she secured her letters there the day before. Jack told afterward how he thought of her asleep upstairs, caring nothing for him, and of the way she had made sport of him and of his letters; and having advanced so far, he was not to be hindered now. Jack, by forcing the large blade of his knife under the flap of the bureau, burst the weak lock; within was the rosewood work-box just as she had placed it in her hurry to keep it from him. There being no time to spare for getting the letters out of it then, he took it under his arm, shut the bureau, and made the best of his way out of the house, latching the casement behind him, and refixing the pane of glass in its place.

"Winter found his way back to his mother's as he had come, and being dog-tired crept up stairs to bed, hiding the box till he could destroy its contents. The next morning early he set about doing this, and carried it to the linhay at the back of his mother's dwelling. Here by the hearth he opened the box, and began burning one by one the letters that had cost him so much labor to write and shame to think of, meaning to return the box to Harriet, after repairing the slight damage he had caused it by opening it without a key, with a note—the last she would ever receive from him—telling her triumphantly that in refusing to return what he had asked for she had calculated too surely upon his submission to her whims.

"But on removing the last letter from the box he received a shock; for underneath it, at the very bottom, lay money—several golden guineas—'Doubtless Harriet's pocket-money,' he said to himself; though it was not, but Mrs. Palmley's. Before he had got over his qualms at

this discovery he heard footsteps coming through the house passage to where he was. In haste he pushed the box and what was in it under some brushwood which lay in the linhay; but Jack had been already seen. Two constables entered the out-house, and seized him as he knelt before the fireplace, securing the work-box and all it contained at the same moment. They had come to apprehend him on a charge of breaking into the dwelling-house of Mrs. Palmley on the night preceding; and almost before the lad knew what had happened to him they were leading him along the lane that connects that end of the village with this turnpike-road, and along they marched him between 'em all the way to Casterbridge jail.

"Jack's act amounted to night burglary—though he had never thought of it—and burglary was felony, and a capital offence in those days. His figure had been seen by some one against the bright wall as he came away from Mrs. Palmley's back window, and the box and money were found in his possession, while the evidence of the broken bureau lock and tinkered window-pane was more than enough for circumstantial detail. Whether his protestation that he went only for his letters, which he believed to be wrongfully kept from him, would have availed him anything if supported by other evidence I do not know; but the one person who could have borne it out was Harriet, and she acted entirely under the sway of her aunt. That aunt was deadly towards Jack Winter. Mrs. Palmley's time had come. Here was her revenge upon the household which had ruined and deprived her of her one heart's treasure—her little son. When the assize week drew on, and Jack had to stand his trial, Harriet did not appear in the case at all, which was allowed to take its course, Mrs. Palmley testifying to the general facts of the burglary. Whether Harriet would have come forward if Jack had appealed to her is not known; possibly she would have done it for pity's sake; but Jack was too proud to ask a single favor of a girl who had jilted him; and he let her alone. The trial was a short one, and the death sentence was passed.

"The day o' young Jack's execution was a cold dusty Saturday in March. He was so boyish and slim that they were obliged in mercy to hang him in the heaviest fet-

ters kept in the jail, lest his left should not break his neck, and they weighed so upon him that he could hardly drag himself up to the drop. At that time the government was not strict about burying the body of an executed person within the precincts of the prison, and at the earnest prayer of his poor mother his body was allowed to be brought home. All the parish waited at their cottage doors in the evening for its arrival: I remember how, as a very little girl, I stood by my mother's side. About eight o'clock, as we hearkened on our door-stones in the cold bright starlight, we could hear the faint crackle of a wagon from the direction of the turnpike-road. The noise was lost as the wagon dropped into a hollow, then it was plain again as it lumbered down the next long incline, and presently it entered Longpuddle. The coffin was laid in the belfry for the night, and the next day, Sunday, between the services, we buried him. A funeral sermon was preached the same afternoon, the text chosen being, 'He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.'... Yes, they were cruel times.

"As for Harriet, she and her lover were married in due time; but by all account her life was no jocund one. She and her good-man found that they could not live comfortably at Longpuddle, by

reason of her connection with Jack's misfortunes, and they settled in a distant town, and were no more heard of by us; Mrs. Palmley, too, found it advisable to join 'em shortly after. The dark-eyed, gaunt old Mrs. Winter, remembered by the emigrant gentleman here, was, as you will have foreseen, the Mrs. Winter of this story; and I can well call to mind how lonely she was, how afraid the children were of her, and how she kept herself as a stranger among us, though she lived so long."

"Longpuddle has had her sad experiences as well as her sunny ones," said Mr. Lackland.

"Yes, yes. But I am thankful to say not many like that, though good and bad have lived among us."

"There was Georgy Crookhill—he was one of the shady sort, as I have reason to know," observed the registrar, with the manner of a man who would like to have his say also.

"I used to hear what he was as a boy at school."

"Well, as he began so he went on. It never got so far as a hanging matter with him, to be sure; but he had some narrow escapes of penal servitude; and once it was a case of the biter bit."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON F. W. FARRAR, D.D.

WHETHER we admire or despise it, whether we detest or sympathize with it, the Salvation Army represents one of the most remarkable religious movements of this generation. I do not write this paper with a view either of denouncing or of defending it. I wish merely to place on record a brief account of its development, and to point out some of those secrets of its success which are worthy of the serious study of other religious bodies.

There is much in the modes of action of the Salvation Army, much in its doctrines, much in its organization, which is open to serious criticism. In the year 1882, when it first leapt into notoriety, I thought it my duty, in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, to comment in a tone of warning on some of its proceed-

ings and teaching. I see no reason to retract anything which I then said; but that light of God which shines on so steadily during our fleeting years, and "shows all things in the slow history of their ripening," has brought out more distinctly how much of good is mingled with what we might regard as dubious or full of peril. Experience has also taught us to make greater allowances for difficulties, and to feel more tolerant of ways and words which to us seem crude and irreverent, but which must be judged with reference to the issues which they effect, and the motives from which they spring.

Let us roughly sketch the origin and history of the movement.

William Booth—to whom it is a churlish pedantry to refuse the title of "Gen-

eral" in the sense in which alone he uses it—is now sixty years old. He was born in Nottingham, and brought up as a member of the English Church. At fourteen, with his father's consent, he joined a Wesleyan chapel; at fifteen he underwent that entire change of will and purpose which consists in giving up the heart and the life to God, and which is called conversion. About that time two or three ardent youths who had experienced the same change began an evangelistic work among the poor. William Booth, though still a mere boy, flung himself into this work. He began to preach out-of-doors in all weathers. At seventeen he was a recognized lay preacher. At nineteen he was urged to join the Wesleyan ministry, but though he delayed to take this step, owing to the weakness of his health, he continued to preach as a layman until, at the age of twenty-four, he became a minister of the Methodist New Connection. In that year he married the remarkable lady whose quiet yet burning zeal, masculine understanding, feminine tenderness, and perfect faith have rendered such invaluable service to the great work of his life. His preaching was attended from the first by remarkable signs of outward success. He awakened that enthusiasm of revivalism which has been witnessed again and again in America and in England, and which characterized the evangelical addresses of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Mr. Booth succeeded in calling forth the same signs of religious awakening which have been renewed in all ages when the fountains of the great deep of spiritual emotion are broken up. He had himself been deeply impressed by the ministrations of an American revivalist—the Rev. James Canehey—and he everywhere set before him a similar ideal and similar methods. His work was so obviously efficacious that he was sent as an evangelist to many large towns, especially in the manufacturing districts; and hundreds or even thousands of hearers came forward to be registered as converts.

Such successes always kindle jealousy and antagonism, akin to that which raged in the days of the Apostles between the Judaizers and the followers of St. Paul, and in the Middle Ages between the seculars and the regulars. Yielding to the pressure put upon him by those who are suspicious of all activities except the pastoral, Mr. Booth worked in the ordinary

routine of a Methodist minister for four years. But he felt that this was not the sphere of labor to which he had been called by God; and in 1861, by a bold act of faith and self-sacrifice, he resigned his regular ministry, and went forth to do his appointed task, trusting in God for maintenance, and not knowing whither he went. How many of those who have no language for him too contemptuous would have been ready to face the world as he did, with a wife and four delicate little children, to abandon all certain means of support, and to alienate almost every friend, in order to win more souls to God?

In Cornwall, where he began his new efforts, all the chapels of his own connection were closed against him. Nevertheless he won many to better lives by open-air services, and a religious movement was begun which he then first felt it necessary to organize, lest it should drift into useless anarchy. The birth of a sixth child rendered it advisable for him to settle for six months at Leeds; but there, "in the market-place, amidst oaths and blasphemies, and peltings and mobbings, with 'skeleton armies,' who did not then bear the name, but acted after the same fashion," he struggled hard for souls. After this, the family went to London, and Mr. Booth, with ever-increasing results, began to preach at Mile End Waste. After two or three Sundays his tent was blown down and torn to pieces by a night of storm, and then he began to hire places for in-door services. From 1870 till 1878 the movement, simply known at first as "The Christian Mission," was carried on not only in old chapels, but in old wool-rooms, stables, carpenters' shops, penny gaffs, skittle alleys, beer-houses, and theatres, many of which had been noted haunts of immorality;—and everywhere with unusual consequences. Originally there had been no intention to form any separate organization. The object had been only to turn souls "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God," leaving all further care of them to any permanent religious body they might choose to join. But this was found to be impracticable. The new converts, we are told, would not go to regular church services; they fancied that they were neither wanted nor welcomed; and they were themselves needed to do the work of new evangelists to others. In 1873 Mrs. Booth,

overcoming her own intense reluctance, began to preach. In 1874 and the two following years the work spread to Portsmouth, Chatham, Wellingborough, Hammersmith, Hackney, Leeds, Leicester, Stockton, Middlesborough, Cardiff, Hartlepool, and other towns, where recent converts of the humblest rank—tinkers, railway guards, navvies—took charge of new stations. In 1876, shaking itself more and more free from the trammels of custom and routine, the Army deliberately utilized the services of women. In 1877 it spread still further. In 1878 it "attacked" no less than fifty towns, and—more by what we should call "accident" than by design—assumed the title of the Salvation Army. It also adopted, for good or for evil, the whole vocabulary of military organization, which has caused it to be covered with ridicule, but which may undoubtedly have aided its discipline and helped its progress. In 1879 advance was marked by the imprisonment of three Salvationists—who refused, as always, to pay the alternative fine—for the offence of praying in a country road near a public-house, which was regarded as "obstructing the thoroughfare." In this year began also the establishment of training homes for the instruction and equipment of the young officers; the printing of the *War Cry*; the use of uniforms and badges; and the extension of the work to Philadelphia and the United States. In 1880 the United Kingdom was mapped into divisions. In 1881 the work was extended to Australia and the colonies, and so stupendous had become the religious energy of the soldiers that they began to dream of the religious rescue of Europe as well as of Great Britain and its empire-colonies. Since that year its spread, in spite of all opposition, has been steady and continuous, until, in 1890, it excited the attention of the civilized world by that immense scheme of social amelioration into which we shall not here enter particularly. At the present moment the Army has no less than 9349 regular officers, 13,000 voluntary officers, 30 training homes, with 400 cadets, and 2864 corps scattered over 32 different countries. In England alone it has 1377 corps, and has held some 160,000 open-air meetings. This represents a part of its religious work. Besides this it has in social work 30 rescue homes, 5 shelters, 3 food depots, and many other agencies for good. It began in the labors of

a single friendless dissenting minister, without name, without fame, without rank, without influence, without eloquence; a man poor and penniless, in weak health, burdened with delicate children, and disowned by his own connection; it now numbers multitudes of earnest evangelists. It began in an East End rookery, and in less than twenty years it has gone "from New Zealand right round to San Francisco, and from Cape Town to Nordköping." It has shelters, refuges, penitentiaries, food depots, sisterhoods, and brotherhoods already established in the slums. It has elevated thousands of degraded lives. It has given hope and help to myriads of hopeless and helpless outcasts. It has proposed a scheme which, in spite of square miles of damp blanket and oceans of cold water, has received the sympathy of some of the best and highest men both in church and state. I think that even the bitterest, the most unjust, the most cynical, and the most finical of the laymen and clerics who have written to traduce and execrate it might wish to God that in the life work of any one of them they had done one-thousandth fraction of good comparable in any one visible direction to that which has been wrought by "General" Booth.

It is obvious, then, that we have to deal with very tangible facts, and that if we would find any analogy for the growth and force of this movement we must go back to the enthusiasm exerted by the preaching of the Crusades, to the work of Francis and Dominic in founding the mendicant orders, to the Protestant Reformation, to the preaching of George Fox, or to the growth of Wesleyanism at the close of the last century. Further, no attentive student of early church history can fail to see many striking points of analogy between the methods adopted and the results achieved by the Salvation Army and those which astonished and disgusted the pagan world in the rapid success attained by the early missionaries of the Christian Church. Those ragged, wandering, and maligned preachers, whom trade denounced, whom respectability disowned, whom the religion of the day (including the Judaism from which they mostly sprang) excommunicated and anathematized, whom the spirit of the world spurned away with contumely, whom rulers imprisoned and martyred, whom

malignity searched with candles, nevertheless did, with the irresistible might of weakness, shake the world. They kindled—first in Palestine, then in the Greek islands and Asia Minor, then in northern, then in southern Greece, then in Italy and Spain, and then all over the civilized world, and even among barbarians—point after point of twinkling light. They left behind them small and despised communities of slaves and artisans, many of which were overwhelmed and obliterated by the violence of persecution. Critics and satirists and philosophers ridiculed the new sect and all its peculiarities—its tongues, its enthusiasm, its “Corybantic” manifestations. They prophesied that this “foul and execrable superstition,” the adherents of which they charged with every conceivable enormity, would turn out to be a fanaticism as transitory as it was contemptible. Nevertheless it lived. Whether the Salvation Army will live or not as a separate organization, it is impossible to prophesy. Other and perhaps deeper movements have had their day and ceased to be; but we may at least learn something from its sincerities, and we may be certain that if it have done any harm it will also leave behind it a treasure of valuable experience and a legacy of permanent good.

For certainly it has been partaker of affliction, and has been tried in the fire. The world, the flesh, and the devil always try to corrupt, to defile, to trample down, to imprison, to slander to death, any effort which is made against their combined iniquities and their wealthy vested interests in drink, vice, and degradation. But let the powers of evil, even when they enlist on their side a “soulless clericalism,” gnash their teeth and learn their own impotence, when they see that their very opposition is turned into a source of strength to their enemies. At first, when the Salvation Army met in purloins as suffocating as the Catacombs, the roughs, larrikins, and young thieves used to throw stones and fireworks at its gatherings of the wretched, and to fire trains of gunpowder laid from the door inward. “I have seen the General pelted with the rest of us many a time,” writes one of his officers; “but he always used to say to the people to take no notice, and go straight on, and that was the best.” The drink sellers and gin-shop owners have especially and most naturally been mad

against the Salvation Army, and the vendors of rum have often been the founders of the lewd and infamous “skeleton armies” to put it down—too often with the secret sympathy and open protection of the “respectable” inhabitants. The officers—young women as well as young men—often in the midst of labors noble, heroic, and profoundly self-sacrificing, have been insulted with foul obscenities, spit upon, deluged with refuse, pelted with garbage and brick-bats, belabored with sticks and broken chairs, bespattered from head to foot with mud, hounded from street to street by mobs, buried under tons of printed calumnies, enveloped, from the Booths down to the humblest Salvation Lassies, with whirlwinds of abuse. Even in 1881 no less than 669 of its men, women, and children had been “knocked down or otherwise brutally assaulted.” Nor was this all. The religious bodies have rarely had a good word for them. The law, the magistrates, the police, have been generally against them. Even when they have been wearied, worn out, sickened, exhausted by their labors to reach the souls of the drunkard, the harlot, the rough, and the gutter child, they have sometimes had to bear afterward a sentence of imprisonment from some magistrate whose facetiousness at their expense has convulsed his whole court with roars of idiotic laughter. Yet not one of them has ever retaliated, however brutal the insults, however shameful and wanton the provocation; and there have been instances in which their pathetic patience has touched the souls of their adversaries. Some years back one of their officers, Mrs. Simmonds, a mother with two babes, accompanied by a poor colored girl—one of their first Hallelujah Lassies—named Clara Lewis, faced the “massed ruffianism” of Pietermaritzburg, and merchants and “gentlemen” took part in the interruption of their meetings. Amid such scenes the poor colored girl died. She was accidentally burnt to death, and passed away, “after bearing agonies of pain, in glorious peace.” “The Volunteer Corps of the city,” says Commissioner Railton, “as well as thousands of others, turned out to follow her charred remains to a Salvation soldier’s grave. I question whether in all the records of the colonies there could be found an instance of equal respect paid to a colored woman.”

How comes it, then, that an unknown,

rejected, isolated worker has struck the lightning of life into the valley of which the bones were so old and so dry? How comes it that he can point to more lives obviously rescued, more souls brought to fruits of repentance, than hundreds—I should not exaggerate if I said than thousands—of the agnostics and clergymen who have no language for him but that of hatred, slander, and abuse? The reasons are manifold, but the two chief reasons are: first, that he recognized a tremendous need; and next, that instead of acquiescing in impotence, as most men do, he determined to grapple with that need by new and unconventional methods.

1. The Salvation Army met an immense need. That anybody should deny the existence of that need is little short of monstrous. It lies at our doors. It faces us in our daily walks. We see its reeling, ragged, degraded, emaciated victims by day hanging in dirty, blighted, drink-sodden groups round the doors of the gin-shops—those licensed traps of flaming temptation—which cause the root of myriads of men and women to be as rottenness, and their blossom to go up as dust. We see the diseased and haggard faces of troops of victims of a cruel civilization, pale with the near approach of loathly death or unpitied suicide, under the gaslight of our crowded thoroughfares, in which they are permitted shamelessly to sow the seeds of physical leprosy and moral contamination. We read the story of the crimes of drunken ruffians in deeds of grotesque shame or soul-chilling horror in the records of criminal justice. They fill our prisons, they overcrowd our hospitals, they exhaust the resources of our enormous asylums, they paralyze the scattered and inefficient efforts of our charity. So familiar is the spectacle of this social wreckage, so callously indifferent have we grown to the existence of these “sons and daughters of misery and the multitude ready to perish,” so little have we accustomed ourselves to care for these “waste places fertile in sorrow,” that multitudes think no state of mind respecting them to be philosophical, except one of hopeless apathy and immoral acquiescence. Let one single chance piece of the statistics, not of crime, but of misery, serve the purpose of hundreds which might be furnished. The special subcommittee of the London School Board for School-children in London report on

July 25, 1889, that “the average number of children attending board schools in London at the time of the inquiry was 341,497; of these, 110,759 had their fees remitted for poverty; 43,888 are returned as habitually attending school in want of food; and 24,739 of these hungry ones left school unfed.” We look out upon a stormy sea strewn with unnumbered shipwrecks, and we criticise in our arm-chairs the construction of the life-boat which is being pushed over the shingle, or the religious opinions of the brave crew which fain would launch it through the overwhelming billows. We have so persuaded ourselves that the Juggernaut car of political economy must go on crushing its millions under the weight of its hideous idol, we are so piously convinced (“the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose”) that the poor shall never cease out of the land, and that every effort of compassion is certain “to do more harm than good,” that at last multitudes, in their secret hearts, have excused themselves from the incidence of self-denying duties, and have come to regard the gospel precepts of charity as a convention or a mistake. But, as Mr. Lowell warns us, “there is a poison in the sores of Lazarus against which Dives has no antidote”; and the voice of Mr. George is not the only one which has been raised to prophesy that the Goths and Vandals who shall wreck those modern institutions of which we are so inordinately proud are being bred, not in the wilds of Asia, but in the slums of great cities. Professor Huxley, too, though he has raised his voice so loudly against General Booth, and the brave scheme of social amelioration of which his officers might be the humble instruments, has yet depicted in strong colors the wretched condition of “hordes of ignorance and poverty coagulated in great cities.”

2. The practical, the energetic, the self-denying recognition of this need redounds to the credit of the founder of the Salvation Army. If “love be the fulfilling of the law”; if “the end of the commandment be love out of a pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned”; if it be “pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world”—then the poor Salvationists may claim to have lived far more nearly in

accordance with the ideal of true Christianity than the lofty and purpureal personages who have sneered at them with such supercilious superiority. Varro, after the crushing defeat of Cannæ, received the thanks of the Roman Senate because he had not despaired of his country. General Booth has not been guilty of any responsibility for that long-continued rout of religious agencies by the spirits of evil which is represented by the fact that on one Sunday of religious services in London three millions of people were conspicuous by their absence from all places of worship; and that, though high sacramental teaching is so popular and predominant in the Church of England, not three per cent. of the working-classes, who represent the great mass of the people, are regular or even occasional communicants. It is, then, a service for which a public debt of gratitude is due to General Booth that he neither acquiesced in the immense defeat nor despaired of being able to turn rout into resistance, and resistance into victory.

"From the first," says General Booth, speaking of days when he was little more than a boy, "I learnt those simple principles on which I have acted with a blessed measure of success, and by that success I was convinced that God is no respecter of persons, but that human nature was as religiously impressionable, if not more so, in its poorest, most ignorant, and wretched forms as in any other."

It is on that principle that the Salvation Army has acted, with the vigor and with the results which are now within the cognizance of all candid inquirers. If we could have had a few such men in the Church of England and the Nonconformist bodies, we should have made the wilderness blossom as the rose. But the men who create religious revivals are rarely welcomed by the Churches. The great moral reformers are usually the martyrs of respectability, from the Hebrew prophets down to Huss, Savonarola, George Fox, and George Whitefield.

Nor is it less to Mr. Booth's credit that he saw the futility of a dull persistence in the ordinary ecclesiastical routine. If anything be certain, it is that the working-classes will never as a body be won to Christianity—and it is *practically* a heathen population with which we often have to deal in the densely crowded slums of overgrown cities—by the long services

and to them unintelligible liturgy of the Church of England, or by any of the refined preaching which may be effective for the upper and middle classes. In a remarkable report, addressed to Convocation by the Rural Deanery of Stepney, a few years ago, the clergy said that of the wretchedest part of the population *none* attend church, and only from twenty to thirty per cent. of the artisans; that in 31 parishes there was an average of only one clergyman to every 3700 of the population; that this universal indifference to anything connected with religion was due to the overcrowding, the grim and dreary struggle for existence, the want of decent clothes, the prevalence of drunkenness, and the ignorance and prejudice caused by caricatures of religion. And their sad verdict was that in its liturgy the Church of England was offering to the lowest classes something which they did not want and could not understand; and that "after making every allowance, there is a multitude to whom no voice has spoken, to whom no hand has been held out, either by the Church or by any other organization, and who are growing up utterly neglected and outcast."

Again, in a report addressed to the London Diocesan Conference by a committee appointed to inquire into the condition of poor parishes in 1888, we find the remarkable words that, "as a rule, the parochial clergy are driven to their wits' end to find funds"; that "the crushing burden of imminent insolvency depresses in them the main-spring of vital hope and energy, and to a large extent *frustrates the intentions of the Christian ministry*"; that, "owing to ignorance and indifference, there is an *aversion among working-men to public worship in church*"; that "in six rural deaneries of London there are but 10 clergy to 83,700 souls"; that "the clergy are isolated, a mere handful of skirmishers in face of the solid squares of the enemy"; and that in many of our crowded centres "the Church is more like a bulk unable to move than a ship with her sails set, being, as she is, ill equipped with material resources, and manned by an insufficient and depressed crew, put on board to do a task which is impossible."

And yet, in spite of such testimonies, which might be indefinitely multiplied, the work of almost every religious community continues to be parochial in its limi-

tations and stereotyped in its methods. Nothing but a great extension of elasticity and a Pentecostal outpouring of enthusiasm will ever produce that moral and spiritual upheaval which can alone shake the masses out of their apathy. If the people will not come to the churches, the Church must take its services to the people, or other services less stately and better adapted for their end. If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, it is a common-sense inference that Mohammed must go to the mountain. The late Mr. E. Denison went purposely to live in the midst of the people and to learn their wants, and he wrote as follows: "What is the use of telling people to come to church when they know of no rational reason why they should; when, if they go, they find themselves among people using forms of words which have never been explained to them; ceremonies performed which to them are entirely without meaning; sermons preached which as often as not have no meaning, or when they have a meaning, intelligible only to those who have studied religion all their lives?" The four simple principles of the Salvation Army, as stated by its founder, are: (1) going to the people with the message of salvation; (2) attracting the people; (3) saving the people; and (4) employing the people from the first, as far as possible, in religious work.

No objection against the Salvation Army is more common on the lips of superfine people than that which complains of its shouting and howling and blaspheming and vulgarity. Well, but though there may be at times real vulgarity, which should be seen to and checked, and often is seen to and checked, at headquarters, it is well for us all to make up our minds that the people of our slums will never be won by a rose-pink religionism. The Salvationists have a right to say that the Father, "who desireth that all who worship Him should worship Him in spirit and in truth," may be worshipped by one of His street children in street English which may be "quite shocking" to the female mind.

The heavy wagon of misery and destitution and godlessness would have been sticking and floundering more hopelessly even than now it is, in the muddy swamps of our social neglect, if the Salvation Army had been careful to push it only in the old ruts. It has been only with difficulty

that it has saved itself from dying of respectability, as has been so often said of the Church of England, for "there is no prejudice, no regard for old-fashioned ideas and customs, which has not been and is not to-day strongly and respectably represented within the Army itself." The good sense of the General has saved it from being submerged in this Slough of Despond. "You see," he said, "we have no reputations to lose. As for you" (he was speaking to a friend), "you can do nothing without considering what somebody will say; and while you are considering and hearing what somebody will say, life is going." "Everybody," says another chief official of the Army, "has settled it that we are fools, if not a great deal worse; therefore we can go into a town and do exactly what we think best without taking the least notice of what anybody may say and wish. We have only to please God, and get the people saved."

But then the music! There are many who cannot away with their drums and trumpets and tambourines; and they triumphantly ask, Is this Christianity? The question is silly. No one supposes it to be Christianity, or to have anything more to do with essential Christianity than the crosses, and banners, and processions, and acolytes in surplices and scarlet cassocks, and thuribles, and brodered stoles of our ritualistic churches. The drums and trumpets are not even remotely associated, as are these gorgeous adjuncts of modern Anglicanism, with the insinuation of any doctrine. They have no purpose in the world but the very innocent one of attracting the people to gatherings where they may hear something which benefits their souls. "We do not believe in all this noise and blare and jiggling," says the comatose sensibility of comfortable pietism. No one does, except as David and the Psalmists believed in it, when they exhort us "to make a cheerful noise to the God of our salvation"; to "take the psalm, bring hither the tabret, the merry harp, with the lute"; or as the children of Israel believed in it, when their tribes marched to the yearly festivals in rivers of melody. Some members of the Church of England chant every day of their lives, "O come let us sing unto the Lord, let us *heartily rejoice* in the strength of our salvation." Music is the natural expression of joy. The songs and music of

the Salvation Army may not be so refined as the hymns of Newman and Lyte, or as the music of Mozart and Beethoven, but they are even better adapted to the needs of the poor people to whom they appeal. The experience of Wesley, and his desire that "the devil should not have all the best tunes," ought to have taught a lesson in this direction to the Church of England. There may not be much poetry in

"Free from the bondage,
Free from the fear,
Crowned with salvation,
Heaven even here,
Shouting hallelujah as we march along,
O come and join our happy throng,"

but those who have heard the joy of the Salvationists as they sing it may well decline to act in the spirit of the Pharisees, who, when the children shouted Hosannas before the path of Jesus, indignantly asked, "Master, hearest thou what these say?" and received the rebuke, "Yea, did ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

"These people will sing their way round the world in spite of us," said a Brooklyn divine; and he was right, as the result has proved. Cannot we echo the tolerant and loving words—

"Do these men praise Him? I will raise
My voice up to their point of praise!
I see the error; but above
The scope of error, see the love—
O love of those first Christian days!"

The overpowering joy which some poor creature shows who has been rescued from the neglect of the respectable, who have only shrugged their shoulders at him, and left him to the tender mercies of the publican, is one of the characteristics of these humble converts. They delight to take the names of "Saved Jim" and "Happy Eliza." The drinking, fighting, foul-mouthed blackguard John Allen, a big rough navvy, was converted at the East India Dock gates, and for ten years afterward toiled for the Army "with the energy of a lion and the devotion of a martyr." He died of typhoid fever, after much suffering, and he said to the General, who visited him on his death-bed,

"I am the happiest man in Portsmouth."

"Shall I tell the people," asked General Booth, "that when your feet were in the river you found Jesus as good?"

"Better, better," was the dying man's reply.

They who have been witnesses not only of such scenes, but even of ordinary meetings of the Salvationists, have often been constrained to confess, "These people have got something that I have not." It is with entire conviction that many of them sing and shout, "Heaven even here!" at the very time that they are struggling with poverty and hardship, and are being loaded with execration. The poet-preacher of the English Church has somewhere said that "the road to heaven lies through heaven, and all the way to heaven is heaven." But I doubt whether the sense of this blessedness is so vividly manifested in many churches as it is in these gatherings of humble and vulgar people, which recall to our memory the little companies of slaves and artisans—not many rich, not many noble, not many mighty—who met to listen to St. Paul in the purlieus of Corinth or Ephesus, or at Rome among the Jewish mendicants of the Trastevere. Were the crowds of Galileans who listened to Jesus by the lake-side or on the lilled hill—the publicans and harlots and sinners, the poor, the blind, the halt, the maimed, whose very speech bewrayed them—were they so much superior in refinement, or in their ways of expressing it? Has the Church no message except to the staid and the self-contained? Must she never soil her fingers or drop her *h's*? Is she never to show herself unconventional or inelastic? A visitor, who went over from the West End to hear Mr. Booth preach in the Effingham Theatre, said: "We found we were not listening to a parson who had so many hymns to sing, so many words to say, and then done. It was a *man* profoundly religious, thoroughly in earnest, but able to talk without any sort of stiffness or formality straight from his heart, and a man who was determined to be listened to and to succeed." For myself, as one who has had his own work to do, and who could not, had he wished it ever so much, have done the sort of work—rough but most necessary and most successful—which has been done by the Salvation Army, I sometimes think of these Salvationists in the words of Robert Browning:

"Well, less is more, Lucrezia. I am judged.
There lives a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed, beating, stuffed, and stopped-up
brains,
Hearts, or whatever else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of
mine."

Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world."

Amid such fierce storms of calumny the soldiers of the Salvation Army have found some who have been candid enough to admit and to appreciate the good which they have done.

At the seventeenth anniversary of the Army, in the Alexandra Park, in August, 1882, Queen Victoria sent this telegram to Mr. Booth: "Her Majesty learns with much satisfaction that you have, with the other members of your society, been successful in your efforts to win many thousands to the ways of temperance, virtue, and religion."

A Cardinal, a Lord Chancellor, a great orator and statesman, three bishops, and two eminent preachers have added their favorable approving words.

Cardinal Manning, ever nobly anxious to help the outcast and the oppressed, was one of the earliest to write to General Booth, to praise his efforts for the good of his fellow-men, and to express the hope that God would further them with His blessing.

"What I would impress upon you," said Earl Cairns in 1882, "and upon those who listen to the reports which, either from mistake, ignorance, or prejudice, are circulated about the proceedings of the Salvation Army, is—don't believe them. Go and see for yourself, or inquire, in any case, and ask for explanation, and I feel sure you will get it. Let us, then, having got this great agency to do the work which is so much needed, not merely go away, and say, 'Yes, it is all very interesting, and no doubt much good is being done,' but let us join to lend a helping hand to this great movement."

Again, Bishop Lightfoot, one of the most careful-minded of men, said, in a charge to his clergy, "The Salvation Army has at least *recalled to us a lost secret of Christianity*—the compulsion of human souls." If in the deliberate judgment of the ablest and most learned prelate on the bench the Salvation Army has recalled "a lost secret of Christianity," it is hardly an agency to be treated by Churchmen as though it were beneath all contempt.

The Bishop of Manchester, a man of wide sympathies and large experience,

gave practical effect to his expressed approval by a gift of £100.

The Bishop of Rochester, now translated to Winchester, said: "If ever the masses are to be converted, it must be by an organized lay body. Let no one be unjust to the Salvation Army. They have set the Church an example of magnificent and undaunted courage. It is well to tolerate even greater eccentricities of method if a right notion is beneath it."

Dean Vaughan, the Master of the Temple, knows well what church work is, and has trained scores of able and devoted clergymen, yet he has not hesitated to address words of sympathy and encouragement to General Booth, and to send him £50.

John Bright was a Quaker, and accustomed to the calm, the silence, the inward peace of the Quaker ministrations. He would have felt little natural sympathy with what Professor Huxley has nicknamed "Corybantic Christianity." Yet when, in Sheffield, General and Mrs. Booth had been pelted, and one of their chief officers nearly killed, he used to them these simple but remarkable words: "The men who persecute you would have persecuted the apostles."

Lastly, Canon Liddon, whom a large number of the clergy regarded as the very *beau idéal* of a Churchman, after witnessing a Salvation Army meeting, went away deeply impressed by it, and if his natural prejudices were not entirely removed, he nevertheless used these striking words: "It fills me with shame. I feel guilty when I think of myself. To think of these poor people with their imperfect grasp of the truth! And yet what a contrast between what they do and what we are doing! When I compare all the advantages which we enjoy, we who possess the whole body of truth, and see how little use we make of it, how little effect we produce by it, compared with that which was palpable at that meeting, I take shame to myself when I think of it."

Four remarkable elements of its structure have added greatly to the rapidity of the success which the Salvation Army has attained.

1. One of these is the use which it has made of the energy and devotion of women.

2. The immediate use to which the Salvation Army puts its converts. It recognized the great and nation-regenerating

truth that every Christian should be God's missionary. Many of the wavering might have been lost forever if they had not been from the first taught and encouraged to come out of their evil surroundings, and boldly to take their side with God and with the work of good.

3. The teaching men *to give*. At every meeting of the Salvation Army there is a collection. Giving is usually declared to be abhorrent to the steady-going Christian. The offertory is supposed to frighten away congregations from churches. The Salvationists have better understood human nature, and better exemplified the spirit of the early converts. They have confidently made their missions self-supporting, and have wisely taught that acts of worship are most fittingly connected with works of self-denial. That is how this sect of yesterday, started by a discredited Methodist, has succeeded in raising a revenue of some £800,000 a year.

4. But, after all, the chief secret of the growth of the Army has lain in the self-sacrifice—a self-sacrifice not short of heroism—which it has evoked in hundreds of its votaries.

In speaking of the work achieved by General Booth we have barely even alluded to all that has been accomplished in Europe, in India, in distant lands and colonies. But we have seen enough to be

reminded of the words which the poet puts into the mouth of St. Paul:

"Once for the least of children of Manasses
God had a mission and a deed to do,
Wherefore the welcome that all speech sur-
passes
Called him, and hailed him greater than he
knew.

"Asked him no more, but took him as he found
him,
Filled him with valor, slung him with a sword,
Bade him go on until the tribes around him
Mingled his name with naming of the Lord.

"This is His will: He takes and He refuses,
Finds Him ambassadors whom men deny,
Wise ones nor mighty for His saints He chooses,—
No, such as John, or Gideon, or I.

"Ay, for this Paul, a scorn and a reviling,
Weak as you know him, and the wretch you
see,
E'en in these eyes shall ye behold Him smiling,
Strength in infirmities and Christ in me."

Did not Christ Himself sanction the mighty emotion and burning enthusiasm of publicans and sinners when He said that they should enter into the Kingdom of God before Scribes and Pharisees? Did He not say, with entire approval, "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force"? Was it not one of the objects of the gospel that there should be

"Glory to God from those whom men oppress,
Honor from God to those whom men despise"?

THE REPUBLIC OF URUGUAY.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE republic of Uruguay, after having been convulsed by intestine dissensions for so many years, has now entered what is called the path of progress and prosperity. Like the other South-American republics, it made a great display of its wealth and civilization at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, and its painstaking statisticians drew up prodigious tables of figures, from which we were able to gather much interesting information about this rich and favored land. In many cases the data given by the official publication referred to require to be completed and controlled, which can only be the work of time and of laborious investigations; but their chief defect is the absence of qualifying clauses. This defect, it is to be feared, is inseparable from official reports. In such documents everything is presented in roseate tones; all that is

positive is stated; all that is negative is omitted; and, of course, whatever is concerned with the details of life and national character is considered too trivial to be dwelt upon. Let us endeavor to state with the utmost brevity the physical and economical condition of the country, and to resume in general terms the impressions of a short visit to the Banda Oriental, as this republic is generally called in South America.

First of all, let it be stated that the republic of Uruguay is situated in the temperate zone of South America, on the left bank of the Rio de la Plata, between 30° 5' and 35° south latitude, and 56° 15' and 60° 45' west longitude from the meridian of Paris. On the north and east the territory is bounded by Brazil; south-east and south by the Atlantic; southwest and west by the rivers La Plata and Uru-

guay, which separate it from the Argentine Republic. The shape of the territory is a polygon, almost entirely surrounded by water, except in the centre of the Brazilian frontier. Its perimeter is 1075 miles, of which 625 are sea and river coast. The superficies is calculated to be 63,330 geographical miles, or 186,920 square kilometres; in other words, it is about one-sixth larger than England. The territory is divided into nineteen departments. The physical aspect presents a strong contrast with the flat, treeless, and often arid pampas of the Argentine; the Banda Oriental abounds in wood, water, and hills; from end to end the undulation is continuous, and in some departments, for instance Minas, one might almost imagine one's self in Switzerland, so fine does the hill and mountain scenery become. The climate is moist, mild, and healthy, and there are really only two seasons, summer and winter, with a maximum of 36° centigrade in January, and a minimum of 3° above zero in July. The hill chains are numerous, and spread over the whole country, forming countless streams, rivers, and lakes. There are also many isolated hills, like the Cerro of Montevideo. The greatest height of the mountains, if they may be so called, is 500 metres, attained by the Cuchilla Grande, 490 by the Cuchilla de Santa Ana, and 455 by the Cuchilla de Minas.

The important rivers number seventeen, of which the chief are the Plata, the Uruguay, and the Rio Negro, the last of which runs through the centre of the territory. The Uruguay River is navigable as far as Paysandú for ocean-going ships, and as far as Salto for coasters and for the passenger steamers of light draught of the Platense Company. The distance from Buenos Ayres to Salto is 306 miles, which the Platense steamers accomplish in 36 hours. The outflow of the Uruguay River is about one-fourth only of the Paraná, averaging eleven million cubic feet per minute, or almost as much as the Ganges. The scenery of the Uruguay resembles that of the Paraná, being in some places perhaps a little bolder and more picturesque, but in general the aspect of the banks, of the bluffs, and of the towns offers nothing strikingly different from what may be seen on the Paraná between Martín García and Corrientes. The Rio Negro crosses the repub-

lic, from its source in the Cuchilla de Santa Tella in Brazil to its confluence with the Uruguay, running from southwest to west over a distance of 463 kilometres. Small schooners can navigate this river up to 55 miles from its mouth. The water-shed of the Rio Negro covers nearly three-fourths of the republic, and the soft scenery of its banks is characteristic of large sections of the country. The other thirteen rivers of the republic have courses varying from 245 kilometres to 150 kilometres, and receive more than 1500 affluents; most of them, too, are navigable up to 15, 20, and 30 miles from their mouths.

Abundantly irrigated and fertile in the majority of the departments of the republic, the soil produces every kind of grain or fruit known in temperate or sub-tropical climes. For cattle-raising it is the finest country in South America, the animals finding water, good pasture, and the shelter of trees, hills, and valleys throughout the year; whereas on the plains of the Argentine horned cattle and sheep perish by thousands from want of water and dearth in the summer, and from exposure and inundations in the winter. As regards minerals, the territory of Uruguay is rich in all the industrial and precious metals and stones, from gold and diamonds down to lead, agates, and carnelian, but owing to the want of roads and means of transport, the mining industry has not yet been developed or even carefully studied.

The chief industry of Uruguay is cattle-raising. The number of animals declared in 1887 amounted in all to more than 22 million head, comprising horned cattle, 6,119,482; sheep, 15,905,441; horses, 408,452. The proportion per square kilometre is 120.13 head, and per inhabitant, 34.64. The above figures are those of the *Anuario Estadístico*, published at Montevideo in 1889. In the tables posted up in the Pavilion of Uruguay at the Paris Exhibition, the total number of cattle existing in the republic was stated to be 32 millions, having a value of 407 millions of francs, an ox being estimated at 60 francs, a horse at 30 francs, a sheep at four francs, and a pig at 30 francs. The difference of 10 million head is more than the normal increase of two years. The discrepancy, however, need not astonish us. The Spanish-Americans have become of late years indefatigable com-

plers of statistical tables, but few of these tables resist careful scrutiny and control. We must be content to accept the figures given as being more or less exact. These enormous totals mean clearly that Uruguay is essentially a pastoral country. Agriculture, we find, is developed only in the departments of Montevideo, Canelones, and Colonia; in the departments of the interior it has not made any notable progress. Nevertheless the country produces more cereals than are needed for home consumption, and in 1887 upward of four millions of francs' worth of grain was exported. Efforts have been made to cultivate vines in Uruguay, and the experiments promise to be successful.

An industry derived from the pastoral is that of the *saladeros*—establishments where animals are killed, and their hides, flesh, etc., salted or otherwise utilized. In Uruguay the great *saladeros* are at Montevideo, at the foot of the Cerro, and at Fray Bentos, Paysandú, and Salto, on the Uruguay River. The model establishment and the most famous is that of Fray Bentos, where Liebig's extract of beef is made. This *saladero*, founded in 1864, kills 1000 animals a day during the summer season, and employs 600 men. At Montevideo one of the best *saladeros* for visiting is that of Cibils, but in all the establishments the processes of slaughtering and cutting up are the same, and the scene of bloodshed equally nauseating. The meat, cut into long bands, salted, and dried in the sun, becomes *charqui* or *tassaio*, and is exported in bags, chiefly to Brazil and Cuba. The demand, however, is decreasing, and consequently, both in Uruguay and in the Argentine, great efforts are being made to organize the exportation of live cattle and refrigerated meat on a grand scale to European ports. At present between 700,000 and 800,000 head of cattle are killed every year in the republic of Uruguay, and nearly half that total is slaughtered in the *saladeros* of Montevideo.

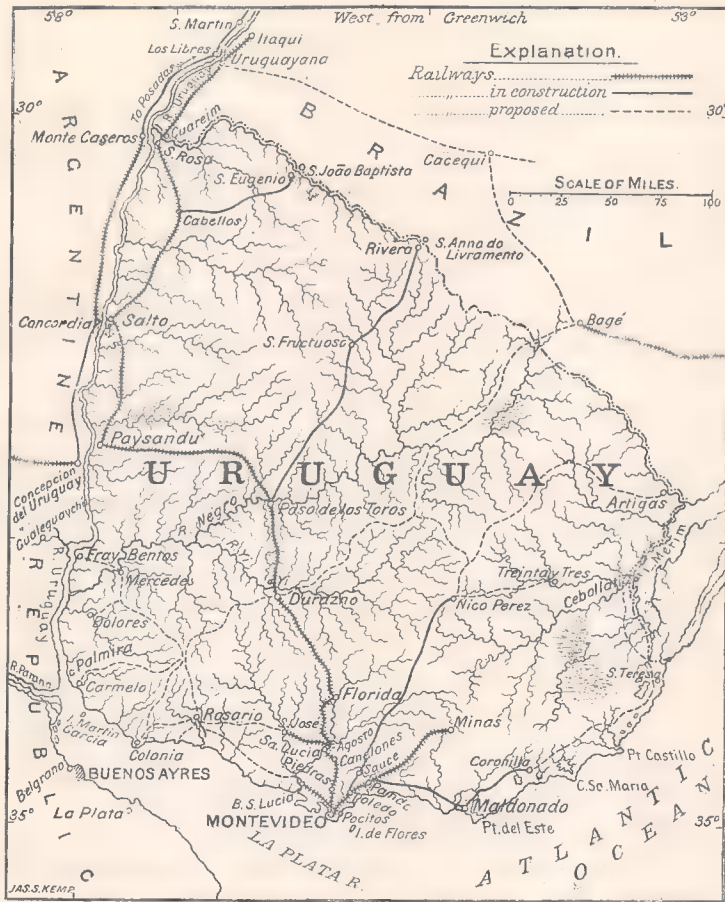
The population of the Republica Oriental del Uruguay was estimated in 1888 at 687,194 souls. The latest census of the department of Montevideo, taken November 18, 1889, gave a total of 214,682 inhabitants, comprising 114,578 natives and 100,104 foreigners, of whom four-fifths live in the city of Montevideo itself.

The density of the population in the whole republic in 1888 was 3.46 inhabi-

tants per square kilometre; but, taking the density department by department, we find 308.54 per square kilometre in Montevideo, 14.76 in Canelones, 6.40 in Colonia, and then dwindling down in the remaining departments from 3.26 to 0.55 in Artigas. Four departments—Durazno, Minas, Treinta y Tres, and Cerro Largo—have only 1.61 inhabitants to the square kilometre. These figures explain the lonely aspect of the country as one crosses it even by rail. Almost the third part of the population of the republic lives in Montevideo. Outside of Montevideo there is nothing to be seen but undulating prairies, flocks and herds, ranchos, wood, water, sky, and a few human beings riding along with their *ponchos* sweeping their horses' flanks. The country being essentially pastoral, the chief, and one might say almost the only, articles of exportation are live-stock and animal products known as *productos de ganaderia*, including wool, hair, bones, dried meat, hides, tallow, etc. England, France, Germany, and Brazil are the countries that do most trade with Uruguay, both in exportation and importation.

From the statements made in connection with the payment of the direct taxes, it appears that in 1887, the date given by the latest official statistics, the value of property declared amounted to \$272,529,674 gold, and the number of proprietors to 54,761. Of this total the majority—51.34 per cent.—are foreigners, namely, 28,112, and 26,649, or 48.66 per cent., Uruguayans. The most numerous foreigners are Italians (8329); then follow in order, Spaniards (7724), Brazilians (6776), French (2895), Argentines (842), English (492), Germans (356), Swiss (271), Portuguese (267), etc. As regards the value of property held by foreigners, the Brazilians head the list with \$50,823,238; the Spaniards and Italians follow with thirty-one and thirty millions; then the French with sixteen, the English with eight, the Argentines with five, the Germans with three millions; and lastly the Portuguese and other nationalities. In the provinces it is important to note that the Brazilians are the most numerous foreign property-holders after the natives, their number being 6716. The Spaniards, Italians, and French follow, with 5904, 4429, and 1843 respectively.

The principal revenue of the Uruguayan republic is derived from the customs duties, which amount to 46½ millions of francs



MAP OF URUGUAY.

in a total budget of about 70 millions of francs; the property taxes give about six millions of francs, and the balance is produced by post-office, stamps, patents, licenses, etc. These figures are enough to indicate that Uruguay is extremely protectionist. Indeed, the first article of the customs law of 1888 says that "all foreign merchandise imported for consumption" shall pay an *ad valorem* duty of 31 per cent., except arms, powder, cheese, butter, ham, meat, etc., which pay 51 per cent.; hats, clothes, shoes, furniture, carriages, etc., 48 per cent.; chocolate, candles, and various comestibles, 44 per cent. I quote only two or three instances, which will suffice to explain for what reasons living is very dear in the Banda Oriental, and wages only apparently high.

The political organization is that of a representative republic, and the Constitu-

tion is modelled on that of the United States of North America. The President is elected for a period of four years, and, owing to causes analogous to those existing in the Argentine Republic, this dignity has hitherto exercised almost absolute power, nullifying the sovereignty of the people and practically appointing his successor. The last President—General Tajes—created a notable precedent in South-American politics by refusing to interfere in the nomination of his successor, or even to express a personal preference for any particular candidate. This conduct was much commended and warmly applauded by the liberal Argentine and Chilian press in the beginning of 1890, when the Uruguayans, for the first time, were left free to elect their President. The successful candidate was Sr. Herrera y Obes. Political life, however,

is very torpid in this thinly inhabited pastoral land, and the phenomena that it presents are neither instructive nor interesting. The chief point to be noted is that since the period of revolutions and dictatorships has been closed the progress of the country has been rapid, and considerable efforts are being made to promote public instruction, public works, and national development in general.

The apparatus of public instruction consists of a university at Montevideo—with upward of 600 students and 60 professors—and 380 public schools, of which 62 are in the department of Montevideo, and the balance in the other provinces. The number of pupils at these schools in 1888 was 18,000 boys and nearly 15,000 girls, and the teaching staff numbered 700, of whom 230 were men and the rest women. The cost of education is calculated at about \$16 (gold) per head per annum. The number of private schools in the whole republic is about 400, and the number of their pupils about 21,000. Of these private schools 250 are in the department of Montevideo, and the rest in the country. The teaching staff of the private schools is composed of some 800 persons, the majority being women; and of this total about 170 are members of religious communities. At Montevideo there is a school of arts and trades, with over 200 pupils, 36 professors, and 24 experts, installed in a fine new building near the Playa Ramirez. There is also a military college, with 60 pupils, supported by the state, who come out with the grade of sub-lieutenant.

The army of Uruguay, in the rank and file of which are many Africans and Indians, is remarkable for the number of its generals and superior officers. It is composed of four battalions of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, and one of artillery, forming a total of 3264 soldiers, 197 officers, and 21 generals on active service, to say nothing of many who enjoy pensions. The navy consists of three gun-boats and seven small steamers, manned by 119 men, 43 engineers and stokers, and 12 superior officers and 10 chiefs (*jefes*). With the exception of the frontier garrison troops and of those stationed in the capital, the majority of the soldiers are scattered throughout the provinces, where they perform the duties of rural police, maintain order in the villages, and stroll down to the railway stations to see the

trains pass and hear the news. They are dressed somewhat in the French style, and, as a rule, look rather shabby and neglected.

The budget of the republic for 1890-1 was fixed at \$16,081,247 86, and the revenues were estimated at \$16,143,000, thus leaving a surplus of \$61,752 14. Generally speaking, the finances of the country have been of late years in a fair condition, and the Argentine crisis arrived just in time to arrest certain tendencies toward wild speculation and fictitious operations, which were beginning to manifest themselves in Montevideo with all the symptoms that had been observed in Buenos Ayres. The continuation of the economical crisis, and the subsequent revolution in the Argentine, caused, however, grave perturbations in the commerce and finances of Montevideo, as was to be expected, given the considerable intercourse between these two great ports of La Plata.

The republic of Uruguay is still poorly provided with ways of communication. The jolting diligence maintains an undisputed reign over the greater part of the territory; roads are wanting; and for these reasons the mineral wealth of the country, although more or less known, has been neglected. But as the railway lines advance and branch out, we are likely very shortly to hear of the creation of great extractive enterprises, including several gold mines. As in the Argentine, the railways already made, in making, or to be made in Uruguay are practically the monopoly of English capital. The chief company is the Central Uruguay, whose three trunk lines spread out like a duck's foot, and mark the whole territory as their own. One line runs from Montevideo through the towns of La Paz, Piedras, Canelones, Santa Lucia, Florida, Durazno, across the river Yi by means of a bridge 2005 feet long and 50 feet high, and so on to Paso de los Toros and Rio Negro, where it crosses the river of that name over a magnificent bridge resting on nine pillars, with viaducts of approach at each end, supported by 11 pillars. The distance from Montevideo to Paso de los Toros is 273 kilometres. At this latter point is a junction with the Midland Uruguay line, which runs to the important town of Paysandú, famous for its canned ox tongues, and thence to Salto, having a total length of about 318 kilometres. At Salto is the terminus of the Ferrocarril Noroeste del Uruguay,



A RANCHO.

which runs to Santa Rosa and Cuareim, a distance of nearly 179 kilometres, and works in combination with the Brazilian Great Southern line between Cuareim, Uruguayana, and Itaquí. This line is of great importance for commerce with Brazil, and for the departments of Salto and Paysandú, because the navigation of the Uruguay from Salto up to Brazil, besides the obstacle presented by the falls, is frequently interrupted by the sinking of the waters of the river.

A branch of the Central Uruguay 33 kilometres long runs from the station of Veinte Cinco de Agosto as far as San José, and there are projects for extending the line to Rosario, and thence to Colonia, to Palmira, and to Fray Bentos; but there is no probability of these branches being built for years to come. The main lines above mentioned form a trunk series, connecting the western parts of Uruguay with Montevideo, Brazil, and the great ports of the Uruguay and La Plata rivers.

A second trunk line, the Ferrocarril Nordeste del Uruguay, owned by the Central Uruguay, runs from Montevideo to Minas, a distance of 122 kilometres, with thirteen stations, in a rich agricultural, marble, and stone-quarrying region. From the station of Toledo on this line, a few miles only from Montevideo, starts a line 300 kilometres long to Nico Pérez, with a projected ultimate extension to Artigas. The line to Nico Pérez will doubtless be open for traffic in 1892. A third trunk line is the extension of the Central Uruguay from Paso de los Toros to Rivera, on the Brazilian frontier, which will also be completed, in all probability, before the end of 1892, the distance between the two points being about 300 kilometres. From Rivera there is a length of about 70 kilometres of railway needed to reach Cacequi, a point on the Brazilian line from Porto Alegre to Uruguayana.

This system of rails would place the



SANTA LUCIA.

province of Rio Grande do Sul in direct communication with Montevideo, which would thus become the natural port of this rich section of Brazil, instead of Porto Alegre, which is practically useless, because the mouth of the harbor is blocked up with sand and the entrance impossible sometimes for months together. Indeed, even at present, Montevideo is virtually the port of Rio Grande, thanks to the great contraband business carried on by means of bullock carts, which carry European goods from Uruguay across the frontier, the Brazilian import duties being so much higher than those of the Banda Oriental that the operation is remunerative. The great amount of business already done between the republic of Uruguay and the neighboring Brazilian province, and the near prospect of closer and easier communications, thanks to railway extensions, render it permissible to entertain the idea of the possible union of the two, the more so as the interests and the sympathies of the inhabitants point that way; for, although the inhabitants of the province of Rio Grande are Portuguese, there is more real affinity between them and the Uruguayans than between them and the Brazilians of the tropical regions. The number of Brazilians who hold property in Uruguay is a point to be remembered in this connection, and the advantage of strengthening Uruguay and establishing a buffer republic between the Argentine and the vast republic of the United States of Brazil is one which might

find favor in the eyes of the diplomatists of both hemispheres.

It is not, however, our business to discuss the possibilities or the probabilities of changes in the territorial divisions of South America. Let us be satisfied to state things as they are at present. From a glance at the map, then, we see that the English engineers have taken possession of Uruguay as they took possession of the Argentine, thus finding at the same time an excellent investment for English capital and a field for the activity of English technical employés. These railways, it must be added, are all guaranteed by the state of Uruguay, except in certain cases; as, for instance, the original trunk line of the Central Uruguay, where the guarantee has been abandoned. The working of the lines and the rolling stock are not, of course, all that could be desired; but we must always bear in mind that progress has only been recently introduced into the Banda Oriental. The two terminus stations at Montevideo are mere shabby barns, thoroughly inadequate for both the passenger and goods traffic; but the Central Uruguay is about to spend £130,000 sterling in building a handsome station in the Renaissance style, which appears, from the plans and drawings, to be finer and more luxurious than the majority of the Oriental public merits. The passenger cars of the Central Uruguay are still mixed, and some of them are quaint to behold, but the new ones are all well built and decorated on the North-

American type; the freight cars are all of North-American pattern, and many of North-American manufacture. The Uruguayans are not yet smart enough to drive a locomotive; the drivers of the various companies I noticed are all foreigners, and belong to almost every nation except the English. The managers informed me that they cannot employ Englishmen on account of their incapacity to resist the seductive power of cane rum, or *caña*, as it is called. The drivers are chiefly Austrians and Italians. Several captains of the Platense Flotilla Company gave me the same reason for not employing Englishmen on the river steamers, either in the crew or in the stoke-room. Indeed, I may say generally that my observations in South America tended to show that unskilled Anglo-Saxon labor is held in very low esteem.

Excursions across the territory of Uruguay reveal nothing of very great interest to the tourist. The landscape in parts is pretty; some finely situated *estancias* are to be seen along the banks of the Uruguay; the vicinity of the Rio Negro, too, is especially interesting and characteristic of the fertile parts of the territory, which present a similar combination of water, wood, and rolling prairie. But, after all, one soon wearies of looking at the same kind of view hour after hour, league after league, and province after province. The fences of posts and wire

are varied sometimes by fences of aloes and cactus; the eucalyptus, the poplar, and other trees are also planted to form fences as in Chili; the roads, where one sees long teams of oxen toiling along with huge wagons, are as terrible as those of the Argentine; the prairies are dotted with innumerable herds of cattle and horses; occasionally you see two or three peasants wearing brown *ponchos* riding and driving animals before them; at long intervals you see one or two *ranchos*, or huts, where these peasants live. In the Argentine the *ranchos* appeared miserable enough, but in Uruguay I saw many even more primitive, mere huts of black mud, with a roof of maize straw, a floor of beaten earth, a doorway, but not always a window. The cabins of the Irish peasantry give some idea of the Uruguayan *ranchos*. It is a comfortless, unhealthy, rheumatic dwelling, less civilized than that of the Esquimaux, and more carelessly built than the most ordinary bird's nest. As for the towns, after Montevideo, the most important is Paysandú, which differs in no respect from a dozen Argentine towns similarly situated. Salto is absolutely without interest. Florida boasts a monument in commemoration of the declaration of the independence of the republic, proclaimed in that town on August 25, 1825. Santa Lucia, much frequented in summer by people from Montevideo, is surrounded by pretty country, and has a



WATER-CARRIER.

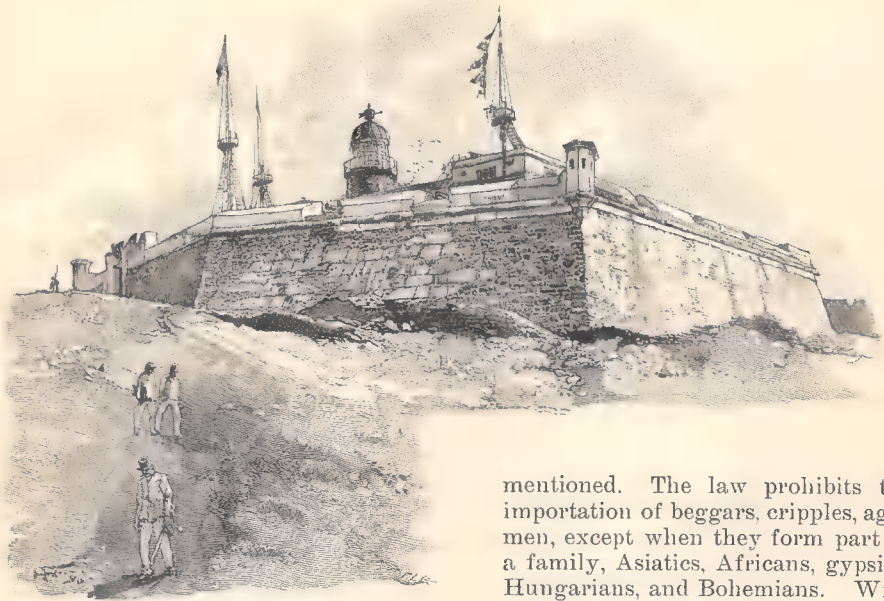


CANARIOTE IMMIGRANTS IN THE STREET.

picturesque plaza, and a large church with elaborate stucco columns and Corinthian capitals supporting a tympanum. As a rule, the Uruguayan provincial town is a vast agglomeration of rectilinear unpaved streets and stucco houses, having no particular character, but presenting a less neglected and untidy aspect than similar towns in the Argentine. The whole Banda Oriental and its inhabitants strike one as being more refined, more amiable, and more gentle than the land and people of the sister republic. Nevertheless, in the country everything is very primitive, and one is astounded at the rough way in which many of the rich *estancieros* live on their estates in the simplest and most comfortless houses.

These men own leagues and leagues of land, and they live like the patriarchs of old, with two or three generations of children under the same roof and eating at the same table, in the old-fashioned creole way. Such men, as may well be imagined, are not progressive; they continue their pastoral industry in an indolent, apathetic manner, leaving to nature almost everything except the operation of selling and receiving the money; and, above all, they cannot be persuaded to subdivide their lands and let them out for farming. Uruguay is being kept back chiefly by the conservativeness of the creole landholders, who possess immense estates that are inadequately developed. The law of inheritance and the obligatory subdivision

of property amongst the heirs will modify this state of affairs in the course of time, and these vast holdings will be gradually broken up and developed in detail. The process, however, will necessarily be slow, may obtain from the *Direccion de Inmigracion y Agricultura* the advance of passage money for persons whom they may designate, against a *vale* drawn up in the conditions of repayment above



THE OLD FORTRESS.

and meanwhile, as the state owns no lands, the increase of immigration can only be slow in proportion.

Owing to the want of land belonging to the state, official immigration would seem to be superfluous in the republic of Uruguay; nevertheless a new law, promulgated in June, 1890, devoted forty-five articles to the details of this question. Amongst the chief articles of the law are the following: The consular agents of the republic shall give information in their various posts both to intending immigrants and to the home government, and make out annual reports on all matters connected with the subject of emigration and immigration. The General Assembly of the republic shall fix annually a sum for paying third-class passages for immigrants from Europe, which passages shall be repaid by the immigrant by means of quarterly instalments, with an annual interest of six per cent., within two years and a half after his arrival. Colonization enterprises and private individuals

mentioned. The law prohibits the importation of beggars, cripples, aged men, except when they form part of a family, Asiatics, Africans, gypsies, Hungarians, and Bohemians. With these exceptions all kinds of agricultural and day laborers and artisans are demanded. The consular agents of the republic are ordered to make continuous propaganda in favor of immigration, "rectifying erroneous versions that are contrary to the credit of Uruguay as a country for immigration, making known its geographical, economical, and social conditions, the general advantages it offers to the immigrant, and the special favors that it assures for his passage, board and lodging during the first eight days after his arrival, and for securing him an immediate and lucrative engagement in the country."

In the main this new law is the reproduction of the Argentine law concerning assisted immigration. Its promises, however, are more fallacious than those of the Argentine law, inasmuch as the Argentine government possesses still vast expanses of unoccupied territory and various official colonies in the Chaco, where it can send the new-comers to engage in a hard struggle against mosquitoes and fever. In the republic of Uruguay, on the other hand, unless the government should

determine to expropriate certain lands for the purposes of colonization—a measure which is scarcely probable—employment can be given only to immigrants in a limited degree, according to the demands of the labor market and of private colonization enterprises. As for the special favors of board and lodging during the first eight days after arrival, they consist in the hospitality of the Hotel de Inmigracion, of Montevideo—an extensive two-story building, having one façade on the Calle 25 de Agosto, and another toward the bay,

newspapers every week contain heart-rending accounts of the misery and ill-treatment of immigrants who have been abandoned in the provinces of the interior, or simply turned out of the Hotel de Inmigracion to starve or beg in the streets of the capital. In spite of the promises and information of the consular agents of Uruguay, the republic's offers of assisted passages and lucrative engagements are full of snares and disappointments, and for the reasons above briefly indicated the healthy and rational current of immigra-

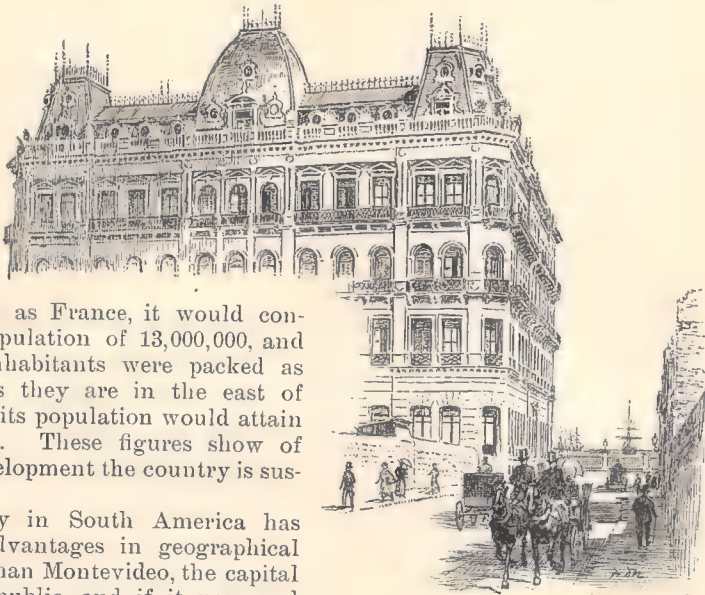


THE STOCK EXCHANGE, MONTEVIDEO.

where there is a special mole and quay for landing the immigrants and their baggage. All these measures for the protection of the immigrants and for facilitating their arrival are excellent; but the question is what to do with them when they have arrived; for although they have hitherto presented themselves only in comparatively small numbers, it appears that it has not been found easy to find them work and places. A proof of this is the fact that the foreign consulates in Montevideo are overwhelmed with applications from deceived immigrants who wish to return to their country, while the

tion must be slow and gradual. If the Orientals were otherwise than they are, things might be different, and the transformation of the republic rapid. In other hands, Uruguay, with its splendid soil, fine climate, and facilities of navigation,

might become one of the greatest food-producing countries of the world. But in Spanish-American republics it is vain to look for active patriotism, co-operative energy, and public spirit. Whatever progress is accomplished in any and all of them has been realized mainly by foreigners, not with the help of, but in spite of the administration, and in spite of the conservative apathy of the creole population. At present we have seen the density of the population of the whole territory of Uruguay is 3.46 inhabitants to the square kilometre, and the total is less than 700,000. If Uruguay were as thickly



HOTEL VICTORIA.

populated as France, it would contain a population of 13,000,000, and if the inhabitants were packed as closely as they are in the east of Belgium, its population would attain 35,000,000. These figures show of what development the country is susceptible.

No city in South America has greater advantages in geographical position than Montevideo, the capital of the republic, and if it possessed only a good port, its prosperity would be multiplied tenfold. In the bay, it appears, the depth of water has diminished five feet within the past seventy years, and now does not exceed fifteen feet at the deepest, while the roadstead outside the Cerro is so exposed as to be one of the most dangerous in the world. The Rio de la Plata is by no means the ideal river that many believe it to be; indeed, after every strong *pampero* you may count wrecks and ships aground between the estuary and the island of Martin Garcia literally by the score. For want of a port or protection of any kind, all business is interrupted while the *pampero* is blowing, communication between the shore and ships anchored in the roads being impossible. The necessity of loading and unloading by means of lighters and tugs renders the operation exceedingly expensive, and in many cases the costs of landing goods at Montevideo are equivalent to the freight of the goods from Havre, Hamburg, or Liverpool. Ever since 1862 there have been various schemes proposed for making a port,* but all have fallen through.

* At the foot of the Cerro is the Cibils dry-dock, made in 1874-8. It is built in granite rock, is 450 feet long, 80 feet wide, and can admit a vessel drawing 24 feet of water. In the centre is a gate, so that two docks can be formed, if necessary. Outside the dock a granite breakwater, 380 feet long by 33 feet wide, built of 10-ton blocks, protects the dock from the southeast wind. The hydraulic ma-

During my visit in 1890 no less than twenty-one costly projects were submitted to the Department of Public Works, but the well-informed considered that none of these projects was likely to be accepted. To all of them two grave objections were to be made: first of all, the enormous cost; and secondly, the fact that all the projects were based on the gaining of land as a principal object, of course with a view to lucrative speculations, after the example of the harbor and dock works of Buenos Ayres.

Landing at Montevideo is often a terrible and even dangerous operation. The ocean steamers anchor two miles or more

from shore, and the dock is the finest in South America. There are two smaller dry-docks at Montevideo, but they call for no special notice.

The statistics of the port of Montevideo for 1888 show the entrance of 765 steamers and 592 sailing ships from foreign ports, and 2090 sailers and 1450 steamers engaged in the coasting traffic. Taking the total of ships entered and cleared, it appears that the flags represented by the steamers were, in order of number, 1, English; 2, French; 3, German; 4, Italian; 5, Brazilian; 6, Scandinavian; 7, Argentine; 8, Uruguayan; 9, Dutch; and by the sailing ships, 1, Scandinavian; 2, English; 3, Italian; 4, Spanish; 5, German; 6, Austro-Hungarian; 7, Danish; 8, North-American; 9, Dutch; 10, Brazilian; 11, Russian; 12, Portuguese; 13, Argentine; 14, French and Uruguayan. It will be remarked that the flag of the United States does not figure at all amongst the steamers.

from the shore, and after the formalities of the medical inspection have been accomplished and the quarantine flag hauled down, small steamers are moored alongside, the baggage is lowered, and then the passengers have to make perilous leaps from the foot of the gangway to the decks of the tugs. Finally, when all is ready, the tugs start, panting and puffing, threading their way through ships of all sizes and descriptions anchored in the roads. The panorama of the city is grand. To the left, forming the western point of the bay, is the Cerro, that gives its name, Montevideo, to the town; on the summit, 137 metres above the level of the sea, is a fortress built by the Governor, Elio, after the capitulation of the English in 1808, and now used as a lighthouse and observatory; at the foot of the Cerro the broad bay sweeps round, crowded with small craft, and joins the turtle-back promontory on which the old town is built. Seen from the river the points that strike the eye are the hill on the left, and on the right the vast custom-house depots, the fine new hotel, and the towers of the cathedral and the churches rising above the white and Oriental-looking silhouette of the town, that slopes up from the water and attains in parts a height of 100 metres above the level of the sea. The landing-stage is at the end of the custom-house, a wooden wharf or jetty provided with a narrow wooden staircase, at the head of which the *changadores*, or porters, wait in line to carry baggage. The want of good police regulations and fixed tariffs makes itself felt here as in all the ports of South America. The newcomers, and the natives too, have to submit to much extortion, although the porters of Montevideo and the whole service of the landing-stage are better managed than at Buenos Ayres. The hotels of Montevideo are all poor, the food they provide is inferior, and often execrably prepared, and as there are no other restaurants except those of the hotels, there is no alternative but to suffer.

I spent some time in Montevideo in the winter and in the summer, and saw both the agreeable and disagreeable aspects of life. I saw the people in the summer evenings sitting on their balconies sucking *maté* and thrumming guitars; I saw the city in the winter when the rain fell for days together in perpendicular thick threads that pattered on the paved streets,

and made life seem dismal and hopeless until the sky cleared, the sun shone, and Montevideo once more appeared pleasant and attractive. Of the climate, however, no evil can be spoken. In the summer the heat is always tempered by the breezes from the water, with an average of about 20° centigrade; in winter the thermometer never descends to zero, and the houses have no heating apparatus or chimneys, which would imply that the need of them is not felt. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that when it rains, and the whole air is saturated with moisture, the cold seems intense enough to justify fires; but this view is not taken by the majority of the inhabitants, who content themselves with the protection afforded by voluminous Spanish cloaks, and wait patiently until the sun shines. On the other hand, it is stated that the climate both of Buenos Ayres and of Montevideo is changing and becoming colder, and in some of the modern houses built for people who have travelled and acquired notions of European comfort, fireplaces have been made. Owing to its situation on a granite promontory almost surrounded by water, the Uruguayan capital is well ventilated, admirably drained, constantly washed clean by the rain that falls at every season—70 or 80 days out of the 365—and thoroughly healthy.

Montevideo is a city of stucco and bright colors; of long, broad streets that run up hill and down hill in straight lines, with clusters of telegraph and telephone wires overhead, and implacable tram cars, whose drivers delight in plaintive pipings on cow-horns, challenging and answering each other with piercing nasal trills—a city of noise and clattering hoofs, of fine shops and well-built houses; a city of manifest luxury and wealth. Although laid out on the usual Spanish-American chess-board plan, Montevideo does not impress one with the monotony and sameness that characterize Buenos Ayres. The undulation of the ground causes great variety in the perspective of the streets, and glimpses of the glistening waters of the river or of the bay are constantly visible from the higher points. The buildings are all low and flat-roofed, and even on the principal plazas there are houses only one story high. The banks and business blocks have one or two and rarely three stories, but some buildings I saw in construction are loftier. The example



CORPS DE GARDE.

of tall modern edifices has been given by the splendid new Hotel Victoria, overlooking the bay and the roadstead, the only hotel in South America adequately planned and arranged from the point of view of construction. At the time of my visit this hotel was not yet finished inside, but as its silhouette forms the most conspicuous object in the panorama of the city seen from the water, it cannot be passed unnoticed. A peculiarity of the houses of one or two flats is that the walls are often carried to a height of a metre above the roof, and marble or simile-stone balconies built out at the points where the windows will be placed when fortune shall permit the owner to carry the building one story higher. On the grand Plaza Independencia there are several buildings left in this unfinished state. The style of architecture within the city is nameless; it reminds one often of the structures figured in German architectur-

al toys. The plan of the private houses is the Andalusian vestibule, with a front door and a second gate of open wrought-iron work, showing the first *patio* or court-yard, a second and third *patio* according to requirements, a façade on the street, with iron gratings over the windows and marble facings and stucco ornaments on the walls. The building materials used are brick, iron, timber, stucco, tiles, and marble. The courts are generally paved with marble, and, together with the passages, have a dado of blue and white Talavera tiles of *azulejos*. Just as at Buenos Ayres, the richer the house the more fanciful the ornamentation of stucco, the more tender the tints of bistre, salmon, lilac, and rose on the walls, the more elaborate the iron-work, and the fresher the green paint on the shutters. The visitor is expected to admire a new quarter of the town toward the northeast, called the Barrio Reus, and another quar-

ter bearing the same name near the Playa Ramirez. This is a vast building speculation on the model of those which have covered the new quarters of Paris with streets and blocks of houses. The peculiarity of the Barrio Reus at Montevideo is that it is outrageously European in aspect, and thoroughly unpleasing; it suggests a transplantation of a part of Brussels or of Berlin to the banks of La Plata. One cannot imagine people living with joy in such houses as these in the climate of Montevideo, in spite of electric light, telephones, bathrooms, and all modern improvements. Still, the greatness of the effort and the rapidity of the creation of these new quarters excite admiration, and testify to a certain exuberant and exaggerated energy.

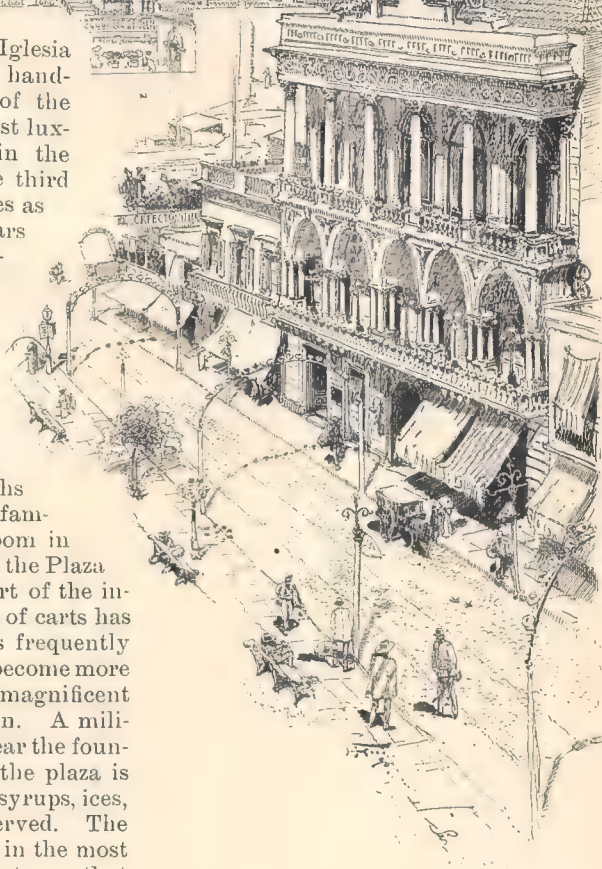
The chief squares of Montevideo are the Plaza Constitucion, more commonly called Plaza de la Matriz, Plaza de la Independencia, and Plaza Cagancha. The first has on



A GUARD STATION.



one side the cathedral or Iglesia de la Matriz; on another the handsome white marble façade of the Uruguay Club, one of the most luxurious and splendid clubs in the Southern hemisphere; on the third side the Cabildo, which serves as a parliament house, and bears the inscription "Representacion Nacional"; and on the fourth are buildings of no architectural interest, in one of which is a hospitable English club. In the centre of this plaza is an elegant and elaborate white marble fountain. The plaza is crossed by diagonal paths lined with trees of the acacia family that are covered with bloom in season. On summer evenings the Plaza de la Matriz is the great resort of the inhabitants. The heavy traffic of carts has ceased, the tram cars pass less frequently and less noisily, the carriages become more elegant, and many teams of magnificent European horses are to be seen. A military band plays in the kiosk near the fountain, and the greater part of the plaza is dotted with little tables, where syrups, ices, and refreshing drinks are served. The ladies turn out *en masse*, clad in the most elegant and tasteful summer costumes that the Parisian exporters can furnish; young women, matrons, girls, and children pass to and fro, with flashing eyes and dazzling teeth, looking handsome, healthy, and graceful; while the sidewalks are lined with a double row of young men, who smoke cigarettes, and watch the *défilé* of beauty and fashion in the accepted Spanish-American fashion. Here and there in the elegant crowd you note dashing mulattoes and comical negresses dressed in immaculate white, and as you pass you hear groups speaking French, Italian, and English, as well as the native Spanish, for Montevideo is a cosmopolitan town. The Plaza de la Constitucion exists since the town was planned, and owes its present



CALLE 18 DE JULIO, PLAZA MATRIZ,
CLUB URUGUAY.

name to the fact that the Constitution of the republic was proclaimed there in 1830.

The Plaza Independencia is to be eventually surrounded by lofty colonnades in the Doric style, sections of which are already built. The aspect of this immense parallelogram is very imposing, although at present it has no remarkable buildings except the modest palace of the government, where the ministries are also located very inadequately. In front of this palace stands a sentry, and a sentry-box covered with blue and white stripes, and adorned



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ON PLAZA INDEPENDENCIA.

in front with mock curtains of red paint tied back with gold cord, also imitated by means of paint. The *corps de garde* under the arcade, and the long bench on which the soldiers of the President's guard, most of them negroes or men of color, sit and smoke cigarettes all day, form one of the picturesque and characteristic "bits" in Montevideo. Across the Plaza Independencia, which measures 221 metres long by 232 broad, is a paved path 8 metres wide, lined with benches, also much frequented as an evening promenade, particularly by the more portly matrons, who are more at their ease there than on the narrow sidewalks of the Calle Sarandi, or on the crowded Plaza Matriz. From the Plaza Independencia to the Plaza Cagancha runs the Calle 18 de Julio, a splendid boulevard 26 metres wide, planted with trees and lined with fine shops, certainly the finest modern street in South America, and in the evening one of the most animated in Montevideo. In the middle of the Plaza Cagancha is a marble column and pedestal surmounted by a bronze statue of Liberty holding a flag. The statue is very poor, and the pose so unfortunate that the figure suggests that of a lady in distress making signs with her umbrella to stop the tram car.

Amongst the principal public buildings, besides those already mentioned, is the Municipal Palace, a truly wonderful Gothic

structure of stucco and white paint. Some of the banks too are Gothic, but others affect the Renaissance style. The Loteria de la Caridad has a handsome building for transacting its vast business. The Hospital de Caridad, which is supported by this lottery, is an immense building, but without architectural interest. The Post-office, built specially for the purpose, is more or less convenient.

One curious feature of

this establishment is an opening on one side of the court-yard by the side of the letter-boxes, bearing the inscription "Inutilizacion." Before throwing your letter into the box you are required to present it to the employé who stands behind this opening or window and obliterates the stamps. What happens in case a recalcitrant person refuses to take the trouble of waiting his turn at this window when there is a crowd, and simply posts his letter with the stamps unobliterated, is a point which I failed to elucidate. The Spanish-Americans appear to be patient and docile, like the European Latins, and submit to many inconveniences without a murmur.

The Cementerio Central is considered one of the sights of the capital. It has a monumental entrance and an elaborate chapel, and is reputed to be the most luxuriously and the best arranged cemetery in

South America. It is situated on the sea-shore, and divided into three sections, surrounded by high walls, in which are arranged, on the inside, innumerable niches, each with its marble tablet recording the names of those whose remains are deposited inside. The coffins are wound up to the mouth of these mural cellules by means of a portable lift and ladder combined, and the whole surface of the walls is hung with wreaths of fresh flowers or of beads, which stand out in strong



PALACIO MUNICIPAL.

relief against the marble facings. Each section of the cemetery is carefully laid out, fenced in with iron railings, and full of tombs and monuments of great price and pretensions, due to the chisels of the sculptors of Rome and Milan. The vegetation in the cemetery is most varied, and besides the funereal cypress, there are flowering shrubs of many kinds, and on almost every grave wreaths of fresh flowers, constantly renewed, that fill the air with their perfume. The pious luxury displayed in this Campo Santo is remarkable.

Paso del Molino is the fashionable residential suburb of Montevideo, distant from the town about three-quarters of an hour by tramway along finely paved and broad avenues that skirt the bay. The whole suburb is occupied with villas surrounded by gardens richly stocked with trees and flowers. The villas, or *quintas*, as they are called, are in many cases most fantastic and curious, and the styles of architecture vary from florid Gothic to Moorish and even Chinese. The results obtained are costly and often comic. One is impressed by the effort made and by the wealth of the owners of these *quintas*, but at the same time one is eager to escape out of sight of these monuments of architectural and parvenu folly. One's soul has no joy in most of them.

Not far by tramway from the Paso del Molino, but unfortunately at a distance of more than a league from the city, is a public garden and promenade belonging to the municipality, called "El Prado." This beautiful park is traversed by a stream lined with willows and other trees; the entrance avenue is planted with four rows of tall eucalyptus, and the grounds are adorned with rustic fountains, rockeries, and statues surrounded by most beautiful and varied vegetation. The only disad-

vantage of the Prado is that it is too far away; in order to visit it one must have several hours to lose, and except on special occasions its beautiful walks are deserted.

During the summer months Montevideo attracts many visitors even from Buenos Ayres for the bathing season, and two



THE CEMETERY.

beaches of fine sand have been provided with the necessary apparatus at Ramirez and Pocitos, both within easy distance of the town, and served by tramways. The sea is discolored by the brown waters of the Rio de la Plata at these points, which are not so "charming" as one might imagine from the descriptions of the natives, but very acceptable for want of something better. The sight of the little cabins and of the bathers is amusing enough of a summer evening, and in both establishments there are cafés and restaurants, which help to make a visit agreeable. In



VILLA AT PASO DEL MOLINO.

the city itself, besides the new hotel, there is a wonderful bathing establishment under cover, with swimming baths for ladies and gentlemen, each 50 by 30 metres, and accessories of a most luxurious nature.

The main streets of Montevideo—25 de Mayo, Sarandi, Rincon—are overarched at intervals with gas jets and globes in the same way as the principal streets of Buenos Ayres, not merely for illumination on high days and holidays, but also for ordinary every-day use. Part of the town and many shops are lighted by electricity furnished by two vast establishments. In the Southern hemisphere the streets are always most animated after sunset, when the shop-keepers take down their shades and blinds, and endeavor to attract customers by the most brilliant and effective display of goods. The shops of Montevideo astound the traveller by the quantity and costliness of the articles of luxury that they contain. In the Calles Camaras, Sarandi, 25 de Mayo, and 18 de Julio the majority of the shops are for the sale of precious stones, jewelry, silverware, furniture, fancy articles, *objets d'art*, looking-glasses, objects appertaining to the costume and adornment of women. There are also several large music-stores

and book-stores. The jewellers' windows are ablaze with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, mounted in very expensive pieces. The silversmiths have massive toilet sets chased and *repoussé* in magnificent style. The dealers in *bibelots* and objects of art display onyx piedouches and vases with rich ormolu mounts, useless things of great price for wedding presents set in morocco-leather cases lined with azure silk, and mounted with silver or gold, commonplace bronzes of hackneyed models, such as Hou-

don's "Kiss" and John of Bologna's "Mercury," Oriental carpets, French fancy furniture, Parisian knick-knacks, and all the expensive trumpery of Vienna, Batignolles, and Yokohama. There are pictures, too, in some of the shops, oil-paintings and water-colors, and fac-simile reproductions from Paris and Milan; but the less said about the artistic taste of the Orientals, the better. In the choice of jewelry and wearing apparel they acquit themselves excellently well; they make a prodigious impression upon the foreigner, and they spend large sums of money, which would seem to indicate that they are rich and prosperous, and that their lot is not to be disdained.

The book-stores of Montevideo present the same phenomena as those of Buenos Ayres. The windows are filled with the latest productions of Gyp, Maupassant, Goncourt, Tolstoi, Maizeroy, Delpit, Belot, Theuriet, Coppée, and the inevitable Georges Ohnet, all fresh from Paris; the shelves inside are packed with Spanish translations of the same talented authors, together with endless series of translations of Jules Verne, Xavier de Montépin, and Paul de Kock. One must go outside

of France in order to realize the immensity of the public to which these latter three writers appeal, and at the same time to comprehend the absolute indifference of humanity in general toward those qualities which constitute the joy and the torture of the literary artist. In the book-stores of Montevideo I noticed a fair number of translations of European scientific and historical works, but I hunted in vain for a copy of Calderon, Lope de Vega, or Francisco de Quevedo. Even

every other night the amateurs have an opportunity of hearing the hackneyed repertory, provided they are willing to pay four dollars (gold) for a stall. The Teatro Solis, holding 2000 people, is exteriorly a very elegant and handsomely proportioned edifice, and very commodious inside, though poorly decorated. Like all South-American theatres, it has a *cazuela* reserved for ladies, and occasionally the house is filled with all the rank and fashion of the town; generally, however,



SEA-BATH AT POCITOS.

copies of *Don Quixote* are few and far between. This neglect of the great Spanish classics and of the lighter *picaresque* writers struck me as being worthy of remark. The newspapers of Montevideo, like those of Buenos Ayres, depend upon the French for their novels and literary articles. There is no local literature worth speaking about, except that which produces political leaders and financial and statistical reports.

Evenings in Montevideo are dull in the winter season, even when the theatres are open, for the town is not yet large enough to support a regular company, and therefore has to depend on travelling troupes. There are four houses—San Felipe, Cíbils, Solis, and Politeama. The latter two are generally devoted to Italian opera, and

there are many vacant seats, and apparently no regular theatre-going public. On the nights when the opera is closed there is no amusement whatever, not even a café concert, nor does the military band play on the Plaza Matriz during the winter months. There is nothing to do but to promenade up and down the Calle 18 de Julio and the Calle Sarandi, stand outside the Uruguay Club to watch the ladies pass, look in at the shop windows, and go to bed at ten o'clock, when the shutters are put up, and the silence of the streets is broken only by the late tram cars and by the hoarse voices of the ubiquitous and indefatigable sellers of lottery tickets, with their fallacious and insinuating cries: "*Cincuenta mil pesos para mañana. Cincuenta mil la suerte. Tenemos*



TEATRO SOLIS.

el gordo. Este es el bueno, caballero. Un enterito." (Fifty thousand dollars for to-morrow. Fifty thousand the prize. We've got the big one. This is the right number, sir. A nice, complete ticket.)

The lottery is one of the first and last things that strike the visitor in Montevideo. It is impossible to escape. From early morning until late at night, every day in the year, boys of six and old men of seventy wander about the streets crying tickets in all tones of voice. There are seven drawings a month, the grand prize being one time \$50,000, at another \$25,000, and at another \$12,000. A complete ticket costs \$10 gold, and consists of five *quintos*, or fifths, which are sold separately at \$2, and for each drawing 12,000 complete tickets are issued, or, in other words, 60,000 fifths, and there are 1200 prizes. The sum produced by the sale of all the tickets represents \$120,000, the amount devoted to prizes is \$90,000, and the amount taken by the Hospital de Caridad is \$30,000. Of course all the tickets are not sold every time, and the hospital runs a chance of winning prizes with the unsold numbers, but the quantity of tickets placed is remarkable; all sorts and conditions of men are seen buying a *quinto*; the sellers are found in every village in the republic, and the neighboring republics of the Argentine and Brazil also take a considerable number of tickets. Thanks to the resources of the lot-

tery, the Hospital de Caridad is one of the richest in the world.

As regards society in Montevideo, it is difficult for the passing visitor to make any observations of much use or interest. The Hispano-Americans, for that matter, have retained the customs of the Spaniards of the mother peninsula: family life is held to be of first importance, and strangers are with difficulty admitted to the intimacy of the home. The Anglo-Saxon dinner party, the French reception, the European soirée, are unknown. The family lives for its members, and not for the outside circle of friends and acquaintances. In Montevideo there is no other social animation than such as one finds in Buenos Ayres, Santiago, or Lima—a rare fête given by some millionaire, a grand ball offered to the cream of the creole families by the aristocratic club, and besides that the evening promenade, the opera, and the races at Marouas, which are frequented by a fashionable and well-behaved public, far different from that which horrified me at the Argentine race meetings. Montevideo, however, does not possess a drive or park like the Palermo of Buenos Ayres, nor is any particular street or quarter of the city especially *à la mode*. Furthermore, suburban villas are very generally preferred to town houses by the rich, so that collective manifestations of elegance and fashion are not easily made, except in the limited conditions above specified.

OVER JOHNSON'S GRAVE.

A CAUSERIE.

BY WALTER BESANT.

ON the morning of Monday, December 20, 1784, the remains of Dr. Johnson were carried along Fleet Street and the Strand to Westminster Abbey in solemn procession, with a hearse and six, and a long train of mourning coaches. The Abbey was full of people, whose behavior, says the chronicle, "was marked by the decency suitable to the solemn occasion."

The Rev. Dr. Taylor, senior prebendary, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and vicar of Ashbourne, who had been a school-fellow of Johnson's, read the service in the absence of the Dean. The pall-bearers were Johnson's old and much-loved friends, Edmund Burke, Sir Joseph Banks, Bennet Langton, Mr. Windham, Sir Charles Bunbury, and George Colman. Among the principal mourners stood Sir Joshua Reynolds, then sixty-one years of age, and with eight years more of life and work before him. The body was placed next to that of David Garrick, at the foot of the Shakespeare monument, in Poets' Corner.

When that coffin was lowered into the grave, one able to read the outward signs of coming change might have seen buried with it the whole of the eighteenth century literature, as Johnson understood literature, and not to speak of frivolous productions such as those of Fielding and Smollett, who had also gone before. After Johnson's name in the list of English poets, scholars, and essayists may be drawn a thick black line such as in railway guides they use to indicate that here the train stops. Johnson's train of literature, which started merrily with Pope, Addison, Steele, and a glorious company of wits, had been running slowly of late, and was now come to a final stop. Not only was the old order changing, as happens continually, by the laws of being, but it was completely dead, and its successor as yet was not born. There was to be no more literature of the old school: nothing worth reading on the old lines was to be published; the world must wait until the new men should begin their work with new thoughts, new ways of looking at things, and new forms of expression. Those who had been the leaders in the old order had all passed away before the mid-

dle of the century. Of their successors—Johnson being one—Richardson died in 1761, Thomson in 1748, Akenside in 1771, Collins in 1756, Goldsmith in 1774, Gray in the same year, Garrick in 1779, Hume in 1776, Churchill in 1767. Cowper's work was practically finished—the "Task" was already written, though not published till 1785; Sheridan's was also finished; Gibbon's, it is true, was only partly published, and Burke had still something to say; and far away in Scotland a country lad was singing as no Scot had ever sung before, but his song had not yet reached the southern ear. In sixteen years' time the new school would have begun with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey; Walter Scott would be feeling his way with translations; Shelley and Byron would be boys at school; Keats, Carlyle, and Keble would be already born in the world.

Let us not concern ourselves in this place about literature and its history. Those who want to consider Johnson's place among English writers, and the characteristics of his style, may sit down and read Mr. Leslie Stephen's little book about him. Let us talk of smaller things; let us have a *causerie*; it shall be concerning the man and his friends, their ways and their times. As for the latter, the eighteenth century seems hundreds of years ago, so different are its ways compared with our ways, and its thoughts compared with ours. Between us lies the French Revolution, with—the most wonderful event in all history—the transference of power to the people. In Johnson's times the people were still only the Mob; a grub, wriggling, formless, without legs or wings, apparently without understanding, possessed of the simple appetites and elementary passions, certainly greedy and voracious, supposed by some to be dangerous, but hitherto dangerous only when, as in the Gordon riots, it could be got to act with one mind. To most men who discussed the subject the Mob was not dangerous, because it was too stupid, too ignorant, too apathetic, too brutish, to act in concert. What is it now?

It is like a dream to read of the things which happened and the things which

were said and thought in those years, because they are so far off, and now so impossible. And yet every man over fifty years of age may very well have talked with men who remembered these things, with men who may have stood in the Abbey and seen the coffin of the great scholar carried through the west gates. Why, I myself have talked with one who was a drummer-boy to La Rochejaquelein, and I have known men who fought with Nelson at Copenhagen and Trafalgar, and I have actually gazed upon one who was once a page to Marie Antoinette—he was too far gone in senile decay for speech—but I have never had the good fortune to meet with any who had talked with Johnson or seen any of his friends. Stay: once, in a country inn, an aged man told me at great length, and with an infinity of windings, turns, harkings back, and episodes, a story. He was once, a long time ago, he said, a child, and in the days of his childhood there was once, he remembered, some kind of *fête* or rejoicing at which he was present. A gentleman who was there took him into his arms and kissed him. "My dear," said the gentleman, kindly, "you will now be able to tell your children that you have been kissed by the great Boswell." "Pray, Mr. Boswell," said a lady (and I do think it was a most cruel thing to say)—"pray, Mr. Boswell, why are you great?" A story like this seems to give one a kind of connection, not granted to all the world, with the last century, because Boswell died in the year 1795.

In the year 1784, while Johnson was slowly and painfully breathing his last, a good many things, now curious and interesting to read of, are recorded to have happened. Thus, on July 7th of that year, William Bishopp, town crier (they spelled it "cryer") of the city, "attended by proper officers"—one can plainly see two beadles with wigs, gold-headed sticks, and long coats, and perhaps an officer in green and gold from the Lord Mayor's household—went to the Royal Exchange, and there by order read two royal proclamations. The first of these announced that a treaty of peace had been signed at Paris between Great Britain, France, and the United States of America. No doubt, after the history of the past ten years, any peace was welcome. The next proclamation called upon all the King's loyal subjects and citizens of London to observe

a solemn day of thanksgiving on July 29th. That day was doubtless held with closed shops, ringing of church bells, and services. After church the 'Prentices most certainly made holiday. Since it is agreed among all nations that a *Te Deum* must be sung for a victory, something ought to be sung or said for defeat and shame, if only to thank Heaven that the thing is no worse, and to pray for statesmen with more wisdom. Perhaps there were in the city churches some clergymen who explained why we ought to thank Heaven at all times, even for wooden-headed ministers and an obstinate King who had forced rebellion upon the American colonists, and embroiled the country at the same time with France, Spain, and Holland; for generals who had made British armies lay down their arms; and for the judicial blindness which had fallen upon some of the best and wisest in the land—even upon Samuel Johnson. To my own mind, speaking as a plain Englishman, no misfortune that ever befell this nation approaches in magnitude our great misfortune in losing America. It will be amended and repaired some day: on that day—still, I fear, in the distant future—when there shall be set up for all time to come a great confederation of all English-speaking nations, when England and Scotland, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Isles, will form one nation, as England and Scotland, or Illinois and California, form one nation. This confederation once formed, it seems as if it would matter nothing at all what was done outside. I wonder if that dream came to any of the sober citizens who heard that proclamation, and went to church on thanksgiving day to offer the sacrifice of praise and gratitude for shame and defeat? It is very well known that Johnson would hear of nothing but war and revenge. "I am willing to love all mankind *except an American*," he cried in 1778. "Rascals! robbers! pirates! I would burn and destroy them!" Quoth Miss Seward, who was present, "Sir, this is an instance that we are always most violent against those whom we have injured."

Again, in this year, they worked off very nearly a hundred convicts upon the shameful gallows-tree. On June 15th there was a grand field-day, when fifteen were hanged together before an enormous concourse of people. Twelve of them

were burglars; two had committed street robberies; one had obtained another man's pay under false pretences. The mind of the city must have been greatly comforted that day with the assurance that there were now fifteen burglars and thieves less in London. Those who were respited after the capital sentence were transported across the seas, and as the late unnatural conduct of the colonists now made Virginia no longer possible, they were sent to the Cape Coast.

As regards the literature and art of this year, the last of Johnson's life, the only books thought worthy of mention are three books of travels, viz., *Cook's Voyages*, *Coxe's Travels in Poland and Russia*, and *Swinburne's Travels in the Two Sicilies*. The Poet Laureate, to be sure, produced two or three immortal odes. That for the new year contains the following remarkable prophecy, the fulfilment of which we still await with anxious hope:

"Two Britons through th' admiring world
Shall wing their way with sails unfurled;
Each from the other kindred state
Avert by turns the bolts of fate;
And acts of mutual amity endear
The Tyre and Carthage of a wider sphere."

The Royal Academy was held as usual—how many of us remember that Johnson was its first Professor of Ancient Literature?—and a Handel commemoration was celebrated in Westminster Abbey and the Pantheon, which produced the sum of £12,000.

There is no man who has ever lived whose life and opinions are so thoroughly well known as Johnson's. We seem to know exactly what he would think and what he would say at any given juncture. There was such a vein of prejudice and obstinacy in him that one feels certain he would always think substantially in the same way. Everybody, too, thinks he knows Johnson. Macaulay has written about him in a spirit horribly unjust to Bozzy; Carlyle has written about him; his life was written by Hawkins as well as by Boswell; Mrs. Piozzi published anecdotes of him; quantities of his letters have been published. This being so, it may naturally be supposed that there is nothing new to say about him. Let me, however, correct one false impression concerning him by reference to facts. I want, in fact, to destroy the common belief that Johnson for many years had to fight with the direst

poverty. For five-and-twenty years, *i. e.*, between the years 1737 and 1761, Johnson lived mainly by his pen, but not quite. His patrimony, it is true, was but £20 in all, but his wife brought him the respectable sum of £800, which at five per cent. would produce £40 a year. Now at a time when, as is illustrated by the history of Johnson's friend the painter from Ireland, it was possible for a man to live, present a respectable appearance, and enjoy something of society for £30 a year, the addition of £40 a year to one's earnings could hardly be thought inconsiderable. Certainly its purchasing power in the year 1740 would be equivalent to that of £100 a year at the present day. Johnson himself tells us how cheaply it was possible to dine. He had beef and bread for sevenpence, and gave the waiter a penny. The other frequenters of the Pine-Apple, New Street, had wine as well, and so their dinner cost them a shilling. Remember, however, that these days of leanness were those of his first journey to town, when he was looking about him. When his wife joined him they took good lodgings, were always well housed, and we hear no more of eightpenny dinners. Breakfast on bread and milk might be had for a penny.

It was toward the close of 1737 that he settled in town. In 1738 he brought out his satire, "London," for which he received ten guineas. He got steady employment on the *Gentleman's Magazine* from the beginning, and appears to have received for the first eight months of his work the sum of £49 7s., which is at the rate of £65 a year. His income, therefore, in his very first year of literary work amounted in all to a hundred guineas. I maintain that for the year 1738 this was a very respectable income for a beginner in any profession, and quite enough for a couple who had no children, no pretension of rank or style, and no more expensive establishment than a lodging of two rooms. Moreover, it does not appear that he ever did worse than this, but, on the other hand, did better and better every year. Johnson was certainly a hack, but he was not a starveling hack; he stepped at once above the level of the Grub Street poet. Why, only a year or two later we find him taking upon his own shoulders a debt of £12 due by his mother, and promising that it should be paid in two months. Is there ever a starveling young hack in modern Grub Street able to pay off a debt of £12—

that is to say, something like £40 of our money—in two months? As for his walking about the streets all night with Savage because they had no lodgings, that seems a ridiculous after-thought, because at least he had his wife's lodgings. It may certainly have been at the time when Mrs. Johnson was living at Hampstead, but so sensible a man as Johnson would have reflected that it is less fatiguing to walk four miles up the Tottenham Court Road, and so to bed, than to walk for the whole night round and round St. James's Square.

As regards the value of money at the time, a curious illustration is afforded by the history of what Bennet Langton's uncle, Peregrine Langton, achieved on £200 a year, which was his whole fortune. He lived in a house in Lincolnshire for which he paid a rent of £28 a year; there were attached to it two or three fields, which were a loss rather than a gain to him; his household consisted of his sister (who paid him £18 for her board), himself, two men-servants, and two maids. He kept as good a table as any plain country gentleman, with three or four dishes every day for dinner, he gave away the tenth of his income for charity, he saved some of his money, and he kept three horses in his stables. It is remarked, in part explanation of so much being got out of so little, that he was extremely careful to pay ready money for everything, and looked personally into his daily expenditure. Those two men-servants and maids, we may be sure, were not suffered to devour and to waste. Deducting the rent and tithe for charity, this good man had only £170 a year for everything, including three horses—about £3 5s. 4½d. a week, or less than ten shillings a day, for food, wine, dress, wages, and the daily small expenses of a household. Washing, baking, brewing, clothes, gardening, carpenter and house work generally, would all be done at home. The fields would supply hay for the horses; there would be cows for butter, milk, and cheese, pigs, fowls, turkeys, pigeons, geese, and ducks; but, all deductions made, how could the wages and the keep of these four servants be found, with the three or four dishes for the dinner, and the wine to set before company—no doubt home-made wines were used when there was none—out of £170 a year? Johnson, therefore, though he was never rich, could not have felt any real

pinch of poverty; he never made a large income by literature, but enough to enable him to gratify any reasonable wish.

The much-abused "booksellers" of the day have, I think, had scant justice done them, when we consider the wretched stuff they published and paid for. One thing is greatly to their credit: they always did pay everybody whose work they produced, even if they paid him little. There *are* publishers at the present day who do not obey that golden rule. Goldsmith is said to have made in one year as much as £1800. Johnson bargained for £1575 for his Dictionary; he did in reality get more, but he had to pay his assistants, and the work was spread over seven years. During that period he brought out his *Irene*, and published the "Vanity of Human Wishes" and the *Rambler*. For the poem he received fifteen guineas; I do not know what he received for the *Rambler*. As for his *Irene*, it ran for thirteen nights. The author had the third, the sixth, and the ninth nights, producing in all, £195 17s.; he also got £100 with the manuscript, so that his thirteen nights' run gave him close upon £300. At the present day, if he received five guineas a night, he would only get sixty-five guineas in all. But a play which now runs for thirteen nights only is a wretched failure. For the *Lives of the Poets* he himself asked two hundred guineas, which was probably much less than he might have asked and obtained. Dyer, for instance, received £200 for his revision of Plutarch; and Hawkesworth is said by Hawkins, but one cannot possibly believe it, to have received £6000 for his account of the South-sea Discoveries. Johnson had worked so long at low prices that he knew not his true value.

Of course Johnson was far above the level of the Grub Street hack. That is true as regards his method, his style, and the consideration with which he was regarded from the beginning. But yet he was a bookseller's hack nearly all his life, in the sense that he lived by finding out subjects which the public may be supposed to like, and writing on those subjects. The list of his writings is full of such things. It is hack-work pure and simple, undeniable hack-work, which, had it not been for necessity, would not have been written at all. A popular novelist, it may be generally observed, produces his books in a certain sandwich fashion: first,

a good book, showing art, study, and inspiration; then, a poor book, showing art without study and with no inspiration; then, another good book. In the one he is an artist, a Maker; in the other he is a hack. Johnson was nearly always the hack, who would have written few indeed of his productions had there not been the little pile of George II. guineas at the end of the work. Here, for instance, is a list of writings for the year 1741, when he should have been at his most anxious and ambitious time. He wrote in this year, all for the *Gentleman's Magazine*—I take it from Boswell's list:

"A Preface."

"Essay on the Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough."

"An Account of the Life of Peter Burman."

"The Life of Sydenham."

"Proposals for Printing a Catalogue of the Library of the Earl of Oxford."

"Abridgment entitled Foreign History."

"Essay on the Description of China from the French of Du Halde."

There is hardly anything in the whole list, whether of this or following years, which we can suppose that he would have done from free choice. Lives of men in whom he was either not interested or not especially qualified to write, translations from the French, reviews of books, dedications, introductions, and prefaces: perhaps the only contributions to literature which appear to have been spontaneous were the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, *Rasselas*, "London," the "Vanity of Human Wishes" and *Irene*. As for the Dictionary, the editions of Shakespeare, and the *Lives of the Poets*, most assuredly not one of them would have been produced had not Johnson been compelled to prepare them. It seems to me, then, returning to the question of payment, that, considering the nature of the work done by Johnson—I mean that it was purely pot-boiling work—he was paid very well. We must also consider the time at which he wrote, and the money made in other professions. In the first half of the eighteenth century the country was poor; the great development of English trade was only beginning; no one was highly paid; the general standard of living, except for people of rank and wealth, was very simple. All government places were bestowed by in-

terest and favor; some of them were bought and sold; the best of them were sinecures. As for the Church, its revenues were wasted among pluralists—any man might be a pluralist who was a Master of Arts. A man who entered the Church without family interest or connection would very possibly spend the whole of his days in the abject poverty of a country curacy. If he became a school-master, which no one would do unless compelled by poverty, he would have to become an usher, and live with the boys day and night, unless one could succeed with a private school, which Johnson made a feeble and unsuccessful attempt to do. As for medicine, there was as little opening then as now. The way to acquire a *clientèle* was first to take a political side—it mattered little which—to frequent the coffee-houses of your own party, to be seen daily, to learn and practise every obsequious and crawling art which dishonors a man, and so, by slow degrees, to attract and secure patrons. Then, to be sure, as now, if a man succeeded, he was enabled to make a very large income. Meade, for instance, used to clear £7000 a year by his profession. This, which is equivalent to a very much larger sum in our money, seems better than any living London physician is able to do. As a surgeon—but the history of Roderick Random teaches us how a young surgeon might fare. In his attempt to get private practice the young medical man had to face three rivals, who together were too much for him. These were the apothecary, the herbalist, and the quack.

If the Church, the school, and medicine presented no opening for a poor lad of parts, what remained? The law?—But the bar was as hopeless to one who had neither money nor friends as medicine. The lower branch of the profession?—I wish some one would throw light upon the kind of men who thus became attorneys, the cost of entering the profession, and the road to success. There are a good many attorneys in English literature toward the end of the eighteenth century, and they are not represented as a delightful body of men, but rather the reverse. The army?—But commissions and promotions in that most corrupt and venal of periods were entirely matters of favoritism and purchase. The navy?—You might remain for forty years a midshipman,

without interest. The colonies?—Emigration from England to America in the fifty years preceding the revolt of the colonies seems to have stopped almost altogether. Trade?—The city of London was the closest corporation in the world; no place where the young beginner would find it more difficult to start. Art?—There was always some chance, even in the dullest time, for a portrait-painter, but outside the "family piece," English patronage does not seem to have offered brilliant prospects to English painters. Acting?—The actor might succeed or he might not. If he did, he was not paid highly; if he did not, he starved. In either case his profession was regarded as hopelessly low, undignified, and unworthy. Johnson himself would never suffer Garrick to be made a member of the Literary Club. I am convinced that Johnson, with no family connections at all to help him, no degree, and no money, did, in adopting the profession of literature, better for himself than if he had taken orders, gone to the bar, become a physician, or remained a school-master. He was a bookseller's hack. But he was an honest workman, who retained his self-respect, and never advocated for money a cause which he did not approve.

Of his friends much has been written. He was a man who could not live without his friends. Love and sympathy were as necessary to this rough and rugged man as to any sentimental girl. But he gave far more than he received. He had friends of every degree, from the courtly Beauclerk, the scholarly Langton, Reynolds the painter, Thrale the brewer, down to Levett the quack doctor, and Frank Barber the negro. Nay, he had friends among the very unfortunates of the town, whose lives he rebuked, and whom he exhorted to turn from their ways while he relieved their wants from his ever open purse. He was always giving. If a man wanted advice, instruction, consolation, or money, he went to Johnson for it, and never came empty away. The eighteenth century is full of contrasts. There is nothing in it more wonderful than its inexhaustible benevolence side by side with its cruelties and brutalities. Pillory, stocks, the cruel lash, the hopeless debtor's prison, justice with tiger claws, the comprehensive gallows, and apparently unconscious of these things, ignorant that they need not be, Johnson, his great heart

full of tender pity and sympathy, giving with both hands.

It is conventional to represent the eighteenth century as a time of leisure and quiet happiness; when a poet writes about this time, he tries to breathe into his verse an atmosphere of peace; he does his best to throw into the poem a calm of the soul. Then people applaud the poet for catching so wonderfully the very spirit of the time. Well, I cannot, for my own part, find anywhere in England, during the last century, anything at all to justify this belief in the universal leisure. The eighteenth century was a desperately turbulent, dangerous, hard-working, poorly paid time; it was torn by continual contests and struggles, by party faction, and by civil wars; it began with a long war, and it ended with a long war. England had three civil wars: two at home and one in her colonies. The press-gang was busy in every port; the recruiting sergeant in every country town; the floggings, by which discipline was maintained, seem almost incredible; the iniquities of the government—not on this or that side, but on both sides—the jobbing, buying of places, sinecures, pluralities, nepotism, simony, as we read them now, appear simply intolerable. If there was no rest or peace without, there was little within. Religious men who were affected by a weakness of faith simply tortured their lives. Johnson, always praying and meditating, dreaded death with a constant fear which poisoned at least twenty years of his life. Cowper, after a life spent in religious exercises, died in "despair unutterable." No peace or quiet anywhere, save, perhaps, in some quiet cathedral close, where the canons, keeping aloof from controversy, dozed away their harmless lives as still they do; or outside the little country towns, where, to quiet women and retired men, the seasons passed then, as they may still pass, unvexed by questions, doubt, or thought of danger or of change. But as regards the life of action, the life among one's fellows, the only life worth having, the life of London, it must have been filled and perpetually troubled by the pain of witnessing continual injustice and needless suffering, the stupid engagements in war after war, with no end and no settlement, and the noisy struggle of opposing opinions, in which every man must play his part. But leisure, peace, and quiet—these things I cannot find.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY.

BY CAROLINE EARL WHITE.

I.

IN one of the lovely green valleys of Switzerland, in the neighborhood of the village of Grindelwald, lived a maiden named Lena Walbach. She was much superior to the ordinary peasantry in position; her father owned a small piece of ground and about fifty sheep, as well as several cows and a horse. Lena lived with her father and mother and little brother in a picturesque chalet. She had attended the village school at Grindelwald until sixteen years of age, when her parents deemed that she had all the book-learning necessary for a "Mädchen," and that she must devote herself to the affairs of the house. This she had done now for four years, though not to such an extent as to prevent her joining in all the amusements of her young companions and the festivities of the neighborhood. She was equally ready to work or to play. Into everything which she attempted she threw the whole warmth of her ardent, sympathetic nature. She was, as might be supposed, the pride of her parents' hearts, who did not believe there was a better or a prettier girl to be found in all Switzerland. Pretty she certainly was, with her black hair, which she wore in broad braids down her back, joined together by a silver arrow; her dark blue eyes veiled by long black lashes; her features almost classical in their outline; and a brilliant color in her cheeks, betokening the splendid physical health which she possessed.

Not far from the Walbach domicile lived Lena's most intimate and faithful friend, Gretchen Hirschfeld. Gretchen's father was not so blessed with worldly goods as Franz Walbach, but that was a circumstance never dwelt upon for a moment by the generous Lena, who, full of affection for the companion of her school-days as well as of her maturer years, had scarcely a thought in her mind or a feeling in her heart which she concealed from Gretchen.

There was another schoolmate living in the neighborhood, for whom Lena entertained sentiments of a somewhat mixed nature. This was Max Ritter, a young man who lived with his widowed mother in a modest dwelling on the road between Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald,

and whose business was that of guide to the most celebrated and most difficult ascent of the surrounding mountains. There was not a more worthy young man in all the country round, nor one of finer physique, than Max. Accustomed from boyhood to accompany his father, who was also a guide, for a portion of the way at least, in his ascents of the mountains, exercise in the open air had given him a sinewy and muscular frame of great strength, as well as a beautifully shaped and perfectly developed figure. His face, which was not critically handsome, was yet extremely attractive from its frank, honest expression. Short brown curling locks clustered round a brow naturally of great whiteness, but which by means of exposure to the sun had, like the rest of his face, put on a somewhat darker hue, while his bright blue eyes beamed with an expression so captivating as to be well-nigh irresistible. His nose and mouth, though not those of an Adonis, were by no means ill-shaped, and suited well the rest of his open, ingenuous countenance. The *tout ensemble* was such as was calculated to find favor in the eyes of many women, but whether one of those women was Lena she was herself scarcely able to decide.

There never was a time since she could remember that Max had not been her devoted admirer, her faithful "cavalier servant." When children together she was never allowed to carry her books to and from school, unless Max was kept at home by illness. The first fruits and nuts of the season, with specimens of the eggs of all the various birds of the country round, and the fairest and most fragrant flowers, were all laid at her feet as trophies of his prowess, and as proofs of the unalterable affection with which he regarded her. When no one else could procure the beautiful delicate Alpine flower, the Edelweiss, Max knew where it was to be found, and thought no fatigue too great if he could obtain the coveted rarity for his beloved Lena. He even went so far upon one occasion as to capture and bring to her a young "Gemse," or chamois goat, thinking to please her by bestowing upon her a pet of a different nature from any that she had ever before possessed; but the

wild untamable creature proved so intractable that, after many unsuccessful attempts to establish friendly relations, Lena was glad to restore it to its native fastnesses and unapproachable crags.

Franz Walbach and his wife beheld this youthful friendship without apprehension, nor did they seek to place any barrier to the intimacy of the two children as they grew to man's and woman's estate. They had a sincere respect for the widow Ritter, and knew how well she had brought up her only son, and what ample root her virtuous instructions had taken in the rich soil of her boy's ardent, generous nature. They knew what a faithful son he had been to her, and that since the death of his father, which had occurred some years before, he had assisted her in the support of herself and his two little sisters.

Lena's parents knew that a good son would be likely to make a good husband, and although they thought their darling daughter might have looked higher in a worldly point of view, they felt perfectly satisfied that if Lena's affections centred themselves upon Max, no obstacle should be placed to their union.

But did she love Max with that fervor which would lead her to prefer him to all the world? She could scarcely have given a reply to that question herself. There were times when she thought that she did; but then there were other times when she was by no means certain. It was now three years since he had first asked her to be his wife—when she had reached the age of seventeen, and he had realized that she was growing into womanhood—and yet she had never given him a positive answer. She had never said "Yes"; but, on the other hand, she had never distinctly and emphatically said "No," and that fact afforded him some encouragement. She had felt sometimes inclined to make use of the latter monosyllable, in answer to his appeals that she would engage herself to him, and to tell him that he was wasting time in courting her, and he would better look elsewhere for a wife, but whenever she approached the subject with the severity and determination necessary to give him so decided a dismissal, her heart failed her when she saw the misery depicted upon his countenance at her first intimation of what she was about to say. In truth, she was a little spoiled by his constant and

unwavering tenderness, not sufficiently so to permanently injure her character, but enough to prevent her fully realizing the treasure she possessed in the entire devotion of such a noble nature. She had, moreover, a little spice of coquetry in her disposition, like many another daughter of Eve, and she could not resist the temptation of playing with him at times, as a cat does with a mouse, luring him on by some inviting smile or half approach to a caress, only to make him wretched by suddenly relapsing into an indifferent, chilling demeanor.

This state of affairs had been yet farther complicated a short time before by the appearance of another actor upon the scene. A young German, rejoicing in the somewhat high-sounding appellation of Rudolf Helfenstein, had come to Grindelwald, and had opened a new hostelry under the name of the "White Bear." The appearance of the stranger was in keeping with his name, for it was of a romantic character. Rather tall and dark, with flashing black eyes and a straight nose, he was not unlike the stage ideal of a disguised prince, or an elegant bandit of the type of Fra Diavolo. He had received a fairly good education, and possessing a fluent tongue and a ready address, he was not slow in making the most of his natural advantages. He dressed well, moreover, and, in view of all these attractions, was looked upon in his own line—that of hotel keeping—as decidedly a "swell." The White Bear was opened with a flourish of trumpets, and was soon decided to be the finest hotel in Grindelwald. Helfenstein's easy, pleasant manners made him popular with the travellers who flocked to that part of the country, and success appeared about to wait upon him in his new undertaking.

It was not long before he met Lena and Gretchen at one of the gatherings of the young people of the vicinity. He had previously become acquainted with Max, having seen him when he had gone to the hotel to engage himself as guide to some of the tourists stopping there.

Helfenstein was evidently greatly impressed with Lena's charms; and she, on her side, could not remain entirely insensible to the attractions of his manner and appearance. He took an opportunity of speaking to her in a low tone before they separated, asking permission to visit her, which was graciously accorded. Lena

told her parents upon her return home what she had done, and as they made no objection, Helfenstein was invited when he called to come again, and before many months had elapsed he was an established visitor in the Walbach household.

II.

What was Max doing all this time? It must have been evident to him, as to every one else at all interested in the matter, that Helfenstein was a decided admirer of Lena's, and that his advances were not disagreeable to her. She had never taken so much care of her personal appearance nor expended so much thought upon her dress as now. She welcomed Helfenstein with her sweetest smile, and was unusually gay, arch, and sportive when he was present. All this Max could see, and it made his heart heavy within him. He tried in the goodness of his nature to make excuses for Lena. He said to himself it was very natural she should be pleased with the attentions of a handsome fellow like Helfenstein. Where was the girl whose vanity would not be gratified by his admiration? It was only, he kept repeating over and over, that she was flattered by his notice, and wished to be polite to one who was a stranger and recently come among them; but then the thought would obtrude itself, and a cold chill would come over him whenever it did so, that something more might grow out of this transient feeling, and she might learn to love him. The horror of the idea seemed too great to be borne. He would rush away, scarcely knowing what he was doing, and endeavor to find distraction in some wild ride or some perilous excursion among the mountains—anything was better than that dreadful suspicion. He sometimes thought he would go away; he would settle in some other part of the country and try to forget Lena. Perhaps in time peace might come to him, and there might be, even yet—although he could not believe it—some happiness in store for him; but just as he would come to this decision a kind smile or a friendly word from her would divert him from his purpose and scatter his resolutions to the winds.

Gretchen, who took note of all this, and suspected the misery of Max, although she could not read the workings of his mind, felt that she must remonstrate with Lena, and gathering up all her courage,

said to her one day: "Lena, how can you torment Max as you do? Such a good fellow as he is, and so devoted to you. I could not find it in my heart to treat a dog so, much less a young man who loved me as he loves you."

"Torment Max!" replied Lena, opening her eyes with well-counterfeited astonishment. "How can you think I would treat in that manner any one for whom I have such a regard as I have for Max?"

"Well, whether you are aware of it or not," bluntly pursued Gretchen, "that is what you are doing, and I cannot bear to see it. I have kept still till I cannot contain myself any longer. When you encourage Mr. Helfenstein as you do, it is just torture to Max; and it is not like you," she said, assuming a softer tone and making up to Lena in a caressing manner, and putting her face tenderly against hers, as though by endearments to express her regret at having to speak to her any way but lovingly.

Lena colored and drew herself away, as if hesitating whether to be offended or not, but ended by entreating Gretchen to say no more to her on the subject.

The reproach had, however, set her to thinking; and whether it was that it had made so great an impression upon her as to induce her to alter her conduct, or whether, as she saw more of Helfenstein, she could better gauge his character, and saw his inferiority to Max, she could hardly have told herself, but from that day, if she was not kinder to the latter, she was certainly much less complaisant in her behavior to the former. Still, she did not feel satisfied with herself. She had yielded in some degree to the promptings of conscience, but she was not yet prepared to do what she suspected was the right thing. All within her was in a whirl, and a demon of unrest seemed to possess her. She gladly welcomed any diversion or any adventure that promised to take her out of herself.

One evening at a reunion of all her young friends at the house of a neighbor, Max, who had been absent for several days acting as guide to some Englishmen in the ascent of the Jungfrau, was recounting their adventures, when Lena abruptly exclaimed:

"How exciting that must be! How I should like to try it! Why can't we make up a party, Max, and climb the Jungfrau?"

"Climb the Jungfrau!" repeated Max,

as if doubting the evidence of his senses. "What on earth, Lena, could put such an idea into your head?"

"Whatever put it there is of little consequence," laughingly replied Lena; "but one thing is certain, it has come to stay. I want to climb the Jungfrau, and I think there are others who will bear me company. You are a splendid climber, Clara," she said, turning to one of her friends, named Clara Knabel; "wouldn't you like to try it; and you, Marie; and you, Frieda?" addressing several others. "And you, Mr. Helfenstein, would like to be of the party, would you not?"

It was Helfenstein's cue at present to do everything to propitiate her, as he was uneasy at the change he had remarked in her behavior toward him; and besides that, the idea of the ascent of a high mountain rather pleased him, so he answered, promptly, and in his most gallant manner: "Certainly. I should be most happy to make the excursion in such company."

"Ernest, would you not like to go too; and you, Fritz?" continued Lena, addressing Ernest Lauber and Fritz Heise, two of the young men living near by, whom she had known from childhood.

They both replied that if they could spare the time from their work they would very willingly join the party.

"Now, Max, you cannot refuse," she persisted. "You see how many of us are ready to go."

"But, Lena," urged Max, "you don't know what you ask. No woman has ever gone up the Jungfrau."

"If no woman has ever done it yet, that is another reason why I wish to show that we can do it," gayly rejoined Lena.

"You have no idea, though, of the fatigue," he continued. "It tires out strong men who are unaccustomed to climbing."

"But you forget, Max," she urged, "that we are not unaccustomed to climbing. We have been often to the glaciers of the Grindelwald, and there is not one of us who has not been up the Wengern Alp. You will not object any longer, will you, when you know that I want it so much?"

This last was uttered in a lower tone, and with such an air of mingled archness and tenderness that it proved quite irresistible to poor Max, who had only strength enough left to contend that instead of the Jungfrau the ascent should be made of the Finsteraarhorn. That was, he said, higher than the Jungfrau, but not so diffi-

cult to climb, and if Lena desired the glory of reaching the summit of the highest mountain, that was the best suited to her purpose.

To this change Lena finally assented, and it was decided that some day in the following week should be selected for starting upon their excursion, provided the consent of the girls' parents could be obtained.

Franz Walbach and his wife did not regard the project with approval; but they were won over, as Max had been, by Lena's wiles to giving her the necessary permission, after hearing that the party would be provided with an ample number of guides.

The parents of some of the other girls refused point-blank, so that there were left finally only five—Lena, Gretchen, Clara Knabel, Helfenstein, and Ernest Lauber (Heise not being able to get away)—besides Max and three additional guides, to constitute the company.

Max had engaged three of the best guides that were to be found, Johann Müller, Ulrich Stamm, and Carl Bender, who were as well, or nearly as well, acquainted with the high mountains of the Bernese Oberland as he was, which was saying a great deal, since he was most accomplished in his line of business.

Max said that he thought it would be better to make the ascent by way of the Aeggischhorn, to which the other guides agreed, and the following Tuesday, the 5th of August, was fixed upon as the time for starting.

III.

On the appointed day, all their preparations having been completed, they set out early in the morning for Viesch, which they reached in time to ascend the Aeggischhorn as far as the Hotel Jungfrau the same afternoon. All the girls were provided with mountain dresses, and long poles, or batons, with sharp-pointed ends, and the men with poles terminating in spiked axes, the axe side for cutting steps in the ice, and the spikes for securing a firm hold.

As they climbed up on their way to the Hotel Jungfrau, the girls were in raptures at the wonders spread out before their astonished gaze. They had a fine view of the Marjellen See, lying in solitary beauty among the mountains, bounded on one side by a vertical wall of ice sixty feet in height, a portion of the great Aletsch Gla-

cier. The quiet depths of the lake, undisturbed from any other cause, were from time to time stirred by the fall of large pieces of ice from the glacier overhead. The Jungfrau rose before them, its splendor undimmed by any cloud or mist, and so near that it seemed as if they might easily attempt its ascent instead of that of the Finsteraarhorn, but Lena knew that it would be of no use to propose it, as Max evidently considered the attempt so dangerous.

They remained at the Hotel Jungfrau until the following afternoon, when they set out immediately after their mid-day meal for the place where they were to pass the night. This was a grotto formed by clefts in the mountains, and was called the Cave of the Faulberg. During the morning they had sent up some porters from the hotel with a supply of hay, a large basket of wood for their fire, several blankets, and some provisions, to be placed in the cave in readiness for their arrival.

Max carried a ladder, together with a narrow plank, to be used in crossing the crevasses of the glacier which they must traverse before reaching the base of the Finsteraarhorn, and the other guides carried ropes. Each one had with him some whiskey in case it should be required.

As they were on their upward way they only once caught a glimpse of the top-most peak of the Finsteraarhorn. Beside it rose the Rothhorn, and at a little distance the Obergarhorn. Over on the opposite side they beheld the snowy summits of the Weisshorn, and to the left of this the mighty Matterhorn.

The whole party except the guides, to whom the sight was no novel one, burst out into exclamations of wonder, awe, and admiration.

Soon, however, the top of the giant mountain that they were about to ascend was again veiled in clouds, and they continued on their way, which led by the border of the Marjellen See and across the Aletsch Glacier.

Here they began to come to crevasses in the ice, some of which were narrow enough to spring over, but others were so wide that it was necessary for Max to lay over them the ladder he had brought and the narrow plank on top of it. In this way the men crossed easily, and the girls with a little assistance managed to get over in safety.

After leaving the glacier they had two or three hours of pretty hard climbing, when they reached the Faulberg grotto about sunset. If the girls were greatly fatigued, they were too proud to show it, and insisted upon going out to view the sunset while the fire was being made and the supper cooked by Max and the other guides.

In spite of their enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, they were glad enough to be seated a little later around a cheerful fire, enjoying the hot coffee and smoking dish of meat and potatoes prepared for supper.

They sat awhile after the meal was over in the pleasant warmth of the fire, which cast a ruddy glow around the rocky chamber, discussing their plans for the next day's work, and comparing notes as to their impressions of what they had already seen; then they prepared for the few hours of slumber which were to be granted to them.

The hay which had been sent up that morning was spread upon the hard floor of the cave, Max taking care to see that it was thickly laid at the farthest end, which had been appropriated to the girls for their resting-place.

They lay down just as they were, in their mountain dresses, and were soon enjoying the sound sleep which exercise in the open air, when not too excessive, brings to all, but particularly to the young.

They were roused at three o'clock by Max, who told them that the coffee was ready and they must get up, as they ought to be starting by four o'clock. They jumped up briskly, and after a hasty toilet announced themselves prepared to take their coffee.

At four o'clock they were off. It was a clear starlight night, but soon a faint gray shade in the sky heralded the approach of daylight. They descended a steep slope to the Viescher Glacier, along which they walked for some time. As they looked toward the east they caught the first rosy glow on the horizon which betokened the rising of the sun. Here they stopped to rest awhile, and enjoy the magnificent spectacle afforded to their astonished gaze. Never had the beautiful Phœbus Apollo, guiding the fiery horses in his gilded chariot, appeared to more admiring spectators than on this occasion. They watched the faint color as it deepened

ed and deepened, until the whole east was one mass of crimson effulgence, and then, as slowly and majestically the glorious orb came up above the horizon, the girls clapped their hands in their delight. In a few moments the topmost peaks of the mountains around them caught the shining rays, and their summits were bathed in the brilliant light. The snow and ice in which they were encased glistened and sparkled like a sea of diamonds emitting prismatic colors, till the eye was fairly pained by the dazzling vision. The lower mountains, which, not being "snow-capped peaks," had presented hitherto a dull gray uniformity of aspect, now caught the advancing rays, and were in an instant transfigured by the touch. The whole universe seemed to glow, and, as it were, to melt away into an ocean of golden color.

Entranced and wellnigh bewildered by all this splendor, the girls sat silent, having exhausted their repertory of expressions of admiration, but their guides telling them they must not wait any longer, they stopped only a few moments more to partake of some refreshment, and again took up their march. After leaving the Viescher Glacier they came to a plain or valley, which they crossed, and between seven and eight o'clock reached the base of the Finsteraarhorn.

The ascent, which now began in earnest, was at first over solid rock, but after a while they came to snow, which was frozen so hard, and the path so steep, that steps had to be cut in it. The axes of the four guides were brought into requisition. They worked with a will, but the ascent, which before had been comparatively easy, now became laborious and difficult. The girls found that they must make constant use of their spiked poles to steady their steps and keep them from slipping upon the ice. As they mounted higher and higher they were impressed with a sense of the awfulness of the perfect silence around them. No sounds of the lower world from which they had come, and which seemed now so far beneath them, penetrated to this immense height. The solemn stillness was never disturbed by lowing cattle, by flight of birds, or any sign of animal life. Occasionally the roar of a distant avalanche was heard, but that was all.

The sound of their own voices was a relief to the party. They laughed and

joked and made an effort to talk incessantly, as much to keep up their spirits as for any other reason, but Max did not enter into their gayety. He did not like the look of the weather, and appeared anxious and abstracted. The sun, which had risen so brilliantly a few hours before, had now gone under a cloud. The heavens were assuming a grayish uniformity of color, and the wind was beginning to rise. It was intensely cold, and the whole party would have suffered greatly had it not been for the violent exercise they were taking.

They were now approaching a most difficult portion of the ascent. The way led over a narrow buttress of rock, with a precipice on either hand. On one side a sheer wall of rock went down thousands of feet to the glacier; on the other, the descent, though less precipitous, was quite as terrifying, as it bristled with jagged, uneven stony points. Max declared that the danger was too great of allowing them to go any longer unprotected, and they must be roped together for fear of falling. The guides took the ropes which they had brought with them, and proceeded to rope three together in three different groups. Johann Müller took the lead, with Gretchen in the middle, and behind her Helfenstein; Ulrich Stamm had behind him Clara Knabel and Ernest Lauber; and Max, with his usual solicitude for Lena, and thinking she would be safer between two guides, placed himself before and Carl Bender behind her. Steps were cut in the ice as they went up the slippery incline, and they were soon safely past the dangerous spot, much to the relief of Max.

But now a new solicitude assailed him. They had gone but a short distance farther when it began to snow. He said nothing at first, hoping it might prove a mere flurry, and would be over in a few moments, but as they kept on and on, nearing the summit of the mighty mountain, which for some time past had well merited its name of Finsteraarhorn, so dark and gloomy had been its aspect, the white flakes fell thicker and faster, obscuring the view of everything around them. Max at length stopped, held a colloquy with the three other guides, and then announced it as their unanimous decision that they must turn back immediately. "It was dangerous to proceed any farther," he said; "the snow would soon obscure their landmarks, and prevent

them perhaps from finding the right path, and then what was to become of them if they were lost in a snow-storm at an altitude of 12,000 feet?"

The girls, who were beginning to suffer intensely from fatigue, from the driving snow in their faces, and from the piercing cold, consented at once to turn around, although expressing some disappointment at the failure of their hopes. They consoled themselves, however, with the reflection that their attempt was not an entire failure. They had gone more than three-quarters of the way to the top, and until the snow began to fall they had had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The snow, which fell faster and faster, facilitated their descent, as it had by this time covered the ice to a considerable depth, and there was less likelihood of their slipping; at the same time it added to their danger, as in some places it obliterated their former footsteps, and rendered them less certain of the way they ought to take.

When they came again to the narrow buttress which was the most dangerous part of their route, and over which they must pass in single file, Max, with Lena and Carl Bender, were in the rear, the rest of the party being in front of them. All passed over safely till it came to Max and his two companions. The former, in his desire to keep as far away as possible from the side which went down to the glacier, pressed rather closely to the opposite side, where the brink of the precipice was hidden by the snow which clung to the rock, and made the path seem wider than was really the case. Bender, misled by the snow, put his foot too close to the edge, and it went over; attempting to recover himself, he slipped, and then fell entirely over the brink, dragging Lena with him. Max, when he felt the first pressure from behind, instantly planted the spike of his pole so firmly in the ice that he was enabled to hold his position, but the rope, not being strong enough to bear the weight of two persons, broke just behind him, and Lena, with Bender, went over the precipice.

A deadly horror fell upon all the rest of the party. For a few moments no one was able to speak. The silence was first broken by Gretchen, who burst into tears and lamentations, bewailing the fate of her beloved Lena.

Max, whose deadly paleness could be

discerned even under the coating of sun-burn upon his face, turned to the other two guides, and said, simply, "Something must be done at once to find out what has become of them."

"Why," replied Johann Müller, bluntly, "you don't think that any help can be given to them now; they must have been dashed to pieces long before this."

A shudder ran over Max's whole frame, but controlling himself by a determined effort, he said: "I am not so sure of that. I think there is a possibility that they may not have fallen so far as we suppose; at any rate, I intend to find out."

"Find out! How can you find out?" exclaimed Ulrich Stamm, approaching the edge of the precipice and looking over. "You can see nothing in this thick snow, nor is there any chance of its stopping, so that we could be able to make any observation."

"I am going to get you to let me down by a rope," said Max, "so I can see if I can find anything of them."

The two other guides shook their heads as if they thought he had taken leave of his senses.

Gretchen, who had ceased weeping and sobbing long enough to listen to this colloquy, exclaimed: "Oh, Max, I beg you not to think of such a thing! You will be dashed to death against the sharp edges and points of the rock. We shall never see you alive again."

"It is not so dangerous as all that," rejoined Max. "And even if it were," he added, with a little sob in his voice, "why should I care to live if Lena is gone?"

"You have your mother, though, Max," she pleaded. "You are her mainstay and the joy of her life. You have your young sisters also. What would they do without you?"

"I do not mean to lose my life, Gretchen," he returned, "or to take any unnecessary risk; but I must satisfy myself as to the fate of Lena and Bender. I think that I shall be able to keep myself from being seriously injured by the sharp projections of the rocks."

"Is there no way, though, by going down lower on the mountain and around, by which you could reach the foot of the precipice?" urged Gretchen.

"There is none," he replied. "And even if there were, it is not there I wish to go. If they have fallen to the foot of the precipice there is no hope for them."

Helfenstein and the others then united in endeavoring to dissuade him from his rash attempt, but they soon saw that it was of no avail.

"I will tell you just what I want you to do," he said, speaking to the four men, who gathered around him where he stood. "We will take all the rope we have and knot it together. Then I will fasten it around my waist, and you must let me down as far as the rope will allow, first laying the ladder on the ground so that one end of it may project over the brink, and passing the rope over that end, so that I may be enabled to keep farther away from the sides of the rock. You must let me down the full length of the rope, and if I make no sign when all is let out, you may know that I have discovered nothing" (here he tried to say "of our lost friends," but not succeeding in getting the words out, he went on), "and then you must draw me up again. If, on the other hand, you feel my weight suddenly detached from the rope, and you can draw it up without any resistance, then you may know that I have been, in some degree at least, successful. Then I want you to draw the rope all the way up, and when that is done, will you, Johann and Ulrich, go as quickly as possible to the Cave of the Faulberg, leaving Mr. Helfenstein and Heise to take charge of Gretchen and Clara, and bring another coil of rope, which is there, and the large basket in which the wood was carried up yesterday. Then, adding the fresh piece of rope to what you already had, so that it may be double where it was single before, will you fasten the ends to the basket in such a way that it cannot possibly tip to one side or the other, and let it down to me."

So saying, he took the rope, and proceeded, with the assistance of the other guides, to tie the pieces together. When they had finished, it measured about sixty feet. Max took a heavy blanket, and placing it around his waist, fastened the rope over it. He then put the ladder on the ground in the manner that he had suggested, and said that he was ready. Helfenstein and Heise held the ladder firmly in position, while Johann and Ulrich prepared to let out the rope. Max went to the end of the ladder, held on to the rung at the end for a moment or two, and then dropped. The two guides, who had previously wound the rope around

the rung of the ladder, in order to steady it, let it out slowly and carefully. A period of the most intense suspense to all the party on the rock followed. They had little hope of any successful termination to Max's daring attempt. They feared the only result would be that he would be drawn up again dead or frightfully injured. As the rope was payed out and out, drawing near to its end, the agony seemed almost too great for Gretchen to bear. She sank on her knees in prayer, her whole frame shaking with the sobs she was trying to repress, and Clara covered her face with her hands. Helfenstein was extremely pale, and his hands trembled as he tried to hold the ladder firmly. Suddenly the rope stopped paying out. There could be no mistake; it certainly would not go any farther. Johann and Ulrich could hardly believe the evidence of their senses, but remembering Max's directions, they waited a little while, and then attempted to draw up the rope. It came up without any resistance. They then knew that Max had discovered Lena and Bender. In what condition he had found them, whether dead or alive, they could form no idea. But he *had* found them. That was enough to afford ground for hope, and Gretchen arose from her knees wild with joy, while an unspeakable delight shone in the faces of Clara and Helfenstein and Heise. Johann and Ulrich turned away. Was it to hide a tear?

IV.

Let us now turn to Max, and see what befell him. He had his wits about him, and tried to keep himself from swinging against the sharp rocky projections of the mountain by pushing himself away with his hands. But he was not always successful. His hands were covered with blood, and he received many a painful bruise; but he thought little of that. His whole mind and soul were concentrated upon the effort to save Lena if possible. He remembered to have noticed in previous ascents of the Finsteraarhorn that at this very point of the rocky buttress, on the side upon which Lena and Bender had gone over, at some distance below, there was a rocky ledge running around the mountain; but just how far down it was he could not say, or whether it was wide enough to retain any body falling on it from above with a tendency to rebound.

He could only trust in God, and breathe an inward prayer that all his efforts would not prove to be in vain. But what was that which he felt? Surely he had come to a stop, and although his feet sank in the snow, that must be solid ground which he touched. Yes, it was indeed solid ground, the very ledge of rock which he had conjectured must be somewhere about this spot, and an emotion of devout gratitude filled his breast.

His first care, as soon as he recovered himself, was to seek for Lena and Carl Bender. The snow had covered every object as with a shroud, but stooping down and feeling his way along carefully, he soon came to two white mounds, which, when the snow was pushed off, he saw were their two eagerly sought companions. He tore the rope from around his waist, so that it might be drawn up as a signal to those above, and then went to work with feverish haste to ascertain the condition of those lying there so cold and white.

The first one he came to was Bender. Max stooped down, and taking hold of him suddenly, was surprised to see him open his eyes and stare confusedly at him. He hastened to raise him to a sitting position, and after brushing all the snow from his face, to give him a good dose of whiskey from the bottle he carried in his pocket. In a few moments he saw that he was becoming conscious of his surroundings. Leaning him against the wall of rock for a support, and leaving the whiskey to do its work in warming him into life and activity, he hurried to Lena, every moment seeming to him an age until he could attend to her. He brushed the snow from her face and figure, and bending down to look at her closely, he felt sure that she was dead, she lay there so white and beautiful, with no sign of life visible. In an agony of apprehension, he hastened to tear open her shawl and jacket and dress, in order to put his hand to her heart, which he thought he felt faintly beating. He took hold of her wrist, and this time he was sure that he detected a slight pulsation. He raised her up, and resting her against his knee, he rubbed her palms briskly; then melting snow by holding it in his hands, he sprinkled her face with the water he had obtained. He soon had the exquisite delight of seeing signs of returning consciousness. She sighed faintly, and opened her eyes. Taking the flask

of whiskey and putting it to her mouth, he succeeded in getting her to swallow a small portion of its contents. Before long she breathed regularly, and gave tokens of returning strength and animation. Max saw that she was making an effort to speak, and bent down lower to hear her. In a very low voice, but slowly and distinctly, she said,

"Am I in heaven?"

"No, dearest Lena," he answered; "you are here with us, all right, and soon you will be quite well again."

"If I am not in heaven," she persisted, "where am I? I must have died, for I remember going over the precipice."

"You did not die, dear Lena," Max hastened to assert, for there was something in her way of talking, almost as if she were a disembodied spirit, which distressed him greatly. "You did go over the precipice, it is true, but not very far down, because there was a ledge of rock on which Bender and you fell; and there was such a depth of snow on it that you were only stunned, and so your life has been saved, and you will soon be well and strong enough to gladden the hearts of all of us who love you so much."

For the first time, as the last words were spoken, a look of recognition came into her eyes; before that she evidently had not known to whom she was speaking.

"Why, Max," she said, "is it you?"

"Yes, dear Lena," he returned. "Who should it be but me, who would wish to be the first to follow you into every peril and danger, and save you from all the pain and sorrow that I could?"

"Did you come down the precipice after me?"

"I was let down from above by a rope."

"Then you have risked your life to save me."

"Oh no! I *would* gladly risk my life to save you, but in this case I have not been called upon to do so much."

"You have, Max; I am sure of it. Your hands are torn, and your face is all scratched and bleeding; that is why I did not know you at first. Why did none of the others come after me?"

"I—I—don't know," stammered Max. "I suppose they thought it would not be of any use."

"You made the trial, though; to see whether it would be of any use. I understand it all, Max; it is because you love

me better than anybody else in the world does."

"I suppose so," simply assented Max.

"To think, too, how I have treated you" (here she covered her face with her hands), "how I have requited such constancy and devotion. What a wretch I must appear to you, Max!"

"Wretch!" uttered Max, reproachfully, as if indignant that she should give utterance to such a slander. "I think you are an angel."

"If I am an angel, it must be one of the sort I have heard the clergyman read about in church, who troubled the waters, for I have troubled you sadly, my poor Max."

"Don't say so, dear Lena; don't distress yourself about that, I beg of you."

"No, I shall not distress myself, for it is not too late to try to make amends for all the suffering I have caused you. This life that you have saved shall for the future be devoted entirely to you, dear Max."

There was not a happier man in all Switzerland at that moment than Max. His joy was so great that, unable to find utterance for it in words, he could only kiss rapturously the little hands that he held within his own. Oblivious of time and place, he lost all recollection of his surroundings, until restored to it by a call from Bender. Jumping up quickly and going to him, he found that worthy personage quite himself again. With Max's assistance, he arose, stamped his feet, declared that he had not yet got over his wonder at finding himself alive again, shook hands with Lena, inquired of Max how in thunder he got there, and then proceeded to exercise with both hands and feet in order to keep himself warm.

The cold was intense. Max wrapped the warm blanket he had taken with him around Lena, pillowed her head against his shoulder, and supported by his encircling arm, and protected from the wind and the snow, she lay smiling and happy.

Several hours elapsed before they heard anything from their friends above, during which Bender, having stamped and thrashed and beaten his arms till he was tired, and drunk up all Max's whiskey, except a little which was given to Lena, was beginning to become profane on the subject of the cold, when they perceived coming down toward them the basket which Max had directed to be brought from the Faulberg cave.

Max arose when he saw it, and as soon as it reached them, taking hold of it, he examined it carefully to see whether it was strong, and fastened so as to be sure to remain evenly balanced; then he looked at the rope to make sure of its reliability, and then proposed that Bender should be the first to go up.

The rescued guide looked askance at this proposition, but seeing there was no alternative, he seated himself in the basket, which was quite large enough for one person, his feet hanging outside, and resigned himself to his fate. Max pulled the rope as a signal to those above to draw up the basket, and after it started he guided it as far as he could reach, in order to keep it from hitting against the rock.

It was not long till a glad shout from overhead, which was heard above the noise of the wind, announced that the first aerial voyager had arrived in safety.

Again the basket was let down, and this time Max, with much reluctance, placed Lena in it. He trembled with fear lest she might again meet with some mishap, but concealing from her as well as he could his disquietude, and exhorting her to be calm and courageous, and not to lose her presence of mind whatever should happen, he gave the signal for her to be drawn up.

The moments seemed like hours to him, and he remained in a state bordering on distraction till another succession of glad shouts conveyed to him the delightful assurance that she too had arrived in safety.

With a heart filled with gratitude to the Almighty, he breathed a prayer of thanks, and then walked up and down, in order to calm the turbulent condition of mind in which he found himself, until he saw the basket again descending for him.

It was only the work of an instant to seat himself in it, and giving the signal, he was borne upward in a much more comfortable manner than he had descended.

With an overwhelming shout of acclamation he was received as he reached the brink above, and was drawn in by means of drawing in the ladder until he could be safely landed on "terra firma." They all rushed to meet him, declaring him their brave and conquering hero, and Gretchen, who had not yet recovered from the ecstasy into which she had been thrown by the arrival of Lena, threw her arms around him over and over again.

It was necessary now for them to make some arrangements for their onward march. Max declared that as much the most dangerous portion of the route had been passed, it would no longer be necessary for them to be roped together. Lena was of course too weak and shaken to be equal to the effort of descending a mountain, so a litter was improvised for her by means of the same ladder which had proved useful on so many occasions, with some blankets placed over it, and on this she was carefully and tenderly carried by Max and Johann Müller. It was not an easy undertaking, but love and patience are powerful aids in overcoming all the obstacles that we meet with in our passage through life, and so it proved in this case. The snow ceased before they had reached their journey's end, and by the time they had arrived at the cave of the Faulberg the stars shone out as brilliantly as they had done the preceding evening. They were all very glad to have a warm supper and a good night's rest.

The next morning Lena declared herself quite strong, and able to walk as well as ever, while Bender testified by his rubicund appearance and the excellent appetite which he displayed at breakfast-time that he was not materially the worse for the previous day's thrilling adventure.

They returned that day to the Jungfrau Hotel, where they rested another night, for fear of injuring Lena by too much exertion, and on the evening of the next day they reached their homes.

Helfenstein was not a bad fellow, after all. He was not long in seeing the "lay of the land" after their adventure on the Finsteraarhorn, and he resigned all pretensions to Lena's hand gracefully, the more so that he had begun to admire Gretchen greatly. He was much impressed by the unselfish devotion that she had manifested for her friend during the time she was in such deadly peril. Then, when he began to look at her more attentively, he wondered that he had not noticed how pretty she was.

He ended by being completely subjugated; and when he came to the point of offering his hand and his fortune—such as it was—to his fair enslaver, he did not meet with a refusal.

So Gretchen and he were married on the same day as Max and Lena, and Gretchen became the mistress of the White Bear Hotel; but never for one instant did Lena envy her, nor regret that she had chosen her faithful, loyal, tender Max, who made her life as happy as it was possible for it to be made by the entire devotion of a true, noble heart.

GOLDEN BUBBLES.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

*Desire not thou too greatly, for, like fire
Destroying what it enfolds, so is desire.*

SUCCESS:—that was his thought, his hope, his aim.

Afield or housed, noon, midnight, dusk or dawn,

That dazzling image his heart dwelt upon.

For, if he slept, imagination's flame

Burnt like a steady torch, lighting the same

Determined path—which way his soul had gone;

And if he waked, the dream, still unwithdrawn,

Remained, unchanged, his conscious force to claim.

At last 'twas his. An airy figure brought,

Light-balanced on soft finger-tips, a sphere

Of fine-wrought gold. But his trained hands forgot

Their skill for one brief instant, in the fear

To lose the gift. Too eagerly they caught

The glittering ball, which crumbled into naught.

* * *

So strength may win what it may fail to keep!

This world's gifts vary only in degree.

They are but air sphered in the thinnest gold:

The bubbles must be jostled tenderly.

ROMAN LONDON.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

FEW who visit London, the early seat of English and American intelligence and freedom, remember the dead city that lies below it. Roman London lies fifteen or twenty feet beneath the modern city. Wherever excavations are made within the ancient walls, proofs of its civilization and intelligence are constantly found.¹ The rarest mosaics and even frescoes, the floors and walls of ancient houses long lost to sight, cups and vases, great amphoræ, rich Samian ware, bracelets, armlets, pins, needles, remains of dresses, and now and then bones and skulls, point out the site of the ancient city and the luxury or industry of its inhabitants. Within the walls it is evident that much of the Italian refinement was transported to the banks of the Thames. Houses rich with ornament, churches and basilicas, baths adorned with frescoes and rich with mosaics, streets well paved, a forum south of Cornhill, with its public buildings, its shops, and its busy multitudes, and a river covered with the commerce of the world, are revealed to us by the history and the relics of the past.

The fine wall that surrounded the city may still be traced, and Ludgate, Cripplegate, or Bishopsgate recall its memory. Four great Roman roads met in the forum, and thence divided to open a way to the farthest limits of the island, for the march of the legions and the requirements of trade. All the great Roman *strata*, or streets, like the modern railways of Britain, centred in the ancient capital. One ran to Lindum and the Caledonian colonies over the wall of Hadrian; one crossed to Chester; one penetrated Cornwall; one ran on the west coast to Carlisle. Along these fine highways the trade of London was carried. The roads that ran from the gates on the north side are marked by the usual signs of a great city population. Like the Appian and the Latin ways, they are lined with tombs. Cinerary urns and memorials of the dead begin at once to reveal themselves without the walls. With them

are found occasionally the remains of that taste for villas and fine rural homes that marked the environs of Rome. The British villas were little inferior to the Roman. Their tessellated floors, frescoed walls, hypocausts, baths, their varied apartments, their gardens of fruit and flowers, were spread over the three Roman provinces from Dover and Regni to York and Carlisle.

To form a true conception of the Roman city we must sweep away all the accumulated results of modern art and industry. We must create a *tabula rasa*, and remove, as the mere figments of fancy, the Cathedral, the Abbey, the Tower, the swarming throngs of Cheapside, and the endless squares of brick buildings that shelter the millions of the London of to-day; dissolve the splendid vision, and think only of the past. Confined within the narrow limits of these walls, its greatest length the river front, its greatest breadth between Cripplegate and the Thames, we see the Roman city. It is enclosed by a wall of stone-work and cement from twenty to thirty feet high. Towers or castella appear at intervals. It was built upon the plan of all other Roman cities, and resembled Pompeii or Lindum. Its four chief streets, at least forty feet wide, met in its forum; they were perfectly straight, and led directly to the gates. At their side were narrower *limites*, or lanes, all equally straight and free from sinuosities. The Roman engineers laid out their *strata* with unchanging regularity. Every street was paved with smooth stone, like those of Pompeii. Beneath the streets ran the sewers and the water-pipes—we may assume—so invariably found in every Roman city.

It is impossible to determine exactly the site of the London forum; it is only probable that there must have been one. We may however, infer, from evidence too detailed and minute to enter upon here, that the forum stood upon the oldest part of Roman London, viz., south of Cornhill and east of the Mansion House. It is by no means certain that there was a forum. But an inscribed tile seems to show that the seat of government of the province was at London. Those, however, who consider the later importance of Roman

¹ Mr. Roach Smith's life-long researches, Mr. Wright's "Celt, Roman, Saxon," his "Uriconium," and the endless list of archæologists must be my authorities for the following sketch. But I have also personally studied some of the London remains.

London can hardly believe that it had no public buildings. At first an insignificant town, although a port of some trade, for more than two centuries it controlled the exports and imports of the entire island. Its wharves were filled with animation, its harbor with ships of burden. All the authorities point to London as a centre of commercial activity.

So complete was the security in which South Britain remained for centuries, under the protection of Hadrian's wall and the fortified cities of the west, that London was left without any other defence than a strong castle on the banks of the river until the age of Constantine. Unlike nearly all the other Roman cities, it had no walls, was unprotected even by a ditch, and lay open on all sides to attack. At last, however, at some unknown period, but between the years 350 and 369, by some unknown hand, the Roman wall was built. Its extent may easily be traced; fragments of it still remain; and recently, at an excavation made by the railway company, a party of antiquarians were enabled to study and explore more than one hundred feet in length of these ancient defences. Saxon and Dane, Norman and Englishman, have in the long course of fifteen centuries altered, overthrown, or rebuilt them; but their course and circuit were never changed. The Roman wall fixed the limit of the city, and its venerable fragments still recall the days when the last Roman legions marched down the Dover street, when Alfred restored the wall, or when Pym and Hampden found within its shelter the citadel of modern freedom.

To call up the ancient city, therefore, we must wholly sweep away the modern. On its present site, but fifteen or more feet below, we enter the classic London through a gateway surmounted by towers, over a pavement trodden by many feet, but kept in careful repair. Again, at Silchester we see the disposition of the Roman gate. The wall is recessed so as to command the entrance for forty feet on either side. On the broad street from the bridge to the northern gate, near the present Bishopsgate, was the highway that for three centuries had accelerated the trade of Britain.

The houses of the better class can be reconstructed from the Roman villas whose foundations have been laid bare in various parts of the country. A very great num-

ber have been found and partially examined by excavations. Some of them are of a size and splendor which denote great wealth, as well as a feeling of profound security. They have been found, for the most part, in the southern counties. Many are in Kent—a county which, so long as the Count of the Saxon shore protected its coasts, was the safest part of Britain. But many of these villas have been found in Lincolnshire, and there are probably hundreds awaiting discovery. It is not fair, in considering the trader's house of London, to take the magnificent ruins of such a villa as that which has been laid bare at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire. Here we find sitting-rooms fifty feet square ranged about courts or gardens a hundred and a hundred and fifty feet square; here are splendid tessellated pavements, fresco paintings, fragments of statues and groups, Samian ware, and every indication of art and luxury. We need not suppose that London merchants lived in palaces.

The excavations of Silchester, however, give us precisely the kind of information we desire. We there find, for instance, two houses laid open—one the house of a wealthy citizen or a superior official, the other that of a humble *bourgeois*. The general arrangement is similar in the two houses. Let us take the larger. It is built with a southern aspect. A square garden is surrounded by a cloister, which afforded shade in the summer and a sheltered walk in winter. Behind the cloister on three sides are large chambers. Those on the west side are winter rooms. They were warmed by a hypocaust, from which pipes conveyed hot air along the walls of bedrooms and sitting-rooms. Outside the house ran another covered cloister. Behind the house was an open court-yard or garden, with chambers for the slaves, and in front stretched a large garden. The walls of the house are of brick and stone; the pavements are tessellated with great taste. Tools of various kinds have been found, some of them, as a carpenter's plane, exactly like those still in use; coins of Roman emperors have been found, and a fragment or two of statues. We can thus understand that the Pompeian villa must not be taken as the model of the Romano-British. Lysius indeed endeavored, without any success, to apply the rules of Vitruvius to the villa of Woodchester. We can also understand that, attention being paid to the exigencies of

the climate, Roman ideas of domestic architecture and decoration extensively prevailed over the province; also that the island during two hundred years of tranquillity became the residence of many very wealthy people. How did they become rich? In the same way as at present—by trade. And in the same way as over other parts of the Roman Empire, by the labor of slaves and the traffic in slaves. They formed part of the wealth of the country, and were exported just as the iron and the tin and the hides. Lamentably obscure as is the history of the time, it seems plain that the Roman system broke down because when the legions were defeated or withdrawn there was no reserve, no rural strength—nothing but farms cultivated and managed by slaves for wealthy proprietors. What happened on the rich plains of Lombardy happened in Britain. Slaves will work for their masters without a murmur. But no slaves were ever yet discovered who would fight and die for their masters.

Such, then, was the house of the wealthy London merchant. His house stood in that part of London north of Cheapside and Cornhill, outside the busy and crowded river-side, where he could stretch out the garden which he used so much. As for the houses of the lower sort, one supposes that they were built in many stories, as those of Rome. But, indeed, nothing is known of the working classes of London—whether the people were freemen or slaves; how they lived and how they worked; what arts they carried on, and what industries they followed. Stevedores, dockers, lightermen, watermen, ferry-men, sailors, coopers, packers, all those who lived by the trade and the lading and unlading of merchant ships, crowded together at the port of London—a rough people, coarse of speech and of manners, as they are to this day.

Into the lofty, brilliant, well-heated apartments of the finer houses there was thrown a confused mass of furniture not unworthy of the richest palaces of modern days. Cushions and lounges of crimson silk and Babylonian tapestry surrounded the banqueting tables and walls; mirrors of metal or glass shone on all sides. Glass windows let in the inconstant sunlight; and candles, lamps, and candelabra in the winter evenings, scattered over the rooms on tripods, tables, niches, and, perhaps, hung aloft on the ceiling, threw down suf-

ficient light. The infinite number and varied forms of their lamps show the care the Romans gave to lighting their rooms and their taste for nocturnal amusement. Carpets, rugs, and matting were thrown upon the mosaic floor. Statues of real merit stood around in artistic negligence. Tables of citron wood, or marble tripods, book shelves and stands, glass vases of all forms and modes, rich with green, red, or purple dyes, shone on the Roman sideboard. Goblets, pitchers, and vases of the delicate red Samian ware added to the glow of color; they were so fragile that only fragments of the finer kind have been preserved. In the midst of his luxurious home sat the London curial, or alderman of the Roman time, on his curule chair, surrounded by wife and children, clothed in the richest fabrics of the day, and all glittering with rings, jewels, armlets, bracelets, some of which have been left behind to tell their tale. On the bones of a woman's arm in Mr. Roach Smith's collection are seen three bracelets of gold, with gems and rare chasings.

To complete the picture of the home of the Roman period, we must add a great number of articles of convenience or comfort that would seem to us almost exclusively modern. Chairs, lounges, sofas, bedsteads, chests, closets, drawers, curtains, glass vessels, mirrors, and vases, bunches of keys, and a great variety of kitchen utensils, gold and silver ornaments, baskets and urns for money, great amphoræ filled with wine, and the well-stored kitchens of the wealthy, made up the requirements of Roman life. These the barbarous Saxons plundered or destroyed, chiefly from a fear that magic lay in all objects of art. A garden in the front of the villa, filled with roses from Pæstum and lilies and violets, was never forgotten by a people so fond of flowers; baths, hot and cold, were attached to every large house. Fourteen centuries and the ravages of Saxon and Dane have covered Roman London with a cloud of mystery that no one has been able to remove. No careful research into its streets and forum has been made or seems possible. British and American archæologists are active on the coasts of Asia Minor and the Egyptian Delta, but find little attraction in the dead city upon whose foundations civilization was established, American and English. What we owe to Roman London must be deter-

mined by future study and excavation. But no government aids in its exploration, and no private benefactor insures it. Serious obstacles interpose. Its site is occupied by the warehouses and public buildings of the modern city of enormous value, and it would be impossible to remove them. Only when a railway or embankment forces open some of the secrets of the world below, do we come upon the remains of fine houses and the countless conveniences of the past. In fact, the study of their own antiquities has been hitherto neglected by our English cousins. But there are many cities yet to be explored that lie covered only by a thin layer of earth; the Society of Antiquaries has taken in hand the most important. We may look at last for a rare disclosure of buried treasures, a new flood of light on the manners of the English Romans.

Conservative even in dress, the Romans impressed upon the provincial cities the fashions of Rome and Naples. The *toga* was the mark of civilization. Every citizen must wear it. Unfit and inconvenient as it must seem in the cold climate of Britain, it was apparently adopted by the natives and their Italian masters, and formed for two hundred years the common dress of the people. This oblong or square piece of cloth thrown over the shoulders and held by a brooch or button was the symbol of the *togati*, or the ruling race. The tunic worn next the skin was the real garment. This was a long coat with arms made of wool or linen, and reaching to the knees with men and to the ankles with women. It was warm; it was close to the figure; it was sometimes, in cold weather, double. It remained, with modifications, for many centuries the sole dress of the people, being sometimes of leather. Over the tunic the men threw the *toga* or the *pallium*; the women, the *stola*. The feet were covered with sandals and shoes, many of which have been found in the ruined cities. The British *braccae*, or "breeches," were perhaps laid aside, but the soft, warm, double tunic was quite as efficacious against the cold as the *braccae*. They resembled the kilt of the Scots. The richest stuffs, silks and woollens, were used by the wealthier classes in their dress at home and abroad. The purple borders of the officials marked the distinctions of rank. An absurd passion for titles and office had always been

a trait of the Roman character—chiefly among the uncultivated classes—and the British cities, almost independent and self-governing, imitated the fashions of Rome. The Roman municipal government was evidently the model of that of the cities of England and America. The emperors left to the provincial towns and colonies the right of electing their municipal officers. Every year an election was held. The modern mayor or president was represented by the *duumviri*, or two officials who formed the head of the city government. But they could only be taken from the list of the *curiales*, or senators, who formed the ruling aristocracy of the town. It is probable that these *curiales* were of Roman descent, the first settlers of the distant *colonia*. Mr. Coote has shown that the chief Italian families—the Fabii, Claudii, Valerii, and many others—are all represented in the British settlements and inscriptions, and they may have formed the germ of a colonial aristocracy. Human equality had long been forgotten among the once progressive Romans. Slavery, imperialism, and caste were held to be the institutions of God, not man. The *curiales* were sometimes a hundred in number, and formed the Board of Aldermen of Roman London. The office was hereditary. The sons—perhaps the eldest—were *curiales* like the fathers. But one trace of popular sovereignty was preserved. An officer was elected each year whose duty it was to defend the privileges of the people. He was the tribune of London. It is impossible to define his powers or rights. We only know that such a faint shadow of the famous popular officials of Rome existed in the British colonies.

In many things the Roman aldermen seem to have governed well, and far more wisely than their barbarous Saxon or Norman successors. The health of Roman London was cared for by the most stringent laws. No interments were allowed within the city walls, and the pestilential graveyards, that until quite recently filled most European and even American cities with noxious odors were never known in Roman England. The streets, as at Uriconium or Lindum, were well paved and kept in good repair. They were carefully swept and purified. Beneath them ran sewers connecting with each house, and a full stream from some aqueduct or river was poured into the

city, filling its fountains, baths, and reservoirs, and providing cleanliness and abundant water for the people. It is probable that fountains played in every square of the British cities, and that the baths of London were open freely to all. One still remains in the Strand. But the immense buildings used for public bathing have been excavated and explored in other English cities, and show the great labor and cost bestowed by the *curiales* on their various conveniences. No public charitable establishments in any modern city can approach them in their costly luxury. They were the palaces of the people. The baths of London, although still hidden beneath the pavements and foundations of modern warehouses and churches, we may naturally infer were not inferior to those found at Uriconium or York in size and splendor.

The painted walls, mosaic and tessellated floors, pictures, statues, games and athletic exercises, porticos, marble columns, gilded ceilings, immense apartments, the *sudarium*, the *frigidarium*, and the endless luxuries of the Roman bath were opened at the public expense, at a very small price, to all the free people of London.¹ But besides these, a great number of costly entertainments were provided from the public funds. Wherever he went, the Roman carried with him his passion for games and spectacles. Innocent as these had been under the earlier kings and the more austere republicans, they grew at last into a series of shocking exhibitions, and corrupted and destroyed the progressive humanity of Rome. They began and completed the moral decay of the nation. As the imitator of Italian fashion, the British city could not have been far behind its Gallic and Roman contemporaries. London must have possessed its circus, amphitheatre, theatre, and open park or square for the athletic games of its Roman youth. No remains of these buildings have been found at London. But they exist in all the other British cities. They were probably built and maintained at the public expense. A generous emperor, it is true, like Hadrian and the Antonines, might build aqueducts, bridges, theatres, and amphitheatres for his obedient subjects, but it is scarcely possible that all the amphitheatres, baths,

circuses, or theatres of the English cities can have been the gifts of the emperors. They were probably paid for from the city revenues. It is certainly most remarkable that no trace of an amphitheatre should have been found near London. It has been suggested that, considering that the real importance of London only began in the third or fourth century, when the country was rapidly becoming Christian, it never had any amphitheatre at all. The aldermen—*curiales*—like the Roman ediles, were expected to provide free amusements for all the citizens.¹

Of the character of these entertainments we have frequent representations on the British cups and vases. They were too often frightful copies of the worst fashions of Rome. The bull-fight, with its *bestiarius* or *matador*, is seen painted on the common pottery; it is still preserved in the national amusements of Spain. Cock-fights were also popular everywhere, and game-cocks with dangerous spurs have left their bones among the ruins. Athletic sports and chariot races were no doubt as well attended in Britain as at Rome or Constantinople. But the amphitheatres, with their hideous contests of men with wild beasts or with each other, seem to have followed the Roman colonist wherever he wandered. They are found along the wall of Hadrian, in the cities of the west, at Gloucester and Chester, and no doubt the amphitheatre of London will at some time be exhumed, or some traces found of its ill-omened site. The amusements of a nation indicate its character and its fate; the nation that sinks into cruel sensuality in its most popular recreations is certain to fall to decay. Progressive development toward humanity and refinement can alone give a lasting strength to political institutions, and Roman Britain perished by its own hand.

The barbarous thirst for inhuman spectacles is seen everywhere in the Roman remains. On the cups and vases that adorned the family table the favorite ornament seems to have been taken from the sports of the arena. The *bestiarius*, or *matador*, is seen engaged in a fearful struggle with the savage bull; the gladiator pursues his deadly aim. These de-

¹ The great bath recently excavated at Bath—*Aquæ Solis*—is 110 feet long and 68 feet wide. Above it is a fine vaulted ceiling.

¹ Pliny's letters to Trajan, 42, 46, 48, show that the aqueducts, theatres, and baths were built at the cost of the citizens. They show, too, that peculation was common.

signs, which must have educated the mind of childhood, and been familiar to the masses of the people, could only have served to prepare them for revolution and merciless disorder. It is not the ballads so much as the amusements of a people that a wise legislator would care to direct. The amphitheatres of Colchester, Silchester, Caerleon, Richborough, and many other cities were of stone, like those of Rome, and were of considerable extent. A theatre of large size has been found recently at St. Albans. But as yet we know too little of the Roman cities to determine how many boasted their places of public amusement. We can only infer that no large town was without its amphitheatre. The tale told on the Roman pottery seems conclusive. The Romano-British were accustomed from childhood to delight in scenes of cruelty and human woe.

A Roman street in London had little resemblance to the tall buildings and brilliant array of Cheapside or Broadway. But it must have possessed its own peculiar excellence. Watling Street—its Roman name is unknown—the highway of traffic, ran from London Bridge to Newgate, and led thence through a rich country, thickly overspread with cities and villas, by various branches, to Gloucester, Chester, and the farthest limit of Cornwall and Wales. Here were the seats of the great mining industries—iron, lead, and tin—the famous baths of *Aquæ Solis*, and some of the most fertile lands of England.¹ The traffic and travel on Watling Street must therefore have been immense. Within the walls it was probably forty feet wide, well paved and free from all impurities. Cleanliness was a leading trait in every Roman city. The houses on each side had few windows, but were painted in stripes of red and blue, or sometimes adorned with frescoes. The walls were usually three feet thick, and the entire building was of solid stone, cement, or brick. Below, the shops were filled with rich wares: the clothiers, with Tarentine woollens and the coarser kinds of native growth and manufacture; the jewellers, with British beads of glass or jet, gold brooches and armlets, and the rarest gems from Italy and the East; the bakers, with fine bread and confections; the gaudy tavern, with its invitation to eat and drink, offered the

famous Rutupian oysters; a book-store would show on its shelves some fine copies of Livy and Cicero, a late edition of Martial, perhaps an array of Greek classics that would fill with hopeless envy and delight a collector of our own day.

Along Watling Street moved the varied throngs of Roman London. Clad in toga and tunic, sandals and trousers, the British merchant came from his mines and his factories around Deva and Isca¹ to sell his wares in the London market; the wild Brigantes, still half savage, in rude vest of skins, descended from the north with furs and game; some yellow-haired Caledonian, huge in form, with fierce blue eyes, towered over the throng; a horde of slaves followed, and a great press of people. But suddenly the crowd parts, and a cohort of Roman soldiers, new levies from Batavia, or even Spain, moves swiftly on to its post on the distant frontier. Sometimes an official, with lictors and attendants, makes his way among the crowd; sometimes even the divine emperors of Rome, the masters of half mankind, passed up Watling Street with their legions to drive the Picts and the Irish over the wall of Hadrian. Here Constantius, the gentle, was often seen, and his wife Helena; here his son Constantine assumed, or displayed, the sceptre of the world to reform its creed; and here Septimius Severus long before, with his wicked sons, Geta and Caracalla, was borne on his litter to pass to the northern gate on his way to York, Scotland, victory, and death.

Roman England was a favorite province with the Roman emperors. Britannicus was one of their proudest titles. Cæsar and Claudius—a long interval—began its conquest. Vespasian won early laurels on its wild battle-fields; the best generals of Rome fought on the banks of the Humber and the Thames. In the next century Hadrian shivered amidst the fogs of Britain, and probably built the great wall, the grandest of all the Roman fortifications in Italy and Europe. We may perhaps trace his protecting hand in many great roads and bridges, and London may have owed much to him. He no doubt often trod its well-paved streets. Antoninus Pius

¹ The Roman drains and reservoir have recently been restored and made use of at Bath. *Archæolog. Journal*, 1886, vol. 42, p. 72.

¹ The mines of Somerset, Herefordshire, and all the west show "immense heaps of scoria and cinders, miles of mines and smelting places." *Archæolog. Journal*, vol. 34, p. 364; vol. 36, pp. 327-8.

was another benefactor of Britain. York and its imperial palace were more closely connected with the victorious, death-stricken Septimius Severus; but he too may have aided in the aggrandizement of the commercial capital. Caracalla, the wicked, has left his name in the Scottish legends and a fearful renown in history. Of the later emperors, the family of Constantius Chlorus seem almost British in their tastes and habits, and a doubtful legend makes Helena a British maiden of high degree before she became the wife of an emperor. The finest and the most numerous of the Roman coins found in Britain are marked with the names and emblems of the family of Constantine. Helena, Constantine, Constans, Crispus, Constantius II., Fausta, wife of Constantine, Dalmatius, her nephew, and many others, are recorded in these useful memorials.¹

It is plain, therefore, that London for two centuries was a frequent residence of the chiefs of the empire. It must have profited by their care. They would naturally adorn it with fine buildings and perfect its wonderful system of roads. To suppose that it wanted the splendid temples, baths, and basilicas that are found at Uriconium and Calleva is an excess of scepticism. The forum of London lies hidden under the brick warehouses of the modern city. Its situation, as pointed out above, was on the south side of the modern Cornhill. But wherever its site, we may properly conclude that it was in size and splendor not unworthy of the commercial capital. Crowning its highest point, as at Pompeii or Uriconium, a fine temple, converted into a Christian church if not originally built for one, with a façade of fluted columns and Corinthian capitals, rose above the busy city. On the other side of the forum a great basilica, or city hall, several hundred feet in length, with two aisles of pillars—the model of all later cathedrals—resounded with the pleadings of the *causidici*, or lawyers. At the other end of the forum opened the Roman baths of London. In their broad halls and palaces gathered the scholar, the poet, the noble, the curial, and an immense throng of the people to join in the favorite pleasures of a Ro-

man city. Not far away stood the shops of the goldsmith and the jeweller, and long lines of pillared porticos to shelter the people from rain and snow as they passed in and out of their magnificent forum. It is strange how these Romans surpassed us in architecture and the cleanliness and comfort of their cities.

Our savage ancestors brought from their forests only a few skins for covering, some coarse woollen, and none of the usages of a civilized family and home. When they destroyed the English cities they met with a thousand articles of which they knew no use, and comforts that were to them only worthless luxuries. The beds of down or hair, the carpets, curtains, chairs, baths, lounges, cushions, and all the furniture of the Roman apartment, were at first neglected or destroyed. In some of the ruined cities pieces of money are found scattered over the floors of houses, or over fields and gardens, as if thrown away by the first plunderers. Our Saxon ancestors valued only slaves and workmen, land and forest. But they began to learn in the usual manner, by the introduction of trade, the various wants and conveniences of civilization. The Saxons soon learned to imitate the arts of civilization; and nearly everything we have of comfort at home, convenience and ease, was familiar to our ancestors—knives for the table, metal spoons and clasp-knives, combs, needles, pins,¹ the rich brooches and golden armlets of the women, rings, signets, stamps, the beds, lounges, chairs, that we use to-day, and were used wherever trade introduced some of the Roman civilization.

It would, indeed, be almost possible to refurnish a modern house from the common conveniences of a Roman villa, so closely have we imitated them, and the Saxons have transmitted to us by a regular succession the arts of common life. The Saxon or Norman lady of modern England or America owes more than she usually remembers to the luxurious women of the ancient cities. Her mirror, her hair-pins, curls and fillets, her false hair, cosmetics and hair dyes, tunics and cloaks, ear-rings and necklaces, shoes and sandals, possibly her gloves, and even her

¹ Wright's *Celt, the Roman, etc.*, p. 371. The coins of Carausius come next to those of Constantine. At Caerleon, of 260 coins, 28 belong to Constantine the Great, 21 to Carausius.

¹ The spoon, the two combs of bone and one of wood, the foot-rule of bronze, the pair of compasses, knives, beads, etc., in the collections, carry us back at once into the Roman household. See Well-beloved, *Antiquities of York*.

parasol (*umbra-culum*) and her fan (*flabellum*) were first used in England by her Roman predecessors. But some things the Saxons never learned, even after their conversion joined them to the brotherhood of civilized people. Their houses of wood, rudely built, replaced the stone or brick villas of the Romans. The furnaces, or hypo-

causts, that warmed the villa were laid aside and the fire built in the midst of the house, the smoke passing out from above. All was once more rude and savage. The baths were abandoned and cleanliness almost forgotten. The city sewers were choked, the aqueducts broken, furniture and dress grew rude and careless; even the Roman roads and bridges that spanned the country were neglected.

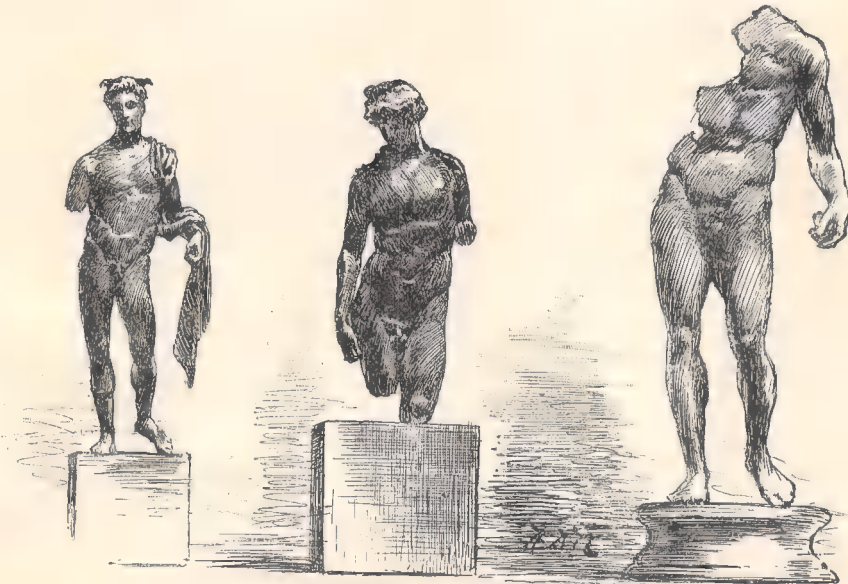
The ideas of Rome, introduced once

more by the early scholars, saved them from irreparable decay. The libraries of York and London had once been extensive and valuable, we naturally infer. Greek teachers had visited Britain even in Plutarch's time. In two centuries of ease and abundance it must have reached a high degree of intelligence. The homes of the Roman Britons were adorned with pictures from the graceful mythology of the South; the statues and paintings of



A BIT OF ROMAN WALL.

Photographed by W. H. Grove, Art Photograph Studio, 174 Brompton Road, S. W. London.



STATUES OF MERCURY, APOLLO, AND JUPITER OR NEPTUNE: FOUND IN THE THAMES, 1837.

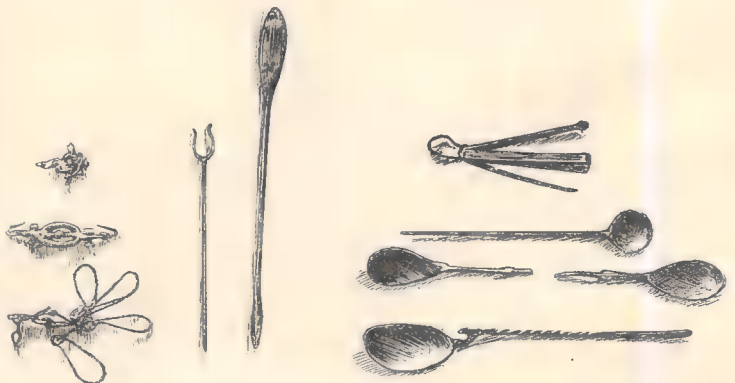


BRONZE BUST OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN:
FOUND IN THE THAMES.
British Museum.

the earlier masters were copied in mosaic or fresco in the British cities. Books must necessarily have followed. Virgil and Livy were read and studied, we may well believe, at Uriconium and Hadrian's wall, London and Dover. In these the distant provincial became familiar with the ideas of popular rule, of national freedom, of the teachings of humanity, and the notion of human progress, with politeness, temperance, and thought. The example of the Roman Republic was ever before them, and the debates of the Roman forum, embracing almost all political theory, must still have influenced the ruling minds of Britain. The libraries of York and London perished in the strife of two centuries in which the English slowly conquered the land; they disappeared in the

blazing cities and homes. Nothing of the old learning was left, save that which found a refuge in the monastery and the school. When learning revived it was not the old Roman scholarship, but the ecclesiastical learning. The Saxon kings, led by an Alfred, encouraged refinement and cultivated knowledge. The Norman kings imitated them. At last classical literature revived, and a sense of a higher life dawned upon Europe and America.

In the story of Roman London the sixty millions of our people, with all the future generations of the entire hemisphere, have an undying interest. The city perished, leaving few records behind. But when the English were converted, once more the ideas, the arts, and the learning of Rome revived. Roman books and Roman thought cultivated the English mind. We have been educated in the Anglo-Roman schools, and studied the arts invented for us by the Romans. A few things have been added by more distant races. China has given us its finer pottery and earthen-ware, Japan its bronzes; we have surpassed the silks and muslins of the East. But our dinner table still shows the knives, spoons, cups, plates, glass, and plated ware of the Romans; our floors, their tiles and mosaics; our walls, an inferior imitation of their frescoes; our dress is the Roman tunic joined to the British trousers; our churches, the basilica; our baths, a poor copy of those of Uriconium and Lindum. It would be useless to trace the resemblance of modern and ancient life any farther. But in all the higher traits of mental progress we owe still more to our Roman



BRONZE ARTICLES FOR DOMESTIC USE.



BRONZE FIBULÆ AND OTHER ORNAMENTS: FOUND IN LONDON.

teachers. It was Virgil who aroused the poetic ardor of Dante, and Ovid gave rise to Ariosto; and Saxon monks and English kings in a still earlier age were cultivated and softened by Latin manuscripts and books. As the seat of an extensive commerce and internal trade, Roman London was as eminent in antiquity as it is to-day. Its monuments, the memorials of its greatness, prove its prominence. One of these, if it is Roman work, which is uncertain, is the embankment of the river Thames.¹ This immense work is quite unequalled by any of the labors of the modern English engineers. For thirty-seven miles along the course of the stream lofty mounds confine the river within fixed bounds, and offer a secure path to the navigator. On each side the country spreads out far below the embankment, and more than once the waters have broken through, overspread the lowlands, and left desolation around them. The English had neglected to repair and strengthen the banks of the river, and were indebted to the skill of a Dutch engineer for the restoration of the Roman work. "The Thames from Richmond," says Mr. Smiles, "is an artificial river." How many years of ceaseless toil, of acute engineering skill, and vast expense were employed on this unequalled work no history relates, no

record even suggests. Some authorities attribute the embankment to the Belgic traders, before the Roman invasion; others, even to the monks of the Middle Ages. But there is good reason to suppose that the true authors of the chief improvements on the Thames were the Romans. Similar works on almost an equal scale exist in other parts of England, and we have the complaint of the subject Britons that they were worn out and consumed



STATUETTES: FOUND IN THAMES STREET, 1889.
Gulldhall.

¹ Mr. Spurrell, in the *Archæological Journal*, vol. 42, p. 270, denies the greatness and the importance of the embankment. He is evidently a careful and thorough observer; he has studied his theme for many years. But he stands alone. Smiles and Loftie, Wren, Dugdale, Black, Guest, and Green, are all arrayed against him.



ROMAN PAVEMENT: LEADENHALL STREET.

in clearing the woods and embanking the fens. Not that the hapless natives were ever treated by their Roman taskmasters as harshly as were the savages of Hayti and Cuba by the Spanish discoverers. But they have outlived their conqueror.

Before these embankments were made, the country below London was an immense fen, or marsh, over which the tide flowed incessantly.¹ The town could have been

acy in every age. By the embankment the Thames was confined within bounds; many acres of land were added to the agricultural domain, while along the fine highway of the river a ceaseless procession of vessels of every size and form moved up and down. They came, as Strabo tells us, from the mouths of the Loire and the Garonne, the Seine and the Rhine. Some were war ships, moved usually by oars, and distinguished by their sharp beaks of iron, and their crews armed with spears and shield; some were huge merchant vessels, propelled by oars and sail, laden with rich cargoes of Eastern manufactures, with the wines of Italy and the artistic wares of Greece; some, sailing down the river from the docks of London, would carry the tin, lead, furs, and the corn and cattle of the west to the ports of Gaul and Spain. Julian found in Britain the necessary supplies for his perishing soldiers in Germany, and the immense stores he drew from it when famine prevailed on the Continent show the general cultivation and prosperity of the island.¹ His six hundred corn ships were hastily built

in the forest of Ardennes, and possibly landed only on the southern shore; if we allow them a burden of one hundred tons each, they would equal the capacity of at least six *Umbrias* or *Etrurias*, and the very names of our modern argosies recall the Italian teachers of our ancestors.



ROMAN AMPHORÆ.

only a collection of rude houses seated on the rising ground above the river. It was already a seat of considerable trade even before the Roman conquest. But the genius and skill of the Roman engineers, if the Romans built the embankment, gave it those unequalled facilities for traffic that have secured its commercial suprem-

The singular importance of London is shown in the circumstance that here converged all the roads of the island. From the Hadrianic wall, Carlisle, or Segedunum, from Wales, Cornwall, and the west, from Dover, Rutupia, and Regnum, the wonderful highways pointed directly to the commercial centre. Whoever visited England must almost of necessity have passed through London. The merchant and the traveller would meet in its forum.

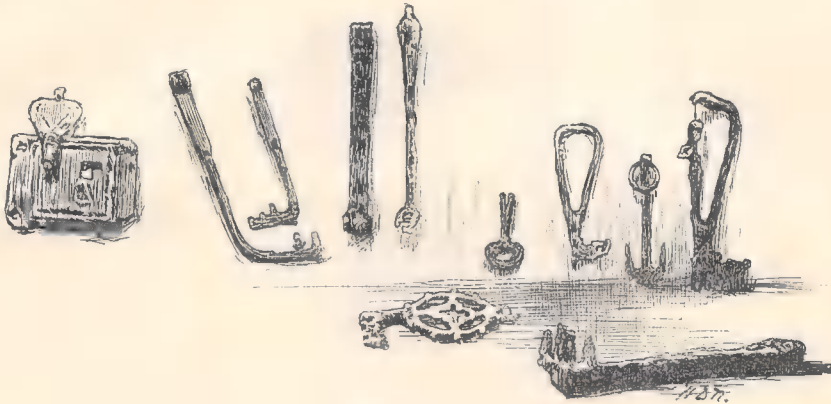
¹ Spurrell, Arch. Journal, v. 42, p. 30, ridicules Guest's and Green's picture of the Thames estuary. His argument must be decided by the antiquaries. It seems difficult to see how the high tide of the Thames could ever have reached only the lowlands at its mouth; it now flows beyond Richmond.

¹ Julian suggests the greatness of his labor—*ἔργον οὐ μικρόν*—and indicates the wealth of Britain. Ep. Atheniensem, Hersklein, p. 360.

But especially was it, under the later empire, the chief mart for the import and export trade. Corn and cattle had always been the chief products of Britain; slaves, iron, gold, silver, lead, dogs of a famous breed, and probably furs and wild beasts, were also exported. And all these would naturally find their way from the north and west by the various roads to the con-

some new trait of Roman industry and taste; new villas are constantly found, new cities explored, the countless roads traced to the commercial capital.

The traders of Roman London have their apparent, perhaps real, representatives in its modern guilds. The *collegium*, or guild of traders and working-men, may be traced through the whole history of the British



ROMAN KEYS.
Guildhall.

venient port on the banks of the Thames. For the common traveller the usual way to London was by the port *Rutupia*, near Dover, and the direct road through Canterbury: the Romans always avoided, if possible, a sea-voyage. But for goods and traffic the chief highway must have been the river Thames. It was to make use of its harbor that all the Roman roads seem to have been built. No city was ever more admirably supplied with internal communications on every side. The Roman roads that spread like a net-work around London were never equalled in modern times in any city, until the invention and multiplication of railways forever surpassed them.

The wealthy merchants of London built the fine villas of Kent, and adorned the country with their stately homes. Trade has been the foundation of every great city, except perhaps Rome and Paris. It made the southeast coast of England one of the fairest and richest of the ancient lands. Every day, even with the casual and irregular researches of private explorers, brings out

cities by inscriptions, documents, and charters.¹ They were formed for charitable, commercial, and religious purposes; to maintain the sick, to bury the dead, and probably to preserve the excellence of workmanship in all branches of trade. The "Mercers'" and the "Goldsmiths'" companies of modern London are the direct descendants of the associations that existed in the Italian cities—the trades-unions of an early age. London was the centre of the chief manufacturing

¹ They resembled the *sodalitii*, or social clubs, of Rome, mentioned in Cicero's *Plancius*. See Wander, *Orat. pro Plau.*, Leps. 1830. And Mr. Coote has left a careful study of this interesting subject.

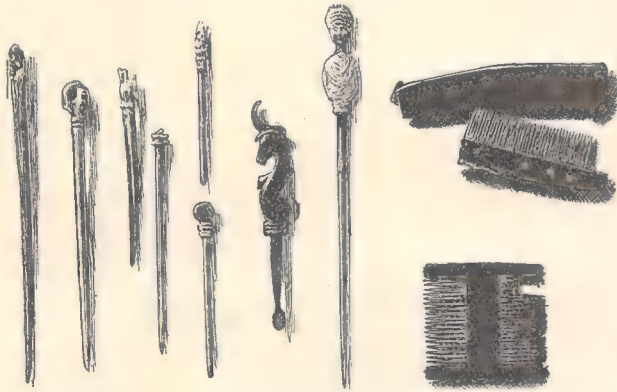


LAMPS AND LAMP STAND.

interests of the time. One of the most important of these was the manufacture of earthen-ware. The Romans used vessels of clay where the modern European has long substituted metal or wood.¹ In Roman London wine was kept in clay jars of ample size. A "pot of gold" owes its

vessels from Upchurch and Castor and the rare importations from the South. Another source of the wealth of the city was the mines of tin, lead, and copper. Possibly as miners and merchants in metal the London traders controlled the European markets. The wealthy *publi-*

cani hired the mines, and made immense profits from the dealers of Italy and Gaul. The forests of Dean and Sussex are full of the traces of their labors; and the mines of western England have been followed for endless miles along forgotten tracks. The splendid villas and city palaces of London were built from the profits of this productive labor. The demand for tin for bronzes, iron for weapons, of lead for brass, pipes, roofs, and various articles of domestic use, could scarcely ever fail. Once, we are told, lead was produced so abundantly in



TOILET ARTICLES—HAIR-PINS (SARINA, WIFE OF HADRIAN); BONE COMB AND CASE (CLOAKHAM); BONE COMB (LOWER THAMES STREET).

origin to the Roman practice of keeping their money in earthen chests or vases. Grain, oil, and fruit were preserved in great earthen jars. Lamps and candelabra of clay were on every table. Tiles covered the roofs and floors. The countless cups, vases, plates, and cooking utensils of the Roman family life are seen in every excavation, and cover the sites of the ruined cities.

Immense factories of earthen-ware arose in the neighborhood of London, quite unparalleled in modern times. At Upchurch, on the river below the city, long lines of works are seen that have been traced for twenty miles; at Castor, north of London, was another great manufactory of pottery as extensive as that below. The Castor ware was dark blue or black, the shapes graceful, the ornaments of lines and circles in excellent taste. Some red ware was made in Britain, some white; but it was of inferior execution. The delicate Samian ware was imported from the Italian factories, an article of luxury and of great expense. All these factories no doubt sent their products to London for sale. Its warehouses must have been filled with the blue and black

Britain that an imperial order was issued restricting for a time its production. Like the trusts and companies of our own day, it was an imperial monopoly that controlled the price.

One would be glad to know what was the condition of the men, women, and children who worked in the factories and the mines. It is said that the miners were chiefly convicts and slaves. The Christians in periods of persecution were usually sent to the mines. The record of their fearful sufferings appears in the annals. They slept on the bare rock, were starved, beaten, poisoned with the fumes of lead and copper, and when sick, left to die untended and alone. Probably the British mines were worked by Caledonian slaves; Christians were not yet abundant, and in later times lived unharmed. In the north, along the wall, the soldiers probably mined and smelted the ore, or dug the coal they used for their furnaces and stoves. Of the working-classes of London we have no account. They were chiefly slaves; the free population was probably never very large; the Roman families formed its ruling caste, and preyed upon the people. The government of Rome plundered the British aristocracy and the mercantile classes,

¹ The immense earthen jars in the British Museum collection show how well the Romans worked in clay.

and a general discontent showed itself in the jealous rivalry of the cities. Slavery destroyed the vigor of the ruling classes, and at last a few Irish or Caledonian savages ravaged the whole region from the wall to the suburbs of London.

It is impossible to form any exact estimate of the population of the city. It was contained within the narrow limit of the walls.

That the city was very populous is beyond any doubt. Even in the avenging raid of Boadicea seventy thousand persons are said to have perished when London and Colchester had just been conquered and colonized. Centuries of peace must have made all the south-east coast almost one flourishing city, of which London was only the central port. Its environs resembled those of Rome itself, where fine villas covered every eminence and every pleasant valley, and where land was so valuable that even Cicero could scarcely find a site for his daughter's temple and tomb. Much too of the population would consist of travelling merchants and sailors.

At night the sleeping city was protected by the vigilance of the state. Watchmen, well trained and disciplined, patrolled the streets.¹ They were firemen as well, and carried with them axes to break into houses where they saw a fire, and ladders to mount to the roofs, water buckets and engines to put out the flames. At first the firemen seem to have formed volunteer associations, as was once the custom in our own cities,² but they became disorderly and dangerous. The emperors

¹ Arch. Jour. Rev. J. Hirst, article on the "Roman Fire Brigade in Britain," vol. 40, p. 328, finds a cohort of *vigiles* in Yorkshire.

² Plin., Ep. 42, 43. Trajan notices the danger of volunteer associations.



SEPULCHRAL CISTS, ETC.: FOUND IN WARWICK SQUARE,
NEWGATE STREET, 1881.
British Museum.

introduced the hired *vigiles* of later times. They no doubt carried lanterns. Sometimes they broke into houses where the noise of late revellers alarmed them, as in the story told by Petronius. They seem to have been provided with engines¹ for extinguishing flames. Wet cloths too were used, and others steeped in vinegar. The tramp of the heavy sandals of the watchmen must have resounded over the pavements, and thieves and midnight robbers fled before them. We may reconstruct in fancy the slumbering capital. The white temples gleamed in the pale misty moonlight, the lonely forum presented a colonnade of stately pillars, the *vigiles* alone paced the deserted streets. Sleep held in its all-composing arms the spirits of our ancestors and their teachers. The peace of God bound them for a few hours at least in an equality of bliss. The master in his frescoed apartment, the slave chained in his cell, the jailer and his prisoners, the judge and the criminal, sank to a brotherhood of rest. The gladiator slumbered by his victim, the *bestiarius* with the wild beast he was condemned to slaughter, the soldier with his captive. And now, far down underneath the modern capital, they lie buried together, city and people, sleeping, we trust, in perpetual peace.

¹ The *sipho*, Ep. 42, was evidently a machine for throwing water. So Seneca, N. H., 2, 16.



ROMAN MARBLE SARCOPHAGUS.
Guildhall.



THE JOYS OF HOSPITALITY.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

JENKINS: "Good Heavens! why, there's that brute Tomkins! The skunk! I wonder you can ask such a man to your house! I hope you haven't put him near me at dinner, because I shall cut him dead!"

HOSTESS: "Oh, it's all right—he told me all about you before you came in!"

JENKINS: "Did he?—What did he say about *me*, the ruffian?"

HOSTESS: "Oh, nothing much! merely what you've just been saying about *him*!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE first New York city directory was reprinted in fac-simile four or five years ago, and it was greatly enhanced in interest by an appendix occupying half the volume, and containing annals of New York for the year 1786, compiled from newspapers of the day. These annals comprise a few paragraphs for every day in that year, and give a very pleasant and vivid glimpse of the little town before Diedrich Knickerbocker had addressed himself to his genial historical task.

The reprint is prefixed by a paper on the New York of 1786 by Noah Webster. From this sketch it appears that Broadway is the most convenient and agreeable part of the city, extending from its southern point to the Hospital, where it opens into an extensive plain or common. It is a wide and elevated street, and commands a delightful prospect of the town and the Hudson. Wall Street is also wide and elevated, and the buildings in it are elegant. But it had not yet witnessed its most memorable incident—the inauguration of Washington. There is, however, in the City Hall subsequently the Federal Hall, where now stands the United States Sub-Treasury, “the likeness of General Washington, presented by a gentleman in England—a likeness dear to every American, and destined to grace the walls of every council-chamber in the New World.”

Is that portrait still known, and is the Englishman known who presented it? Thirty years before, in 1756, Judge William Smith had written of the city that it was one of the most social places on the continent. Of its ladies he said that they were comely and dressed well, “and scarce any of them have distorted shapes.” With wholesome impartiality he adds, “There is nothing they so generally neglect as reading, and, indeed, all the arts for the improvement of the mind, in which, I confess, we have set them the example.” Noah Webster, alluding to this remark of Judge Smith, with still severer justice, says that it is equally true of the country at large. There are some good academies, but many parts are unfurnished with schools, or “they are kept by low ignorant men, and are consequently worse than none.” Then, with a comprehensive

“snapper,” he concludes, “this remark may be extended to a large part of the United States.”

The population of the city and county in 1786 was 23,614, and the number of houses on the island by actual count was 3340. There are rather more than a thousand names in the directory, and there are lists of the members of the Congress of the Confederation, of the city government, and of the various city societies. Among these the eye is arrested by this: “The Society for Promoting the Manumission of Slaves, and protecting such of them as have been or may be liberated, meets at the Coffee-house.” Of this society the Hon. John Jay, Esq., is President, and the same name appears at the head of the list of “the Grand Departments of the United States,” “His Excellency, John Jay, Esquire, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 8 Broadway.”

In looking at these lists of the general and local governments and the few societies in the city, the distinction of the names is striking. The citizens who are known to have been the most eminent for character and ability are the chief official personages. On the 29th of April in the annals for 1786 nine gentlemen are announced as elected for the city and county to the State Assembly. They are Alexander Hamilton, Robert C. Livingston, Nicholas Bayard, Richard Varick, Evert Bancker, John Ray, William Malcolm, William Denning, David Brooks. They each received from 262 votes cast for Mr. Brooks to 552 for Mr. Livingston, and the names differ from many of those that we read in the successful lists of such elections to-day in being generally and honorably known. On the 25th of May Jacob Astor, at No. 81 Queen Street (now Pearl), two doors from the Friends' meeting-house, has just imported from London an elegant assortment of musical instruments, and every article in the musical line, which he will dispose of on very low terms for cash.

Astor had arrived in the country three years before with a venture of musical instruments, and was the first regular dealer in such wares in the United States. He was already interested in the fur trade, and before the end of the century his for-

tune was reckoned at a quarter of a million of dollars. On the 20th of the same month Peter Goelet, at the Golden Key, No. 48 Hanover Square, has just imported in the last vessels from London and Bristol a large and general assortment of iron-mongery; also a consignment of bottled porter, Bend sole-leather, boot-legs and vamps, which he will sell very low for cash. It does not appear whether either of these worthy shop-keepers had exposed himself to the rebuke of the newspaper which says, on the 22d of May, "Several of the citizens, to the disgrace of good order and common decency, erect signs and show boards in such an extravagant manner that they not only encroach upon the privileges of their neighbors, but disgrace and deform the police of the city."

It is a suggestive little pamphlet, and full of interest, like all such pictures of other times in a familiar spot. There is no such extraordinarily rapid municipal growth and development elsewhere as those on this island, the settlement and life of which Knickerbocker described so gayly. That veracious chronicler himself was but three years old when the newly come Astor offered his "guittar strings" to an avid public, and Peter Goelet was selling bottled porter and boot-legs very low for cash. It is pleasant to see in what honest industry famous fortunes were founded, and to observe how recent were their beginnings. In a country where orders of nobility are unknown, and cannot therefore create social distinctions, it is agreeable to know that such distinctions as are founded upon money may spring from actual qualities and worth in those who make the money.

There is no truer saying than the French one, *noblesse oblige*. If your grandfather, at whatever remove, was a hero or an honest tradesman, a hero of some kind, or at least an honest citizen, you are instinctively impelled to be, unless his virile blood is spent in your degenerate veins. If, as is usually the case with us Americans, the founder of the fortune was a doughty tradesman, or mechanic, or hard worker in a profession, from whose thrift and sagacity we have derived affluence and ease, his children do not permit his useful industry to shame by contrast their indolent and profuse uselessness. For they know that the son of

a hundred honest tradesmen may as little deserve respect as the worthless daughter of a hundred earls.

THACKERAY'S "Publicoaler," and Aristides, and all the pseudonyms of the indignant Briton writing to his newspaper to complain of the thirteenth passenger in the omnibus or the barking dog in his neighbor's yard, are disappearing, or indeed are quite gone. If a public-spirited citizen has occasion to express his views in a newspaper, he now generally signs his initials or contents himself with some half-jocose signature. But the old purpose is subserved in another way. What Burke says of tyranny is true of all resolute purpose; it pursues the same end, but not the same way. "When an arbitrary imposition is attempted upon the subject," remarks Burke, "undoubtedly it will not bear on its forehead the name of ship-money." "I believe there was no professed admirer of Henry the Eighth among the instruments of the last King James, nor in the court of Henry the Eighth was there, I dare say, to be found a single advocate of the favorites of Richard the Second." Burke wrote this a hundred and twenty years ago, and in his own strain we may safely say that nobody would now assail English liberty as the Earl of Bute assailed it in Burke's time.

But we have invoked a mighty shade to point a very simple moral. If Publicoaler no longer gratifies and instructs us under that resounding name with his comments on public men and affairs, his light still burns under another bushel. During the war he was "a gentleman from the front," or "a distinguished officer," or "a well-informed authority," or "a well-known citizen," or "an intelligent contraband," and his remarks were to be received upon the principle of *omne ignotum*. So now, when our old friend Publicoaler wishes to free his mind and adjust political affairs, he appears as "a distinguished member of the House," or "a gentleman high in the councils of his party," or "one of the best-known Southern [or Northern, or Eastern, or Western] men," or "a veteran observer," or any other convenient generalization. Under this cover he whacks away at his pleasure. The weight of his remarks, however, depends upon the imagination of the reader. If that faculty is sensitive, it is at once

visibly impressed by the new style and title of our old friend, and he conjures up the most sagacious of statesmen, and fancies that he is perpending the deliverances of Burleigh himself.

Perhaps "one of the best-known Western men," or "a well-known Senator," states that it is impossible to hope that Codlins can carry the State of Squedunk, and he produces arguments which, were they of another kind, should be conclusive enough to establish the existence of Symmes's Hole. Printed conspicuously in large type, and treated seriously as remarks worthy of consideration, the effect may be very imposing. Undoubtedly many readers will shake their heads decisively and lament that it is all up with Codlins.

The truth is, meanwhile, that Publicoaler is only Snug the Joiner. He disfigures or presents the lion, but he is by no means the king of beasts. If the good young man who purveys news for the press wishes to give importance and emphasis to his views of public affairs, why should he not avail himself of the resources of his art? Typography furnishes a device known as double-leading, which newspaper writers of a sensational turn find very convenient. If the object be to arrest and startle the reader, and cause him perhaps to gasp and stare, the newspaper spreads its lines very far apart, producing an anomaly in the general aspect of the page which signifies extraordinary importance. It has the effect of the typographical hand with the pointing finger, or the duplicated exclamation point. It says to the eye, authoritatively, "Look here!"

In like manner Snug, naturally feeling that the reportorial "we" prefixed to the observation respecting the ability of Codlins to carry Squedunk would not excite the public nor perhaps stay the falling eyelid of the weary reader, changes the form of his remark, and by the harmless fiction of "an eminent public man," or "a conspicuous Senator," so smears his remark with molasses, if the phrase may be used, that the species of fly known to science as the quidnunc instantly alights, and escaping, a loud buzzing follows. If the remark to which Snug wishes to draw attention is not political, he has only to vary his mask. He may summon as his authority "a well-known man about town," or "a distinguished leader of fash-

ion," or "one of the solid men of Fairyland," or "a retired clergyman," and the reader will be affected according to his imagination or his credulity.

These impalpable figures, with the impressive and suggestive names which fill the newspapers with such abundant speculation and satire and vaticination, to which is due so much of the indignation and warning and scorn and eloquence of current editorial writing, are but the airy voices that syllable men's names. "Oho!" cries the able editor, seizing his pen and plunging headlong into the inky fray, "so Governor Benoni Bump thinks that the Honorable Stillwater Cato is a back number, does he?" No, not at all. He does not think so; he has not said so. He thinks, on the contrary, that Cato is the instinctive choice of a patriotic people. The editor is misled by a fiction. He is dashing at a will-o'-the-wisp, and Snug is smiling, because Snug, to give zest to his telegraphic letter, stated that "a shrewd politician upon the inside" had said that such was Governor Bump's opinion of Mr. Cato.

These Publicoalers are all anonymous and irresponsible. They cannot be sued for libel or slander, and nobody can be held to account for their remarks, and this for two reasons: they do not exist, and they have made no remarks. They are shadows—air; they are not even names, like Henry Pimpernel and old John Naps of Greece. When next you see that a distinguished gentleman whose name is withheld says that he has private information that the moon is made of green cheese, be sure that his name is Teufelsdröckh, and that he comes from Weissnichtwo.

THERE is a self-styled Americanism which acquiesces in tweedledum, but will not tolerate tweedledee. It rises in Congress sometimes to a lofty strain of eloquence, but has the disadvantage of seeming to be afraid of European influences or customs or manners. This spurious Americanism is very fond of appealing to the example of Dr. Franklin in Paris; but nothing more distinguished Dr. Franklin than his good-natured cosmopolitanism and courteous conformity. When he was the American agent he was very poorly paid, and he could not keep a fine house and entertain with splendor. But he had

the good sense of good manners, and within the limits of his competence he did in Paris as the Parisians did. If Dr. Franklin had thought that a particular dress or title, in itself wholly unimportant, would have facilitated the transaction of important business for his country, he would not have hesitated to adopt either if his means had permitted.

It cannot be sensibly said that every American agent ought to do precisely what Dr. Franklin did, but only what he would have probably done under the same circumstances. To bear a particular title, or to wear an unusual coat, is not necessarily a sacrifice of republican simplicity. Arrogance has been often known to go in rags, and modesty to be still lovelier in velvet. If a republic chooses to take part in the society of nations, it discredits itself if it does not observe the common law of international social intercourse. This was the just instinct of our forefathers, the men who made the Constitution and established the government. They did not think that honest republicanism required Senators to sit in their shirt sleeves when they were legislating, nor to refuse to observe the laws of etiquette in society, because such laws are merely convenient customs springing from circumstances, and pleasing to the imagination. Why, pray, Citizen Sans Culottes, should a young bride wear a white dress and a veil and a wreath of orange flowers? Why should we say good-morning when we meet? Why don't we all wear perukes and knee-breeches and cocked hats? You can't, Citizen Sans Culottes, as readily as the priest or the courtier.

When the fathers introduced the republic into the social circle of nations, they provided that the republican official agents and representatives in that society should be called ambassadors, or ministers, or consuls, as was the custom of that circle. It was a matter of convenience, like the other titles that republican officers bear. Consequently, when the Honorable Elijah Pogram assures us, with reverberating declamation, that while it is American and republican and proper to call a republican agent envoy, extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, it is a snobbish servility to effete despotisms to call him ambassador, he produces a strong disposition in his hearers to examine his bumps.

If Dr. Franklin, or any other of the many worthy American representatives

whom the republic has sent to transact its business with other great powers, could have expedited our affairs if they had worn a blue coat instead of a black coat, or boots instead of shoes, but had resolutely refused to conform to such insolent monarchical practices, their patriotism might not have been suspected, but would not their common-sense have been sadly impeached? If our agent, when called by some other name indicative of the same representative office, could perform his duties more conveniently to himself and as effectively for us, does republicanism require us to reject the name as un-republican? If there were personal humiliation involved, or an implied assent to principles not our own, the form would be no longer unimportant. But if a newspaper found that when it called its agent a commissioner instead of a reporter it could obtain news more promptly, more accurately, and more fully, would it not be a rather ridiculous newspaper if it refused on the ground that a reporter was not a commissioner?

It is not humiliating or un-republican for Mr. Robert Lincoln or Mr. Reid to wear a dress coat and a white cravat when they go out to dine in their own country. It is the social custom. Does it become obsequiousness to monarchy when, in accordance with the diplomatic custom in another country, they wear a piece of gold-lace upon the coat? Would it be more seemly, more manly, more republican, to wear a plaid shooting jacket and declare that gold-lace is — rubbish? So, if at home they may be called esquire or Mr. without loss of republican simplicity, may they not still retain it abroad when they are called excellency, or envoy, or consul, or ambassador?

Undoubtedly all these forms may be carried beyond reason. They may be abused, but it does not follow that for that reason they may not be wisely used. It has been often suggested that the etiquette of diplomacy should be changed, or that national representatives should have precedence in the transaction of business according to the relative importance of the government they represent. Perhaps Citizen Sans Culottes thinks that all precedence is humbug, and that the representative of most muscle and the loudest voice, who, in a general rush of all the representatives, can force his way first into the room where business is to be transacted, should do so. Will it be upon the repub-

lican principle that might makes right? And does Citizen Sans Culottes mean to deny the natural right of still larger muscle and louder voice than those which may have prevailed to break into the colloquy and proceed to their own business, subject to the same natural right of interruption by still greater force and stridency?

Before he condemns the custom of precedence too contemptuously, our spurious American must permit himself to inquire whether in our own republican White House Senators may not pass into the official room of the President unannounced, and in advance of any "sovereign" who may have been waiting for an hour to enter? And who, pray, is a Senator but a servant of the sovereign people? And why, in the name of equality and of Americanism, should he precede one of the sovereigns themselves into the presence of the head-servant, to whom the sovereign may have some orders to give? Citizen Sans Culottes, if he be in the business of politics, may perhaps come at last to perceive that he deals in an exceedingly cheap article of patriotism.

The republic of the United States is a not unimportant power. If it is of opinion that diplomatic social usages, questions of official precedence according to titles, and other similar subjects, should be reconsidered and determined anew, it can propose their readjustment to other powers. But while the present usages continue, Dr. Franklin would certainly recommend conformity to them in such a manner as to secure the most benefit to the country, always reserving, as the Doctor would be sure to do, every point of real importance.

NONE of his great contemporaries was universally beloved more than General Sherman; perhaps none so much. The rare happiness was his not only of becoming famous by taking a great part in a great historic achievement, but of the complete enjoyment of fame. His later years forecast the future. He saw not only that his name would be remembered, but remembered with personal affection. Very few men have been able to foresee this, and very few more clearly than Sherman. It is due not to achievement alone, but to personal quality blended with achievement.

In his last years he was wholly withdrawn from public affairs, and with extraordinary tact, although constantly in the public eye and mind, and although the sense of his historic personality, so to speak, was constant, he refrained from declarations upon pending public questions, and the remarks of his interviews were not devoted to subjects of general controversy. This was doubtless the result of his accurate apprehension of his relation to the country. He had been educated by it, and had served it as a soldier. He had strong convictions and was frank of speech, but he belonged to all. He could not well be a common partisan. He was apparently untouched by political ambition. If he had felt its spur at all, he was happily able to prefer the general permanent affectionate popular regard to the fierce enthusiasm of a political campaign and the passionate ardor of partisanship.

Whatever the reason, he held aloof. Perhaps at one moment, had he assented, his name might have been caught up in a vast and tumultuous political convention, and to a burning and skilful appeal to patriotism and the still glowing memories of the war a palpitating party might have responded, and made him its leader. But if others doubted and hesitated he did not. He comprehended the situation as in a comprehensive and far-extending military movement. He knew himself, and he refused. The opportunity for which the most illustrious and the most famous of Americans have longed and labored and pined offered itself to him, unsought, unwished, and he smiled it away.

Among the chief figures of the epoch of the war probably Lincoln and Sherman were the most individual and original. The most romantic and picturesque of the many renowned events of that time was the march to the sea. It has already a distinctive character, like that of the Greeks in Xenophon's story of the ten thousand. When the news of its successful issue reached this part of the country, it served to show the simple and honest patriotism of one of the more unfortunate of the Union generals. Burnside, after the explosion of the mine at Petersburg, had been relieved, and was staying with a company of friends at a country house on Narragansett Bay. The company were all sitting

one morning upon the spacious piazza, when a messenger rode up and announced Sherman's success. Burnside's delight was enthusiastic. All thought of himself vanished. The good cause only was in his mind and heart, and running to his wife, he joyfully kissed her, saying, "I know that the company feels as I do, and will forgive me."

It was the feeling of a soldier as simple and true-hearted and patriotic, but not so fortunate, as Sherman; and it was the

same candor and manly sweetness of nature that softened Sherman's voice whenever he spoke of the soldiers of the war to whom fate had seemed to be unkind. He is gone, the last of the old familiar figures, some of his old foes bearing him tenderly to the grave. And are not Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Porter, Seward, Chase, Stanton, Sumner, and their fellows, historic figures worthy to rank with the elder Revolutionary group dear to all Americans?

Editor's Study.

WHOEVER turns over the accumulation of verse in the little volumes which every few months begin to heap the reviewer's table, must be troubled, if he has a feeling heart, by something futile, something fatuous in their manner of approaching the public. There is hardly any one of them which has not something good in it, and even very good: some fine line, some fine stanza, some whole poem that is fine; but it is seldom that the entire book is good, though now and then this happens, too. It seems as if some better way of reaching the reader with what is really good in each might be imagined; and we have been wondering if the poets could not have a sort of spring and fall exhibitions, as the painters have. There might be a hanging committee, or a literary tribunal answering to it, which could decide upon the different pieces of verse to be presented to the public; there could be something equivalent to the line for the worthier efforts, and the poorer could be in some sort skyed. We have not thought it out very clearly; but we are sure that in Mr. Bellamy's commonwealth, when we get it, there will be no such ruinous and wasteful form of publication for poetry as we now have in these volumes of competitive verse. These represent individualism carried to its logical extreme of anarchism, and in its presence one feels that almost any form of collectivism would be better. Perhaps government control is what we need; perhaps a nationalistic production and distribution of poetry. We are certain that an immense saving of ink and paper could be at once effected if the the-

ories of socialism could be realized in this region. Of course, it might come hard upon the poets at first, and there would probably be single cases of great suffering; but the gain to the public would be incalculable, simply incalculable.

I.

We are not saying all this of all the volumes of verse before us; and we shall conceal as artfully as we can which one of them we mean our remarks to apply to. Certainly Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman must by this time have made friends too formidable in number to suffer any such suggestion in regard to his work; and we do not know that we wish to offer it. The qualities which have made him liked before are mostly present in his last collection, which he calls *Lyrics for a Lute*: the grace, the nicely studied form, the well-attuned measures singing themselves to pleasant and gentle thoughts. A love of nature, a love of letters, a nimble fancy, are what we note as before in his truly conscientious and more and more artistic work; and it seems to us that we could not more fairly indicate the temperament of his book than by giving from it the poem he calls

MOTHS.

Ghosts of departed winged things,
What memories are those
That tempt you, with your damask wings,
Here where my candle glows?

Vainly you hover, circling oft
The tongue of yellow flame:
A tiger by caresses soft
You vainly seek to tame.

Here is no hope for you: nay, here
 Death lurks within the light,
 To leap upon you flying near,
 And sweep you from the night.

Moon-butterflies, back to your blooms
 Born of the dew and stars!
 Hence, ghosts, and find again your glooms
 Hidden by shadow bars.

Quick—speed across the dusky blue,
 Lest, in a sudden breath,
 This tawny tiger wake, and you
 Endure a second death!

II.

In Miss Edith M. Thomas's elegiac poem, *The Inverted Torch*, we are aware of the technical refinements that have characterized her work from the beginning; and there is the same close and true friendship with nature that she has always shown; but the sorrow which has inspired her here has richly and abundantly supplied the human interest whose absence has sometimes seemed a defect of her landscape studies. It is a mother whom her music mourns, and it is a broken union of profound sympathies and interests which it laments in strains of noble sadness.

Hath God new realms of lovely life for thee
 In some white star, the soul of eve or morn,
 Whose full and throbbing lustre makes forlorn
 Us who not yet across the void shall flee?
 But why remote should now thy pleasures be,
 When yet thy joy in nature was unworn,
 Whether shot forth the tender blade of corn,
 Or the wild tempest scourged the winter's tree?
 Seeker and seer of beauty in each phase
 Of year on year through which the dear earth
 runs,
 Far be the Heaven of change-desiring ones;
 Be thine not so; but love thou still to gaze
 On morning dews that wed with golden suns,
 And happy deaths of stainless summer days.

Whether this is only the longing of the stricken spirit, or whether it is the glimpse of the truth which mortal eyes shall never wholly see, it is beautiful and consoling; and we can praise the whole poem for passages that will not leave the reader uncomfited. It will do its high office all the more perfectly because it never assumes to do other than pour out a natural grief, and a heart-break submissive even when impatient.

I once besought thee that thou wouldst return,
 And, spirit, clothe thyself in symbol'd speech
 That, though unheard, might still my spirit reach,
 And arm to vanquish Death's negation stern.

Thine answer came, with sad prevision keen:
 "Look not for this, but think, if it could be,
 How many myriads gone had comfort seen.
 From the all-binding law not one goes free;
 It is for us as it for all has been."

III.

Mr. Henry Austin's enemy seems to be haste, unless we misjudge the disabling cause in so many of his *Vagabond Verses*. One certainly feels like saying here that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains; at least the defects are not such as more pains would make worse. There is vigorous thinking enough throughout, and manly feeling; but somehow the poet has not staid to tell all, or to say it in the best way. One is vexed, when one reads a poem so well wrought as "*Mastodon-Saurus*," that all the rest are not so; but the fact is, none of the rest are so; though everywhere there are good bits, along with a lot of indifferent bits, of quite worthless bits. Everywhere are the proofs of how much better the poet could do if he would, as, for instance, this "*Fragment*":

Shadow of smoke upon running water,
 How it symbols the life of man:
 Pain his mother, Sorrow his daughter,
 Work his wife, since the world began!
 Nay, how filmy our present vision!
 Deeper gaze through the river's run:
 From dark trance into bright transition
 Dances Life, like a mote i' the sun.

IV.

We might very well make Mr. James Whitcomb Riley much the same reproaches we have made Mr. Austin if we could find it in our heart to make him any at all. But his *Rhymes of Childhood* take themselves quite out of the category of ordinary verse, and refuse to be judged by the usual criterions. The fact is, our Hoosier poet has found lodgment in people's love, which is a much safer place for any poet than their admiration. What he has said of very common aspects of life has endeared him; you feel, in reading his verse, that here is one of the honestest souls that ever uttered itself in that way, and that he is true to what we all know because he has known it, and not because he has just verified it by close observation. At times he is so very homely in material or phase that the thin academic skin creeps on the critical body, but the shiver checked, you perceive how good the

thing is. It is the case with very many things in these *Rhymes of Childhood*, where you see that he is trying to express the child type in a child character. We do not know exactly why we should pass all these rhymes over to give the following descriptive piece, one of many in the book that addresses itself to the reader in grown-up language.

A SUDDEN SHOWER.

Barefooted boys scud up the street,
Or skurry under sheltering sheds;
And school-girl faces pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.
Doors bang; and mother voices call
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all
The thunder grim reverberates.
And then abrupt, the rain, the rain! . . .
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window-panes
Smile at the trouble of the skies.
The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;
And into town comes galloping
The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.
The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the cataba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.
The bumblebee is pelted down
The wet stem of the hollyhock;
And sullenly in spattered brown
The cricket leaps the garden walk.
Within, the baby claps his hands
And crows with rapture strange and vague;
Without, beneath the rose-bush stands
A dripping rooster on one leg.

Is not this excellent? There is not a false touch in it; that pelted-down bumblebee is worth his weight in gold; but then, so is the dripping rooster, for that matter.

V.

Mr. Eugene Field's *Little Book of Western Verse* has much in common with Mr. Riley's work; but it appears to us rather less native and rather more conscious. Mr. Field has tried his clever hand in a good many ways, and the book consists largely, perhaps too largely, of proofs of what he can do in each; if there had been more unity of direction he might have gone farther. We confess to the same misgiving about the pieces in mining-camp "dialect" that we feel concerning the pieces in archaic English; they seem to us written by a somewhat remote and exterior witness. But when it comes to such a bit of characterization as "Little

Mack," the Western journalist, who "runs"

The smartest, likeliest paper that is printed anywhere;

And best of all, the paragraphs are pointed like a tack,

And that's because they emanate
From "Little Mack,"

we have no question whatever of the point of view and the accurate intelligence of the performance. Not that Mr. Field does not do other kinds of things very well: the poems that relate to children are full of unaffected tenderness, and have now and then a keen pathos that comes from the heart and goes to it; and here is a poem whose charm we should not know just how to formulate, though we are sure all our readers will feel it:

HI-SPY.

Strange that the city thoroughfare,
Noisy and bustling all the day,
Should with the night renounce its care
And lend itself to children's play!
Oh, girls are girls, and boys are boys,
And have been so since Abel's birth,
And shall be so till dolls and toys
Are with the children swept from earth.
The self-same sport that crowns the day
Of many a Syrian shepherd's son,
Beguiles the little lads at play
By night in stately Babylon.
I hear their voices in the street,
Yet 'tis so different from then!
Come, brother, from your winding-sheet,
And let us two be boys again!

VI.

We believe that the piece we like best in Mr. Aldrich's new volume, *The Sister's Tragedy and Other Poems*, is the little rhyme he calls

MEMORY.

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon of May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine scents and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

Very simple, is not it, and very slight? but oh, young gentlemen and ladies intending verse, how difficult to do! To convey a sentiment, a mere emotion like this, wants the master-hand; any 'prentice touch would break the airy vase, and spill its delicate sweet. Then, here is

something else that is almost as fine, that we like almost as well:

A MOOD.

A blight, a gloom, I know not what, has crept upon my gladness—
Some vague, remote, ancestral touch of sorrow or of madness;
A fear that is not fear, a pain that has not pain's insistence;
A sense of longing and of loss, in some foregone existence;
A subtle hurt that never pen has writ nor tongue has spoken—
Such hurt perchance as Nature feels when a blossomed bough is broken.

One does not lecture upon things like these; if they do not say themselves to the reader, you shall seek in vain to say them. But we would have the reader observe how wisely and how much the poet forbears in these exquisite portraits of mere feeling; how skilfully he escapes saying the fatal word that would have enforced and spoiled them. It is not for this place or this voice to limit the function of a poet like Mr. Aldrich; but we may say that he could not give us too many of these things for our pleasure; others may have other things of his, which it seems to us other people might do, and in which we fancy him striving disproportionately to the effect attained; but for ourselves we should have been glad if his whole book had been made up of moods and memories such as these.

VII.

Rose Brake is the name of a little volume of poems by Danske Dandridge, one of those Scandinavians, we think, like Mr. Boyesen, who naturalize so easily among us, and use our English as if they were born to it. Mrs. Dandridge has an ear for its finest music and repeats its most native strains to words of her own, that bring a Northern fancy into the song, and express some qualities that have the charm of another way of feeling life and nature. There are, for us at least, over-many fairies in her scheme; but we know that "the woods are full of them" in Norway and Denmark, and we tolerate them here in the hope that by-and-by they will settle down into law-abiding citizens and people her future books with somewhat more of the honest mortality we are more used to. Dryads we get on with better, and we decidedly like that

one in Mrs. Dandridge's book who saw a young man one day in the forest:

He smiled and sighed, and so was gone.
'Twas then I learned I was alone!
When young birds chirp themselves to sleep,
I sometimes wish that I could weep;
I sit me down upon a stone
And feel that I am all alone;
I rest my cheek upon my hand
And sigh, but nothing understand;
I sing—my songs are very sad;
I wish I ne'er had seen the lad!
Ah me, I feel what must be pain;
Would I might see the lad again!

But here is a poem we like still better, perhaps because it is all human, and wholly American:

INDIAN-SUMMER.

Yes, the sweet summer lingers still;
The hazes loiter on the hill;
The year, a spendthrift growing old,
Is scattering his lavish gold
For a last pleasure.
The robins flock, but do not go;
We share the word with footsteps slow,
In sober leisure,
Or sit beneath the chestnut-tree,
Our hands in silent company.
Not yet, dear friend, we part not yet;
Full soon the last warm sun will set;
The crickets cease to stir the grass;
The gold and amber fade away;
The scarlet from the landscape pass,
And all the sky be sodden gray;
Too soon, alas! the frost must fall
And blight the asters on the hill,
The golden-rod, the gentians, all,
And we must feel the parting chill.
But oh, not yet, not yet we part:
The summer strains us to her heart;
The world is all a golden smile,
And we may love a little while;
The summer dies and hearts forget,
And we must part—not yet, not yet!

VIII.

The only advantage of a sin of omission over the other kind, is that it may be sometimes repaired, if one has the proper humility; and we hope we bring a due sense of our deficiency in having failed hitherto to recognize the very rare and beautiful quality of Mr. William Watson's poetry to the pleasure of recognizing it now. We might forgive ourselves for overlooking it because it is so small in quantity, but we will not alloy our penitence with excuses; it shall be pure, and so perhaps avail the more. The poet's slight volume, spare almost as the glance of the "swart star" itself, is called *Wordsworth's Grave and Other Poems*,

and it was published in London long enough ago last year to have become a cult in Boston. In its seventy-five pages there is very little that is not very good, though of course some things in it are very much better than others. For instance, no man could always keep the level of such a poem as this which we find among the short pieces Mr. Watson calls epigrams, with the true Greek sense of the word in mind:

BYRON THE VOLUPTUARY.

Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom Delight flies because they give her chase.
Only the odor of her wild hair blows
Back in their faces hungering for her face.

We do not give this exquisite intaglio as Mr. Watson's finest work, though many might be glad to count it their best, and we should not care in any wise to limit him in our praise, if we could. A poet who could write either of the epigrams that follow, would be only too apt to transcend it:

AFTER READING "TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT."

Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's ope.
How welcome, after drum and trumpet's din,
The continuity, the long slow slope
And vast curves of the gradual violin!

SHELLEY AND HARRIET WESTBROOK.

A star looked down from heaven and loved a flower
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour:
Let eyes which trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruined rose-bud, tears.

It is all very literary, this, in interest, but not in feeling, where it is so simple, nor in manner, where it is so frank. As natural a strain, evoked with as free a hand, runs through the poet's whole work. The poems on Wordsworth are of the same spirit, and they impart in most musical and entrancing numbers a criticism of such high worth that it seems the only worthy criticism of Wordsworth till one remembers what Mr. Lowell has said of him. We do not know that even that master has brought out as Mr. Watson's verse does the central truth, the divine secret, of Wordsworth's power:

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew.

What hadst thou that could make so large amends
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed?
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—
Thou hadst for weary feet the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,
From Byron's tempest anger, tempest mirth,
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,
There in white, languors to decline and cease;
But peace, whose names are also rapture, power,
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

The poet strikes this note of fine appreciation again and again; such appreciation as might have satisfied the largest demand of a spirit which had known itself so misconceived and misunderstood as Wordsworth was so long.

He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,
Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.
The impassioned argument was simple truth,
Half wondering at its own melodious tongue.

Impassioned? Ay, to the heart's ecstatic core!
But far removed were clangor, storm, and feud;
For plenteous health was his, exceeding store
Of joy, and an impassioned quietude.

But these literary characterizations, penetrated as they are with the keenest and loveliest feeling, by no means give the range of a poet whom we are so glad to know. He permits himself to think and to speak robustly about contemporary politics, and his English patriotism is qualified with a humanity far above and beyond it. For proof of this, look among several splendid sonnets he calls *Ver Tenebrosum*; but for evidence of his imaginative reach and force, let us give the striking poem which he names

THE MOCK SELF.

Few friends are mine, though many wights there be
Who, meeting oft a phantasm that makes claim
To be myself, and hath my face and name,
And whose thin fraud I wink at privily,
Account this light impostor very me.
What boots it undeceive them, and proclaim
Myself myself, and whelm this cheat with shame?
I care not, so he leave my true self free,
Impose not on me also; but alas!
I too, at fault, bewildered, sometimes take
Him for myself, and far from mine own sight,
Torpid, indifferent, doth mine own self pass;
And yet anon leaps suddenly awake,
And spurns the gibbering mime into the night.

Greater subtlety than this, in plainer or more strenuous terms, we should not know where to find at a moment's notice.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of March.—The Fifty-first Congress adjourned *sine die* March 4th. The following are among the more important bills which failed to become laws: the Bankruptcy Bill, the (Lodge) Election Bill, the Eight-hour Bill, the bill to establish a prison bureau, the bill to amend the inter-State commerce law.

The following bills passed the Senate during the month: Naval Appropriation, February 11th; Diplomatic, February 17th; Sundry Civil Appropriation, February 26th; Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, February 27th; Direct Tax and Indian Appropriation, February 28th; Postal Subsidy and Agricultural Appropriation, March 2d.—The following bills passed the House: Indian Appropriation, February 18th; Direct Tax, February 24th; General Deficiency, February 26th; Postal Subsidy, February 27th; the bill providing for a new Custom-house building in New York, March 2d.—The International Copyright Bill passed the Senate, with amendments, February 18th, but the House refusing to concur in the amendments, it was returned to the former body, by which it was finally adopted, March 4th, substantially as reported from the House in December, 1890. It was signed by the President on the same day.

Ex-Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio, was nominated by the President, February 21st, to be Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. On the 27th of February Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, was nominated to be United States Minister to China.

The legality of the election of Frederic T. Dubois as United States Senator from Idaho being disputed, William H. Clagett was chosen, February 11th, to represent that State in the Federal Senate.

J. H. Kyle was elected United States Senator from South Dakota February 16th. General John M. Palmer was elected United States Senator from Illinois March 11th.

The Republicans of Rhode Island, March 10th, nominated Herbert W. Ladd for Governor of that State.

The elections for the Dominion Parliament, held in Canada March 5th, resulted in a substantial victory for the Conservatives.

The revolutionary party in Chili gained several important victories, and only a few towns remained loyal to the government. Iquique was bombarded February 25th, and more than two hundred women and children were reported to have perished in the ruins of the buildings. The entire province of Tarapacá was under control of the revolutionists.—The Constitution of the United States of Brazil was formally adopted by the Brazilian Assembly February 24th, and on the following day General Deodoro da Fonseca was elected first President of the Republic.—A state of siege was declared at Buenos Ayres February 21st, and troops were held in readiness for any emergency. On March 6th the Assembly decreed a suspension of business in the city for two days.

The Soudanese forces under Osman Digna were overwhelmingly defeated by the Egyptians in a battle at Tokar, February 20th. At last reports Osman Digna was fleeing toward Berber, his only followers being a number of women and a few horsemen.—A

despatch from Massowah, February 24th, announced that a body of Italians had attacked the Soudanese at Buri, and killed two hundred of the natives, including the leading chiefs.—A despatch from St. Louis, Senegal, March 8th, announced that the French expedition had had a severe battle with the natives on the Niger River. The latter had been defeated with a loss of 600 men, including the leaders.—News from Madagascar, March 4th, reported that the Governor of the province of Belanona, in Madagascar, had massacred two hundred and seventy-eight persons belonging to the leading families, in revenge for a fancied insult to his gubernatorial authority.

Further despatches from the Caroline Islands, received February 17th, announced that the Spanish forces, in an attack upon a native stronghold, had been defeated with considerable loss.—In a conflict with government soldiers near the frontier of Wuntho, Burmah, more than fifty native insurgents were killed.

DISASTERS.

February 12th.—By the explosion of a boiler in a factory at Quebec, Canada, twenty lives were lost.

February 17th.—News was received of the burning of the steamer *Ramed* on the Yang-tse-Kiang River, China. Two hundred Chinese perished.

February 20th.—In a railway collision in the tunnel under Park Avenue, New York city, six persons were killed and several others injured.

February 21st.—An explosion in the Spring Hill Mines, Nova Scotia, resulted in the loss of one hundred and seventeen lives.—The American ship *Elizabeth* was wrecked on the beach at North Heads, near San Francisco Harbor, California, and nineteen men were drowned.

February 28th.—News was received of the loss of the steam-ship *Iowa*, of the Warren Line, from Boston to Liverpool, by collision with an iceberg in mid-ocean. Officers and crew were rescued by passing vessels.

March 1st.—Disastrous floods occurred in Arizona. Nearly all the houses in the town of Yuma were destroyed, and fourteen hundred people were made homeless. There was much destruction of life in the valley of the Gila River.

March 9th.—Great damage was done by floods in Tennessee, especially in the valley of the Cumberland.

OBITUARY.

February 13th.—In Washington, D. C., Admiral David Dixon Porter, aged seventy-seven years.

February 14th.—In New York city, General William Tecumseh Sherman, aged seventy-one years.

February 18th.—In St. Paul, Minnesota, Major-General Henry Hastings Sibley, ex-Governor of Minnesota, aged eighty years.

February 19th.—At Ann Arbor, Michigan, Alexander Winchell, geologist, aged sixty-six years.

February 24th.—In Washington, D. C., Ephraim King Wilson, United States Senator from Maryland, aged sixty-nine years.

February 28th.—In Washington, D. C., George Hearst, United States Senator from California, aged seventy years.

March 10th.—In Tokio, Japan, John F. Swift, United States Minister to Japan, aged fifty years.



Editor's Drawer.

IF the historian took more account of the frivolous, he would doubtless lay down the proposition that the strongest of all forces in human affairs is "Society." It is all the more powerful because it acts indirectly and apparently aimlessly, with no serious intention except that of amusing itself. It is perhaps not conscious that it is the flower of human existence, and that all other things are made for it, and that it is above laws and letters and science. But, compared with its pursuits, what is literature, or the investigation of science, or the efforts of the statesman? What neither legislation nor decrees can establish or destroy, it can set up or abolish

without seeming effort. Its fashion is stronger than any organized government. What city authorities can make one end of a town fashionable and another unfashionable, or decree that it is good form to live on one street and bad form to live on the one next to it? What but Society can dictate with inexorable rigor the evening drives and the monotonous file of carriages following each other round and round in tiresome display? And how cruel Society often is in its appropriations! The artist, the lover of nature, the seeker of quiet and repose, find out from time to time a charming spot of retirement in the mountains or by the sea, attractive for its beauty and the simplicity of life. Are they left long to enjoyment of it, say in the White Hills, or at Bar Harbor, or some cove on the Massachusetts coast? Alas! they have no rights which fashion is bound to respect. A report of its good air or its pleasing situation or its healthfulness gets abroad, and Society begins to flock thither, with its whims and its artificial conditions, and speedily the whole place is transformed. Society makes it over in its own image. Display and expense take the place of simplicity and moderation. It should matter little where fashion goes, for its life is the same everywhere. The elements of its enjoyment do not change—the ostentatious drives, the lawn-tennis, the polo, the race-course, the balls and dinners, the afternoon teas and toilets and gossip. Why can it not leave a lovely spot here and there unspoiled?

When the Khalif of Granada returned from the conquest of Cordova, in which he had humiliated a rival khalif by the aid of Christian allies, and rode in triumph through the streets to his palace, the Alhambra, he was hailed as a conqueror by the populace. "Alas!" said the weary monarch, with a pathetic recognition of the fact that he had only aided the downfall of his own religion in the subjection of a rival—"alas! God is the only Conqueror." The pious monarch had no experience of another force which is neither Moslem nor Christian nor pagan, and whose deities are of this world. He would understand the matter better if he could be in Egypt in the year of grace 1891. He would see that Egypt is for the first time conquered, but not by arms, and not by religion. What was accomplished neither by the Hyksos nor by the Ethiopians; neither by Nimrod nor Shishak nor Tiglath; not by Shabek or Esarhaddon or Sardanapalus, by Psammetichus, by Cambyses, or Darius Hystaspes; not by Alexander the Great or by Ptolemy Soter; not by Cæsar or Anthony; not even by Omar and Ali; not by the Memlooks or the great Napoleon, nor by Mohammed Ali—what none of these illustrious warriors could accomplish has been effected by the fashionable young women and the delightful young men out of England. It is not any Gladstone or Salisbury or Sir Garnet Wolseley who has done this thing, or ever could do it, any more than Cambyses or Haroun al Raschid. The As-

syrian, the Persian, the Arab, have conquered Egypt, and overrun it and occupied it and enslaved it time and time again for five thousand years, and Egypt has always remained essentially the same, conquering its conquerors by the inertia of its traditions and the persistence of its customs. And the English, most stubborn to resist anything not of their own island, might have encamped here and absorbed the riches of the land, as the invaders of Egypt for ages before have done, and left not so much impression on the country as the annual rise and fall of the Nile. But one day English society conceived the idea that Egypt would be a good winter resort, and the young man and the young woman, with their fixed ideas of the enjoyment of life, descended on it, and set up the worship of their goddess beside the ancient temples and the sacred mosques. In ten short years they have accomplished what the great conquerors could not effect in centuries before. The English tax-gatherers could not have done it, nor the railways, nor the electric lights. Both Fellah and Arab are powerless before the new goddess Fashion. The invaders have brought their smart equipages, their eccentric clothes, their polo, their cricket, their "drives" of fashion, their balls and receptions and teas of ceremony, their contempt of everything foreign and Oriental. Society is what it is in London, Newport, New York, the Rivière. It does not care for the antiquities, for the history, for literature, for the customs picturesque since the days of Cheops. It cares for the little round that it cares for everywhere. Give it only a little more time, and it will take all the romance and all the flavor out of Cairo. It cannot exactly ignore the Pyramids, but it can set up a race-track close to them, and let forty centuries look down upon the triumph of the winning pony. It does not even respect recent Moslem custom. The books still say that the Shoobra Road is the fashionable drive before sunset. But fashion will not have it so. One must drive at the proper hour to the Gezereh Palace with all the world. One's reputation would not be worth a button if he were caught driving on the Shoobra. The Khedive tried to set the fashion back by driving there himself, but it would not do, nobody would follow him.

But perhaps the most singular change of all has happened to the donkey, that ancient servant of prince and peasant, the oldest of all institutions, more ancient in Egypt than the camel. For all ages the donkey has been the means of locomotion. This patient, enduring, easy, willing, obstinate, pathetic beast has survived all chance and change. He was the favorite of the most ancient Egyptians, as he was of the Moslem conquerors; his graceful ears enliven the hieroglyphic writing in the tombs, as his bray wakes the echoes in the bazars. Of all agreeable, cheap methods of getting over the ground in short distances, the donkey is pre-eminent. But the new-comers have de-

cided that it is not good form to ride the donkey, at least not in daylight. And this edict has affected everybody. Even the government clerks and people not in society feel its withering effects. The grave dignitaries, in flowing robes and turbans, who used to amble about with so much comfort, must now take a carriage; the clerks must walk if they cannot afford two horses and a victoria; and the travellers, to whom the donkey and his irresponsible yelling attendant was one of the chief attractions of the city, scarcely dare face the English contempt for this agreeable and handy method of getting about. The donkey boy perhaps does not yet know what has happened to him, nor the extent of the calamity which relegates him to the society of the vulgar only. But the donkey evidently feels it. He is rarely seen with the gay caparison, the saddle-cloth of silk and silver. There is a sadness in his pathetic face and mien which is not the ancient melancholy, but a new hopelessness. Cambyzes, no doubt, sat on him, but in a very different way from what the English do. The joy and hilarity and adventure that were found in his use, fashion has set down on. He is subdued for the first time, because he is neglected. He knows now that Society has reached Egypt.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

PROFESSOR C——, a Green Mountain Boy, who stood six feet six inches in his stocking-feet, desiring to take passage for London, went to New York for that purpose. While standing on the dock, he got into conversation with a stranger, asking him by what route he had better go on his contemplated voyage. "Well," was the reply, "if I were you, I would put a loaf of bread on top of my head, and wade!"

ALPHABETICAL.

Mrs. J—— was telling a story to a group, among whom was one who was very deaf.

At its conclusion, observing that he did not laugh, she turned to the person next her and whispered, "He didn't see the point, and it's as plain as A B C."

The whisper reached our friend, though the ordinary tone had escaped him.

"Yes," he said, turning to Mrs. J——, "plain as A B C; but I am D E F."

A FAULT OF NATURE.

"It is a very dark night," said Cator to one of his colored brethren, as they were both staggering home from a frolic one evening recently. "So yo' better take care, Caesar."

But the caution came too late, for Caesar, striking his foot against a stump, measured his length on the ground. "I wonder," said he, rubbing the mud off his clothes—"I wonder why de debil de sun don't shine in dese dark nights, Cator, and not keep on shining in de daytime, when dere is no need of him."

THE LAUGH WAS RAISED.

WIGGINS was harassed by the possession of expensive tastes and the non-possession of means to gratify them—a combination of circumstances which, being known, made it extremely difficult for him to negotiate even a \$5 loan from his associates about town. Parkin, in particular, used to congratulate himself on the fact that Wiggins had never been in his books for ever so small an amount, and steadfastly purposed that he never would be. Unfortunately for Parkin, however, he was fond of a practical joke, and it was this fact that interfered with the success of his prudent determination.

A number of them were sitting in the club reading-room one day, when Wiggins whispered to Parkin,

"Let me have a tenner for a few minutes, till I put up a joke on one of the fellows."

Parkin, ready for some fun, and suspecting nothing, handed him a \$10 note, and was surprised a few moments afterward to see Wiggins using it to pay his club dues.

"I say, Wiggins," he cried, in amazement, "I thought you were going to raise a laugh on one of the fellows with that \$10 note?"

"So I am," explained Wiggins; "*you are the fellow.*"

OBEYED ORDERS.

PRIVATE PATRICK MCGINLEY'S first experience of actual service was at Bull Run—a name which proved full of significance for him. He ran at the first shot, and his company saw no more of him until the second day after the fight, when he returned, ready with a wonderful story of hair-breadth escapes and great deeds done at duty's call. It would not work, however, and he was unmercifully laughed at for his cowardice by the whole regiment, or at least by such as had survived the slaughter.

Pat was equal to the occasion, however. "Run, is it?" he repeated, scornfully. "Faith and oi didn't, nayther. Oi jist obsarved the gineral's express ordthers merely. He tould us, 'Stroike fur home and yer country,' and oi sthruke fur home. Thim what sthruke fur their country is there yit."

R. W. HANINGTON.

A WIDE-AWAKE HACKMAN.

FOUR Philadelphia gentlemen, landing from a coasting vessel one morning in New York, asked a hackman what he would charge to take them and their luggage to the wharf of the *Sparrow*, booked to sail for Boston that day.

"One dollar," was the prompt reply.

"All right," said the spokesman.

The trunks were strapped; Cabby mounted his seat, turned his fiery steeds, and backed up to the opposite side of the pier, about ten feet distant. Then, with the gravity of a weary drive upon him, announced, "*Sparrow*, gentlemen."

QUATRAINS.

REALIZATION.

I THOUGHT my mind was filled with lore,
But my conceit took wings
When my small boy, aged nearly four,
Began to ask me things.

MEMORIES.

Yon maiden once a jester did adore
Who early died, and in the church-yard sleeps.
Once in a while she reads his best jokes o'er,
Then sits her down and madly, sorely weeps.

TO AN EGOTISTICAL BIOGRAPHER.

I've read your story of your friend's fine life,
But really, gentle sir, I fail to see
Why you have named it *Blank and Jane his Wife*,
When you had better called it simply "Me."

THE POET TO THE PUBLISHER OF HIS YOUTH.

I read the poems of my youth to-day,
And now invoke a goodly score of curses
Upon your head, no matter if 'tis gray,
For printing o'er my name such fearful verses.
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A STRANGE BILL.

THE combination stores now so popular in our large cities are not only interesting places to visit, but the bills rendered to patrons are frequently worthy of attention as curios.

One which has come to the notice of the Drawer was made up somewhat as follows:

The Essays of Emerson.....	\$0 69
1 Pair hand-made Oxford ties.....	1 29
1 Plaid silk Fedora.....	5 96
1 Faust, by J. W. V. Goethe.....	69
2 Bangles.....	48

This juxtaposition of Emerson and a plaid silk Fedora is unique. The same house advertises "800 handsome padded poets at 98 cents."

A CONSCIENTIOUS CHILD.

A BIT of conscientiousness as refreshing as it is rare was related by a mother the other day.

Marion, her little daughter of six or seven, attends the primary school. She was reciting in mental arithmetic, and the teacher told the class to write the answers on their slates. Finally there came a hard problem.

"Add four and three," said the teacher.

"I couldn't do it, mamma," said the child, as she related the incident, "till I put down three straight marks on my slate, and said, 'Four—five, six, seven.' But then I thought that wasn't mental, and so, though I knew the answer was 'Seven,' I wrote down 'Five.'"

TOO KIND.

MRS. FAIRWEATHER (to Mr. Newcomer).
"Dear Mr. Newcomer, we hear so much of the beauty of your daughter Gwendolin. When is she to make her debut, and dazzle society?"

MR. NEWCOMER (*whose classical memories are somewhat confused*). "Now, Mrs. Fairweather, you are really too kind. Gwendolin is a pretty girl, but she is not an Adonis."



A DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

DAWSON. "I beg pardon: are you Miss Jones or Mrs. Jones?"
OLD MAID. "Miss Jones—by choice."



SOMEWHAT DISPUTATIOUS.

Boggs (to disputatious friend). "Well, John, you are such an argumentative cuss that you dispute everything and anybody. If a cannibal should do you the honor to eat you, I really believe you'd disagree with him."

REPARTEE.

THE readers of the Drawer are probably familiar with President Lincoln's retort to the Englishman who was contrasting Americans and the English.

"Why," said the Briton, "you Americans do things that no English gentleman would ever think of doing. For instance, sir, I do not know of a single English gentleman who would black his own shoes."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Whose would he black?"

A similar incident took place in London last summer, when an irrepressible Western girl found herself seated next a Briton at dinner. It happened that he had but recently returned from a tour in this country, and after having learned that his fair partner was from Ohio, he volunteered the remark that he "liked Boston people better than any other Americans. Because, you know, they are the only Americans who speak our language as we do."

"Indeed?" returned the young woman. "You surprise me. I had always supposed the Bostonians spoke very good English."

WUNCCE!

WUNCCE, when I was er little boy,
'N' my brother he was little too,
My mother she uster cuddle us,
'N' love us hard es she c'd do.

She'd say we was th' bestest boys
A body ever— 'N' then—oh my!—
She uster stop 'n' think of our Pa,
'N' then she uster cry, 'n' cry.

But now we live here to Gran'pa's,
Both us, me 'n' my brother, we do;
He shakes his long leathurn strap at us,
'N' says, "I'll skin ther both er you!"

Ther' jes don' nobuddy coax us,
But we gits pushes outen th' way;
Exceptin' of th' Table Boarder,

'N' then he swares. We've heered him say,
"This was er blanketed world fer motherless kids,
anyway!"

Wuncce.

EDWARD LEODORE SMITH.

HER NATIONALITY.

Is your new nurse Irish, French, or German,
Freddie?"

"Well, I fink she's bwoken English."